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INDEX.

Familiar Sketches and Essays.

	Page
Are We a Musical People?	417
Art in Manners,	391
Arts of Talking and Listening,	737
Battle of Life (w. c.),	689
Beachcombers,	81
Bills of Sale,	673
Byron-land,	823
Discipline,	365
Doit Philosophy,	721
Fenland of the Past,	115
----- To-day,	279
Filling Little Patches,	513, 533
Garrison, William Lloyd,	183
Graffiti or Wall-scribblings,	97
Humorous Chap-books,	657
Jingoism (w. c.),	241
Kennedy in India (w. c.),	113
Life of the Collier,	577
Literary Beginners,	65
Little Men and Little Women,	353
London Sixty Years Ago,	501
Marriage Customs,	17
Modern Dress,	417
Overtone (w. c.),	545
Poetical Justice,	609
Sea-weed Harvest in Jersey,	273
Sparrowdom (w. c.),	337
Sunshine and Leisure (w. c.),	177
Swelldom (w. c.),	33
To Do, or Not to Do?	481
Unclassed Men,	497
University Etiquette,	561
Waxwork Humanity,	733
Yule-tide in Shetland,	817

Poetry.

Addressed to a Mother, on her Child's Death,	736
A Memory,	704
Ancestral Portraits,	64
Autumn of Life, the,	768
Blacksmith's Song, the,	408
Blighted,	112
By the Sea,	560
Child and the Fairy, the,	32
Christmas,	832
Convent Girl, the,	432
Daydawn,	502

Popular Science.

Artificial Filtration of Water,	465
Comets,	549
Crab Gossip,	501
Degeneration,	321
Dreamland and Somnambulism,	484
Dust and Fog, Singular Connection between,	137
Earthworms,	769

	Page
Electric Light in Medicine,	314
Electrical Speech-recorder,	480
Eozoon, or Dawn of Life Animalcule,	225
Eucalyptus in the Roman Campagna,	193
Graffiti or Wall-scribblings,	97
Hail and Hailstorms,	433
Heat and Health,	518
Helps to the Spread of Popular Science,	95
Hints regarding the Foot,	565
Human Period in Geology,	593
Island Life,	369
Mortality, Interesting Facts concerning,	209
Rose-bees,	334
Science and Art—	
78, 141, 205, 284, 318, 412, 492, 557, 620, 700, 763, 842	
Spider-slayers,	89
Theory of Tertiary Evolution,	833
Types of Men and How they Change,	725
What is a Cold?	57
----- Molecule?	298

Tales and Other Narratives.

A Miss is as Good as a Mile—	217, 231, 248, 263
Beppo's Escape,	607
Business and Matrimony,	328
Captain Desmond's Daughter—	631, 646, 663, 683, 693
Chapters in Real Life—	
Reaping as we Sow,	541
Story of a Mad Dog,	109
Two Homes,	397
Clare: a Practical Lesson,	635
Cliff Adventure, a,	362
Colliery-manager's Story,	282
Commercial Traveller's Tale,	551

COUNTER-SYNDICATE, THE—

I. A Bruin Storm,	788
II. Bulls in Council,	804
III. Caging the Bears,	830
IV. The Reckoning-day,	836
Cuban Ball, and How it Ended,	445
Dead-watch, the,	733

Doctor's Story, a,	Page 824
Dust to Dust,	152
El Jarweesh : a Tale of Tunis,	235
Fairy,	7, 24, 39, 55, 71
Family Diamonds, the,	377, 393, 407
Firm of Ah-why & Co.,	137
His Brother's Keeper,	168, 184, 199
Hour with a Farmer of the Old School, an,	399
How Simon Peveritt got Married at Last,	319
Invitation to Breakfast, an, and What came of it,	253
Irish Matchmaking,	406
Jacques : an Episode of '93,	744, 755
John Harley's Marriage,	87, 101
Michael O'Shaughnessy's Funeral,	61
Mrs Brown Smith,	158
My Last Detective Case—	
712, 727, 739, 761	
My Troubles in Russia—	
571, 589, 598, 619	
My Unfortunate Patient,	235, 311
Natural Cure, a, and What came of it,	476
Nearly Starved in the Midst of Abundance,	91
Night in the Fore-top, a,	315
Our Rollo,	514
Pavement Portraits—	
A Cigar-light Seller,	602
An Actor,	661
A Life-guard,	742
A Spider,	797
Priceless Pearl, the,	716
Ralph the Peacemaker,	192
Rat-charming,	575
Recollections of a Highland Census,	75
Remarkable Rogue, a,	30
Run for Life, a,	125
'Sentry-go' in France,	341
SHALL SHE BE SACRIFICED?—	
I. Our Mysterious Neighbours,	429
II. Is He Mad?	439
III. An Unwelcome Visitor,	440
IV. Colebrooke's Secret Room,	455
V. At the Altar,	457
'Shanghaied,'	697
Sketches of Scottish Life and Character—	
Daft Baubie,	343
'Puir Miss French,'	472
Country Minister, a,	776
Story of a Thumb-mark,	771, 793, 809
Rolf,	269
STRANGE RETRIBUTION, A. [Title altered to 'FAIRY']—	
I. 'Peaceful Days,'	7
II. The Lover's Leap,	24
III. Links in the Chain,	39
IV. More Links,	41
V. Too Late,	55
VI. The Promise Kept,	71
Strange Story of Eugenia,	330, 345
Tale of the Yorkshire Wolds,	488
Talk with a Detective, a,	335
THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.	
—By John B. Harwood, Author of <i>Young Lord Penrith, &c.</i>	
I. In the Night,	1
II. Bertram's Story,	3
III. The Doctor's Family,	20
IV. Uncle Walter,	21
V. The Doctor's Plans,	35
VI. Taking Leave,	52

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY

—continued.	Page
VII. Launched in London,	68
VIII. Groby, Sleather, and Studge,	83
IX. The Bad News,	100
X. In the House of Death,	101
XI. Ruin,	115
XII. The House at Kensington,	132
XIII. Mr Studge,	117
XIV. In the Sanctuary,	164
XV. After the Funeral,	180
XVI. The Letters,	196
XVII. In the Ditch,	212
XVIII. To Oblige the Firm,	227
XIX. Down the River,	213
XX. Our Mr Mervyn,	260
XVI. Worse and Worse,	275
XVII. The Wolf at the Door,	291
XXIII. Adrift,	307
XXIV. Bertram's Last Attempt,	323
XXV. Old Friends,	338
XXVI. Overheard,	355
XXVII. Counterplot,	356
XXVIII. The Rescue,	371
XXIX. Promotion,	373
XXX. At Southampton,	387
XXXI. In the Avenue,	401
XXXII. The Mystery,	405
XXXIII. Mr Crawley the Clerk,	419
XXXIV. The Heiress,	436
XXXV. Uncle Walter Again,	452
XXXVI. The Progress of the Plot,	467
XXXVII. The Archery Meeting,	482
XXXVIII. The Marine Store,	499
XXXIX. The Accusation,	516
XL. In the Trap,	532
XLI. Cleared,	547
XLII. The Old Story,	563
XLIII. Before the Magistrates,	580
XLIV. The Westons,	595
XLV. In the Old Counting-house,	610
XLVI. The Old Folks,	627
XLVII. No Time to Lose,	628
XLVIII. The Confession,	642
XLIX. Uncle Walter at Home,	660
I. Mr Pryor makes his Report,	675
II. At the Bar,	676
III. How the Trial Ended,	690
IV. In Lower Milden Street,	708
LV. Success,	709
LV. Long Life and Prosperity,	723
Tom's Wife,	504, 520, 535
Treasure at Gran Quivira—	
567, 584, 603, 614	
Wedding March, the,	523

Notices of Books.

Catherine and Craufurd Tait, edited by the Rev. W. Benham, B.D.,	245
Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Digestion, by the late Dr Leared,	629
Ceremonial Institutions, by Mr Spencer,	641
Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits, by Charles Darwin,	769
In Search of Minerals, by the late Professor Ansted,	95
In the Egyptian Desert, a Lecture to the American Geographical Society, by General R. E. Colston,	257

Island Life, by Alfred Russell Wallace,	Page 369
Japan : its History, Traditions, and Religions, by Sir Edward Reed,	214
Nature's Byways, by J. E. Taylor, editor of <i>Science Gossip</i> ,	96
Ponds and Ditches, by M. C. Cooke, LL.D.,	95
Rambles among the Hills, by Louis J. Jennings,	101
Social Life among the Eskimo, by W. H. Dall of the United States Survey,	625
What Girls can Do, by Phillis Browne,	161
Miscellaneous Articles of Instruction and Entertainment.	
Alcoholics,	433
American Pork Market,	139
— Stage, Anecdotes of the,	612
A Miss is as Good as a Mile,	217
Amusing Trifles,	203
Ancient Burials in Orkney,	15
Anecdotes of Bibles,	119
— of Sign-painting Artists,	107, 208
Animal Life, Studies in,	678, 810
Appliances for Saving Life and Treasure at Sea,	98
Are We a Musical People?	417
Artificial Filtration of Water,	165
— Pearls, How made,	32
Art of Fireside Story-telling, the,	120
Arts of Talking and Listening,	737
Asylums and the Insane,	385
Babu-English,	810
Battle of Life (w.c.),	689
Beachcombers,	81
Bedford Park, London,	839
Benjamin Franklin on the Use of Oil at Sea,	752
Beppe's Escape,	697
Bibliomania, a Word or Two about,	85
Bills of Sale,	673
Bird-law,	22
Blind Friends, Our,	781
Brigand Notes,	639
Burmah, Insect Life in,	302
Business and Matrimony,	528
Byron-land,	823
Canada, Life in,	9, 24, 649
Captain Desmond's Daughter—	
631, 646, 663, 683, 693	
Catherine and Craufurd Tait,	245
Census, Recollections of a Highland,	75
Census (1881), the,	529
Chap-books, some Humorous,	657
Chapters in Real Life,	109, 397, 541
Cheap Nobility,	735
Cheshire, the Subsidence of Land in the Salt Districts of,	59
Children's Drolleries,	783
Chiltern Hundreds, the Puzzle of the,	63
Chinese in America, the,	774
Cider,	522
Claro : a Practical Lesson,	635
Cliff Adventure, a,	362
Colliery-manager's Story,	282
Cologne Cathedral,	111
Comets,	549
Commercial Traveller's Tale,	551

vii

	Page		Page		Page
Consumption, Successful Treatment of,	489	Ghost-stories Unveiled,	171, 277	Mortality, Interesting Facts concerning,	200
Convict Prison, Incidents of a,	197	Graffiti or Wall-scribbings,	97	Mrs Brown Smith,	158
Copyright in China,	432	Gran Quivira, the Treasure at—	567, 584, 603, 614	Musical People, Are We a?	417
Cost of a General Election,	363	Gunshot Wounds, Curious Facts relating to,	691	My Unfortunate Patient,	295, 311
Counter-syndicate, the	788, 804, 820, 836	Hail and Hailstorms,	453	Naga Campaign, Story of the,	605
Crab Gossip,	501	Heat and Health,	518	Natural Cure, a, and What came of it,	476
Cuban Ball, and How it Ended,	445	Hints regarding the Foot,	565	Nearly Starved in the Midst of Abundance,	91
Curiosities of Journalism, some,	123	— to Dyspeptics,	629	New Theory of Tidal Evolution,	833
— of Old Parliamentary Elections,	710	His Brother's Keeper,	168, 184, 199	— York, Electric Light in,	696
Curiosities of Reporting, some,	519	Historical Manuscripts, Our Rare Old,	261	— Zealand, Rabbits in,	409
Curious Antipathies,	53	Hitches at the Altar,	813	— Tea and Silk Farming in,	181, 469, 538
— Lake-mollusc,	224	Home of the Hapsburgs,	491	Night in the Fore-top, a,	315
— Vows, some,	222	Homes of the Incas,	442	Nova Scotia, Life in,	507
Daft Baubie,	343	Horse-breaking in the Bush,	426	Novel Pet, a,	69
Day or Two in the Isle of Man,	374	How Artificial Pearls are Made,	32		
Dead-watch, the,	733	— Simon Faveritt got Married at Last,	319		
Degeneration,	321	How some Authors Work,	437		
Diamond Robberies at the Digings,	680	Human Period in Geology,	593		
Discipline,	305	Humorous Retorts,	461		
Doctor's Story, a,	824	Incidents of a Convict Prison,	197		
Dogs, some Stories about,	358	India in 1855 and India in 1880,	255		
Doll Philosophy,	721	— the Cold Weather,	828		
'Dornbusch,'	430	— Hot Weather,	686		
Dreamland and Somnambulism,	484	— Rains,	790		
Drilleries, a Few,	551	Indian Robbers,	309		
Dust and Fogs, Singular Connection between,	137	Insane, the, and Asylums,	385		
Dust to Dust,	152	Insatiation at the Zoological Gardens,	644		
Dyspeptics, Hints to,	629	Insect Life in Burmah,	392		
Earliest Known Life-relic,	225	Interesting Facts concerning Mortality,	209		
Earthquakes in London,	229	International Postage-stamps,	351		
Eastern Parables,	718	Invitation to Breakfast, an, and What came of it,	253		
Easy Helps to the Spread of Popular Science,	95	Irish Matchmaking,	406		
Effects of Frosts and Thaws upon Plants,	128	Island Life,	369		
Egyptian Desert, In the,	257	Isle of Man, a Day or Two in the,	371		
El Darweesh: a Tale of Tunis,	235	Jacques: an Episode of '93,	744, 755		
Electric Light in Medicine,	314	'Jane Welsh Carlyle,'	435		
— Light in New York,	696	Japan,	211		
Electrical Speech-research,	480	Jersey, Sea-weed Harvest in,	273		
English Avalanche of 1836,	798	Jingoism (w. c.),	241		
— Lakes, Legends of the,	750	John Harley's Marriage,	87, 104		
Epistolary Curiosities,	635	Joint-stock Enterprise,	633, 832		
Equal to the Occasion,	795	Journalism, some Curiosities of,	123		
Eucalyptus in the Roman Campaign,	193	Kennedy in India (w. c.),	113		
Exaggerations,	617	Kidnapping in the South Sea Islands,	175		
Examinations, Something about,	234	Last Detective Case, My—	712, 727, 739, 761		
Experiments in Workhouse Management,	5	Legends of the English Lakes,	750		
Extraordinary Physical Strength, some Instances of,	552	Life among the Eskimo,	625		
Fairy,	7, 24, 39, 55, 71	— in Canada,	649		
Familiar Quotations,	526	— Nova Scotia,	507		
Family Diamonds, the,	377, 393, 407	— of the Collier, the,	577		
Farmer of the Old School, an Hour with a,	399	Lighthouses, Our,	785		
Fashion Freaks, some Curious,	367	Literary Beginners,	65		
Feathered Friends at Sea,	102	Little Men and Little Women,	353		
Fenland of the Past, the,	145	London, Bedford Park,	839		
— To day,	279	— Earthquakes in,	229		
Few Words from a Settler in South Australia, a,	155	— Guilds,	596		
Few Words upon Marriage Customs, a,	17	— Sixty Years Ago,	801		
Filling Little Pitchers,	513, 533	Loo-choo Islands,	581		
Filtration of Water, on the Artificial,	465	Lord George Gordon Riots, Story of the,	11		
Fireside Story-telling, the Art of,	120	Mad Dog, Story of a,	109		
Firm of Ah-why & Co.,	137	Manners, Art in,	391		
Fishermen's Grievances,	652	Manuscripts, Our Rare and Old Historical,	261		
Flowers, on the Use of,	383	Marriage Customs, a Few Words upon,	17		
Food and Drink,	240	Michael O'Shaughnessy's Funeral,	61		
Frank Buckland Memorial Fund,	304	Modern Dress,	117		
Franklin, Thirty Years' Search for,	129	Monkeys at Freedom,	149		
Fundholders, Poor Folks as,	49	— in Confinement,	394		
Garrison, William Lloyd,	188	Monsieur Littré,	570		
General Election, the Cost of a,	363	MONTE, THE: Science and Art—	78, 141, 205, 284, 348, 412, 492, 557, 620, 700, 763, 842		

	Page
Quiet English County, In a, . . .	220
Quotations, Familiar, . . .	526
Rabbits in New Zealand, . . .	409
Rain-tree, the, . . .	448
Ralph the Peacemaker, . . .	192
Rambles among the Hills, . . .	401
Rambling Hints, . . .	607
Rat-charming, . . .	575
Reaping as We Sow, . . .	541
Recollections of a Highland Census, . . .	75
Remarkable Rogue, a, . . .	30
Reminiscences of Rouen, . . .	293
Renovating Old Furniture, . . .	272
Reporting, Concerning, . . .	36
—, some Curiosities of, . . .	510
Rose-bees, a Word or Two about, . . .	334
Run for Life, a, . . .	125
Running-man Target, . . .	704
Russia, My Troubles in— 571, 589, 598, 619	
Safety Appliances for Swimmers, . . .	336
Saving Life and Treasure at Sea, Appliances for, . . .	28
School-hours in England, France, and Germany, . . .	688
Scrambles Up the Hill of Life, . . .	267
Sea-shell Mission, the, . . .	416
—weed Harvest in Jersey, . . .	273
Self-help Society, . . .	705
Sells, . . .	325, 365
'Sentry-go' in France, . . .	341
Shall She be Sacrificed? 428, 439, 455	
'Shanghaied,' . . .	697
Sheep-eating Parrot, a, . . .	831
Shetland Disaster, the Recent, . . .	759
—, Yule-time in, . . .	817
Sign-painting Artists, Anecdotes of, . . .	107, 208
Singular Connection between Duck and Fogs, . . .	137

	Page
Sites of Buildings Mysteriously Changed, . . .	251
Sketches of Scottish Life and Character, . . .	343, 472, 776
Small Birds crossing Wide Stretches of Sea, . . .	287
Social Customs, the Origin of some, . . .	641
Social Life among the Eskimo, . . .	625
Something about Examinations, . . .	234
Somnambulism and Dreamland, . . .	481
Sonnets, Odds and Ends about, . . .	300
South Australia, a Few Words from a Settler in, . . .	155
Sparrowdom (w. c.), . . .	337
Spider-showers, . . .	89
State Aid to Technical Education, . . .	528
St Gothard Tunnel, the, . . .	815
Stoddart, Thomas Tod, . . .	166
Stories about Dogs, . . .	358
Story of a Thumb-mark, 771, 793, 809	
— Rolf, . . .	269
— the Naga Campaign, . . .	665
Strange Retribution, a [Title altered to 'Fairy']— 7, 24, 39, 55, 71	
Strange Story of Eugenia, . . .	330, 315
Studies in Animal Life, . . .	678, 810
Subsidence of Land in the Salt Districts of Cheshire, . . .	59
Successful Treatment of Consump- tion, . . .	489
Sunshine and Leisure (w. c.), . . .	177
Sweldom (w. c.), . . .	33
Talking and Listening, the Arts of, . . .	737
Talk with a Detective, a, . . .	335
Tea and Silk Farming in New Zealand, . . .	181, 469, 538

	Page
Thirty Years' Search for Frank- lin, . . .	129
Tidal Evolution, the New Theory of, . . .	833
Tiger loose in Rangoon, a, . . .	239
To Do, or Not to Do? . . .	481
Tom's Wife, . . .	501, 520, 535
Treasure at Gran Quivira— 567, 584, 603, 614	
Treatment of Juvenile Offenders, . . .	720
Types of Men and How they Change, . . .	725
Ugly Duckling Theory, the, . . .	46
Unclassed Men, . . .	497
Uncommercial Travellers, . . .	591
University Etiquette, . . .	561
Use of Flowers, . . .	383
— Oil at Sea, . . .	363, 752
Vervay in Summer-time, . . .	421
Vows, some Curious, . . .	222
Walking-stick Gossip, . . .	463
Wall-scribbings, Graffiti or, . . .	97
Waxwork Humanity, . . .	753
Wedding March, the, . . .	523
What Girls can Do, . . .	161
— is a Cold? . . .	57
— Molecule? . . .	298
Whimsical Parish Customs, . . .	389
'White Water,' . . .	334, 560
William Lloyd Garrison, . . .	188
Will Poultry-farming Pay? . . .	379
Word or Two about Bibliomania, . . .	85
— Rose-bees, . . .	334
Workhouse Management, Experi- ments in, . . .	5
Yorkshire Wolds, a Tale of the, . . .	488
Yule-time in Shetland, . . .	817
Zoological Gardens, the Insect- arium at the, . . .	614

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THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

By JOHN B. HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF 'YOUNG LORD PENRITH,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—IN THE NIGHT.

A BITTER night in Blackston—a bitter night everywhere. Winter had set in grim and gray and stern, and nowhere was its frigid grasp more keenly felt than in that upland valley high above the sea. 'Bleak Blackston' was a common expression among those West-country folk, dating from times when certainly the looms and spindles and scratchers and teasels of the famous old cloth-making borough were set in motion otherwise than by steam; and on this particular night the wild wind swept through its gaunt thoroughfares and howled around the tall brick chimneys of its many-windowed factories, like a pack of famished wolves. On the hard earth, iron-bound by frost, lay a thin coating of snow, begrimed in the streets, but delicately pure and spotless, like a vast shroud, where it clothed the moorland that came so close to the town. A few fresh flakes, whirling down grudgingly, as it were, on the wings of the furious wind, sprinkled porch and window-sill with new-fallen whiteness. There was no movement, no stir save of the rushing wind and the sparse snow-flakes. Otherwise, a solemn hush and stillness as of death, reigned in the empty streets. Hours ago, the last wayfarers had hastened to gain such shelter as they could command. It seemed as though imperious Cold had set its icy clutch upon Blackston, lying as if dead or paralysed beneath its touch.

It might have been an hour or more since the loud clock of St Dunstan's had rung out the strokes of midnight through the frosty air, yet in a gaunt, meanly furnished garret—one of many garrets in a row of tall narrow tenements of dusky brick, and which, new as they were in point of actual years, already presented the rickety and tumble-down aspect of houses that have been

built by dubious contract, not to last, but to let—a pale light gleamed behind the frosted window-panes. The tenant of this uninviting room sat before a broken table, roughly propped up, reading by the light of one poor candle. All around him were books—books outspread upon the table, which was littered too with mathematical instruments, cheap and old no doubt, but costly to a lean purse; and with models neatly carved in common wood or moulded in clay. There were papers, trimly enough arranged, and writing materials; and a clock of American make, which latter ticked forth its warnings from the white-washed wall where it hung; but all else in the miserable chamber might be briefly catalogued. There was the sorry bed, the meagre apparatus for washing, the two rush-bottomed chairs, a deal box to contain clothes, a shelf; and that was all. Nowhere in bleak Blackston did the wolfish cold bite more sharply than in that bare spare attic, where never fire had burned to exorcise the damp that clung persistently to the mildewed walls and blotched ceiling. The young student by the broken table, however, seemed forgetful of cold, and of the late hour, and of the black gloom of the night, deaf to the howling wind, and careless of the falling snow, as he bent over his books, every now and then taking up with stiffening fingers a pencil or a pair of compasses to make some marginal note or verify some measurement.

The candle, as it flickered in the draught of chill night-air that crept through the ill-fitting wood-work of the window, dim with frost, threw its fitful light upon a pale young face, handsome, but wan with pinching hardship and feverish unrest—the face of a stripling, boy or man, as we

may choose to class him, taller, thinner, and more thoughtful than be seemed his eighteen years. Still bending over his book, as eagerly he pencilled a series of figures on a scrap of paper that lay beside it, he pressed his thin fingers upon his throbbing forehead. 'The candle is getting low,' he murmured; 'waning like my own strength. Which of the two, I wonder, will be the first to give way?' He said no more, but fixed his eyes, weary but earnest, upon the printed page, while his pencil moved rapidly over the paper that lay beside the book. There was something touching in the very patience and resignation of this young student, toiling on, in spite of fatigue and cold and discouragement, through the lonely watches of the night, in such a place. He read on and on, until his benumbed fingers could scarcely turn the page, and the columns of numerals reeled before his wearied vision; and the feeble candle itself had burned so low in the socket, that he had barely time to betake himself, shivering, to his bed, before its dying flame leaped up, flickered, and left him in darkness.

The wind, and the blackness of the night, and the whirling snow-flakes that by this time fell more thickly, held as it were wild revelry, like witches on the Brocken, among the empty streets of the slumbering town; and nothing told of man's skill or forethought, save when the echoes were sullenly disturbed by the striking of the church clock, high up on the weather-beaten tower-front of St Dunstan's gray old minster. So the chill hours wore themselves away, until a faint tinge of doubtful colour, such as no artist, howsoever skilful, could mix upon his palette or paint upon his canvas, gathered like a guilty blush in the paleness of the eastern sky; and the clouds seemed slowly to creep away, as if some veil or curtain had been very gradually drawn back, and the wintry English dawn was a thing of fact.

The light of coming day was still wan and uncertain in the snowy streets of Blackston, when a lean human form, grotesquely wrapped in old sacks as a protection against the weather, and armed with a slender and lengthy pole, came briskly shambling through lane and alley, stopping ever and anon to tap with the pole against this or that window of a room wherein dwelt a customer or client of this purveyor of unrest. There were casements which the pole, long as it was, could not reach; and in this case, three warning strokes were dealt upon the house-door, while a hoarse voice twice repeated the formula, 'Time, mates, time!' and then died away in distance. Presently the dissonant clangour of bells, harshly ringing in their square wooden cages, attached to this or that great gaunt factory, of the many that stood, like brick-built fortresses, overtopping the humbler dwellings of the town, aroused the laggards by a peremptory summons to labour. Already the streets were full of factory hands, hastily attired, and many of them with a rug or shapeless piece of frayed woollen stuff swathed hood-like over the head, making the best

of their way over the slippery pavement, and carrying with them, one a tiny can of dulled and battered tin; another a bundle of something eatable wrapped in a coloured handkerchief; for in Blackston the hours allowed for meals were shorter than those of North-country mill-workers. There were men, women, and children streaming on in what appeared an endless procession towards the scene of their daily toil. Among these was the young student of the gullet, awakened like the rest by the warning taps and the hoarse cry of the hired waker; and who had donned his working clothes, and staggered rather than walked down the narrow and grimy stairs, and out into the sickly chill and semi-darkness of the winter's dawn.

As the tired youth, with his pale face and wavering steps, joined the throng of those who were hurrying forward towards a huge building, through the many windows of which gushed yellow gleams, warring with the weak daylight, he received a gruff greeting from some of his fellow-workers. 'Morning, Bertram!' or, 'How goes it, mate?' was the usual salutation. The young student answered absently, mechanically perhaps, like a man in a dream; and almost mechanical too, were his gait and bearing as he, with the crowd, tramped into the great factory, gas-lighted, warm enough as compared with the bleak outer air; and where the complicated machinery, with every one of its steel and brass-joints oiled and polished to a nicety, awaited, like some mighty and misshapen Geni of Eastern romance, the resistless call of the necromancer Steam. Then the steam was turned on; and wheels span smoothly round, and drums revolved, and endless bands ran in never-ending circles, as loom and spindle, frame and teal, did their ministering with unwearied precision. At their posts, too, were the flesh-and-blood toilers in this hive of industry, busy each according to capacity or instruction, in attendance on the multiform machinery that writhed and twisted, glided or rotated, like some ubiquitous metal monster, in every gallery, floor above floor.

There was no dead level of equality here, any more than in the out-of-door world. Some hands, being new to the work, or unteachable, were intrusted with only the simplest and roughest of duties. Others had committed to them tasks so delicate as to require daintiest touch and never-failing attention, and the trained skill that only disciplined intelligence can put at an employer's service. Among these last was the young student. See him now, as, standing before a complicated machine, perfected, so engineers assert, by the improvements of generations of painstaking inventors, he gives the mechanism that comrade's aid of human eye and brain and hand without which the dearest combination fails of its effect. He works well and skilfully, like a musician among the stops and pedals of the organ he loves so well; and the overlooker and the foreman, as they go their rounds, regard him with approval as he toils on. Meanwhile, the struggling daylight

has got the better of the gas, and the lamps are extinguished, and still the great gaunt factory vibrates to the incessant throbbing of the steam, and rings with the perpetual click and clatter of the fast-flying shuttles. Presently, a carriage drove up, and the owner of the woollen mill, Mr Burbridge—one of those old-fashioned manufacturers who keep early hours yet, and have a faith in the salutary influence of the master's eye—came round his place of business, halting from time to time to speak a word of inquiry or admonishment as he went by.

'Ah, Bertram Oakley, busy as usual, I see,' said the mill-owner, stopping as he passed the machine on which the pale young student was employed.

'I wish there were more like him, sir,' observed the bluff foreman.

'Piecework, eh?' said Mr Burbridge, with a critical glance at the result of Bertram's labour. —'And very creditable to you indeed, Oakley. Young as you are, I regard you already as one of my best workmen; and you have only to go on as you have begun, and—— Why, what ails the lad?'

For Bertram Oakley, who had looked up with a smile of pleasure at the encouraging words of his master, suddenly became white to the very lips, reeled, and, with a feeble attempt to clutch at something for support, fell swooning on the floor, and lay there motionless. There was an outcry of alarm, and several of the mill-hands came hurrying up. But Bertram did not stir or speak; and when his head was lifted, it fell heavily back, while the death-white face and half-closed eyes remained as rigid as marble.

'Poor boy! this is serious, I fear,' said Mr Burbridge, unwonted sympathy in his tone. 'Let somebody fetch a doctor—the nearest!'

There was no lack of willing messengers; and but a short time elapsed before a surgeon arrived. He felt Bertram's passive wrist; and his own face was grave enough as he said, in answer to Mr Burbridge: 'A bad case, sir—syncope of course; but syncope brought on, I suspect, by a complete break-down of the constitution. Something must be very wrong with the poor fellow; and indeed I see little ground for hope.'

There was a murmur of compassion among the by-standers. 'Poor young chap!' 'Not a better lad nor a cleverer in Blackston!' exclaimed more than one voice.

'Do you consider, doctor,' said the mill-owner, with a glance at his watch, and in tones of deep sympathy, 'do you consider that the case is a hopeless one?'

'We have seldom the right to say that,' replied the surgeon, as his practised fingers again closed upon the patient's wrist. 'He is sadly emaciated, thin, and worn. Medical skill and careful nursing might prolong his life. But in my opinion, he has but a short time to live,' he added, as he laid his hand on Bertram's heart; 'and good nursing is not always to be had in the homes of the poor.'

'And this young Oakley—so it seems—lived all alone, and has no relations in the town,' said Mr Burbridge, after exchanging a word or two with his foreman. 'As a magistrate, I could sign an order for his immediate admission to the hospital, of course; but'—

'It would be a kindness. I am afraid it is only a case of days though; more or less,' replied the surgeon, as he received his fee.

A few minutes later, Mr Burbridge had written and signed an order for Bertram Oakley's admission to St John's, and had given injunctions for his instant removal thither with all care and attention. Then, after another impatient consultation of his watch, he left the factory, stepped into his carriage, and was gone. Loom and spindle, teasel and frame, went on, steadily and rapidly, as before; and all the hum and orderly activity of the great woollen mill continued, while the still insensible form of Bertram Oakley was carried, promptly and gently, to St John's Hospital.

CHAPTER II.—BERTRAM'S STORY.

St John's Hospital, Blackston, is perhaps the most ancient, as it is certainly the most splendid institution of which that West-country borough can boast. St Dunstan's, indeed, a modern minster of only the fifteenth century, claims archaeological precedence in right of a Norman stone chapel and a Saxon church built of wood, and burned by Danish pirates, its predecessors. But respecting the Hospital, there is no doubt. It belonged, as its name implies, to the Order of St John of Jerusalem; and when the gentle Knights Hospitallers had passed away, the antique foundation and the estates that maintained it continued to be put to the same charitable uses as of old. How much of human suffering has been assuaged there—how many a stricken wretch has crawled gratefully to that haven of rest, to die in peace at least, were cure beyond reach, will never be known until the Great Day. But the Blackston folks were justly proud of their grand old Hospital, and it stood pleasantly enough on the confines of the town, its spreading gardens, gorgeous with flowers and greenery in the summer-time, though leafless and blossomless now, protecting it from overclose neighbourhood with the rows of unsavoury tenements run up by speculative builders on every spare scrap of ground. Within that fair demesne, where never a gun was fired or a nest taken, to the detriment of rook and song-bird, that dwelt—unmolested and not afraid—among the tall elms and lilac thickets, all was peace. There was peace too within the great Hospital itself, modernised in accordance with nineteenth-century rules of hygiene, but still in its picturesque beauty of structure recalling reminiscences of the long past. Very quiet, ample, well warmed and well ventilated were the wards of the building; and the Western Ward in especial, with the pale glow of the sinking sun on its wide windows, was cheerful and spacious, though but half tenanted now; for autumn and winter, though tempestuous and frosty, had been healthy beyond the average.

'He is sensible now, doctor.'

'He is, nurse. You may leave him for a while with me.'

The nurse—one of those sedate, serenely useful women whom it is difficult to imagine outside the walls of a well-ordered infirmary—passed away along the ward; and as Bertram Oakley stirred uneasily on his pillow and looked up, his eyes met the kind, wise eyes of the elderly physician who sat by his bedside. They did not meet as strangers. Weeks had elapsed since the bitter and stormy

morning when Bertram, mortally hurt, so it seemed, in Life's battle, had been borne senseless from the factory where he worked, to the refuge, where, in the opinion of those who carried him, as of those who received him, he was to die. And in truth he had been at death's door, and was as yet barely if at all entitled to be classed as a convalescent. But skill and care, rest and peace, the wine, the soup, the nourishing food, the sleep unbroken, that do more than all the drugs of the pharmacopœia, had so far renovated the shattered health of the young patient, that delirium no longer alternated with that terrible inertness that tells of exhausted vitality. He could smile now, in answer to the gentle look of the kind old doctor, who sat eyeing him with an interest that even a sick man's dulled senses were able to perceive.

'You feel better, stronger, now, I think? Able to talk a little, I hope, without being the worse for it—well, well!' said the doctor. 'Since we spoke together last, my boy, I have made some inquiries.'

'About me, Dr Denham?' said the patient, a faint tinge of colour rising to his pale cheek. 'And you have heard'—

'Nothing, my poor fellow, that is not to your credit—nothing,' returned the physician mildly. 'We are not enthusiastic folks down here at Blackston; but all unite to speak well of you; and in short, it seems to me, Bertram Oakley, that you have no enemy but yourself.'

'Myself?' repeated Bertram feebly.

'Yes, my young friend,' said the doctor, in his calm, measured tones; 'by catching, as it were, the old complaint of over-zealous students, and conceiving that a lamp could burn when it was all wick and no oil. You stinted yourself of bread, to buy books. You robbed yourself, to read those books, of priceless sleep, well earned; and here is the result. It was, to vary my former simile, a burning of Life's candle at both ends; and I ask, Bertram Oakley, before we go any farther, a promise from you—you keep your word, I know—that this spendthrift style of conduct shall come to an end. It has been touch-and-go work, lad, to pilot you round the dark point; and now I insist on your pledge to me. It would not be fair towards your doctor, else.'

'I promise, sir,' said Bertram, with a smile and an attempt to raise his head. 'I see, now, that I was foolish—I'—

'And now, boy, tell me something of yourself—of your own early life, I mean,' said the physician, with genial kindness. 'It is no common curiosity, believe me, which prompts me to ask such questions. I have seen enough of you to perceive that you are no ordinary specimen of the West-country mill-hand, even taken at his best; and I am aware that you have no relatives in Blackston, or hereabouts. Any confidence you may repose in me, Bertram, will be safe enough,' he added, as he noted the other's apparent hesitation.

'I am sure of that, doctor,' answered the young man with some emotion; 'nor, thank heaven, have I anything to conceal. But I know so very, very little about myself—almost nothing, beyond the fact that when they brought me ashore, a half-dead morsel of a child, from the wild sea and the raft, that tossed upon it, breaking up piecemeal at every fresh shock of a wave, I told them, by the fireside in the fisherman's cottage,

that my name was Bertram. And they asked me, what else besides Bertram? And I did not know, being so young and wet and scared, and could only cry. I remember it—the first thing I do remember—all these great good-natured fellows in their striped shirts and blue jackets and surf-boots, and the women too, crowding round me, in the glare of the fire, heaped with tarred staves and wreck-wood, and I such a bit of a creature, among them.'

'And after that?' asked the doctor.

'After that,' replied the youth dreamily, 'it all seems a blank. I suppose I may have been three years old or thereabouts when the emigrant ship in which I was a baby-passenger was cast away off Nab Head, and I alone was brought to land alive by a fishing-smack of Bowcastle that put off to the rescue. Nab Head on the Somersetshire coast, I mean, doctor,' he added; 'and the barque, as I've heard since, was the *Princess Royal*, from Bristol to New York, outward bound. I tumbled up somehow. God reward the kind-hearted fisher-folk of the hamlet for the care they took of me when I was too little to be worth my keep! They were not rich, and a fisher's is a chancy calling; but they never would let me go on the parish—poor tiny waif that I was—and I lived week about in one house or another, sharing the crusts and the herrings with their own brown bantlings; till, being fairly clever with my hands and quick of eyesight, I got to mend nets and find bait, and spy a sail others couldn't see, and afterwards to help in the boats; and was a favourite with the schoolmaster, who taught me out of hours; and then there was Mr Marsh, the curate, who kindly let me have—seeing how I loved to read—what he called "the run" of his books. I think it was that which first decided me, when I grew to be tall and strong, to go off inland and seek employment in some works, instead of taking to the sea and exploring foreign countries, as my old friends and good protectors used to predict for me. A man cannot study at sea.'

'And your passion is study—to learn—to know?' said the physician gently. 'There are few nobler ones. But how did you ever find out, if no further discovery as to your parentage was made, that your surname was Oakley?'

'That is soon told, sir,' returned the lad promptly. 'There were some chests that had been brought ashore, or drifted in with the tide—"wreck waste" our people said; "flotsam and jetsam" was Lawyer Fletcher's name for them—not worth selling for salvage, nor worth the Admiralty's claiming, so there they lay at the coastguard station, under the Lieutenant's care. There was a box with tools in it—dainty, London-made tools, not like those of a common joiner or wright, R. O. painted on the box, and in it one thing more, a Bible, on a fly-leaf of which were written the words: "Richard Oakley married to Jane Halliday"—such and such a date. Then another entry: "Bertram Oakley, born"—and again a date. That was all. The book is at my lodging here, sir. I should be glad to shew it to you. The Lieutenant let me have it, since Bertram is my name, and that of Oakley was found marked clearly enough on the clothes I wore when I was picked up. That is all I have ever been able to learn, Dr Denham, as to the circumstances of my birth.'

'Were no inquiries made?' asked the doctor. 'Yes,' answered Bertram, in his thin, tired voice. 'The Lieutenant and the Vicar of the parish both wrote, soon after the disaster; but to little purpose; and years afterwards, my good friend the curate tried in Bristol to obtain information; but without success. The firm to which the *Princess Royal* had belonged was insolvent—the books and registers had been mislaid or lost—and all that was known was that crew and emigrants had perished, and that the vessel—ill-found and not seaworthy—had been refused insurance at Lloyd's. No doubt my parents were on board of the doomed ship, perhaps in the boats—none of which'—He sunk back here, and grew paler than before, and gasped for breath.

'Not a word more,' said the doctor kindly, as he rose from his chair. 'As it is, I have wearied you, and transgressed my own rules.—Ah! here comes Nurse Bradley with the beef-tea and the port wine; and I must leave you to her care, and go to finish my rounds. To-morrow, Bertram, I shall see you again; but now, good-bye!' So the physician passed on along the wards, imparting comfort and hope as he lingered by many a sick-bed; and at last, having concluded his duties for the day, left the stately hospital, and with a thoughtful brow, made his way homewards through the bustling streets of Blackston.

EXPERIMENTS IN WORKHOUSE MANAGEMENT.

A FEW years ago, the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, introduced to the public a poor 'hedge-side poet' named Withers. Among his verses was a description of life inside a workhouse, drawn, unfortunately, from experience. The occupations of the paupers, it appears, were singularly monotonous. The poet says:

Here are nine at a time who work on the mill;
We take it by turns, so it never stands still;
A half-hour each gang; 'tis not very hard;
And when we are off we can walk in the yard.

The 'not very hard' grinding at the mill, with its intervals of walking round the yard, were very evidently the only means of spending the time in the Union of which Withers was an inmate. Even the mill, however, is somewhat of an innovation in the workhouse of an agricultural county. In most country 'Bastilles,' as they are called, almost the only duties of the inmates are to clean their rooms and to bury each other. There is no regular system of work; no apportionment of duties. The inmates are simply dead burdens on the rates. The method is not a good one, as all Boards of Guardians are finding out. Thus, the life of the pauper is rendered utterly barren and monotonous by existing workhouse arrangements, for he can only really be said to live on those 'out-days' when he is able to go round among his friends, supposing him to have any left, to beg small presents of tea or tobacco. The burden on the ratepayers is absolutely unrelieved by any effort

of his; whereas, if he were put to some small and useful employment in the house or the grounds, he would not only save a considerable amount of otherwise necessary expenditure, but would find some relief from that *ennui* which may be supposed to trouble even a pauper.

There seems, however, reason to believe that before many years have passed away, we shall have in almost general operation an entirely new system of workhouse management. The present lax method of controlling these institutions is expensive, and to the last degree unsatisfactory, being good neither for the paupers nor for the ratepayers. It places heavy burdens on the latter, and it confirms the former in their pauperism. We are therefore glad to perceive that parochial authorities and workhouse managers are now almost everywhere, busy in reconsidering the whole system; and some experiment made at the large workhouse at Newcastle-on-Tyne, seem to point to a ready and effectual method of dealing with one of the most difficult problems connected with the administration of the Poor-laws. The building which was the germ of the present workhouse at Newcastle-on-Tyne was built on an old and vicious plan, with long low rooms, deficient both in light and air, and a system of drainage so ridiculously imperfect as to become dangerous. Happily, the number and condition of the population did not call for a particularly extensive poorhouse when these older buildings were put up. Numerous additions have, however, since been made, always with a progressive improvement in the plans; and two wings that have just been added, combine the very latest ideas in workhouse construction. The architect has been influenced by a desire to secure cleanliness, comfort, thorough ventilation, and abundance of air-space for each inmate. These qualities, however, are characteristic of most of the workhouses recently erected, which are incomparably superior to the sometimes flashy, but almost invariably cramped and incommensurable poorhouses of earlier days. The peculiarity of the 'house' at Newcastle is its system of pauper labour, which is an innovation on anything which has hitherto been tried. Now, it is determined that at least the able-bodied pauper shall work for his maintenance.

When Boards of Guardians are compelled to find work for the unemployed, their usual resource is stone-breaking, an operation which has been found to involve a considerable loss. In some instances, as was the case with Middlesborough, the stone actually sells for less when broken than it costs in its raw state. The consequence is easily seen. Guardians endeavour to avoid stone-breaking as a test; and as no other means of utilising pauper labour easily suggests itself, the test is very frequently never applied. At Newcastle, the difficulty has been met by the erection of commodious workshops, and the bringing of some fourteen acres of land under what is known as Small Cultivation; which measures have been attended by an almost immediate reduction of the pauper roll. Four years ago there were over

two hundred. 'shilling-a-day men,' as they are called, at the Newcastle Workhouse. The determination to make them work, has now not only thinned their ranks, but actually exterminated them as a class. At present, there is not a single shilling-a-day man in the workhouse grounds. This means, that the large class of persons who seek the workhouse because it offers facilities for laziness, have either moved on to other towns or have sought employment outside. Their departure left room for the development of a new system, which has so far produced the most satisfactory and beneficial results amongst the inmates.

Almost every inmate of a workhouse is capable of some kind of labour. Amongst those who apply to the Union are men of all trades, some of them so demoralised by drink as to be incapable of finding employment out of doors, and others of them too infirm to earn sufficient to live upon. All these, on entering the Newcastle Workhouse, are required to labour according to their powers. The trades carried on in the house are shoemaking, tailoring, plumbing and gas-fitting, tinsmith-work, blacksmithing, upholstery, joinery, gardening and floriculture. The female inmates are employed in knitting, sewing, washing, darning, patching, and baking. The gardening has proved itself an admirable experiment. Fourteen acres of rather harsh and ungenial soil have, judiciously cultivated, not only yielded sufficient to provide the workhouse with vegetables the year through, but have left a surplus for outdoor sale. In its third year of cultivation, the land has produced a profit of three hundred and thirty-eight pounds, which in itself is no meagre set-off against the rates. So far as vegetables are concerned, it has been found possible to sell to shopkeepers without raising any considerable outcry; but it is not so easy to dispose of the results of pauper labour in other departments. Manufacturers of shoes or of clothing not unnaturally complain of the competition of the workhouse. Indeed, the disposition is to cry out rather too readily. This was almost comically illustrated a short time since, when a committee of bandmasters signed a remonstrance against the competition of the workhouse band! In almost every department of work, however, it is found possible to produce far more than the house itself needs. Thus, in spite of the short time during which the system has been on trial, there is already a two years' reserve of boots and shoes. This happens notwithstanding the most careful and judicious distribution of labour amongst the various workshops. The inmates, slow and easy-going as many of them are, seem to have almost unlimited powers of production. Everything needed in the house is made there, from an ambulance to a tinplate. The whole of the inside fittings to the new wings have been made in the joiners' shops; and a large portion of the old building has been taken down and rebuilt entirely by pauper labour, the masons, bricklayers, labourers, joiners, slaters, and glaziers, all being inmates of the house. In this way it is proposed to elevate and otherwise to alter the whole of the older portions of the workhouse, proceeding gradually and without extra expense to the ratepayers.

As all the adult inmates of the house are kept at work, so are all the children taught a trade.

The girls are made thoroughly acquainted with the various departments of household work, and are thus in a measure qualified for the position of domestic servants. The boys spend half a day in school and half a day in the workshops, the hothouses, or the garden. When they leave the workhouse, instead of starting in life at the initiatory stages of apprenticeship, they are able to get employment as 'improvers' at the various trades to which they have been put. In fact, they go out into the world with a much better preparation than ordinarily falls to the lot of boys who have been born to get their living with their hands.

The benefit of the system is, in reality, not greater than its beneficence. A mode of management which demands a modicum of work from persons of all capacities, has an appearance of sternness at the first blush; but it is clear that the amount of hardship in the system would depend on the spirit in which it was carried out. In this individual instance, a large amount of consideration is shewn all round; and in reality the majority of the paupers are all the happier because of the employment which is found for them. Few of them do as much as would earn their living outside; but neither are they expected to do so. They are made comfortable and are treated with kindness; and in return are required to do as much work as they conveniently can. The only persons who complain greatly are the drones, who accordingly clear out of the workhouse as soon as they know what workhouse life means. Their general statement is: 'We didn't come here to work.' Having to work, and being possessed of ability to do so, they prefer the freedom from restraint which is to be found outside, to any employment, however leisurely, that must be accepted as task-work within 'the house.' This is a result which is in itself a sufficient justification of the system: for it leaves the workhouse to just such persons as it was intended to benefit, and frees it from those who are dishonest and unnecessary burdens upon the rates. The best illustration of this statement is to be found in a Report of the Building and Permanent Visiting Committees, published in 1877. After giving the figures of the four decades from 1831 to 1871, the Report said: 'Taking these figures as our guide, we may expect that in four years [1881] the demands on the house will, at the lowest calculation, amount to one thousand and fifty beds.' The fact is, however, that in spite of a great increase in population, and notwithstanding a long run of bad trade, there are now about the same number of inmates that there were in 1872.

The extensive system of pauper labour which has grown up at Newcastle will, it is hoped, be liberally attempted elsewhere. Probably in some instances, farming and gardening will be made to play a much greater part than they do even there, it being calculated that a quarter of an acre of land to every inmate of over ten years of age would make a workhouse absolutely self-supporting. The country workhouses have abundant opportunities of trying the experiment, though of course they will always have to meet the usual objections to the utilisation of pauper labour. Even tried on such a scale as that to which the experiments at Newcastle are limited, there would, if the small country Unions were to combine with

each other, be such a saving as would reduce the rates to two-thirds or one-half of their present amount. We consider the question to be one of national importance.

A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER I.—'PEACEFUL DAYS.'

My name is Thomas Rivers. Captain Rivers I am called now. It used to be Tom Rivers, in the old times when I was a lad going every day with a green baize bag full of books to Rathminster School. Rathminster, a small town in the south of Ireland, containing about two thousand inhabitants, was, as I first knew it—and it has not changed much for the better since—a quiet and rather sleepy place, with little stir or life about it, save twice in the year, when the judges entered it to hold the spring and summer assizes; for though so insignificant in itself, it had contrived somehow to retain its position as the county-town; and contained on one side of its rather large and empty-looking square, the county jail; and on the other the court-house. There were no signs of progress or improvement of any kind about Rathminster, but the reverse. In wealth and industry, it seemed to have retrograded, to judge from a closed factory or mill standing in one of the little streets that led into the square, and an unkept-up sort of appearance about the principal houses. The town had moreover—speaking from an ecclesiastical point of view—seen better days, for Rathminster had enjoyed the honour and benefit of having a Bishop resident in its neighbourhood, before the suppression of some dozen Irish bishoprics in the early part of this century; and the ivy-covered wall of the ruined palace, and the stately trees of the domain, now let for grazing, while they added to the picturesque appearance of the town, seemed somehow in keeping with its drowsy and unprosperous character. Another indication of what had in bygone days been a paramount influence in Rathminster, still survived, in the sign which hung over the door of an hotel, certainly too large for the present requirements of the place, where a faded golden mitre was portrayed on a rusty chocolate-coloured ground. At some little distance from the town stood the church, or cathedral I suppose it should be called, once a fine building, but of which now only the chancel was standing; large enough, however, for the congregation it had to accommodate, and surrounded by some fine old oak and elm trees.

And yet, though there was rather a deserted air about the town, and blades of grass might be seen springing up here and there on the steps of some large house, and though there was a tinge of green over the square, and it was but too plain that Rathminster had seen its best days, still, with the wooded hills and rich meadows by which it was surrounded, the old trees of the domain, the ruined palace, the ancient church, and the pretty little river that wound through the valley on the sloping side of which the town stood, Rathminster presented a very pleasing and picturesque appearance. Of one good thing time had not deprived Rathminster, namely, its excellent school; a school sufficiently well endowed always to secure the services of a competent head-master;

and at which the sons of the gentry, the tradespeople, and the farmers in the neighbourhood, together with some twenty or thirty boarders, received a thoroughly good education. It was partly on account of the school that I had come to Rathminster. My father, who had been in the merchant service, had been drowned at sea. My mother had survived him but a few years, leaving me at ten years old an orphan, alone in the world, without brother or sister, or any near relation except an aunt, my mother's sister. This aunt, Mrs Pearson, was a widow, living in Rathminster, where she owned one or two of the houses; and where, by keeping a book and stationer's shop, she was able to add something to the small income she derived from her rents. To her, therefore, I went upon my mother's death, having no other home; and Rathminster School offering to me, as a day-boy, an education such as elsewhere, and with the means my parents had left me, would have been quite out of my reach. Mrs Pearson having no son of her own, and only one daughter, Annie, about a year younger than myself, made a son of me, and was as kind and loving as any mother could have been.

About a mile out along one of the roads leading from Rathminster, or about half that distance if you took the path leading through the churchyard, there was a pretty little farmhouse, with some trees about it. In front there was a garden, with flower-beds and walks bordered with box, and a few shrubs and fruit-trees at each side. A broad and neatly cut hedge of thorn and beech mixed, separated the garden from the road. And through some silver firs at one side of the house, which hid the farm-buildings behind, and along that side of the garden, there ran a little brook, which the high-road crossed by means of a rather picturesque ivy-covered bridge, just opposite the house. The house itself was a rather small two-storied house, with a rustic porch and bay-window, and three small windows in the story above. It would have been a plain-looking house but for porch and trellis-work, and the creepers with which its front was ornamented. As it was, covered with climbing-plants, with its well-kept garden, neatly-cut hedge, the grove of firs, and the little brook, 'The Cottage,' as it was called, presented a very pleasing and comfortable appearance.

The owner of this house was Farmer Stockdale, a hard-working careful man, who was supposed to have saved a considerable sum of money; and had indeed the reputation of being somewhat of a miser. Avarice, however, was not the old man's ruling passion. Even to the end of his life, the love of money, which is usually supposed to increase with years, yielded at once before the nobler, though often injudiciously operating love of his only child. No wish the boy expressed but was gratified if possible by his indulgent old father, and no expense thought excessive if only it was supposed to minister to his son's pleasure or advantage. Poor old man! it was well he could not see into the future, and that he did not live long enough to have any doubts as to the prosperity and happiness in store for his dearly loved son.

Robert Stockdale was like myself a day-boy at Rathminster School, and it was there I first saw him. He was about two years my senior; a tall active lad, generally reckoned handsome; but

with a hard expression, or rather, as I should call it, want of expression in his singularly dark eyes. Somehow, I took a dislike to the boy from the first, and so never became intimate with him during the five years we were schoolfellows. Of young Stockdale in his school-days I have no occasion to speak; and I turn to a pleasanter subject, for they were pleasant days these old schoolboy days, bright and hopeful, and saturated with the freshness of life's spring-time.

And of all the sweet memories they bring to me, that of my lovely cousin Annie Pearson is the sweetest. A dear, bright, kind girl she was. I have no portrait of her; but I need none; better to me than any portrait is my own recollection of that graceful figure and sweet and winning face. She was a delicate little creature, fairy-like in her figure and her movements. I don't think I was a romantic boy, and yet I remember that, as I watched the pretty child come stepping down some rocky path, or tripping with light little steps along some plank or fallen tree, I used to fancy that the ground scarcely felt her weight; that the little feet that touched it so gently, perhaps need not touch it at all; and that I should not be greatly surprised to see her some time step daintily out upon the air itself. There was something too, it seemed to me, I don't say fairy-like or elf-like, but yet very strange and fascinating in the girl's lovely face, where a glad and happy expression seemed to light up, as it were from within, a countenance that was of a grave and rather sad cast. The features themselves were regular and beautifully formed; the mouth perhaps a little too large for perfection; the complexion was fair and pale; the hair a light brown, but shed with ruddy gold. The eyes, however, were, I think, the most remarkable feature of her face; it was their expression that first struck you when you saw her; and it was the recollection of them that haunted you, when you looked at her no longer. They were dark gray eyes, very large and soft, and with a look in them as if they could see the wondrous things of some unseen world around.

Annie Pearson was, as I have said, an only child; and when I came to live with Mrs Pearson, we became fast friends, and loved each other as brother and sister, only with an affection perhaps the sweeter because it did not come of natural relationship, but was the voluntary offering of each of our hearts. To Fairy—that was my cousin's pet name—I was devoted slave, before our acquaintance had ripened into many hours.

The country around Rathminster was very picturesque—hilly, almost mountainous, and well wooded. Half an hour's walk would take one to the foot of some steep hillside covered with natural oak, birch, and hazel; and through these rocky woods, in the bright warm weather, Fairy and I used to wander, looking for birds' nests or gathering hazel-nuts or bilberries as the case might be, always pleased and happy in each other's company. In the long summer days when the school was closed for vacation, we used to make still longer excursions, taking our dinner with us. Then we would often make our way through these woods, and out on to the open moorland beyond, and wander through the long tufted heather, till at length, tired with our walk, we would find some cosy spot where we might sit down almost hidden by the heath and bracken and eat our dinner.

And there we used to sit, with the warm sun and clear heaven above us, and rest ourselves, and talk, and listen to the eerie call of the curlew, the cry of some disturbed lapwing, or the mysterious bleating of some snipe describing its strange circles far out of sight in the clear blue overhead. Oh those glorious, dream-like, enchanted summer days, when the golden light of Paradise itself seems about you, and the soft whispering air is ever on the point of revealing some sweet and wondrous secret, that Nature at such a time longs to disclose—would that but one of them might come back to me again! and Fairy sit once more by my side, if only that I might tell her that those long-past days are not forgotten, and that somehow I have the hope that we shall meet one day where the light will be yet brighter, and the secret Nature cannot tell shall be revealed.

And here I shall mention an incident of the days when Fairy and I were children together, not because I attach any importance to what occurred, for I do not. I would not have it thought for a moment that in my mind it had any relation to subsequent events; my conviction is that it had no such relation whatever, and I should consider it quite childish and absurd to think otherwise. I mention the circumstance merely because it seems to me to throw some light upon the fanciful or imaginative side of Fairy's character, because it is one of those incidents that in a peculiar way cling to my recollection of the child, and because a casual allusion to it led to an important discovery many years after. We had been playing together on an autumn afternoon in one of those rocky woods not far from the town; we were at the margin of the wood, where there was a steep moss-covered rock, at the foot of which was a little well of clear cold water, which came trickling out from a hollow in the rock. It was, I believe, a 'holy well.' Its romantic situation was pretty sure to gain for it such a character. Some way up the rock was growing a little mountain ash or rowan-tree, its tiny branches bending with their load of scarlet berries. Fairy chose to have some of these berries, and so I climbed a good way up to gather them. When I reached the ground again, she said to me: 'Tom, if you had fallen down there, you would have been killed.'

'Perhaps I might,' I replied.

'And it would have been for my sake, you know,' she added. 'I am sorry I asked for the berries. Now, Tom,' she continued, 'what if we were to pledge ourselves always to be near and help one another in any trouble or danger? I'd like it so much! Should you?'

'O nonsense, Fairy!' I answered. 'I shall be far away at sea, you know, and you will be here at home. How could we do it?'

'We might do it,' she said, 'in our prayers. Anyway, I should so like to make the promise; and this is just the place for it.'

There was no refusing her, of course. I shall not describe the curious ceremony that, under her direction, we performed, though I well remember it; but I have often wondered at it, as well as at the strange satisfaction she seemed to feel when it was completed.

It requires an effort to turn my mind away from those happy days; but I must proceed. Vivid as the memory of them may be to me, and full of an interest such as I do not care to describe, they

have little place, I feel, in the narrative of facts which it is my purpose to relate.

My school-days came to an end when I was about fifteen. The Company in whose employment my father had lost his life, offered me a berth in one of their ships. I had always looked forward to the sea as my profession, and was aware that such an offer would in all probability be made to me by a firm of owners who never forgot the families of those who had served them well. I therefore left Rathminster school; my home, as I had come to consider Mrs Pearson's house; and hardest of all to part from, my cousin Annie, and went to sea.

PHASES IN CANADIAN HOME-LIFE.

To know people, one must have lived amongst them; no 'flying tour' suffices. The writer's experience is that of a ten years' residence in Canada. There are some persons to whom the name of that country conjures up no ideas but those of frost and snow, and to whom ice, furs, and frozen noses are its staple commodities. But Canada is not always cold. As hot in summer as they are cold in winter, Canadian temperatures do not affect the body so much as do the milder ones of English seasons. For some reason or other, Europeans do not for several years feel the extremes of heat and cold in America in their true intensity, immigrants often working all through the severest weather with rolled-up sleeves, to the wonder of the natives. The popular explanation of this phenomenon is 'the thickness of old-country blood;' but this is a point in biology that must be left to the decision of the doctors. The Canadian himself is a very chilly person, possessed, moreover, of very decided views upon the question of his personal comfort; his stove is first among his thoughts, the fuel problem finding solution in immense stacks of 'cordwood,' of which he is as proud as English people are of their hounds and horses. Diverse in kind as in name, Canadian stoves are marvels of constructive genius; yet one defect they all have—they are not adapted for roasting. Baked meats are the rule, together with stewed dishes of many sorts, whilst the inevitable tomato is served up in one form or another at meals. Very good when stewed, or sliced and eaten with vinegar, few newcomers relish them picked fresh from the shrub and eaten raw—a common practice with Canadians; yet they are said to cure the liver-complaint, a disease which is very prevalent in hot climates.

A dire foe of the kitchen as well as of the domestic dispensary is the tomato-worm, as well he may be, for he is poisonous, and has the deaths of inoffensive people upon his conscience. Worse still, in a commercial sense, is the Colorado potato-beetle. Between them, they supply a very sinister phase in the domestic life of Canadians. Up with the first dawn and away to the fields, is the hard lot of thousands of women and children. You ask them whither they go. 'To catch potato-bugs.' After some hours, you meet them upon their return carrying heavy pails, filled with a swarming mass of striped yellow-and-black beetles. These are drenched with petroleum, a liquid that speedily kills them. At sunset, the same process of extermination is resumed; and it is wonderful how,

when all have been apparently killed, fresh beetles spring up from regions unknown, to take the places of their deceased brethren.

There are other pests that help to make Canadian home-life unsettled and precarious, such as caterpillars, which often devour the entire foliage of a fruit-tree in one day; and grasshoppers, which, however, keep chiefly to the prairie-lands. On the other hand, there are no large flocks of birds to wreak havoc upon the orchard, for these find food and safety alike in the depths of the forest; yet, as though Nature designed to make up for the absence of song-birds, bull-frogs and mosquitos combine in rendering the air vocal with not unpleasant music. Busy, buzzing little intruder as he is, the mosquito does not spill much blood in the ordinary family circle; but he is a terrible miscreant in the swamps and new districts. The harm done by these pests is, however, counteracted by the splendid crops which are yielded in Canada.

Very few Canadians ride saddle-horses; 'buggies' in summer, and sleighs of various kinds in winter, being the conveyances in use. Nevertheless, there are good riders in many districts; but these ride bareback, saddles being expensive luxuries. A horse is to the Canadian a useful animal indeed, for he puts him both to plough and carriage; hard work telling less severely upon him than would inevitably be the case with our delicate, high-stepping English pacers. The merest boy-child knows how to harness and drive the pony; nor is it easy for a stranger if he be ignorant of horse-flesh, to gain his juvenile esteem. In the newer districts, however, where no beaten thoroughfares yet exist, horses are not met with, the ox acting as an efficient substitute. This patient animal makes his way over miles of rough 'corduroy' road without fatigue, where a horse would drop; nor does he mind swimming a river with a heavy load at his back, in case of need.

It may be asked: 'What is a corduroy road?' A primitive plan for the bridging of swamps where drainage cannot be adopted, and a very effectual plan in its way. The first care of the road-constructor is to fell trees and strip off the branches. These denuded trunks having been laid upon the swamp in the direction of their lengths, other split trunks are placed across them, and the interstices filled in with twigs, mud, and moss.

The home of the settler is rich in proportion to the number of its available hands; and each member of the family has his or her especial part to play at what is termed 'logging,' which sometimes reaches the dimensions of a 'logging-bee,' when neighbours come from great distances to help the owner of the land. Very important phases of life to the Canadian farmer are the various 'bees,' and differing as much in kind as in appellation. From the cosy 'hooking' and 'quilting' bees of the women, we ascend to the laborious 'building,' 'reaping,' and 'stumping' bees, together with many more; too long a list for enumeration. The 'sugaring-bee,' however, is so joyous an occasion with the young people, that we feel tempted to explain its mysteries. Useful as are the many species of Grass, the chief of which is the sugar-cane, North America boasts possession of a tree with great sugar-producing qualities—the sugar-maple. Standing beneath the shelter of these graceful trees with the fierce sun beating

down, one may trace every vein and fibre through the transparent texture of their foliage. Cleanly, adverse to swamps, and liking the society of the beech, only the choicest flowers and ferns are allowed to grow within the maple's gracious shade; and if you want the company of the bright-eyed black squirrel and of the flame-bird, you must seek the maple-grove betimes. Thirty gallons of luscious sap is the average season's yield of a single tree when not tampered with; but bruin, his long winter's trace at an end, comes lean and hungry from his lair sometimes, pausing to lap the sparkling contents of the sugaring-trough upon his way to the pig-pen. Bored with an auger obliquely upwards to the depth of half an inch, the maple pours its sap into a wooden trough placed at its foot to receive it. This sap is collected every morning, put into a caldron suspended over a large fire, and boiled to a sirup, which is kept constantly skimmed, and supplied with new sap. Then the contents of the caldrons are strained, and once more rapidly boiled, preparatory to being poured into moulds. This last operation calls for the 'sugaring-bee.' Young and old repair, thither; nor does Cupid omit to be present, dipping his fatal darts playfully in the good-wife's sirup, before launching them at the hearts of rustic swain and simple maiden. 'Sugar in Spring; in Autumn, a ring,' is a proverb derived from this pleasant gathering.

There are sterner features, however, in the lives of Canadian bush-settlers than the sugaring-bee, for they have often to carry their grain forty miles to the nearest mill. Englishmen have their hardships to face in the duty of providing for their families; but to run the gauntlet of troops of hungry wolves in furtherance of this duty, is not amongst their trials. Still, bush-life has its advantages, as it certainly has its pleasures. Fish-spearer by torchlight supplies the household with material which only requires to be smoked over a wood-fire to furnish ample stores of provision; and this is supplemented by the spoils of the chase. If people would only eschew finery, they might live very well in the 'bush;' but truth to tell, the Canadian gravitates towards the cities, leaving the fresh immigrant to battle with untrimmed Nature.

In the neighbourhood of the towns, where cleared farms, together with barn and house, may be bought for from one to five dollars the acre, life is shorn of the worst of its cares; yet the harvest season being so brief, all hands must labour hard to garner in the grain, and wages are always high. The relations existing between employer and employed are very primitive, especially upon the farm, 'Jack' being 'as good as his master;' dining with him, joking with him, and pocketing his wages with lordly complacency. The same applies to the female 'helps,' who enter upon a situation less with the view of attacking the hard core of the domestic difficulty, than to assist in graciously lightening the burden of their hard-worked employers. Some tact is consequently necessary, in order to gain the good-will of the fair being who condescends to do the daily drudgery of a house for pay. There is this to be said on the other side, that the 'help' is in many cases probably the equal of her mistress, education coming within the reach of all classes.

The spirit of speculation runs high in Canada,

so that a man who is to-day plodding away at his trade, may by some lucky stroke become a man of means to-morrow. There was a blacksmith, brother to a clever barrister, who had taken to bemoaning the hardness of the times: 'Even horses were growing parsimonious, not casting shoes enough to pay for the use of his bellows.' A disappointed man, he did not flee the world and turn hermit. In a few years' time there was a blacksmith less in the town, and a dentist more, for he revenged his losses upon Society by drawing Society's teeth. There are to be found in England amateur farmers in the persons of many clergymen, but the 'call' to the plough is with these more or less a sentiment. It is otherwise in Canada; cassock is often thrown clean aside, and that care applied to the eradication of thistles from the less stubborn soil, which had otherwise been bestowed upon the obdurate hearts of a parish.

Speaking of the minister, suggests that rite which it is his especial prerogative to consummate—a rite easy enough to enact in the towns, but less so in the bush. Where hospitality is the rule, and the advent of any guest a matter of interest, judge of the delight experienced by sundry 'parties' when the minister arrives! The uniting of a young couple is indeed a phase in the home-life of a settler's family; nor need one tell how the best logs are thrown upon the hearth-fire, the best slice of bacon handed down from the rafters, the best whisky produced, and the best clothes brought out.

To become a member of the Dominion Parliament is an honour coveted there as ardently as is its parallel honour in England, although not altogether from such disinterested motives, since there is a salary attached to the position; moreover, the people's representatives are not always men of refinement, nor often of leisure. The bulk of the members of parliament are, it is true, lawyers, and very clever men; but some of the older settlers share the honours and emoluments of the legislature, and these are, as a rule, illiterate. Cincinnatus periodically leaves the plough at his country's call and the crisp rustling of dollar-bills, to don the robes and rôle of senator, subsiding into civil life as quietly as he left it, at the close of the session.

A phase of Canadian home-life that must strike every observer is the absence of rest. All have views ahead; few consider themselves settled; and in most families there is somebody of migratory bias, seeking his fortunes perhaps in California or Illinois. Since one such character in a village leavens the whole—the return of those Canadians who had enlisted under American colours during the Civil War, also affected the status of many rustic communities, and tended to develop a national sentiment.

The Volunteer Militia is quite an institution, each hamlet having its Company, and a large force being yearly under canvas throughout the country. Although the military training involved is of a far severer kind than with the English Volunteer force, all branches of the community are represented, and some very amusing effects are attained; as when Pat, the elected 'Captain' of the local Company, orders to the 'right-about' his employer, serving in the ranks as full private. The period of annual drill is no unimportant phase in the life of the home

circle, coming as it often does during the busy harvest season, when the loss of a working member is of great moment to a family; and frequently, the women have thus to fill the places of husbands and brothers in the harvest-field.

Whilst, speaking broadly, summer has but the two phases of work and sleep, winter offers an endless round of festivity. The beautifully clear nights, with floods of moonlight above and hosts of diamonds beneath, present glorious sights to the eye of the rapid traveller by sleigh! Over the crisp snow and glittering ice-crystals, mile upon mile, to the merry jingling of the bells, the snorting horses throwing from their nostrils clouds of blue steam; whilst the white 'wind-caves' by the road-side project their pink and opal roofs, from beneath which fairy queens might at any moment be expected to emerge with star-tipped sceptres. You stop your team to listen, and the silence is unbroken. Let it, however, be an unusually severe night, and you may hear the trees splitting with the frost; the forest fastnesses emitting a noise like that of volley-firing; for sounds can be heard at great distances in cold air. A wild creature—deer, bear, or fox—may cross your path, but not to harm you. Except in the newer districts, wolves are not trouble-ome, at any rate not to a well-organised sleighing-party. Yet, not twenty miles from the writer's place of residence, the thriving city of Guelph, there are wolves in abundance in a large tract of waste land known as Luther Swamp, which do much havoc with the sheep-folds; but they generally keep to the borders of their domain, unless when famished with an unusually severe winter. So on you speed, your merry load of humanity all mirth and frolic; for it is assumed you are one of a 'surprise-party' destined to make a pleasant phase in the home-life of the minister or the school-teacher, the most important members of the community in rural Canada. Whichever it may be whom you design to honour, he will certainly condone the trouble you propose to give him in taking summary possession of his house, through respect for your kindly motives.

Canadians, in spite of their weakness for surprise-parties and sleighing-excursions, are no great holiday-makers where the disbursement of money is concerned. While the English working-man is enjoying his trip to Margate or his 'outing' at the tea-gardens or 'Zoo,' his kinsman on the other side of the Atlantic is 'piling up the dollars' by assiduous daily routine. His chief holidays are Dominion-day and the Queen's birthday. Somebody has said that the Canadians are more loyal than the British—a superficial judgment not to be made good upon deeper investigation; yet upon the latter of these two days, native patriotism, effervescent in peals of bells and salvos of artillery, leaves nothing to be desired. The public games are of a somewhat mixed character; for in one part of the grounds may be seen the 'noble Indian' gaily attired in war-paint and feathers, playing his graceful game of Lacrosse; whilst in another is a group of stalwart Highlandmen, clad in kilt and tartan, engaged in the sports of the Gael. German bands are playing the airs of *Vaterland* to the delectation of a ring of appreciative young critics; whilst the Living Skeleton and Fat Lady draw to their booths those for whom music hath no charms. Looked forward to with

pleasure by young and old, these festivals are important phases in Canadian home-life, scarcely rivalled by that other which occurs towards the close of the harvest-season, the Agricultural Show. Held in rotation at the principal towns and cities, the Show is productive of much emulation both between individual exhibitors and even between towns.

One other feature of Canadian life which we notice in conclusion, is the facility which the settler has in removing his house from place to place. In England, whatever may happen to the furniture, it is a maxim that the home, which is an Englishman's 'castle,' is fixed and immovable. Not so with the home of the Canadian, which frequently is known to have changed its locality between night and morning, transported upon rollers to some more convenient site. This feat can of course only be exercised upon wooden houses, stone houses being as solidly built and upon as deeply laid foundations as any English ones.

THE STORY OF THE LORD GEORGE GORDON RIOTS.

FROM Friday the 2d to Thursday the 8th of June 1780, 'the cities of London and Westminster were delivered up for six days into the hands of a violent mob, to be plundered at discretion.' London, to quote Lord Loughborough, Chief-justice of England, 'was like a town taken by storm. Neither age nor sex, nor eminence of station, nor sanctity of character, nor even a humble though honest obscurity, were any protection against the malevolent fury and destructive rage of the lowest and worst of men.' No disturbance or riot of such magnitude had ever occurred in England. Those which broke out in the reign of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and which bore a kindred resemblance to this, were merely tumultuous gatherings that could be reckoned by hundreds; but here the multitude was in countless thousands. During the day the shops were closed except those in the very outskirts of the city, and at night fires were blazing forth in every direction. Nothing was done to check the 'devouring element;' but on the contrary, as if it were at the shrine of some heathen idol, it was fed with spirits, with oil and wine, with the costliest furniture, with the rarest of books, and with the masterpieces of art. Even the sacred emblems of religion were no protection, for with ruthless hands churches and chapels were alike despoiled, and the sacred symbols carried in wild procession through the streets. At the Houses of Parliament, the sessions were obstructed for several days, in consequence of the mob having taken possession of the avenues that led thither. For the time being, London was converted into a very Pandemonium.

What was the cause of these dreadful riots, made for ever memorable in *Barnaby Rudge*?—How did they come to pass?—Why were they prolonged for eight days in the centre of a great city, where no means were wanting, one would suppose, to protect its citizens from such a terrible disaster?—are questions which one might naturally ask. It came to pass in a very simple manner. The country had arrived at a period when it was thought a matter of both justice and expediency, that some of the disabilities under which Roman

Catholics were placed should be repealed. And a Bill was accordingly brought in and passed both Houses of Parliament without a single negative. Shortly afterwards, it was proposed to extend the same relief to Scotland; but no sooner had the report got abroad than an alarm spread through the country with lightning-like rapidity, and a powerful agitation was set on foot to counteract the proceedings of parliament. In London, bills and placards were dispersed calling upon the people to resist the progress of popery; and Lord George Gordon, who had been the instigator of the movement in Scotland, was chosen President of the Protestant Association in London. On 29th May 1780, a meeting was held at Coachmakers' Hall, over which Lord George presided, and which was attended by a large concourse of his partisans. In the course of the proceedings, he made a long and inflammatory speech, in which he urged his hearers to carry a petition to parliament demanding the repeal of the obnoxious act. He was ready, he said, to lead them, but he would not stir unless he had an array of twenty thousand men to follow him. The speech was received with shouts of applause, and it was agreed that on the 2d of June this vast body of partisans would meet him at St George's Fields and march thence to parliament with their petition.

When the day in question arrived, and while the followers of Lord George were massing themselves at the place of rendezvous, the streets were becoming gradually deserted. From Tyburn to Whitechapel the shops were all closed, and save at the Bank of England, no business was being transacted. To the right and left, to north and south, the ordinary bustle and noise of the big city had given way to the breathless silence of impending danger. At eleven, the hour appointed, Lord George Gordon, without a single companion or follower, advanced to St George's Fields, and with all the collected assurance of a general, issued his orders, how they were to proceed, and what route they were to take to reach Westminster. He divided his followers, who numbered about twenty thousand, into four great divisions; and placing the Scotch last, he ordered one division to march to the Houses of Parliament by way of London Bridge, another by Blackfriars, a third and fourth to follow him to the same destination over Westminster Bridge. As had been arranged, each man wore a blue cockade; and at a given signal this huge mass of humanity, made up of men of all grades, but chiefly of the more discontented and rabid among the working-classes and labourers, combined with an enormous contingent of the tag-rag and bobtail of London, began its march. No file nor drum, not even a flag, preceded them; but at the head of each division was to be seen a man bearing a large pole at the end of which was attached a scroll of parchment containing the signatures to the petition. On reaching the precincts of the Palace at Westminster—a very different building from what it is to-day—this motley mass—whose numbers choked up all the spaces in St Stephen's Green, the Abbey Yard and Parliament Street, down to Whitehall Place—grew restless. They had come for the express purpose of compelling the members of both Houses to bow to their will; and as some of these gentlemen were seen pushing their way towards St Stephen's, the impatience of the people began to vent itself in

menacing cries, and from cries passed to violent measures. Rapid as lightning the contagion spread, till the whole crowd was electrified into action; and soon member after member (of parliament) as he appeared was seized, the 'blue cockade' fixed to his hat, and himself ordered to shout 'No popery!' and to swear that he would repeal the 'obnoxious act.' As the members continued to press forward for Westminster Hall, they drew in with them in course of time a large body of the mob, who, being joined by others who had already taken possession of the Hall and expelled Mr Justice Addington and his guard of constables, crept upwards, each clinging to his fellow, until they reached the very lobby of the House itself.

No sooner did Mr Justice Addington find himself, as if by a miracle, out of the hands of the crowd, than he set himself with the utmost vigour to rouse the authorities to some sense of action and responsibility; for these were looking with the utmost apathy on this mass of rascaldom growing more rampant hour by hour, and already proving destructive to both the persons and the property of the lieges. Addington was a man of courage and of prompt determination; and had there been more of his stamp at this critical moment, the riots might have been stamped out at the first outbreak. But his brother-magistrates appear to have been men of faint hearts, some of them 'looking patiently on' while the work of destruction was in progress; while others decamped at the very sound of danger. Having aroused the authorities to something like alarm, they supplied him with a small body of cavalry and a detachment of Foot-guards; and placing himself at the head of the former, he led them towards Palace Yard, ordering the Foot-guards to proceed by a different route to Westminster Hall. As he appeared at the head of the cavalry, he was received by loud yells of defiance from the crowd, accompanied with hootings and hisses; but fortunately he retained his self-command, and taking advantage of a momentary lull, he said: 'We are peaceably disposed towards you, and if you give me your word of honour to disperse, I will order the soldiers to go away.' To this appeal he received a satisfactory reply, and at a word from him the cavalry galloped off; and upwards of six hundred petitioners, after giving three cheers for the magistrate, retired from the scene.

Meantime, the Foot-guards were gradually but steadily forcing their way towards Westminster Hall, where a scene of an extraordinary kind was being enacted in the House of Commons. The Speaker had taken his seat, and, considering what was going on outside, there was a very full attendance of members. The attention of the House had for some hours been occupied with debates concerning the mob, who were now in possession of all the galleries and avenues leading to the House, and were pressing hard to make an entrance into the sacred precincts of the legislative chamber itself. All this time Lord George Gordon, full of excitement, kept running between the House and the top of the gallery-stairs, whence he harangued the people and informed them of the bad success of their petition. This went on till Colonel Gordon, a relative of his Lordship, exclaimed to Lord George: 'If you bring your rascally adherents into the House of Commons,

the moment the first man of them enters, I will plunge my sword, not into his body, but into yours.'

This threat, decisive as it was, did not suffice to bring Lord George to reason, whereupon another relative, General Conway, rushing up to him, cried in a voice that might be heard by the mob outside: 'Lord George, I am an old soldier, and let me tell you if any attempt is made by your people to enter the House, they will be resisted by men who have come here with a determination to uphold the dignity of this House.'

On hearing this threat, the mob yelled out, 'We will repel force by force,' and pushing still onward, with excitement gained another step of vantage; and pushing and forcing their way still onward, they at length gained the lobby of the House. Lord George had gone back in the meantime to his seat in the House, where he was still waiting anxiously and nervously to bring up his petition. At length an opportunity for doing so arrived, when he rose and said he had before him a petition signed by one hundred and twenty thousand of His Majesty's subjects, praying for a repeal of the Act passed last session in favour of Roman Catholics. He moved to have the petition brought up, and leave was accordingly given; when Lord George again moved that it be referred to the consideration of a Committee of the whole House. But when the House came to divide on the motion, it was found impossible to do so, as the lobby was crammed with a dense and tumultuous crowd, who prevented the members from either coming in or going out; and the help of the Guards had to be obtained to clear the lobby, which was done with some difficulty. The motion was lost by one hundred and ninety-two votes against seven!

The debates that ensued in the House have now little interest; but outside the walls, the people still gathered and clamoured as at the first. At the door of the House there was heard the hum and buzz of angry voices, the shuffling of feet, the straining of the doors as if they were about to fall asunder under the weight of those who were trying to force an entrance, and the opposition they received from the few officials who still stuck to their posts; while from Palace Yard could be heard such uproarious huzzaing and shouting, yelling and hooting, as if the whole population had been at once seized with a fit of madness. The Guards had again to be called into requisition, and Palace Yard was cleared of the mob. Then began the fearful work of the infuriated crowd. Separating themselves into different divisions, the multitude, after quitting Palace Yard, hastened to different quarters of the town to molest, destroy, and extort. Some of them rushing off to Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, set fire to the Roman Catholic chapel situated in that neighbourhood; while another band hastening to Golden Square, demolished the Roman Catholic church in Warwick Street. The military were sent for; but before they appeared on the scene the buildings were a heap of ruins. The night passed away in comparative quiet; but on the following day, which was Sunday, a large number of the rioters collecting at Moorfields, where many houses of Roman Catholics were situated, proceeded at once to strip them of their furniture, and to burn them. They despoiled chapels of their ornaments and decorations, and

having knocked down the altars, and torn up the pews, pulpits, and benches, made bonfires of the waste.

The next day, parading the streets with such ornaments and decorations as they had saved from the fire, they carried these abroad in mock procession to Welbeck Street, where Lord George resided, and having displayed them before his house, they burned them in the adjacent fields. Another gang had in the meanwhile hurried on to Wapping, and a third to East Smithfield, where they committed fearful outrages and destroyed more Catholic chapels. Then the mob rushed to Holborn, one of the principal thoroughfares of London, where one of the first buildings selected for destruction was the famous Langdale Distillery. This the mob ransacked, savagely destroying every article of furniture within it; and coming at last upon the casks of spirits, of which there were several hundreds, they cut and hewed them with axe and crowbar, and dashed the contents into the street, where the spirit rushed along like a stream, and was caught up everywhere in pails and buckets—even hats and shoes being used by the mob for the purpose. The consequence was that many of the rioters fell dead on the spot, much of what they had recklessly swallowed being unrectified spirits. In the course of the afternoon they attacked Newgate, and instantly demanded the release of the prisoners; and on this being refused, they battered the doors and entrances to the jail with axes and sledge-hammers, smashing the windows, and throwing firebrands into the interior. The piercing screams of the terrified prisoners, who expected every instant to be scorched to death, combined with the yelling and shouting of the mob outside, made up a scene that was frightful in the extreme. From this prison alone three hundred prisoners were set free, and among them four murderers lying under sentence of death.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the terrible havoc worked in London during these days of lawless rapine and riot. Many private dwellings of public men were gutted and burned, among these being the house of the Lord Chancellor, and the splendid mansion of the Earl of Mansfield, whose extensive and costly library of law books was torn up into fragments and then burned in heaps. A few days afterwards, when his Lordship stood up in the House of Lords to explain the law of treason to his brother-peers, he was reduced to the painful necessity of saying: 'I have not consulted books; indeed I have no books to consult.'

While the work of destruction was still going on at Lord Mansfield's, a magistrate arrived with a detachment of Foot-guards, and after reading the Riot Act, the order was given to fire. Some of the soldiers detesting work of this kind in cool blood, hesitated; but fourteen of them obeyed the word of command, and several men and women were shot and others badly wounded. Again the order was given to load and fire; but the men must have fired over the heads of the people, for the discharge was without effect. This only emboldened the mob, who, taking advantage of the compunction shewn towards them by the military, proceeded to renew their work of destruction. About the same time, another portion of the mob began to storm the prison at Clerkenwell, the prisoners in which they released; and then rushing on to the toll-houses on Blackfriars, Southwark, and London

Bridges, they demolished the buildings and scattered the money broadcast. Then adopting a new form of intimidation, they sent printed notices declaring at what time they intended to destroy the prisons of King's Bench, Fleet, &c. The main thoroughfares, especially the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside, were thick with desperadoes who went about armed with bludgeons, pitchforks, crow-bars, iron rods wrenched from area railings, and cleavers snatched from the butchers' stalls, or any other implement they could lay hold of, which could serve them as a weapon of attack or destruction. Armed with these, they set the law at defiance, and frightened those who refused them anything, into instant compliance.

Being driven off from Lord Mansfield's house, the mob set out towards the Bank. This was, however, one of the few places which the authorities took the precaution to protect with an efficient force. A body of Foot-guards who had been sent there early in the day, surrounded the building—which was not so gigantic as it is now; and to check the sudden on-rush of the mob, bodies of cavalry were stationed in the by-streets running towards the Bank. Presently, a noise sounding in the distance like a great whirlwind was heard approaching nearer and nearer. It was the noise of the coming multitude, who broke out at what is now Moorgate Street, and, like a tremendous torrent, seemed likely to sweep everything before them. At the word of command and after the Riot Act had been read, the cavalry stationed near the spot wheeled to the front to dam the passage of the mob; but man and rider fell back before its tremendous rush, the troopers using the flat of their swords here and there, and giving slight flesh wounds on the most venturesome, in hopes thereby to intimidate the mob. But the love of money coupled with that of destruction was too strongly ingrained in the rioters to make them give way under a few scratches. They were possessed with the idea also that the Mayor was rather for than against them, and that the soldiers only required a little friendly encouragement to make them desert in a body. While some, therefore, were ejaculating 'Shame! Shame!' or crying out, 'You won't kill the same flesh and blood as yourselves,' another party made a desperate charge till they almost gained the ring of infantry posted near the Bank; then the word 'Fire!' rang out, and the soldiers, who now began to feel that forbearance was only taken for fear by the crowd, fired this time with deadly precision. The volley went straight into the crowd, and before its smoke had vanished or before its echo died among the surrounding buildings, the huge mob reeled, staggered, and fell back discomfited, some with their faces downward to rise no more! A number, gathering themselves together, made yet another charge, and then another at various points of the building; but dashed upon by the cavalry, and clubbed at close quarters by the infantry, they at last decamped in a body, leaving their dead and wounded to be looked after by the soldiers. This was the first and last attack upon the Bank of England.

The work of destruction throughout the city still went on. From one spot alone, no less than six and thirty fires could be seen blazing at one time in different quarters of London. At a short distance off, just beyond Holborn Bridge—now

considerably altered and spanned by the viaduct—stood the walls of Newgate still red with heat, and sending up dense clouds of smoke from its midst. In the direction of the Temple were the Fleet and King's Bench prisons, blazing red against the midnight sky; and beyond them were New Bridewell and the toll-gates on London, Southwark, and Blackfriars Bridges, still on fire. Everywhere clouds of red flame were rolling upwards, succeeded by dense volumes of smoke through which forked gleams broke out now and again like lightning, as fresh houses were added to the general conflagration.

Those whose houses had escaped the dire vengeance of the mob, trembled as they beheld the terrible spectacle around them, for imagination carried them back to what history had recorded, and they began to feel that the Great Fire of London was about to be repeated. There were thousands of people turned out of hearths and homes. During these terrible nights, fathers with children clinging to their sides, and mothers with babes at their breasts, were running from street to street seeking for shelter, and carrying with them such effects as they sought most to preserve. Children were snatched from their parents' hands by these successive tides of human beings, and crushed to death or trampled under foot. Many who could not succeed in getting shelter cast away the heaviest of the goods with which they were burdened, and made straight for the open country, looking back only at times on the place they had abandoned as another Gomorrah, a doomed and burning city.

Had vigorous measures been taken at the first outbreak of the mob, there is no doubt these horrible depredations would have been checked without much difficulty. But both the government and the civic authorities seemed to act as if they disbelieved in the possibility of a disturbance in London growing to the proportions it assumed. At last the government was roused to a sense of action. The king issued a proclamation in which he warned his loyal subjects to keep away from these gatherings on pain of being treated as rioters. Despatches were sent post-haste to the different regimental stations, summoning their instant presence to London, and soon the infantry of the line and the militia came pouring in from various quarters. All the principal thoroughfares were barred with chains drawn across them, to check a sudden rush of the multitude; and the Tower itself possibly since the days of the Stuarts had never seen itself in better fighting trim; guns were shotted and pointed down the main approaches, the drawbridges were raised, two regiments of artillery were fully equipped for duty, and every preparation was made for a vigorous defence.

Fortunately, none of these vast preparations were put into full requisition, for after a few sharp and decisive conflicts this dreadful outbreak was at length subdued and stamped out under the iron heel of a military force. The streets were cleared by the militia, who performed the duty now done by our well-organised police; peace and tranquillity were once more restored; and the citizens of London, awakened as it were from a frightful dream, fell gradually into their accustomed ways.

Lord George Gordon, the originator of the evil,

had been apprehended on the 8th of June, and having been committed for high treason, was taken to the Tower, being escorted thither by the largest array of military that was ever seen to enter its gates with one single prisoner. If he had previously chosen to make his escape, he had ample opportunity; but no such notion appears to have entered his head. In any other country, and under similar circumstances, he would possibly have lost his life with but little legal ceremony; in this case, however, Lord George was not tried till February of the following year, and then, after a most careful and patient investigation, he was declared not guilty, on the ground that there was no proof of his having called out the multitude 'with any traitorous or unlawful intent.' After a comparative retirement of about seven years, he got himself once more into difficulties by writing a violent pamphlet against the Queen of France. For this imprudence he was indicted for libel and found guilty. He escaped abroad, but after a time was discovered and brought back to London, where he was condemned to a long confinement, in the course of which he died in 1793.

ANCIENT BURIALS IN ORKNEY.

THE picturesque island of Rousay, in the Orkney group, bore no inconsiderable part in early Northern history. Hero Jarl Sigurd the Viking had his stronghold; and here, we read in the *Orkneyinga Saga*, Earl Paul Hakonson of Orkney was seized on the shore by Swein the Viking, son of Asleif, and carried off to Athol in 1136. The spot bears the name of Sweindrow to this day; and seven hundred years after the event, a sword, supposed to have been used in the struggle, was turned up by the plough. Standing-stones, underground houses, and tumuli are found in Rousay in considerable numbers. The valley of Sourin, which divides the island east and west, seems, from chance discoveries in the past, to be rich in such ancient remains; and last autumn some researches were made in tumuli on the Corquoy farm, a short notice of which appeared in the *Scotsman* of 23d October.

The spot where the explorations were made is a singularly beautiful and peaceful one. A wide amphitheatre of hills shuts out all view of the sea, save to the eastward, where a glimpse is visible, with Egilshay, Eday,

And islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

Were it not for the dull roar of the Atlantic, heard over the northern hills, one would scarcely think the land was sea-girt. About half-way up this valley may be seen a group of five grassy mounds close together, the largest about five feet high, and fifty feet in circumference; the smallest only a little above the level. On being opened, each mound was found to contain a stone coffin or cist of the ordinary type, formed of six flat stones, and averaging two and a half feet by two feet, and one and a half feet in depth. These cavities were partially filled with a heap of fine black ashes, mixed with calcined fragments of bone, all the surroundings being clearly fire-marked. The

most interesting discovery, however, was that of an oval-shaped urn or 'pot' in the cist of the largest mound, heaped with ashes and bones, and resting mouth upwards. The urn measures—diameter of mouth nine and three-quarters by eight inches, height seven and a quarter inches, diameter of base four and a half by three and three-quarter inches, thickness averaging a quarter of an inch. The greatest care was necessary in extricating it, as it was cracked in several places; but it was secured in fair preservation; and along with several bone specimens, is now placed in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. The ashes in all the cists were most carefully searched, in the hope of finding some articles not unusual in such interments; but in vain; nothing but ashes and bone fragments remained. It was indeed strangely difficult, gazing at these insignificant relics, to connect them in any way with the touch of death; the lapse of centuries, no less than the purifying flame, had so completely robbed them of even the semblance of decay.

Taking the general appearance and situation of these mounds into consideration, it seems, even at first sight, a not unlikely supposition that they constituted the burial-place of a family. The absence of any large tumulus or cairn over the cists again favours the idea, as additions could then be made from time to time without much disturbance; although there is no evidence existing as to the length of time between the first and last of the five interments. This hypothesis, if not altogether in accord with antiquarian testimony, is at least not contradicted by it. Such 'small local cemeteries' are not uncommon in Scotland; and some very interesting examples have been found in Fife, Mid-Lothian, Selkirk, Roxburgh, and other counties, although belonging probably to a much earlier age. Some of the Fife urns having been found somewhat richly ornamented, it has been considered as likely that they belonged to some family of distinction who resided and had influence in the neighbourhood of their site.

It is evident, however, that in an inquiry of this kind we are, even at the outset, on disputable ground; and from the remarkable scarcity in Northern cists of identifying-relics, such as glass beads and other ornaments, weapons, &c., the question of their history resolves itself in most cases into a balance of mere probabilities. At this stage, in truth, we would fain allow Fancy to weave the web of the uncertain past, and people this fair valley with an imaginary race. Our day-dream would be unweaved by disputes regarding Norwegian or Celtic origin, and free from the painfully commonplace facts and barbarous traits of these early times.

These burials, says our antiquarian Mentor, are without much doubt Norwegian, belonging to the later Iron Age, which we may place between 700 A.D. and the close of the eleventh century; the identifying link in this case being the material of the cinerary urn—steatite or soapstone—from a block of which the urns have been generally hollowed out with an iron chisel. Such steatitic urns, sometimes inverted over the gathered ashes after cremation, sometimes heaped full with them, are plentiful in Norway, but rare in Scotland, and only found in the latter in the area occupied by the Northmen. They prove also, we regret to say, to have a more prosaic and homely origin than

we had assigned to them in our poetical reverie. We had pictured them as skillfully fashioned by loving hands to contain the remains of the departed; but it seems they had 'contrived a double debt to pay,' being primarily employed as culinary pots in domestic use! This, we fear, is unquestionable, many of the Norway urns, and some few in Scotland, having iron rims with iron bow handles arching the mouth, like a modern cooking-pot.

It may be imagined that we would gladly have been spared these unromantic details; and in fact, after this disenchantment, we forbore to inquire too curiously regarding the smallest cist—scarcely so large as a page of this *Journal*—and which the feminine judgment of our party persisted in regarding as the grave of a child—the receptacle of its cinerary urn. We secretly doubt its being anything of the kind, but fear to inquire regarding it. Let us retain, at all events, one poetical idea associated with our discovery; and with it let us close this record—this glimpse of long ago—and after reserving as many of the relics as will satisfy our antiquarian friends, carefully replace the rest. Perhaps 'far off, in summers which we shall not see,' they may come again to light. Meanwhile, in the words of Bryant:

Their share, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is, that their graves are green.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRES.

In treating of fires and the best methods of extinguishing them, the *Textile Manufacturer* says: 'We are fully aware that in spite of the best care that may be exercised to prevent the outbreak of fires, they will occasionally occur. It may, therefore, not be amiss to consider briefly how best to deal with them in their early stages. Of course when once fire has got firm hold of such combustible elements as generally constitute our mills, it is simply unconquerable, and all that can be done is to confine its ravages. But by proper appliances and some presence of mind, much may be accomplished in the early stages, and many fires may be prevented going beyond that point. Every mill ought to be furnished with ample appliances for dealing with the first stages of a fire. These should consist of a number of buckets filled with water, placed in some prominent position, easily accessible from every part of a room. Besides these, in every room there should be at least one extingisher or hand-pump; if the latter, the buckets will form a ready reservoir of water. In the initial stage of a fire, before anything has got heated beyond the burning material, we are disposed to think that a spray nozzle is the most effective in subduing the flames. The water is easily distributed and every drop fully utilised; whereas with the jet nozzle a great quantity is inevitably wasted. When this is the case, it is exceedingly unfortunate, as for the first few minutes there is apt to be a scarcity, when every drop is of almost inestimable value, and most precious moments are comparatively lost, during which the fire is strengthening its hold. In order to test the efficacy of a spray nozzle, let any of our readers provide a quantity of wood-shavings, and a garden watering-can of two or three gallons

capacity. Arrange the shavings so as to represent textile raw materials under any desired circumstances, light the pile, and give the fire as much time to get hold as would be required to raise an alarm and get ready appliances into action; then commence the efforts to extinguish it, noting time and effects. Repeat the experiment with a jet pipe, which can be formed by removing the rose, and compare the results of the trials. We think it will be greatly in favour of the former. Necessarily, these experiments will be all the more satisfactory and instructive if made with the actual material appliances that would be used in the contingency. If these means are availed of with promptitude and coolness, many a fire would be brought under control and extinguished that for want of them becomes a disastrous conflagration. Such arrangements are, however, only of avail probably during about fifteen minutes after the breaking out of the mischief.'

SONG.

WITHIN these eyes, a brighter hue
Is beaming than from skies of blue:
Within these cheeks, soft beauty glows
More radiant than the summer rose.
Thy voice with sweeter music's hung,
Than trills upon the skylark's tongue:
And odours kiss that rosy mouth,
More fragrant than the sunny South.

But Lady fair, these eyes of blue
Old Time will dim with Sorrow's hue:
And o'er the cheek that beams so bright,
The clouds of Grief will spread their blight.
The voice whose every word is song,
Will fade, and charm no more ere long:
And from these lips, sad gentle Death
Will woo away the fragrant breath.

And when dull Time his lines of care
Has left on one who once was fair,
The tend'rest thoughts of light and love
Will wing to thee from Heaven above.
And though thy beauty's charms depart,
Thou wilt be ever fair at heart;
So odours, when the rose is dead,
Still live within the bloom it shed.

ROBERT LEE CAMPBELL.

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A FEW WORDS UPON MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

It has often been remarked that England more than any other country rejoices in a distinct Middle Class. Within itself, the gradations from one boundary to the other of this class are almost infinite, and of later years a subdivision has been attempted by the term 'Upper' or 'Lower' being prefixed to the phrase. This elastic Middle Class is constantly feeding the aristocratic ranks to which it does not itself pretend to belong, and is as constantly recruited from a lower stratum of society. It is the very backbone of the country—a fact it rarely forgets—but is not without its weaknesses. One of these is its persistent aping of the manners and customs of the class above itself.

This is no new fault of human nature; it must have been at any rate displayed in the Elizabethan age, or Shakspeare would not have declared by the mouth of Hamlet 'that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.' Yet never, we think, was the weakness or fault—call it which you will—more rampant than at the present day; and notably it shews itself in lavishness and love of display, in following the reigning fashion however senseless that may be, and especially in the tiresome and extravagant ceremonials which too often take place on the occasion of its weddings.

• It is a right and natural instinct which dictates that a certain amount of publicity should attend the Marriage Ceremony; but surely if half-a-dozen witnesses are present, if the event is formally registered, and afterwards announced, the desired publicity may be considered established. We are sure that with sensitive young people, and perhaps still more so when bride and bridegroom are no longer very young, the formalities of the wedding-day are looked forward to with nothing short of dread; while not a few of the guests, who being invited feel they must attend, would much rather be spared the inconvenience and hurry and flurry of the whole affair.

Mere personal dislike of formal ceremonial is, however, of small account when compared with the temptation that our present manners and customs afford to incur unjustifiable expense on the occasion of weddings. Young people are wonderfully gregarious, and even the bride herself, much as she dreads the ordeal of a large party, the multitudinous congratulations, and the embarrassing compliments to which she must make some pretty reply—even *she* shrinks from the idea of her wedding being different from the weddings of other people, and makes up her mind to bear the brunt of whatever may happen, provided that things are all done in the usual orthodox fashion. It is very well for people of large fortune to make a gorgeous display, and entertain their friends sumptuously on any occasion that may form a pretext for so doing; such hosts have usually large houses and many servants, and it is quite possible to conduct the festivities with little or no inconvenience of any sort. But probably the 'stylish' wedding of which we are thinking is reported in the newspapers in the most circumstantial manner, and the description inflames the imagination of some worthy family who are about giving up a daughter to the man of her choice.

'What a lovely dress!' exclaims a sister of the betrothed girl as she reads the account of Lady Fanny Blank's apparel. 'O mamma, it would just suit Ethel. Do listen.' And then the girl reads with emphasis, the milliner's jargon of satin and brocade, and 'point de gaze,' and overlapping festoons, &c.; and when she pants to take breath, the mother perhaps sighs faintly and replies: 'The expense, my dear—remember the expense!'

'But her wedding-dress—it is to be her wedding-dress, mamma.'

'Too costly, too costly,' returns the mother with a shake of her head.

'But couldn't Ethel have something like it?' persists the girl; 'it is just in her style: she would look lovely in it, I know.'

The mother who 'hesitates' in the matter of a daughter's bridal-dress is pretty sure to be 'lost.' The fatal paragraph too often does its cruel work,

and the costly ultra-fashionable dress is provided, which may possibly never be worn in its original state after the wedding-day. Of course we are speaking of the middle-class bride who does not begin her married life where, in common parlance, her parents leave off. Lady-like, well-educated girls, quite capable of adorning any station to which their husbands' talents and industry can raise them, often begin housekeeping on a comparatively homely scale, with only one or two servants, and in a style quite out of keeping with party-giving or gay visiting. In such cases the rich wedding-dress, though it may be carefully kept for a time on account of its sentimental association, is very likely to be ultimately pulled to pieces and dyed some serviceable colour fit for ordinary wear. Not unfrequently the cost of it is lamented before the year is out.

The sumptuous wedding breakfast, too, is a forced, unnatural meal. It often takes place before the usual luncheon hour, and the gentlemen of the party at any rate have seldom much appetite for it. Then middle-class men, as a rule, attend weddings at some personal inconvenience. Their thoughts are very often with the business they are neglecting, and they hurry to their offices and counting-houses as soon after the meal as they decently can. At the breakfast there is rarely any sprightly general conversation; the guests all seem rather afraid of hearing their own voices, until the time arrives for the set speeches. How alike these all are! Every bride that ever blushed beneath her wreath of orange flowers, is a paragon of excellence; every bridegroom that ever stammered forth his acknowledgments, is a thoroughly good fellow, not quite worthy of the treasure he has secured, but almost.

We remember once being seated at a wedding breakfast very near the happy pair. There had been the usual healths drunk, and quite as much champagne consumed as is good for anybody at one o'clock of the day. The laudatory, congratulatory speech had been made, and now it was the bridegroom's place to rise and return thanks. He was a sufficiently cultivated, sensible, and usually self-possessed man; but the situation was apparently a little trying to him. He whispered to his wife, who was infinitely more composed than he—but then she had not a speech to make—'Oh, what shall I say?'

'Thank them for coming,' she promptly replied in the same low tone. And so he did in a short but neatly expressed manner. I have since thought this little prompting was typical of the true help-mate that wife has been to her husband.

We are old enough to remember the time when the wedding ceremonies of the middle classes were much less pretentious than they at present are. A few near relatives and dear friends were probably invited for the occasion, almost certainly by word of mouth instead of by printed or written invitation; and the repast offered, though good and substantial, did not necessarily include expensive luxuries. In summer-time, white muslin was no uncommon bridal-dress among prudent people, and bonnets were invariably worn by bride and bride's-maids. Orange flowers were in favour, but these were often removed from the bride's bonnet before it was worn again. Nowadays, the wreath and large veil have become so usual, that we heard the other day of a rustic village maiden wearing

them. How much wiser it would have been to make the best bonnet serve!

With regard to wedding-presents, we have long thought the customary display of them intense vulgarity. How frequently must it happen that some trifling gift—trifling because of the donor's slender purse—is weighted with deep affection; while the massive piece of plate that has the place of honour on the show table, displays the giver's wealth rather than his love! The very essence of true generosity is surely to confer benefits without parading them. The Jews, we believe, generally marry early, without waiting for a large income, and we remember hearing of a custom which prevails among them when two young persons are betrothed. The near relatives and friends meet, and arrange among themselves what presents shall be made, carefully avoiding repetitions, but planning that various articles should match. This is surely an excellent system, whereby a superfluity of butter-knives or a paucity of table-spoons is likely to be avoided.

An increase in the number of bride's-maids is one of the innovations of modern times. Formerly one, or at most two bride's-maids were thought amply sufficient for the onerous duties of holding gloves and handkerchief and bouquet, and tying up slices of cake, and directing cards. For those were the days when middle-class people did not pretend to have five hundred acquaintances, and did not find their friends too numerous to remember. Undreamed of then was the curt announcement, 'No cards.' Now, six bride's-maids are a quite usual number; and of course six bachelor friends must be invited, to give their arms to these damsels. Of course, also, the bridegroom must present six trinkets—generally locketts—to the young ladies. All very advantageous to the jewellers certainly, but often a great tax on the young husband with whom sovereigns are not too plentiful.

One curious thing we have observed, and that is, that however anxious they may have been before the occasion to do things in the customary style, the wedded pair often quickly repent of the needless expenditure that has taken place. However much the young wife may have been initiated into household affairs before her marriage, new knowledge comes on her surprisingly fast when she holds the domestic purse-strings herself. She begins to understand 'what bills poor papa must have had to pay for that lovely breakfast, with its ices and confectionery, its choice fruit and hot-house flowers.' In her heart of hearts she feels now that she would like the money to spend very differently. Of course we are speaking of that numerous class who marry as soon as they prudently can, and on means only just sufficient to keep up the appearances of their position.

It is undoubtedly immoral to make marriage difficult and imprudent by artificial means; but this is really what ostentatious weddings often do. They give a false start to people with small incomes. The numerous guests, feeling themselves in a measure chosen and privileged, cannot let the acquaintance languish. Parties are given, and perhaps the bride may wear her wedding-dress a few times after all. But if she does she feels herself the observed of all observers, and probably much finer than any one else in the room; one of the most miserable sensations a sensitive woman can have to endure in society. Every one knows

how in visiting one occasion leads to another; and how incompatible much gaiety is with a slender income.

Looking back on careers of which we have seen the beginning, and a long course, sometimes indeed, the end, we cannot remember one where economy in early life has been regretted. It is the period too at which it is least difficult to exercise it. Wants increase as we grow older, and the need of many indulgences we cared little about in youth becomes apparent. The claims of others upon us also usually multiply with time. We remember one couple—the bride the daughter of a professional man, the bridegroom precisely in the same station—who on their wedding tour of less than a month made a great hole in a hundred pounds—as they themselves admitted—but who never could again be said to command such a sum. They were both really well-meaning, and in later years exercised self-denial with a good grace. But they made a wrong start, got a little behind the world even before the children—of whom there were many arrived; and they never were free from worldly cares again. Theirs was a very pleasant house at which to visit, before by slow degrees the true state of their circumstances became known. Kind-hearted and hospitable, fond of society and buoyed up with hope that every new venture would turn out prosperously, they drifted on till, figuratively speaking, the breakers were ahead. Friends and relatives came to the rescue; but it was a sad story, and the sequel is hardly yet.

No doubt it requires some resolution to make a dead set against the follies of the age; and a dread of singularity is often conspicuous in the young. It is amusing sometimes to notice how frightened a young girl is—frightened is really not too strong a word—lest her dress should not be 'what is worn.' No doubt the dread of singularity—a dread which is somewhat akin to modesty—in a great measure actuates the feeling; but at all times it is a wholesome thing to assert the right, and never more so than when there is singularity in the act.

In all ceremonials there is a great deal in fashion; and it occurs to us that if a few people of consequence would set the fashion of simplicity in marriage ceremonies, they would be doing a great service to the community. In many memorable instances the higher classes have afforded a noble example by leaving instructions that their funerals should take place without pomp or parade; and already we see the good results which have followed, funerals among the middle-classes being as a rule much more simple than formerly; and consequently, to our mind, much more solemn. Births, deaths, and marriages are three events in human life usually classed together, and which the statistician records, and the politician notes; but marriage is the only one of the three in which the chief actors are voluntary and conscious agents. Surely it is the most solemn act of man or woman, and, properly considered, is little allied to pomp and festivity. Think what it is to assume, in a large measure, the responsibility of another's happiness and future wellbeing! And this is really what in marriage we may be said to do. Surely a solemn impressive ceremony with simplicity of attire is more in harmony with the occasion than much pageantry and festivity.

Now and then among the working-classes one hears of weddings that are almost pathetic in their avoidance of anything like display. We mean when the man steals only an hour from his daily labour, returns to it without betrayal of what has just happened, while his newly-made 'mis-is' begins settling the 'home,' probably of only two rooms, in which they are to begin their new life. Such marriages as these are not ill-omened. They tell of energy and perseverance, of a prudent-looking forward to consequences, and of the absence of a pretentious false pride. Others, perhaps a little higher in the social scale, give themselves the one day's holiday; and we remember among the touching incidents connected with the loss of the river steamer the *Princess Alice*, was the drowning of a couple wedded only that morning. To be faithful until death should then part they had promised, and lo! by death they were not divided!

Surely there is something to be said for a custom which formerly very much prevailed among the middle classes, namely dispensing with any wedding tour, the newly-married pair taking up their abode at once in their appointed home. Especially when the marriage takes place in the winter, this seems a desirable plan. Unless people have wealth to command many luxuries, there is much hardship and very little pleasure connected with travelling in inclement weather. And if people are afraid of being thrown on the monotony of each other's society without the preparatory distraction of new scenes, it would be well to hesitate before marrying at all. Probably a holiday trip when the pair have been married some little time and have fallen into each other's ways, is far more enjoyed than the so-called honeymoon.

But however much we may deprecate some follies and extravagances of the present day, we must admit there is little of the rude and boisterous display of mirth tolerated at festivities, such as we read of as being common little more than a century ago. At this improvement in manners we may especially rejoice when considering wedding ceremonies—which certainly are of the formalities which ought to be conducted with calm and grave propriety. To make them the occasion of mere frolic and merry-making would be reverting to barbarous usages; and just in proportion as we approach, however slightly, to this state of things, do we retrograde.

Of this we may be quite sure, that ostentation is but another word for what we understand by the term vulgarity. It is simplicity which is nearly allied to high civilisation and true refinement; for as a great poet declares:

Simplicity is nature's first step and the last of art.

Those who have witnessed a simple wedding and felt its solemnity, will probably acknowledge that it was far more impressive than one in which gorgeous display distracted the attention of all present from the momentous event they came to celebrate. Those therefore who can ill afford unnecessary expense may take heart and resolve on a quiet wedding without dismay.

We will conclude with a little anecdote told us by a friend after she had been the wife of a prosperous man for at least a score of years. On the occasion of her marriage, which took place, while her husband's means were as yet slender, her parents contributed largely to the furnishing

of the house for the young couple. But there was one coveted gift which they would not bestow. They possessed a very large stock of champagne glasses, and the bride-elect begged hard for a dozen, or even half-a-dozen, of a pattern she particularly admired.

'No, no,' was the mother's wise reply; 'when William can afford to give champagne, he will be able to buy the glasses.'

Perhaps the possession of the glasses would have been a temptation to give champagne—who knows?—a little sooner than he did; though ample means came in due time. Anyway, the little story is worth remembering, for it may suggest other articles to be wisely dispensed with besides champagne glasses.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER III.—THE DOCTOR'S FAMILY.

'PAPA is late.' It was a very pretty girl who spoke, a girl with sunny hair, and blue eyes that seemed as if they had caught and kept a portion of the summer's brightness, so pure and lustrous were they.

'A doctor is often late, Rose, dear.'

They were different in aspect, as in age, those two sisters; yet there was between them that indefinable likeness which is seldom quite lacking when the tie of blood is so close. The first speaker had seen her sixteen years, at most. The second must have been ten or eleven years older, and was pale and plain-featured. There were two remarks which those who knew Louisa Denham best were apt to make concerning her. One was to the effect that her thoughtful expression exaggerated, as it were, her age; and the other, that her homely face won upon those who saw it often, until they almost forgot that the charm of physical beauty was not there.

'But he is late—and he was to be early,' said pretty Rose, half pouting, as she glanced through the plate-glass of the broad window at the darkling gardens of the square, where a few snowdrops and hardy crocus blooms peered through the iron railings, and where the gas-lamps were beginning to fling yellow patches of light upon the wet flagstones of the pavement. 'He said he would come straight home to us to-day from St John's; and now his dinner will be spoiled.'

Regent Square is as pleasant a place of residence as any in Blackston, and it contained few houses that were better, and none that were better ordered, than that of Dr Denham. The doctor was a widower. A keen observer might have concluded that such was the case from the grave, helpful face of his eldest daughter, on whom the weight of responsibility, cheerfully but not lightly undertaken, had settled itself early in life. There had been three Miss Denhams. Now there were but two. Ethel was gone; but Rose, the youngest of the three, remained to brighten with her girlish beauty her old father's home. Dr Denham had married late. His had been a tedious engagement, loyally held to on both sides, but with the shadow of a great worldly disappointment, as will be made clear later on, to cloud and to prolong it; and the doctor's wedded life, if happy, had been brief. But he shook off the sad thoughts that would sometimes dog him through

his busy life, in the unselfish love which he felt for the two dear ones who had been spared to him.

'Here he is!' exclaimed Rose eagerly, turning her fair face towards the opening door. 'No; it is Uncle Walter,' she added, as a different figure from that which she had expected to see now darkened the doorway.

'Yes, it is Uncle Walter,' replied a pleasant voice, almost too harmoniously modulated to be quite natural in its smooth tone—'Uncle Walter, who wants his dinner, being quite hungry for once, thanks to your sharp Blackston air, my dears!' The speaker softly closed the door—it was his nature to do all things softly—and came forward to the fireside, gently rubbing his white hands together, and with a benignant smile upon his comely face.

'Papa will soon come in now,' said the elder of the sisters, glancing at the ornamental clock which, on the massive chimney-piece, ticked away with merciless regularity the seconds, the minutes, the hours that make up the span of our little lives.

'I hope so—for his own sake, of course,' said bland Uncle Walter, bending forward to warm his outspread hands, on the delicate fingers of which glistened rings of price. 'My poor, dear brother was always so energetic, so unsparing to himself, as when he pulled me out of the Brockley mill-dam—dear me! ages ago—in our boyhood. And here I find him at Blackston, as I have ever found him, since I was a sickly child, and he a big bold boy, always the same—always the same,' murmured Uncle Walter in conclusion, as he sank into a beehive chair at the chimney corner, and purred before the welcome blaze as a very large and sleek cat, endued by art magic with the gifts of human shape and speech; might have done.

'Your ramble, uncle, was a short one to-day,' said Rose, after another impatient scrutiny of the deserted pavement outside. 'Our streets seem dreary, I daresay, after those of Naples or Paris.'

'No; it was not that,' rejoined her kinsman, with a slight arching of the eyebrows and a scarcely perceptible shrug, that told of long familiarity with continental life—'not that, nor even the cold, which drove me in. Everybody seemed so distressingly in earnest, so obtrusively useful and real and burly, that I felt as if I were a stray butterfly that had wandered in among the busy bees, and was in danger of— Ah! here is the truant!'

Uncle Walter's ears must have been quick—for a man of his years, remarkably quick—for neither of the two girls had heard their father's well-known step so soon as he did.

'Behind time, I am afraid,' said the doctor, in his genial way, as he came quickly in. 'I was kept at St John's longer than I had intended, listening to the story of a pet patient of mine—a bold, bright, clever lad, in whom I take an interest.' And then the doctor gave a hasty summary of the more salient facts of Bertram Oakley's career, mentioning but slightly the romantic episode of the shipwreck, but dwelling forcibly on the singularly winning and noble character of the friendless boy, his generous ambition, his early struggle in the search for knowledge and light, and winding up by express-

ing his own strong desire to help his young friend up the first awkward and slippery rounds of life's ladder. 'I have a scheme for him in my head,' said Dr Denham in conclusion. 'But, do you know, girls,' he added with a smile, 'when he is strong enough to be moved, I want to get him here.—We could make him comfortable, eh, Louisa, for a time?'

'To be sure, papa, and very willingly, if you wish it,' said the eldest daughter; while the younger uttered some brief words of assent, while her bright eyes looked the more beautiful for the tears that had risen there unbidden. It was not in Rose Denham's nature to listen to a true history of patience, nobleness, courage, and suffering unmoved.

'Upon my word,' said Uncle Walter cheerily, 'Mr—Bertram do you call him?—is fortunate in his doctor. And I hope he is grateful for your good intentions, brother. I should be, in his case.'

'He knows nothing about them as yet, poor fellow,' answered Dr Denham, as he compared his watch with the clock. 'But it is late, and getting later. I promise, Walter, not to keep you in a famished condition much longer. My toilet for to-day's dinner shall not be an elaborate one.' The doctor hurried from the room as he spoke; and when he returned after a brief delay, dinner was announced.

CHAPTER IV.—UNCLE WALTER.

Of the family party gathered around the doctor's dinner-table in Regent Square, Blackston, the most talkative, and in many respects the most remarkable, was Mr Walter Denham, whose appellation of Uncle Walter fitted him so well, that it would have been difficult for a stranger, whose ears had once grown familiar with the sound, to think of that gentleman otherwise than in an avuncular capacity. He was like the doctor, as has been mentioned, and yet how unlike! Taller, handsomer, better preserved as the phrase is, of a showy exterior and easy address; while there was scarcely a tell-tale wrinkle to mar the smoothness of his forehead—narrow indeed, but high and beautifully white. He was one of those jaunty, bright-eyed beings whom we hesitate on a first acquaintance to class as elderly young men, or as young-old ones; and his silver-gray hair and carefully trimmed beard seemed almost incongruous with the still youthful freshness of a complexion on which neither age nor care had as yet availed to set their mark.

Compared with the handsome features of the smooth-spoken younger brother, Dr Denham's thoughtful countenance looked rugged and homely. But when, as often happened, a smile played around those firm lips, which so many anxious eyes had watched beside a sick-bed, dreading, yet hoping, what the wise and kind physician's verdict might be, the frank and genial nature of the man seemed suddenly to reveal itself. And it was noticeable that he was very gentle and sympathetic, indulgent it might be said, when he addressed Uncle Walter, or when he listened patiently to the visitor's fluent talk. It always appeared as if the doctor, bent and grizzled now, remembered the days when he had been himself full of the promise of his robust manhood, and had

denied himself many a pleasure for the sake of the pining child who had developed into—Uncle Walter.

Uncle Walter talked much and well. He had read much, and his memory was retentive, while his instinctive tact enabled him to make the most of his reading without becoming a pedant or a bore. Yet, in erudition and in memory, the doctor was more than his match. Uncle Walter's unquestionable superiority was in the worldly experience that gave his conversation that flow of happy reminiscence and sparkling anecdote, impossible to all who have not, Ulysses-like, known much of many cities and many men. He was a great traveller, as was plain from his constant allusions to distant places, and seemed to know Damascus and Dresden, Lisbon and Larnaca, equally well, and to be a living catalogue of the contents of every picture-gallery or collection of statues, gems, or porcelain in Europe. He knew famous persons too—artists, painters, diplomatists, musical composers of world-wide renown, and would repeat the words sometimes of a great singer, sometimes of a foreign Princess, but always with an apparent simplicity that forbade the suspicion of boastfulness. He seemed, from what dropped from his lips in the course of conversation, to have mixed in all companies, and to be as much at home in the gloomy Roman palace of some decayed patrician as in the hut of a Black Forest carver of dainty wooden statuettes.

Communicative as it was his whim or his habit to be, it was wonderful how little information as to himself, his own circumstances, plans, antecedents, and personal character this lively talker contrived to impart. It was impossible to ascertain, from what he said, whether he was a rich man or a poor one, idle or active, good or bad, or in a negative position between the two opposing poles of human excellence. Yet his conversation had a certain charm for the two home-staying girls; and at the end of some glowing description of Southern scenery in the Levant—the frowning cliffs, the amethystine islands rising like great jewels out of a sapphire sea, a violet sky overhead, white-sailed feluccas and galliots of classical build hovering like seagulls on the horizon, and the scent of Grecian thyme and myrtle on the balmy breeze—Rose could not help exclaiming, with a flush on her fair cheek: 'Uncle Walter, I could really be envious of you, and of the many, many beautiful sights you have seen in your life.'

'I envy him too,' said kindly Dr Denham. 'But what I covet is the leisure and the opportunity of passing long afternoons among the tempting shelves of those grand old libraries, where lie treasured up books and manuscripts that no money—not a king's ransom—could buy nowadays; and of becoming personally acquainted with the rare old authors whose works we untravelling folks can only know by the help of extracts and reprints. Well, well, we busy bees have our enjoyments too, as well as you butterflies, Walter, lad.'

Dinner had been for some time over. The two girls were in the drawing-room, whence at intervals could be heard the faint sweet notes of a piano gently played; and still the two brothers sat over their wine, drinking very little of it, it may be said, and speaking seldom, and then in an abstracted manner, as if each of the two had

something upon his mind. Uncle Walter's gay good-humour and garrulity seemed for the moment to have vanished, and there was something reserved and almost watchful in his air, like that of a man who holds himself on his guard against some possible unseen peril. Dr Denham, on the other hand, was for the time moody and melancholy, like one on whose memory some unwelcome reminiscence persists in obtruding itself.

'You don't take your wine, Walter?' said the doctor, breaking silence with an effort.

'Yes, thanks! as much as I ever do; though this is capital claret,' returned the guest, lifting his glass and lightly sipping the ruby-coloured fluid within; and then came another lengthy pause. Uncle Walter it was this time who was the first to speak. 'You are of the same mind still, William, about that Harley Street practice? I ask, because I hastened my return to England, as you know, by two good months, in consequence of your letter.'

'Yes,' said the doctor, brightening up. 'I have given the subject much thought and much care, as you may suppose, seeing that my daughters' future fortunes are at stake; and I feel assured that I cannot make a better investment of my savings than in coming to terms at once. The connection is one of the most valuable in London. Except Sir Joseph Doublefee and a few medical magnates of that sort, tritons among us minnows, few physicians have felt more pulses and pocketed more guineas than my old master, Sir Samuel Jeffs, as he is now; and his recommendation will carry weight with it. I must be quick, though, or another may step in before me.'

'And you want to complete the purchase-money—my help, dear boy, don't you?' inquired Uncle Walter, beaming like an incarnation of Benevolence across his claret-glass, as he took another modest sip of the velvety softness within.

'Yes, brother, I do; since my own resources are not nearly sufficient to complete so heavy a sum. This is the first time, Walter, my boy, that I have ever asked assistance of you; and now, it is as a loan, you remember, not as a gift.'

'Ah! how sincerely I wish it could be the last, and not the first,' said Uncle Walter, tinkling one costly ring against the glass with which he toyed as he spoke. 'And I appreciate your delicacy, my dear fellow, in being so reluctant, as you evidently are, to press the great claim—a moral claim, of course, but not the less valid on that account—which you have upon me. I have not forgotten, brother, that you were hardly used about that will.'

A momentary expression of pain flitted across Dr Denham's face. 'Never mind the will at this time of day, Walter,' he said stoutly. 'I have never grumbled. And after all, it was my father's right to do as he pleased with his own.'

'But yet, to leave the eldest son nothing, after long teaching him to regard himself as the heir, and to give everything to the youngest,' sighed Uncle Walter, with the air of an injured person, and finishing his claret as he concluded. 'Yes; it was a strange caprice. You would have made a better use of that money, William, than I have. I am a child about business to this hour, as I know to my cost.'

'But I hope it will not inconvenience'—

the doctor was beginning; when Uncle Walter, all smiles again, cut him short.

'No, no; I am glad to say,' he said pleasantly. 'Nor do I speak without book. On my way through London, I saw my lawyers, Sowerby and French, very worthy, good people, and mentioned to them what sum it was you told me in your letter would be required; and it seems that we can raise it, and a little more, should you require it—yes, a little more.'

'Then I accept, Walter, in the same spirit in which you offer it, my dear boy,' returned the doctor, putting out his honest right hand and squeezing the thin white fingers of his brother, in the inconsiderate warmth of the moment, so that the glittering rings bruised the soft flesh; but Uncle Walter bore the pain like a Stoic. 'You'll stay with us, I hope, till we can all go up to London together to take possession of our new abode?' said the doctor.

'Very glad, if you'll have me,' returned his bland junior. 'I think, from my sensations since I have been here, that the Blackston air does me good. A tonic—a positive tonic. And family felicity is such a pleasant change to a lonely bachelor like myself. One thing—would you mind settling with Sowerby and French about interest and security, and tiresome things that they will mention? I am a child about business, as I always was, and leave myself quite in their hands as to details.—No; thank you—no more wine. But I shall be glad of a cup of tea, and a song, if my niece will sing for her old uncle, presently. Nothing, after all, like a pretty English ballad, redolent of home.'

BIRD-LAW.

TRIAL by jury does not appear to be restricted to the human race; certainly the feathered tribes are acquainted with its forms and ceremonies. 'Crow-Courts' and 'Sparrow-Courts' are in some parts almost as well known as those intended for the arrangement of man's disputes. To explain what is meant, and to establish the truth of our proposition, let us commence this compilation of anecdotes—for it is nothing more—by reference to the proceedings at the so-called 'crow-courts' which are held in the Shetland Isles. A regular assembly of crows of the hooded species, according to the authority of Dr Edmondson, is observed to take place at certain intervals. It is composed of deputations from different localities. All business is abstained from until the convocation is complete; consequently, early comers have frequently to wait a day or two for the arrival of the later deputies. A particular hill or field suitable for the impending work, is selected; and when all the expected members have arrived, the session commences. The Court opens in a formal manner, and the criminal or criminals are produced at the bar; but what is his or their offence, the human spectator cannot divine. The charge is not made individually, nor the evidence given by separate witnesses; but a general croaking and clamour is collectively raised, and judgment delivered, apparently, by the whole Court. As soon as the sentence is given, the entire assemblage, 'judges, barristers, ushers, audience and all, fall upon the two or three prisoners at the bar, and beat them till they kill them.' Directly the execution is

over, the Court breaks up, and all its members disperse quietly.

The Rev. Dr J. Edmund Cox, in a letter written some short time since to a daily newspaper, gave the particulars of a trial by rooks which he witnessed between fifty and sixty years ago. He was riding along a quiet road in the vicinity of Norwich, when he was startled by sounds of an extraordinary commotion among the inhabitants of an adjacent rookery. Securing his horse to a gate, he cautiously crawled for a hundred feet or so, to a gap in the hedge of a grass field, to investigate proceedings. A trial by jury was going on. The criminal rook 'at first appeared very perky and jaunty, although encircled by about forty or fifty of an evidently indignant sable fraternity, and assailed by the incessantly vehement cawing of an outer ring, consisting of many hundreds, each and all shewing even greater indignation than was manifested by the more select number. Some crime or other had evidently been committed against rook-law.' Even the scouts, although hovering about in all directions, were so deeply absorbed in the judicial proceedings, that they failed to notice their uninvited spectator. After a short time, the manner of the accused was seen suddenly and completely to change; his head bowed, his wings drooped, and he cawed faintly, as if imploring mercy. It was useless; his sentence had been passed, and was irrevocable. The inner circle closed in upon him, and pecked him to pieces in a few moments, leaving nothing but a mangled carcass. Judgment executed, the whole assembly set up a tremendous screaming, and dispersed; some seeking the adjacent rookery, but the greater number flying away across the fields. Dr Cox, upon picking up the remains of the hapless 'criminal,' was able to discern that it was a male bird. Whether the offender in this case had been convicted of theft, or of a crime of even deeper dye, it is of course impossible to say; but it is commonly known that rooks are addicted to pilfering, and that if the robbery is detected—as it almost always seems to be—the offender is punished. It has been noticed that young rooks will often pilfer twigs or other useful materials from the nests of their elders, with which to build their own domiciles quickly; and although they are too cunning to be caught in the act, only committing their thefts when both the owners of the nest are absent, the robbery seems always to get known. When the crime has been discovered and proved, eight or ten rooks are apparently deputed to act on behalf of the whole community; they proceed to the convicts' nest, and in a few moments scatter it to the winds.

Similar judicial proceedings are known to be proper to the raven; and an interesting account of a raven trial was communicated by a well-known Alpine tourist to the leading journal of Geneva, last summer. During an excursion in the Swiss mountains, he accidentally came upon a small secluded glen, which was surrounded by trees; and not having done anything to reveal his presence, he became the unexpected witness of a singular spectacle. About sixty or seventy ravens were ranged in a ring round one of their fellows, evidently reputed a culprit, and with much clatter of tongues and wings, were engaged in discussing his alleged delinquencies. At intervals, they paused in their debate, in order to permit the

accused to reply, which he did most vociferously and with intense energy; but all his expostulations were speedily drowned in a deafening chorus of dissent. Eventually, the Court appears to have arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the felon had utterly failed to exculpate himself; and they suddenly flew at him from all sides, and tore him to pieces with their powerful beaks. Having executed their sentence, they speedily disappeared, leaving the mangled corpse of the unfortunate bird, as a warning to all evil-doers.

Sparrows also hold judicial inquiry into the conduct of, and mete out punishment to, their fellow-sparrows; but are apparently too volatile a race to submit to all the formalities of the graver members of the feathered family. When a misdeed has been brought home to any one of their community, a force of four or more sparrows is deputed to carry out the execution of the verdict. In their hurry to discharge the decree, they all tumble over one another with the greatest pug-nacity, uttering a violent clamour, expressive of the most bitter and indignant censure, whilst punishing the culprit. The castigation is soon over, however; and 'the unfortunate sufferer having endured the penalty,' says Mr G. Garratt, in his *Murcels of Instinct*, 'is as well received afterwards by the community as if it had committed no transgression at all. This is generous, and as it should be.' A most remarkable instance of a sparrow perpetrating a shameful theft, and its punishment, has been recorded by Father Bougeant—the advocate for the existence of language among animals—as having taken place on the banks of the Leven, in Fifeshire. The anecdote, which, though it has been frequently recorded, may not be known to some of our readers, is repeated by Mr Garratt in these terms: 'A sparrow finding a nest that a martin had just built, possessed himself of it. The martin, seeing the usurper in her house, called for help to expel him. A thousand martins came full speed, and attacked the sparrow; but the latter being covered on every side, and presenting only his large beak at the entrance of the nest, was invulnerable, and made the boldest of them that durst approach him repent of their temerity. After a quarter of an hour's combat, all the martins disappeared. The sparrow thought he had got the better, and the spectators judged that the martins had abandoned their undertaking. Not in the least. They immediately returned to the charge; and each of them having procured a little of that tempered earth with which they make their nests, they all at once fell upon the sparrow, and inclosed him in the nest to perish there, though they could not drive him thence.'

Another equally tragic story is recorded by the Rev. G. Gogerly in *The Pioneers*, his narrative of the Bengal Mission. 'The flamingo,' he remarks, 'is common in the low, marshy lands of Bengal. My friend Mr Lacroix—the well-known missionary—when once sailing in his boat up the Hooghly, went on shore. His attention was shortly directed to a large gathering of these peculiar-looking birds, in a field some little distance off. Knowing their timid character, he approached as near as he could without being observed or exciting alarm; and, hiding himself behind a tree, noticed all their proceedings, which were of a most remarkable character. After a great deal of noisy clamour, they formed them-

selves into a circle, in the centre of which one of their number was left standing alone. Again there was a considerable amount of screeching bird oratory, when suddenly all the birds flew on the unhappy solitary one, and literally tore him to pieces.' The conclusion which Mr. Lacroix came to was, that one of these flamingos had committed an offence against the rules of their order, that he had been tried by a kind of court-martial, was found guilty, and had been adjudged, and met with, immediate punishment.

Thus far trials of presumed criminals, and the punishments awarded to them, have been alluded to; but the nature of the offence, save in the one case of the robber sparrow, remains a mystery. It is now intended, in the remaining anecdotes, to shew the nature of the assumed crime for which the unfortunate birds have suffered, and it will be seen that in two cases the victim of circumstantial evidence suffered unjustly. Bishop Stanley relates that a French surgeon at Smyrna, being unable to procure a stork, on account of the great veneration entertained for them by the Turks, purloined all the eggs from a stork's nest, and replaced them with hens' eggs. Ultimately, chickens were hatched, greatly to the surprise of the storks. The male stork speedily disappeared, and was not seen for two or three days, when he returned with a large number of other storks, who assembled in a circle in the town, without paying any attention to the numerous spectators their proceedings attracted. The female stork was brought into the midst of the circle, and after some discussion, was attacked by the whole flock and torn to pieces. The assemblage then dispersed, and the nest was left tenantless.

A somewhat similar case has been cited by the same author as having occurred in the vicinity of Berlin. Two storks made their nest on one of the chimneys of a mansion; and the owner of the house inspecting it, found in it an egg, which he replaced by one belonging to a goose. The storks did not appear to notice the change until the egg was hatched, when the male bird rose from the nest, and after flying round it several times with loud screams, disappeared. For some days the female bird continued to tend the changeling without interruption; but on the morning of the fourth the inmates of the house were disturbed by loud cries in a field fronting it. The noise proceeded from nearly five hundred storks standing in a compact body listening, apparently, to the harangue of a solitary bird about twenty yards off. When this bird had concluded its address, it retired, and another took its place and addressed the meeting in a similar manner. These proceedings were continued by a succession of birds until eleven in the forenoon, when the whole Court arose simultaneously into the air, uttering dismal cries. All this time the female had remained in her nest, but in evident fear. When the meeting broke up, all the storks flew towards her, headed by one—supposed to be the offended husband—who struck her violently three or four times, knocking her out of the nest. The unfortunate stork made no effort to defend herself, and was speedily destroyed by the troop, who also annihilated the hapless gosling, and left not a fragment of the contaminated nest.

The Rev. F. O. Morris, in his interesting anecdote of *Animal Sagacity*, cites the following instance of a case which ended less tragically (for the female), owing to the male bird being either of a more trusting or a less jealous disposition than the one just noticed. 'Some hens' eggs,' he says, 'were placed in a stork's nest, and the others removed. The female, not aware of the change, sat patiently the appointed number of days, till the shells were broken and the young chickens made their appearance. No sooner were they seen by the old birds, than they testified their surprise by harsh notes and fierce looks; and after a short pause, they jointly fell upon the unfortunate chickens and pecked them to pieces, as if conscious of the disgrace which might be supposed to attach to a dishonoured nest.'

A singular case of almost poetic justice among storks is noticed even in so old a work as Goldsmith's *Natural History*, into which it was imported from Mrs Starke's *Letters on Italy*. 'A wild stork,' runs the tale, 'was brought by a farmer in the neighbourhood of Hamburg into his poultry-yard, to be the companion of a tame one he had long kept there; but the tame stork disliking a rival, fell upon the poor stranger, and beat him so unmercifully, that he was compelled to take wing, and escaped with difficulty. About four months afterwards, however, the latter returned to the poultry-yard, in company with three other storks, who no sooner alighted, than they fell upon the tame stork and killed him.'

We make no comments upon these anecdotes, the authenticity of which is guaranteed by the well-known character of their reciters, but leave them for our readers to form their own unbiassed opinions. I.

A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER II.—THE LOVER'S LEAP.

It was five years before I returned to Rathminster. In the meantime I had done pretty well. I had passed the examinations for which my length of service had qualified me. I now held a first mate's certificate, had earned a good character with my employer; and few of my standing, it was thought, had a better chance of promotion. Some changes had of course taken place at Rathminster during my absence. Of my old school-fellows, many had left; amongst others, Robert Stockdale, who was now at the university. Farmer Stockdale had thought that his son's education would be incomplete if he were to learn nothing more than was taught at schools; and that it would be a benefit to the young man to associate with gentlemen. So he had entered him at Trinity College in Dublin. As my visit was in the spring of the year, and before the Long Vacation had commenced, Robert Stockdale was still from home. Upon my Aunt Pearson, those five years had produced, I thought, but little change. Perhaps the lines upon her placid face had deepened slightly, and there was a little more silver in her hair. And the place, the old house, the quiet square, the school, the old church, all looked just as I had left them.

In two respects indeed, there had been a great change. I myself was changed. Five years' at

that time of life effect perhaps greater alterations than at any other period. I had left Rathminster a boy, and I returned to it a man—a man too who had seen a good deal of the world in those few years, and who had in that time received a training above all others calculated to develop such manly qualities as decision of character, self-reliance, and self-command. Fairy too was changed. Those five years had made a woman of her. I find it hard to say in what the change consisted; and yet I distinctly remember that on my first seeing her again, a feeling of mingled surprise and admiration almost took from me the power of speaking. She had been pretty as a child. She was now absolutely lovely. And yet, though changed, she was the same. There was still in those large dark gray eyes the wistful look, still in that figure—taller, though light as ever—the graceful ease that had earned for her her pet name. And there was still in her fair pale face that same contrast between the two opposite expressions of happiness and sadness which marked it when she was a child. She was still fairy-like and fragile, so that one could not help feeling as one looked at her that she was intended by Nature to be much beloved and carefully tended; and that should it ever be her lot to meet with harshness or neglect, she would not have to endure their blighting influence for long.

We were at once upon our old footing, Fairy and I. We had of course much to hear and to tell. I had my life at sea to describe; for though I had written from time to time, my letters had been very short, not having, as I supposed, much to tell beyond the fact that I was in good health. But when I came to talk with Fairy, almost forgotten incidents and adventures were brought to my recollection by her inquiries. There were a thousand things she wished to know, a thousand places which I must describe. Fairy too had many things to tell me of her mother and herself and of their neighbours. And I soon perceived that though her life was almost as quiet and retired as ever, yet her beauty had earned for her—as indeed it could not help doing—an amount of notice and admiration that would have turned the head of any one less simple-minded than herself. I could see, moreover, that Fairy had many admirers—though none of them, I was glad to think, seemed to be specially favoured—and in the list was, as I imagined, young Stockdale, who, Mrs Pearson told me, was much improved.

'It is very pleasant, Tom,' said Fairy, 'to find people so civil; but you can't think how delightful it is to me to have you at home again. You know, except mother, you are my only real friend. And with your busy life, so much to do and see, you could never imagine how I have missed my old playfellow.'

I had been at home but a few weeks, as it seemed to me, when I received an intimation that I had been appointed to the *Niobr*, and must join her at once. The time had passed with me as in some delightful dream, from which my employer's letter brought a sudden and most unwelcome awakening. I need hardly say that I was in love with Fairy, and that it only needed the thought of separation to open my eyes to the fact. I had been for some time trying my best to forget that such a thing was impending,

desirous only to drift on as I was doing, and keeping no 'lookout.' Now I was brought up 'with a round turn.' There was but one day more with Fairy, and what was to be done? It seemed to me that, with my future so uncertain, I could not there and then propose to her. It would not be fair, I thought, to inflict on the girl an engagement of such dreary length as I then thought it must be, neither could I bring myself to speak on the matter to Mrs Pearson. One thing, however, I thought I might do—I might reveal the nature of my feelings to Fairy, and without seeking any pledge or promise on her part, tell her that as soon as I was justified in doing so, I should ask her to be my wife. Then with my happiness trusted to her keeping, I should go to do my best to attain such a position in my profession as would justify me in making a formal proposal. It was with this purpose in view that next morning I asked Fairy to walk with me to the Lover's Leap—a romantic spot, where, in by-past times, some nameless hero had won a fair damsel's admiration and her hand by leaping across a deep chasm in the hillside through which a mountain burn flowed; promising success—tradition had it—to any enamoured youth who should follow his example.

It was along the course of this burn that Fairy and I strolled that summer morning. For some distance at first, where the little river made its way through the meadows, the banks were low, and the motion of the water sluggish; but as we followed its course upwards through the oak and hazel woods, the current of the bright clear water became more rapid and broken. The banks grew high and rocky, and clothed with ferns and heather. Here we descended to the bed of the stream itself, now shrunk to its summer bulk, and made our way amongst its smooth stones and water-worn rocks, past many a deep clear pool, and up many a steep rocky incline, where the winter torrents had for untold ages been gravelling and polishing the gray sparkling limestone; the sides of the rivulet becoming as we advanced more precipitous, and fringed at the top with the mingling branches and roots of trees, and hanging festoons of the small-leaved ivy.

And so we rambled on, that lovely morning, not talking much, for Fairy was unusually silent, and I could scarce think of anything but what I was going to say when we should arrive at our destination. After an hour's walk, we reached the spot. Some short distance before, the precipitous nature of the banks had forced us to leave the bed of the stream, and we had followed its course through the hazel coppice above; and now we came out on the little open space from which the lover was supposed to have leaped across. It was a spot we had often visited as children, to watch the trout swimming in the clear pool below, or the little water-ousel, unconscious of our presence, carrying the produce of his diving operations to his safe but rather damp home behind the waterfall. We sat down in the old place upon the heath-covered bank, with the noise of the falling water in our ears. And now the time was come to speak.

'Fairy,' I said, 'this is like the old times.'

'O yes, Tom,' she replied.

'And yet it's different,' I continued. 'I used to be able to say just what I liked to you; and I find that so hard to do now. And you remember

how you used to order me about as you pleased; and how you would reward me for doing as I was bid. Things have changed a good deal with us, have they not?

'That's because we have both grown older, I suppose,' she answered.

'In one or two ways, Fairy,' I continued, 'I should like to have the old days back, or one of them. Shall I tell you why?'

'Oh, I know why, Tom. It's just the way we all have of wishing for what we can't get. There, do you see that little flower?'—pointing to a solitary primrose which was growing upon a ledge of rock some twelve feet or so down on the opposite cliff—'that's no better than any other primrose, I suppose; but for the last five minutes I have been wishing to have it, just because it's quite out of reach.'

'You shall have it, Fairy,' I said, starting to my feet; 'but remember, I must have my reward.'

'It's impossible to clamber to that place it's overhanging.—Oh, don't attempt it, Tom,' she cried.

Fairy was right about the climbing; but I saw that I could leap across from where I stood. It was an easier feat than that which the traditional lover had performed, as there was so much of a fall. There was besides a strong ivy stem which I could grasp, and steady myself with when I alighted; then a drop of ten feet would place me on a ledge below by which I could descend. I felt—I knew that I should succeed.

'I am not going to climb, Fairy,' I said; 'but I am determined that you shall have your wish, and then perhaps I may obtain mine.' I had stepped back from the edge as I spoke; a moment more, and I was safely on the other side. The thing looked difficult, but really was not so. I got the flower, descended, crossed the stream, climbed up the other side, and rejoined Fairy.

'And now,' said I, 'what about the reward?'

'What is it to be?' she asked, as I held the flower towards her.

I was about to say that all I asked was that she should let me tell her that I loved her, and would always do so, and one day, if I lived, would ask her to be my bride; but just as I began to speak, I heard the branches of the hazel being pushed aside, and the next moment a young man stood before us. It was Stockdale. He had returned home unexpectedly the night before. On walking over to Mrs Pearson's, he heard that we had gone to the Lover's Leap; and being anxious, he said, to see me, had followed us.

My disappointment at this untimely arrival may be imagined, and for a few moments I found it difficult to speak civilly to the intruder. There was nothing for it now, however, but to wait for another opportunity, which I hoped might occur in the course of the day. I carefully placed the primrose in my pocket-book, and we turned our faces homewards. Stockdale returned with us, and, much to my annoyance, did not take his leave till quite late in the evening. And no opportunity of speaking to my darling occurred.

I was to leave very early next morning; and that night, after considering the matter, I concluded that my best course would be to write to Fairy. I could make her understand perhaps better in that way that I merely declared my own love and asked no pledge from her. She would have time to reflect too before making any reply. If she

cares to have my love, I thought, she will be happy to know she has it. If she does not, she will be free to reject it. So, having made up my mind to write from Liverpool, I went to bed to sleep, for the last time as it turned out, under Mrs Pearson's kindly roof.

In the morning, when I came down to my early breakfast, I found Stockdale with the ladies in the parlour; he had come, he said, as he had seen so little of me, just to say good-bye. I disliked the fellow thoroughly, and what had happened the day before had not disposed me to regard him more favourably. His manner and his eyes were, it struck me, shifty; and as he stood at the door with the others proffering his hand with effusive cordiality, I could hardly bring myself to take it in mine.

'Confound the fellow!' I said to myself as I drove off; 'he seems determined to get in my way. It will be the worse for him if he does.'

A day or two after my arrival in Liverpool, I wrote a letter to Fairy, describing my new vessel, and indicating our destination. With this, which I knew would be read by Mrs Pearson, I inclosed a smaller note, carefully sealed, and marked 'Private.' In it I told Fairy all that I had intended to say to her that morning at the Lover's Leap, adding, that I should not allude again to the subject until I should be able to ask her to be my wife, and that from her I asked, for the present, nothing beyond perhaps some slight token that she was not displeased at my confession. I had just sealed this private note, when I remembered the primrose. I had said nothing about it, and it was now too late to insert it there; so feeling certain that Fairy would understand its reference to the inclosed letter, I placed it in the outer one, adding a postscript, that I had inclosed the primrose which I had carried away. Then fastening the letter with wax, upon which my initials T. R. stood clearly out—there were no adhesive envelopes in those days—I posted it with my own hands.

After a few days the reply came—a letter altogether on general matters, but containing a piece of folded paper, on opening which I found a lock of Fairy's golden hair. My happiness was complete. True, she had not referred to the subject of my private note; but then I had not asked her to do so. She had, however, in sending me the lock of hair, given me the token I desired. What one better or dearer to me could she have sent? 'It was like her dear self,' I said a thousand times, 'to think of it.' It was not necessary now that one word more should be spoken. If she cared for me—as I felt sure she did—she would wait. If not—

Three years passed by, during which I wrote to and received letters from the Pearsons occasionally. It is not easy when one is at sea for months at a time to keep up anything of a regular correspondence, and our letters could give but a meagre account of what was passing in our lives. Feeling this, I suppose, we wrote but seldom. The interrupted and fragmentary nature of our correspondence will be easily understood when I say that the *Niobe* sailed from Liverpool round Cape Horn to Valparaiso and other ports in the Pacific, and was often absent from Liverpool six or eight

months, during which I rarely received a letter, my address being uncertain; and so receiving but few letters, and those written at long intervals, I knew but little of what was occurring at Rathminster. I did not of course at the time suspect how imperfect was my information, and merely mention this now by way of explanation.

I had been for upwards of two years first mate, in which capacity I was acting on board the *Miranda*, one of our owners' finest ships, when Fortune seemed to put within my reach the prize for which I was so anxious. An opportunity was given me at the same time of saving the firm from a serious loss of money, to speak of nothing else, and establishing my own reputation. We were outward-bound and off the east coast of South America somewhere about thirty degrees twenty minutes south latitude and twenty-nine degrees west longitude, when we encountered a heavy gale from the north-east, so severe that we had to put the ship before it and run under close-reefed main and fore topsails. During the night the gale increased, and by morning a very heavy sea was running. The glass was low and falling, and there was no sign of the weather moderating. The ship was now straining very much, and the waves threatened to momentarily overwhelm her. At length the main-topsail was with some difficulty got in, and we ran under the fore-topsail alone. I was standing on the quarter-deck beside the Captain when the carpenter came up to report the depth of water in the hold.

'Rivers,' exclaimed the Captain, 'if this lasts two hours longer, we shall founder.'

'Would it not be better,' I said, 'to lay to?'

'Far better,' he replied; 'but it would be madness to attempt to round her to, with this sea running.'

I answered that I thought it might be done with care, and that it was our only chance of saving the ship and our lives.

The Captain did not answer me, for a cry was raised, 'Look out astern!' and we turned round in time to see rapidly overtaking us, an enormous mass of dark water, which, as we sank down into the trough of the sea, seemed to hang right over us, its side becoming more and more nearly perpendicular every moment. It broke; then there was a stunning blow, a singing noise in my ears, and a rush of water which seemed as if it would never end, and the force of which nearly tore me from the rail I had laid hold of. As soon as it was possible to see what had happened, I perceived that the two men who had been at the wheel were gone; they had been swept forward, and singular to say, were, as it turned out, but little hurt. The Captain was lying motionless near the poop-rail. Another roller was approaching, and the ship in imminent danger of broaching to. I rushed of course to the wheel, and steadied her while that sea and the next one passed us—fortunately, without breaking. Meanwhile the Captain, who had received a severe blow upon the head, and was insensible, was carried below. I was now in command, and determined if possible to get the *Miranda's* head to the wind. Accordingly, I had the storm fore-staysail bent, and set the main-topsail close-reefed. Then taking the helm, I watched anxiously for my opportunity when the approaching seas should seem more moderate in height.

At length a chance seemed to offer; and I gently gave her a spoke or two of helm to round her to, bracing up the yards as we flew up into the wind. We succeeded; but it was touch and go with us, for as she rounded to, I heard some one sing out: 'Hold on there for your lives!' And a moment afterwards a heavy sea struck her on the broadside, shaking her fore and aft as if we had struck on a rock, knocking away the bulwarks in the waist, and sweeping one man, our boats, and spare spars away to leeward. As she came up to the wind, I set the fore-staysail, furling the fore-topstail, and setting a mizzen-trysail. The gale lasted for about twenty-four hours, during which the *Miranda* lay to; and after that, we were able to put her on her course again.

The Captain, who was not seriously hurt, acted very kindly by me in the matter, mentioning me most favourably, as I afterwards learned, in the account which he sent to our owners. The effect of what I had done and of my Captain's representations, was this, that upon the morning after the *Miranda* arrived in Liverpool, I was sent for by the head of the firm, who after thanking me in very flattering terms, informed me that one of their captains had been taken ill, and that they had decided to offer me his post; and also that the *Petrel*—the ship I was to command—must sail in three days.

I was, as may be supposed, delighted at my good fortune. I was very young to be placed in so responsible a position. I had been put over the head of many of my seniors, and in the ordinary course of things could not have hoped to be in command of a ship for several years to come. Now, however, I was in a position to marry. The time had come when I might ask Fairy to be my wife. I had intended on this occasion to visit Rathminster, and now my good fortune, while it made me the more anxious, put it quite out of my power to do so! I had but three days, and enough to do in them to keep me busy every moment. Well, it was only a delay now of another four or five months at most; and provoking as that might be, I had every reason to be thankful for what had occurred; and though I could not go and see Fairy, I could write to her.

The *Miranda* had reached Liverpool a fortnight earlier than I had expected when I last wrote to the Pearsons, and so I found no letter awaiting me on my return. My own had been very brief, merely mentioning the time at which I hoped to see them.

On the night before the *Petrel* sailed, I wrote a letter to Fairy, telling her of my promotion and how it came about. Then I reminded her of our old friendship, and of the years that I had loved her as only I, who knew her so well, could love her. I told her that it was with the thought of her in my heart that I had striven to rise in my profession; and that I now asked her if she could give me that for the sake of which alone I valued my success. I concluded by begging her, if she found herself able to give me a decided answer, to write to the address which I inclosed, and said that at anyrate in a very few months I should, I hoped, see her, and urge my suit in person. It was a long letter, and I remember that I sat up half the night over it and some other letters which I had to write. The next morning I posted them

with my own hand, reading the address of each as I put it in, and seeing that each was properly sealed, with my initials T. R. distinctly marked in the centre of the red wax. A few hours afterwards, I was on board the *Petrel*, the ebb-tide and an easterly breeze taking us rapidly out of the Mersey.

APPLIANCES FOR SAVING LIFE AND TREASURE AT SEA.

WITHIN the last ten years, the average number of casualties to ships at sea and on rivers, has been unusually large. Some were of a most painful and heart-rending nature. On the 17th January 1873, the *Northfleet*, having on board about four hundred souls, was lying at anchor after nightfall off Dungeness, on the south coast of Kent, when she was run into by a strange steamer, and sunk, only eighty-five of her crew and passengers being saved. In September 1875, as a portion of the British fleet was sailing from Kingstorf to Queenstown, a fog set in, when the *Iron Duke* came into collision with the *Vanguard*, cutting into her deeply below the water-line, so that she sank within an hour. Fortunately, in this case the weather was calm and the water smooth, and the whole of those aboard were safely picked off by the boats of the sister-vessel before the disabled ship sank. Another disaster, but this time accompanied with a terrible loss of life, occurred to the British navy in March 1878, when the *Eurydice*, returning home from a winter's cruise in the West Indies, was struck by a squall in the British Channel, and sent to the bottom with its freight of three hundred human beings, almost in sight of harbour. In May of the same year, the German navy suffered from a similar accident to that which happened to the British *Vanguard* in 1875, the *Grosser Kurfürst* having been run into by a companion iron-clad, and two hundred and eighty lives lost. The year 1878 was destined to be marked with a still more appalling catastrophe than any of these, terrible as these were. This was the sinking of the *Princess Alice* in the Thames, within hail of either shore, and with a loss of more than six hundred lives.

All of these accidents were distinguished by their suddenness, and by the short space in which it was possible to do anything to save life; the *Vanguard* casualty being the only one in which the usual appliances were successful for the rescue of those in danger. The swift and terrible nature of these calamities was the means of drawing towards them a degree of attention which this class of accidents at sea had not hitherto received, and among those whose attention to the subject was thus attracted was that useful and important body known as the Society of Arts. This Society offers from time to time its gold medal to be competed for by designers, inventors, and others, in furtherance of its objects; and accordingly, in April 1878, it was resolved by the Council of the Society that the gold medal should be offered 'for the best means of saving life at sea, when a vessel has to be abandoned suddenly, say with only five minutes' warning; the shore or other vessels being in sight.' It was added that preference would be given to appliances which occupied the least space consistent with perfect utility, and to those which utilised articles already on board ship, so that no

extra space would be required. There were one hundred and thirty-six designs, models, and full-sized floating appliances sent in, in response to this appeal. Among such a number, many were necessarily of little value; but on the other hand, so many were of real utility for the purpose in view, that the Committee of the Society who were appointed as adjudicators, had great difficulty in making the award. It was at length decided that the medal should be given to the competitor who would be able to exhibit the greatest number of such appliances with a high standard of merit; the result being that the medal was awarded to Mr A. W. Birt, of the firm of J. & A. W. Birt, Dock Street, London Docks.

We can notice only the chief of those articles. There are, first, buoyant hammocks. These hammocks are made buoyant by the substitution of a granulated cork mattress in lieu of the ordinary one stuffed with wool or horse-hair. They can be used either by being rolled lengthwise, or by fastening round the body like a life-belt. The ordinary buoyancy of a life-belt is from twenty to twenty-five pounds, which is sufficient to float a man of ordinary dimensions; but the buoyancy of the hammock being fifty pounds, even after a twenty-four hours' submersion in water, is consequently a much superior appliance for the saving of life. Its own weight out of water is eighteen pounds. Buoyant berth mattresses for passengers are made on a similar principle. Besides these, the benches and stools are fitted with cork in such a manner as not to interfere with their ordinary uses, and yet give to them great buoyancy. There are soldiers' life-belts with a buoyancy of forty pounds; buoyant cushions, buoyant seats, buoyant camp-stools; and ladder-shaped life-buoys, divided into six-foot lengths, and suspended inside the bulwarks, each length having a buoyancy of over two hundred and forty pounds, and capable of supporting six men in the water. The whole of these appliances are eminently simple, and appear well adapted to meet the objects of the invention and the Society; and if largely applied, as they ought to be, to our sea-going craft, cannot fail to be of signal value in the case of sudden danger, especially to those vessels carrying passengers, troops, and other for the most part helpless congregations of human beings. Had such appliances been for instance, on board the *Princess Alice*, in all probability the death-list of that ill-starred vessel would not have exceeded one-half.

In a matter of such importance, it is to be hoped that ship-owners will lose no time in furnishing their vessels with these or similar appliances, and that passengers—especially those on long voyages—will so far help themselves in this respect as to secure that their berth mattresses are buoyant ones. We cannot but think that were such means of saving life resorted to as a useful precaution by sea-going people, it would very much reduce the loss of life which almost invariably follows upon collisions and other sudden and unforeseen accidents at sea. The neglect of such precautions on the part of ship-owners is a blot upon the mercantile marine.

In this connection, we may make mention of an appliance patented some years ago by Mr T. B. Johnston, F.R.S.E., &c., Edinburgh, having for its object the more safe conveyance of articles of value, such as specie, diamonds, deeds and other

important documents, and things of rarity and costliness generally. This consisted of a kind of safe, that might be constructed of various forms—either that of a boat, or of an upright cylinder or sphere. The safe, whatever its form, should bear the name, &c. of the ship, for future identification; and be constructed of iron, full of air-tight compartments, except the portion actually required for valuables; the outside being covered with either wood or cork, to protect the iron from concussions against rocks or other hard substances. The intention of the patentee was that this safe should be carried either suspended from the ship's davits or fixed upon deck; but in either case in such a manner that it could easily be removed and sent afloat in the event of the vessel sinking; or that it should so be attached to its fastenings that, on striking the surface of the water, it should clear itself, and be free to float away. In this way it was thought that much valuable treasure which is irretrievably lost under existing arrangements, might be saved, as the international marine laws might be so altered as to insure the recovery and delivering up of a derelict ship's safe, on a certain percentage of value being paid to the finders. The idea seems to us admirable; and were it adopted generally, it would be the means of rescuing from destruction great part of the immense wealth which is annually lost to the world by the foundering and sinking of vessels in mid-ocean.

A life-saving dress has recently been patented, by Messrs Thornton & Co., 78 Princes Street, Edinburgh, which might be of use in the case of wrecks where a passenger had time to attire himself in it. The dress consists of a water-proof suit in one piece, with various air-proof chambers made of the same material as the dress and forming part of it. These when filled with air are sufficient to float the wearer, who by stretching himself on his back, and using a pair of paddles, can propel himself along the surface of the water with great ease and rapidity. Attached to this dress, for use if desired, is a kind of float, which surrounds the body, and is shaped like a large horse-collar. This float is made of cork, and has also within it compartments for air, and is of such buoyancy that five or six men besides the wearer would be safely suspended in the water by clinging to it. The wearer, when he is incased in this dress and float, occupies an upright position, his body being half out of the water; and to the extremities of his lower limbs propellers are fitted in the form of web-feet, by which he can walk, as it were, through the water at a considerable speed. A pair of screw propellers can also be fitted to this float, by which the wearer can urge himself along at the rate of five or six miles an hour. This last modification of the dress is intended for use in wild-fowl-shooting; and it might also be of value in the naval service for such purposes as holding communication between ships, or doing work which required silence and dexterity, such as the cutting of torpedo lines, &c. The simple dress and paddles, however, without the other apparatus mentioned, might be carried by sea-going passengers, as it would certainly provide the means of floatage in case of accident, and the power of locomotion in the water.

Another means of saving both life and craft, and which we are glad to say is being gradually recog-

nised as such in the mercantile marine world, is the use of oil in allaying tempestuous waves at sea. To this we have already on more than one occasion adverted (see *Journal* for 10th August and 21st December 1878, and 18th January and 9th August 1879), and have also had occasion to publish gratifying testimonies to the beneficial results of its practical adoption. Mr Andrew Low, 27 Leadenhall Street, London, writes us as follows on the same subject:

'I was much interested in reading some time ago several articles in your *Journal* about the use of oil in calming water, and preventing it from breaking over a ship exposed to a stormy sea. I mentioned what I had read to Captain Nicoll, of the barque *Lieutenant* of Dundee, before he sailed from London last year for Mauritius, whence he sailed to Adelaide, then to Wallaroo, where he loaded a cargo of wheat in bags, with which he has just arrived at Falmouth for orders. I put an extra quantity of oil on board, that Captain Nicoll might have an opportunity of trying its effect; and I inclose an extract from a letter from him giving the result of his experience, which I think may be interesting; and it quite sufficiently proves the benefit of using oil in this way to induce me to try it again, recommending the Captain to use two bags instead of one, and fish-oil instead of vegetable. The oil used in this case was colza oil.'

The following is the extract above referred to, from the letter of Captain Nicoll: 'As I wrote you, we had no occasion to try the oil on the outward passage; and on trying it after leaving Wallaroo, I found it would require three—or two at the least—bags while lying to, one forward and one aft; the reason of which is easily seen by any one using them, but might hardly be credited without a trial.

'I used only one, which I had over the fore-part of the mizzen rigging. The one kept the water from breaking over the ship aft, but seemed to have no effect forward; in proof of which, a sea broke over forward, starting five of the bulwark stanchions, the oil-bag being then half full, and not long pricked with a needle. From the middle of the ship aft, the oil could be plainly seen, the water not breaking in the least.

'My reason for using only one bag was, I found it required more oil than you mentioned. The weather was very cold; and on first putting the oil over, it got into a hard lump; but after pricking the bag once or twice, the water seemed to get into it, when it went away very fast. The bag contained about three gallons, and was empty in about eighteen hours. I think by having three smaller ones, it would require no more oil, last as long, and be much more effective, also fish-oil instead of vegetable.'

Another correspondent, dating from Karpura, New Zealand, sends us a copy of a letter on the subject which appeared in the *Auckland Weekly News*, written by Captain Champion, who in the months of January and February last, encountered two severe hurricanes in the South Pacific Ocean, off the coast of New South Wales.

'Enough,' says the writer, 'has been written about the extreme violence of the storms, so I need not speak thereon. Suffice it to say, that my schooner *Ephemer* would undoubtedly have been swamped had I not had recourse to oil-bags, which so successfully did their work, that I feel compelled

to publish my method, thinking it may be of some benefit to others when similarly situated. I made five small canvas bags, each containing about three pints of paint-oil, and placed them in the following positions—namely, one on the weather-taffrail, one abaft the main-rigging, one abaft the fore-rigging, one at the weather cat-head, and one at the flying jib-boom end. Each of these was securely attached to twelve or fifteen fathoms of line, and put afloat; the result being more than satisfactory. The schooner at the time was under a balance-reefed mainsail, all the other canvas stowed. Instead of anticipating a heavy sea, every moment sufficient to smash in our deck, we were able to ride tranquilly in water comparatively smooth without shipping a bucketful; nor was it necessary to keep all hands on deck during the remainder of the storm. The quantity of oil mentioned above is sufficient to last for forty-eight hours.—WM. CHAMPION, JUN.'

[With such testimony to the properties of oil in allaying broken water, and thus perchance saving the ship from being swamped, we would again seriously call the attention of owners of vessels and of captains to the all-important subject. Hung over the sides, or over the bow or stern of a ship or boat, and allowed to wash alongside, a few bladders of oil pricked by a knife or needle will effectually prevent the 'crest of the wave' from breaking, thus permitting the craft to outride the storm in comparative safety.—ED.]

A REMARKABLE ROGUE.

IN the struggle for existence among those who have lapsed into the ranks of idle and vagabond mendicancy, the expedients fallen upon to secure the means of prolonging their wretched lives or gratifying their depraved appetites are really wonderful, and might, if collected together, form no uninteresting picture of human life. In general, these expedients are of a more or less disreputable and knavish character; in some cases, however, it is impossible not to recognise in them a certain vein of humour. For instance, two cronies were walking together along the streets of a Scottish town, somewhat early in the day. They were in truth in search of their morning dram, but were without the means wherewith to procure it. As they passed a newly opened public-house, therefore, one of them suddenly fell down on the pavement in a faint; whereupon his companion rushed into the convenient bar-room shouting for help. Of course brandy was quickly produced, and a glass poured out for the unconscious man. And now comes the humorous part of the story. As his comrade knelt in the act of administering the grateful cordial, he whispered the patient to leave a little in the glass for him. 'Ah, na,' said the now reviving man, after he had drained the glass to the last drop, '*ye can faint for yerseel.*'

This is an illustration of the humorous side of the picture; but the story which the writer of this has now to tell cannot be said to contain any such attractive element. It is of a remarkable man, whose acquaintance I made many years ago, one whose abilities and talents, had they been directed aright, might have placed him in a very different position from that in which I met him. In a little old-fashioned country-town, not a long

way from the Great City, I was assisting a highly respected medical practitioner. It was in the spring of 1866. At the close of a showery market-day, I happened to be in the surgery, and while there I received an urgent message to go immediately to attend to a man who had fallen down in the street in a fit. As might have been expected, the occurrence had occasioned some little disturbance, and quite a crowd of sympathisers, or those whom idle curiosity had attracted, had gathered round the unfortunate wretch. He had fallen just in front of a butcher's shop, next door to which was a public-house. The crowd parted to make way for me, and I was soon bending over the prostrate form of a man to all appearance absolutely unconscious.

I knew there were such beings as impostors, and that some of these were in the habit of feigning fits for the obvious purpose of exciting compassion, and in the hope of receiving some of that pecuniary assistance they were constantly in need of. I was therefore on my guard. The poor fellow had fallen on his side, with one arm under his head. He was a little, shrivelled-up old man, considerably over sixty years of age, as far as I could judge. He was breathing heavily and stertorously, drawing in the breath with a loud snort or snore, and blowing it out noisily, with lips and cheeks distended, whilst the saliva ran unchecked from his mouth. A glance sufficed to shew that the man was blind of the left eye. I then saw that this half of the body was smaller than its fellow. The left arm was withered and contorted, the hand being drawn in like an eagle's claw. The left leg was likewise wasted and contracted. There could not be the slightest doubt that the man was really paralysed. That he had had a fit at some time or other was evident, for his present condition was the outcome of one. Still I did not jump to a conclusion, but proceeded methodically with my examination. I shouted close to his ear and then shook him violently, but no sign of consciousness was displayed. I then lifted up the lid of the sound eye, and touched the sensitive eyeball—not too gently—with my finger. I did not get so much as an involuntary twitch of a muscle in reply. I had felt his pulse before this, and found it quite natural on the healthy side. I now tested him further, by putting my thumb nail under his thumb nail, pressing with a good deal of force on to the quick—indeed I used about as much force as I was master of—but this also failed to elicit any sign of consciousness. I hope none of the readers of this will think me cruel in using these tests. If the man were an impostor, he would deserve any pain he felt; if not, he would not of course feel anything, or but little, as he would be quite, or well-nigh unconscious.

Whether he now thought he had done his duty, or whether he began to fear needles and pins, searing irons, or any other of the dreadful things doctors use, I am not able to say; but soon after the last experiment he began to shew signs of consciousness. He moved his limbs, opened his eye, and muttered something. Some one whose hearing was acute said he was asking for a drink. I directed some water to be given him. Some kind or sympathising soul—perhaps the butcher's wife—suggested brandy in it; but

this I would not permit, remarking aloud that most likely it was the very thing he was wishing for most. The clear, cool, *undiluted* water was put to his lips; he was not sufficiently thirsty to swallow any of it, however, but let it run down his beard. When he had recovered, as I thought, sufficiently, I directed a police officer to take him away, and put him wherever he pleased. He took him to a licensed lodging-house, and paid for a night's lodging for the poor old cripple out of his own pocket. An hour or two later on in the evening, the officer returned to report that the patient was quite recovered; that he had left him sitting up among his fellow-lodgers, very happy, very contented, and completely at home.

The next day the good-natured constable came again, thinking that I should be interested in my patient, and related a history worthy of a much abler pen than mine. That truth is stranger than fiction, we often hear, but perhaps seldom realise. It is sometimes so strange that we cannot receive it as what it is, but must needs give it some other name, such as fancy, imagination, or the like, before we can give it acceptance. It is so in the present case; and although I am quite certain the story is substantially true, I scarcely expect it to be believed.

'That man is a regular impostor,' said my informant; 'he used to have fits when he was a child, and it is from them that he became paralysed.' It appears that he was born not very far from London, was respectably connected, and received a good education. At one time he was in the employ of a City pulterer, but was far too clever for his position, and was obliged to leave. For some years he was on the border land between respectability and its opposite, and gradually withdrew within the domain of the latter. Here he took up the occupation of tramping, and became a common vagabond. Being a very shrewd and intelligent man, he was not long in deciding to make use of his remarkable *natural gifts*. Judging that his bodily conformation would aid him in deceiving were he to feign fits, he quickly formed his designs in accordance with this view, and forthwith began to put them into execution. I know not how he succeeded at first, but am able to certify that the one I witnessed was a marvel of acting.

Sometimes he was very successful, as once when he was walking with a companion, they spied a carriage and pair with a proper equipment of servants approaching. Says the cripple: 'I'll have a fit;' and at the proper moment dropped down in the middle of the roadway, struggling and foaming at the mouth. The friend ran to meet the carriage, to make known the catastrophe and to seek assistance. On reaching the spot, the horses were stopped; the occupants alighted, and with hearts completely melted at the sight that met their gaze, gave orders for the unfortunate being to be gently lifted into the carriage, and carefully driven to the nearest inn, whither they followed on foot. Here he was carefully looked after; the restoratives he relished so much were duly administered, and the good Samaritans on taking their departure, left behind them a further expression of their sympathy and concern, which alone would have richly paid the rogue for all his trouble. Encouraged by the success that

attended his efforts, he continued to persevere, and in the course of time became a well-known adept.

As long as he could find new ground, he succeeded in earning a subsistence. Occasionally, however, his fame preceded him, and the payment he received for his trouble was of a kind different from what he had anticipated, as in the following instance. On one occasion he approached a farmhouse, and on noticing that he was observed by the farmer, began his part. On seeing him fall down, the farmer hastened towards him; when, perhaps from having seen him elsewhere, he recognised him, and without a word hurried off for a restorative. This on his return he proceeded to administer, and with a remarkably favourable effect. Instead of the usual and grateful brandy, he brought a horsewhip, and administered it so vigorously and skilfully, that the fit was cut short in the middle, and the patient restored to consciousness in an incredibly short space of time.

His masterpiece, however—and this was a piece of work through which he got himself into trouble—was wrought when he successfully palmed himself off as the husband of a woman who was the mother of a family. It appears that some ten or twelve years before this, the woman's husband had gone abroad for change of air—whether at his own expense or not, is not material—to Australia. Nothing had been heard from him during the whole of this time, and it was supposed that he was dead; and the woman had managed by industrious hard work to maintain herself and family in decency. One fine morning, however, our hero, who had heard probably a good deal about her, but who at anyrate knew that she had a husband who was missing and that she was able to keep one, and that he on his part had no objection to being kept, thought that now was the time to secure a comfortable home. Had he not been a homeless wanderer all his days? As the prisoner longs for liberty, and the lover for his mistress, had he not longed for the comforts of home-life? A little stratagem, and an untruth or two, and could he not become at once a husband and a father! The bait was too alluring, the temptation too strong. He laid his plans, and one day presented himself as her *long-lost husband*. Who can picture to himself her feelings as this revelation is made to her! At first she is quite staggered, and dumb; her heart ceases to beat, so powerful are her emotions. At last the powers of nature resume their empire, the blood rushes swiftly, and now, feeling the full force of what at its first inception was too stunning to be thoroughly understood, unbelief and indignation contend for the mastery. To her eyes, the being before her was as opposite as the poles to the man who was the father of her children.

'Begone, you impudent fellow! You my husband! you are no more like him than that donkey is! *You!*' she exclaims, as she surveys him, and both word and look express the uttermost contempt. '*You!* My husband was a head taller than you, had good features, was a strong robust man. He was a *man*, not a wretched blind old crippled thing!'

The man bore all this in silence; not the least sign of anger or impatience did he betray. He knew his position and his victim, as the spider I have many times watched, sits quiet when its victim gets once entangled in the web, knowing

that he need be in no hurry; that if he will only give the fly time, it will soon exhaust itself, and that then he can skillfully throw a few more threads over the victim that will bind it immovable wing and foot; so he waited patiently, with a look more of sorrow than of any other emotion on his face.

At the proper time, he speaks. 'You don't know me?' he says. 'You won't acknowledge me? Well, I did not expect *this*! But I might have known, if I had thought of it. I am so much changed; I know I am. When I went away twelve years ago, I was as you say, a fine tall man, and now I am only a miserable wreck. I had not been out in Australia long before I had a fit that deprived me of the use of my side and destroyed one eye. I was ill for months, and no one thought I could get better, and when at last I was discharged from hospital, all this side was withered and dead, and this eye was stuck out like what it is now; and besides that, I was four inches shorter than before the illness. My hair also went quite gray. You may believe my story or not; but I can prove that I am your husband. I know very well that you do not like the prospect of having a useless cripple on your hands; and indeed it is only this that has made me put off my coming for so long.'

Of course I cannot go into all the details of the conversation, nor mention all the little incidents that he reminded her of, and that she supposed not a soul knew but herself or her husband. Suffice it to say, that he reminded her of so many, and brought forward such strong proofs, that at last she declared 'he must be either Dick or the Evil One.' But as the rascal's ill-fortune would have it, just as he was beginning to think himself secure, the village constable turned up in search of him, and the pretender at once fell into the strong clutches of the law, and spent the next two years in prison.

I think I have said enough of this rogue to shew that he was no common character, and that, not improbably, had he chosen a different walk in life, he might have risen to eminence and honour.

HOW ARTIFICIAL PEARLS ARE MADE.

MANY persons have no doubt been frequently struck with the great beauty of artificial or imitation pearls. Those who make it their business to produce such articles of ornamentation have attained to a high degree of perfection in their art; so much so that in 1862, at the London Exhibition, a Frenchman who was an adept at their manufacture, exhibited a row of large real and imitation pearls alternately; and without close inspection, we are assured it would have been impossible even for a judge to have selected the real from the unreal. Some translations from French and German works on this manufacture have recently been communicated to *Land and Water*, and from these it appears that the art of making imitation pearls is ascribed to one Jacquin, a chaplet and rosary manufacturer at Passy, who lived about 1680. Noticing that the water after cleaning some white-fish (*Leuciscus alburnus*), a species of dace, was of a silvery appearance, he gradually collected the sediment, and with this substance—to which he gave the name of *essence d'orient*—and with a thin glue made of parchment, he lined the glass beads of which he framed his rosaries, and afterwards filled them

with wax. The method of making the round bead is by heating one end—which has first been closed—of a glass tube, which then, when blown into two or three times, expands into a globular form. The workman then separates the bead, places the end which has been heated on a wire, and heats the other end. This process is called bordering or edging. The best pearls are made in the same way, the holes of the tubes being gradually reduced by heat to the size of those of the real pearls, the workman taking each bead on inserted wire, and, by continually turning them round in the flame of the lamp used, they become so true as to be strung as evenly as the Oriental pearls. The process of colouring the pearl is commenced by lining the interior of the ball with a delicate layer of perfectly limpid and colourless parchment glue; and before it is quite dry, the essence of orient is introduced by means of a slender glass blowpipe. It is then allowed to dry; the pearl is filled with wax, and, if intended for a necklace, is pierced through the wax with a red-hot needle. The essence of orient, as it is called, is the chief ingredient in the manufacture of the pearl. It is a very valuable substance, and is obtained from the fish above named by rubbing them rather roughly in a basin of pure water, so as to remove the scales; the whole is then strained through a linen cloth, and left for several days to settle, when the water is drawn off. The sediment forms the essence referred to. It requires from seventeen to eighteen thousand fish to obtain about a pound of this substance! Besides the French imitation pearls, as those above described are called, there are the Roman pearls, which are made of wax, covered with a kind of pearly lustre. But these do not look so well as the French pearls; while, in a heated room, they are apt to soften and stick to the skin. A very extensive trade is now done in the manufacture and sale of French artificial pearls.

THE CHILD AND THE FAIRY.

'O say, little Thumbikin, where do you dwell?'—
'Sometimes on the mountain; sometimes in the dell;
Sometimes on the heath, and sometimes in the corn;
Sometimes in the chamber where babies are born.
Now hither, now thither; the hall or the cell;
But where it is moonlight—I best love to dwell.'

'O say, little Thumbikin, what do you eat?'—
'The purest of honey yields me the best meat;
I suck from the cups of the choicest of flowers;
I rob the wild bee when he's laboured for hours.
A mushroom my table, and dew for my wine,
What mortal can equal my feast when I dine?'

'O say, little Thumbikin, what's your employ?'—
'I soothe the little babies when pain makes them cry;
I bring pleasant dreams to their fancy in sleep.
I romp with good boys, and I run and I leap.
Sometimes as a hare or a pony I'm seen;
Sometimes as a housemaid I sweep the floor clean.'

I punish the naughty; the idle ones scare;
And love to see goodness abound everywhere.
And you, little worldling, who ask me these things,
If you're good, will possess all that goodness still brings;
For goodness will ever bear with it a charm;
And Thumbikin never does good children harm.'

J. R.

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SWELLDOM.

IN the progress of wasteful extravagance within the last quarter of a century, or so, there has crept in a fashion; among what are called the 'respectable classes,' of burying deceased relatives in highly polished and richly ornamented oak coffins. In some cases the deceased are in the first place inclosed in coffins of lead or zinc, with the glittering yellow coffin of oak over all. These practices are of course considered to be very stylish. They are costly—something out of the common. The deceased, so treated, are sent to their long rest in a guise which distinguishes them from the vulgar herd. By being buried in long-enduring oak with burnished brass mountings, they are, by way of compliment, sent to rot in state, and to be preserved as long as possible from mingling with the dust which is their mortal and proper destiny. We notice these novel usages, as marking an inconceivably contemptible piece of 'swelldom,' which should if possible be knocked on the head before it is too late.

We should be the last to find fault with any simple burial ceremony designed as a token of respect and affection for deceased relatives; but protest against any practice, new or old, which has for its object the undue preservation in mortal shape of bodies consigned to the tomb. It is one of man's privileges to be allowed, after death, to dissolve without undue delay into the dust of which his frame is composed. Attempts, however well meant, to protract the natural progress of decay, are a violation of our original inheritance, and at best, in every instance, are abortive and ridiculous. It does not seem to be known that by the best processes of embalming in modern times, the bodies, though preserved in outline, are in the course of a hundred to two hundred years found in that offensive condition which the persons so treated would have indignantly scorned as insulting to their memory. What has been the ultimate fate of the Egyptian mummies stored with care in rocky vaults and pyramids on the banks of the Nile? They have in those later times been dragged from

their recesses and ground into powder, as an article of commerce to be exported to Europe. The cereal crops of England are partly produced from the mummified remains of human beings who walked about the streets of Thebes 'three thousand years ago.' The bodies of venerable Thebans—swells in their time—laid to rest in fond anticipation of securing a kind of mortal immortality, sold at so much a ton to fertilise the exhausted soil of an island in the German Ocean! That is what the ancient Egyptians have got by all their skill in protracting the dissolution of mortal remains. Their marvellous preparations have ended in a favourably quoted—manure!

English extravagances in the way of sepulture have years ago been outdone by the rich and whimsical in the United States, where, to all appearance, there is an effort to return in a small way to embalming processes, with some additional stylishness to exalt the character of the deceased. England, in fact, has in this department of art been completely outdone. A London high-class funeral with its polished oak coffin and other accessories—all thought to be very fine—is, as the saying is, not fit to hold the candle to the tip-top funeral ceremony which is now esteemed to be fashionable, and the right thing as regards expense, in New York and some other American cities. To give one a notion of the advanced views that prevail, and are sedulously cultivated on the subject, it is necessary to premise that, in the United States, the term 'coffin' is in a great measure laid aside, as low, and suggestive of unpleasant ideas. The term adopted for what we in England usually call a coffin is 'a casket.' Only an inferior class of beings are buried in coffins. All persons of note, or whose relatives aspire to be fashionable, are buried in caskets. A casket is a superbly constructed box of oak or satin wood, richly ornamented, it may be, by silver mountings, lined with silk, and partly glazed like a small conservatory, so as to exhibit the deceased in a state of elegant repose inside. The ordinary shape of a coffin, wider at one part than another, is dismissed. A

casket is of uniform width throughout. The lid is for the most part highly ornamented, as if the leading idea was to do away with all notions of mortal dissolution. Mr So-and-so, as seen through the glass, seems to be asleep. Dressed and smartened up for inspection, he is reclining at his ease with his head on a satin pillow. Take a good look of him, and see how handsomely he is prepared for the tomb. As all alterations on old usages are thought to be tokens of advancement, this costly and elegant method of retiring underground may be called the latest touch of civilisation. The English have not yet got that length, but they are getting on. As a beginning, they have reached the stage of caskets without windows. If let alone, Swelldom will do the rest.

It may be readily imagined that the development of the grand but very absurd funeral system in the United States has been due to something more than an idle fancy. As far as we can judge, it depends largely on 'shop.' The business of an undertaker is pushed to extremes by means of capital and effrontery that is scarcely conceivable in England. The trade becomes a learned profession, involving a certain knowledge of anatomy, as well as proficiency in various matters of taste, to which we may add a good deal of audacity. According to English notions, an undertaker is not at all an intrusive personage; he puts on a long face, looks as sorrowful as may be, and goes about his duties stealthily, as if afraid to make a noise. To run up a bill, he mainly depends on the funeral cortège—a 'hearse decorated with nodding black plumes, attendants with batons and silk scarfs, and perhaps a lid of feathers. Usually, a hundred pounds will cover all expenses. The undertaker's office is probably in some back street, and is not by any means ostentatious. Two or three miniature coffin-lids and coats of arms hung modestly in the window, alone make up the show. Although our undertakers are alleged to be not unacquainted with the art of fleeing, they certainly do not demonstrate any particular reliance on shop.

Quite the reverse in America. We there find that the undertaking business has a monthly periodical, now of several years' standing, devoted to its interests. Well printed, illustrated with wood-engravings, *The Casket*, as it is called, consists of hints and instructions concerning different departments of the craft, accompanied by likenesses of a number of undertakers, moustached, with unexceptional neckties, and who, in a spirit of adulation, are designated 'the Monarchs of the Road.' *The Casket* also comprehends advertisements from the great houses and the inventors of embalming processes, recommending their drugs. We are afforded a notice of a first-rate New York establishment five stories in height, tastefully laid out with 'goods' to suit the demands of rich and weeping relatives, and with means for executing orders at any hour night or day. Like a public hospital with medical men and nurses in charge

to receive and assuage cases of bodily ailment, the undertaking establishment has a force at hand ready for any emergency. All you have to do is to say how you want a body treated; and under a Director-general, a number of assistants are prepared to take the matter in hand according to the best rules of art. In short, when any one dies—supposing him or her to belong to Swelldom—here are the artists to truss and do up the body, just as a cook would prepare a fowl for table.

The directions given do not afford pleasant reading. One feels that the instructions how to clean, bathe, and empty a body, and to trim it for the ornamental casket in which it is to lie in state, are revolting to ordinary conceptions of what is due to the loved being who has just passed away. One does not readily fall in with the idea of plunging the deceased into a bath of salts of alumina, and cramming it with a liquid called the Egyptian Embalmer, which advertisers declare to be a never-failing preservative. But there is a rival liquid, strongly insisted on for its wonderful qualities, styled the Antiseptic Embalming Fluid. 'It preserves the body without destroying the identity of the features; removes discolorations, and restores the skin to its natural colour; and by chemically changing the fluids of the body, it prevents the formation of gases, and acts as a preservative in all kinds of weather, without the use of ice.' We do not see it stated that any of the fashionable embalming processes go the length of preserving bodies for an illimitable series of years, as was the aim of the Egyptian mummifiers. All that is seemingly intended is to give the deceased a life-like appearance for a few weeks, or months at the utmost; during which interval, stretched out in its casket, it may be said to hold a ceremonial reception for crowds of those who in a genteel way wish to pay it a farewell visit.

Our readers will have in recollection the magnificent public funeral given to the great Merchant Prince, the late Alexander T. Stewart of New York. For weeks previously, the body was laid out in state in an evening dress, with white necktie, and pearl buttons on the snowy shirt-bosom, the deadly pallor of the cheeks being skilfully touched up with a little rouge. In the case of deceased ladies, the style of preparation for the tomb sometimes excels in costliness and splendour. It appears to be not uncommon to spend from five to ten thousand dollars on these ceremonials. As a specimen of this monstrous wastefulness and folly, we present the following from a newspaper in the state of New York. 'Miss Ransom, the deceased, was laid out in white rep silk, elegantly trimmed with white satin and very fine point lace. The skirt was draped with smilax and lilies of the valley. The casket was made to order by the Stein Manufacturing Company, of Rochester, of their celebrated Princess style. It was covered with the most delicate shade of blue silk velvet, with corners and mouldings tufted

with white satin. The inside was trimmed with white satin and with very heavy sewing silk and bullion fringe. The handles were long bars covered with sewing silk. It opened at full length, the inside of the lid being tufted with white satin. Miss Ransom looked very natural, more as if asleep than dead. There was a splendid display of flowers sent as tokens of sympathy from her many friends. All the stands containing the flowers were covered with white, giving a general appearance of purity.

Looking to the sense of decorum generally prevalent in England in cases of domestic affliction, we cannot imagine the possibility of usages so outrageous being introduced among us, or at most of gaining a footing in the country. No one, however, knows what follies will be attempted by the heartless and ambitious rich, who, regardless of decency, try to cut a dash for the admiration of Swellodom. The introduction of polished oak caskets may only be the commencement of the extravagances that disfigure the funeral customs in certain parts of the United States. On this account, the foregoing remarks, acting as a gentle warning, may not be thrown away. W. C.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER V.—THE DOCTOR'S PLANS.

How slowly, yet with what a calm, delicious sense of soothing peace, the hours went by in that tranquil, stately Hospital of St John of Jerusalem, for Bertram Oakley, convalescent patient! It is almost necessary to have been young and ill, and under no private care or loving guardianship, but in the camp infirmary, the roomy sick-bay of a big ship, or some huge stone-built barrack on a far foreign shore, quite to appreciate the luxury of sheer quiet, of being let alone, while the exhausted forces of life build themselves up again by easy stages. It was very pleasant to Bertram to lie there, under the lofty roof-tree of the Knights Hospitallers departed, and to dream day-dreams, and keep indolent watch over trifles, and cherish a languid interest in the regular routine of the place, where the most important event was the visit of the good-natured physician, who seemed already to him to be the best friend he had ever known.

At first, and for a good while after he had rounded the dark reef on which so many strike and sink on the perilous voyage between death and life, Bertram's brain worked very slowly, as we might conceive the brains of zoophytes—should improved microscopes one day prove to us that they have any brains—to work. He felt, in a sluggish, contented way, as a plant feels the grateful sunshine and the refreshing rain; but genuine thought, the real process of logical ratiocination, was so distinct and cruel an effort, that Bertram Oakley shrank from it, as plants recoil from the blasting breath of the sirocco. Had he been compelled to think, so it seemed to him, he must die. But presently, as convalescence went on, it became pleasant to muse, in the strange, impersonal way in which sick men's fancies work, on subjects with which his own narrow interests were in nowise concerned—on scraps of poetry,

fragments of legend, bits of history, or early memories revived by the sobering touch of illness; and next came the period when a book was a treat to be devoured; and then the patient began to look wistfully about him, and to feel that the confinement and monotony of the Hospital chafed his restored energies, and to long vaguely to be up and doing.

Then it was that Dr Denham disclosed his plan for Bertram's benefit. 'You are better, my lad,' he said one day on his rounds; 'really better now. The first time that I said so—you remember, Bertram, eh?'

'I do, sir,' answered the stripling, a quick brightness in his eyes; 'I am not likely to forget it. It was an epoch in my life.'

'Well, I told the truth,' said the doctor kindly. 'But it is truer now. You have passed several milestones since, on the rough upward road that leads to health, and can bear a surprise. No; you are not "quite well," my young friend, as I hear you trying to tell me; but at any rate you are fit for conversation, if not as yet for the bangs and buffets of the great outdoor world. Now, Bertram Oakley, you see before you a whimsical man.—Yes, you may stare; but you do.'

'I should never have thought it of you, dear doctor,' said Bertram, with a smiling lip and glistening eye.

'Ah, but I am, though,' retorted Dr Denham sturdily. 'One of my whims has always been that I never liked to see a thing, or a man, put to wrong work—a razor to cut blocks, as the proverb has it. And the long and the short of it is, Bertram, my lad, that you were not fit for your late trade, that you were too good for it, too clever, too aspiring. I don't want to make you vain, heaven knows, boy, for a coxcomb is a pitiful creature; still, I think you can do better, for yourself and for the world at large, in another field of action than Burbridge's factory here at Blackston. I have seen your old master, and—being a just man, though he regrets his best boy-worker—he thinks as I do on the subject.' Here the doctor, who had been speaking excitedly, for him at least, who was generally so cool, paused to take breath; and Bertram, the faint colour fluttering in his cheek, eyed him wonderingly and in mute expectation. 'Come, I won't keep you on the tenter-hooks,' said Dr Denham, after a short pause; 'and indeed, to beat about the bush is not very natural to me. I suspect, Bertram, that if you had your wish as to a calling in life, you would like to be a civil engineer—mines, bridges, railways, canals, big iron ships, and the rest of it,' explained the doctor, warming a little with his subject. 'I scarcely know such another career, my boy, in the world of to-day—the world that we call so old, and that grows so fast, moving with giant's strides, though whither—Never mind that! Have I guessed right?'

'About my wish, my preference, my longing—indeed you have, sir. But how'—began Bertram, with boyish eagerness, but then came to an awkward check. To a frank young nature, shy with the sensitiveness that goes with quick perceptions and a receptive mind, it seems all but impossible to crave a helping hand, or to anticipate an offer of aid that has not been put into definite shape.

'I shall be the good fairy this time,' answered the doctor, looking kindly down at his patient. 'You see, my young friend, that strokes of good-luck, like misfortunes, seldom come alone, and that I wish you, for whom I have come to feel a sincere regard, to profit by one that has been blown my way. It will be no secret here soon that St John's—much as I shall miss the old place—will have a new physician, and that I shall exchange my Blackston practice for a lucrative one in London. To bring this about, with the help of my dear brother—whom you will presently see, Bertram, by-the-by, and learn to like—I have spent many an anxious hour, and have resolved to wrench myself away from old habits and surroundings, and from a place which I had taught myself to regard as my home. Yes, I shall be sorry—to—to say good-bye to St John's here.' And for a moment the doctor's voice grew husky and his eye dim as it rested on the familiar trees of the Knights' ancient garden, the deep bays of the windows, and the solemn calm of the grand old building; but then he roused himself and said cheerfully: 'I at my time of life, as well as you, lad, am going to London to seek my fortune. You would like to see London, Bertram?'

A flush rose to Bertram's pallid cheek, and his large eyes brightened. London! Something magical there must have been in the name of the great city, to stir the pulses thus, as Bertram Oakley's were stirred by its mere mention.

The doctor laughed rather sadly. 'You have read the veracious history of Richard Whittington, I know, young friend,' he said in his kind patient way; 'but do not take too rose-coloured a view of what awaits you! The streets of our Cockney Babylon are no more paved with gold than the real Whittington found them to be when Edward III. was a young king. Alas! there is more mud than gold, and enviable are the aspirants who succeed in converting the first into the last. No, my boy; it is no El Dorado that lies before you, but an arena of fierce competition, in which I sincerely hope that honest industry and quick mother-wit will enable you among others, after some probation, to come to the front. I have misjudged you, Bertram, if you would not rather be in the truest sense of the word the founder of your own fortunes, than be merely one of the so-called lucky ones of this world, on whom, without merit or exertion of their own, a golden rain has fallen.'

'You read my heart, sir, as though it were a book laid open before you,' said Bertram, reddening again. 'I would wish to be useful in the world, if I could, and to make a name for myself, if it were fairly won. But as for fortune'—He hesitated here; and the kindly physician laid his hand lightly upon his wrist.

'As for fortune,' said Dr Denham, completing the unfinished sentence, 'you speak of it with the scorn natural to a generous young mind that has not yet learned how powerful an engine, for good or for evil, wealth is. With a wider experience, you will judge it differently. No; riches are not to be despised, any more than God's other gifts of health and strength, of sense and courage. But you do well not to make an idol of Money at the first. We have worshippers enough of the Golden Calf, Bertram, without you.' Then the good doctor, after consulting his watch, for much of the day's work was yet to do, briefly explained to

Bertram Oakley his wish that the young patient should take up his residence under his own roof in Regent Square, during the week or two that would elapse previous to the departure of the Denham family from their old abode; and how it was his wish that the young convalescent should accompany them to London, where Dr Denham would undertake to provide for Bertram's admission as an articled pupil into the office of a well-known firm of civil engineers.

'The premium—for to learn and work, and so make sure of constant work and wage and upward progress hereafter, costs ready cash at the beginning—will concern me, and so will your outfit and your maintenance—you are frugal to a fault, as I know—until you can earn a livelihood by your skilled toil. But, my boy, I hope the obligation will sit the lighter on you because it is a temporary one. I mean to lend you pecuniary help, not give it—I am not rich enough for that. Every shilling I advance for you I shall look to you to repay, when you can do it without pinching yourself—to me, if I live; to my daughters, if I am gone. So now we understand each other.'

Bertram grew red and pale by turns; then the tears started to his eyes, and he said hoarsely: 'You treat me nobly, sir! I—have not words to thank you, but'—And he caught the doctor's hand between his own emaciated fingers, and pressed it to his lips, and then broke down, sobbing.

'There, there!' exclaimed the doctor, hurriedly jerking out his watch for the second time; 'we won't talk any more just now. I am behind-hand with my visits, and my poor friends will look reproachfully at me. Keep still, dear boy, and try to sleep now. To-morrow, I shall manage as I said.'

And on the next night, Bertram's wondering head rested beneath the doctor's hospitable roof.

CONCERNING REPORTING.

UPWARDS of two hundred and twenty answers to one advertisement for an Assistant Reporter! Such was the recent experience of an editor who, in the columns of the *Daily News*, made known his desire for additional assistance on his reporting staff. This is not only a singular, but a lamentable state of affairs, as the fact is thereby disclosed that there are, at the most moderate computation, hundreds of young men eager to find an opportunity of crossing the threshold of a profession which would seem to be increasingly regarded as a haven of refuge for the discontented and incompetent in well-nigh every other rank and calling. Every newspaper proprietor and editor with an experience dating back some fifteen or twenty years, knows well, and probably to his cost, that matters in this direction are very different now as compared with his earlier days; and there are not wanting those who lay the entire blame, in connection with this altered state of things, upon the popularity which the phonetic system of shorthand writing has attained.

No person who knows anything about the subject will for one moment deny that the rapid spread of a knowledge of phonographic shorthand has a great deal to do with the evil complained of; but a very little reflection is sufficient

to shew that it would be unfair to regard phonography as the real and only source of this evil. The greater part, if not indeed the whole of the blame must be laid at the door of the popular fallacy that shorthand writing and reporting are synonymous terms—that having attained to proficiency in shorthand writing, the portals of an honourable, if not particularly lucrative profession are thrown open, and nothing remains but to enter in and take full possession. No young man can make a greater mistake than to suppose that because he has mastered the principles of phonography, he is of necessity endowed with all the essential qualifications of a first-class reporter. It is time this false notion were exploded, so that the evil in question may in some degree be remedied. Lads yet at school; young men in their teens; men of maturer years, even if not of much riper judgment; and fond parents entertaining ambitious designs in reference to their peculiarly gifted sons—all these must have their minds disabused of the idea that by investing some few shillings in shorthand books, and giving for a few months an occasional spare hour to their study, one is thereby being fully qualified to take rank in the Fourth Estate of the realm. There is no such royal road to journalism; and it is because of the influx of large numbers who have acted upon this idea, that the efficiency and character of the profession are in danger of being lowered, and its avenues blocked up by crowds of incompetent pretenders.

The saying that poets are born, not made, applies with equal force and truth to journalists. There are certain qualifications which it is absolutely necessary a reporter should possess, the nature of which would never be dreamed of by the inexperienced, and for which a mere proficiency in shorthand can never act as a substitute. It would be just as reasonable for a lad who had nearly mastered the rudiments of geometrical drawing, to consider himself competent to do all the work of an experienced Civil Engineer, as for any one to imagine that because he can 'take down' a sermon at the rate of ninety words a minute, and transcribe the same at the rate of a column in four hours, he is entitled to rank alongside men such as Thomas Allen Reed or Archibald Forbes. A note-taker such a one may in time become; but a note-taker and a reporter are two very different personages. A man may even be able to take every word of a long and eloquent speech, and furnish a transcript which for accuracy could not be surpassed; and yet be far removed from being a qualified journalist. There is as much difference between a mere shorthand writer and a capable reporter, as there is between a photographer and a portrait-painter. Indeed, this power to take down a speech *verbatim*—although every reporter should possess this power—is in actual work, perhaps, of all his accomplishments, the least often called into requisition. It is seldom indeed that a reporter finds himself called upon to follow a speaker from beginning to end, and to reproduce that speech word for word, relying upon mechanical skill rather than mental ability. In the prosecution of his work, this mechanical skill is simply the reporter's collecting agent, which he employs in getting together the raw material out of which to evolve form and symmetry. When a man listens to two hours' rapid speaking with the conscious-

ness that six columns of talk have to be reproduced in one column of print, it is then he realises the fact that mere mechanical skill forms but a very small, even though an essential, portion of a reporter's stock-in-trade. It is under such circumstances as these that scores of young men find to their cost, as well as to their chagrin, what a grand mistake they have made in supposing themselves duly qualified reporters on the strength of a fair proficiency in shorthand writing.

It must be borne in mind that there are certain faculties a reporter must necessarily possess, which, if not natural, can rarely, if ever, be acquired. They may be developed and improved, if present in some degree; but they can scarcely be imparted where the germ itself is altogether wanting. He must possess the faculty of intuitively seizing upon the essential features of any occurrence which he may be intrusted to report, whether it be a single speech, an entire meeting, or some important public affair extending over days, or even weeks. It would never do for a reporter, either whilst an affair was in progress, or upon its termination, to be anxiously cogitating within himself as to what he should retain and what he should reject. All this must be settled by the faculty of which we are speaking, and which must attract, as to a focus, the really important points—grouping them in their proper order and within the necessary limits, without loss of time or any special effort being involved in the process. He must also have an intuitive perception of the relative value of words with all their shades of meaning, so that he may be able to employ just that particular word which shall convey to the reader the exact sense and meaning of the original. And with this latter faculty must be combined the gift of facile expression and natural and correct arrangement; for woe unto him if he be under the necessity of writing and rewriting before he can get his composition into something like proper form. A reporter, too, requires a well-balanced mind, a cool head, and an impartial judgment. We do not say a reporter should have no fixed principles, no private opinions of his own; but he must be careful not to allow these opinions to influence his reports. In his degree he should aspire to something like the impartiality of the judge, who, whilst on the bench, knows nothing of friend or foe, but decides simply upon the merits, and altogether apart from personal considerations.

A reporter also requires to be able to concentrate his thoughts upon his work in any circumstances. Whilst others around him are in a state of the wildest enthusiasm, he must be perfectly cool, and absorbed only in his work. An audience, after having been held spell-bound by some celebrated orator, may rise to its feet, and by vociferous cheering and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, give relief to its feelings; but the reporter must meantime be careful that he loses not one word of that elaborately prepared and masterly peroration; or, if he seek relief, it must be in the stretching of his cramped fingers, and the re-pointing of his pencils in readiness for the next speaker. At the scene of some terrible catastrophe, others may indulge in symptoms of distress; but the reporter must be engaged in taking a survey of all the surroundings, and at the same time making himself acquainted with all the painful and

oftentimes sickening details. In times of political excitement and contest, the caution, prudence, and judgment of the reporter are frequently put to the severest tests; and it will be well for him in such times if he bear in mind the old maxim, to have long ears and a short tongue.

The reporter, so far as his position and duties call for it, should keep himself abreast of the times. He must be acquainted not only with the history of the past, but also with the occurrences of the present. In order to accomplish this, it is obvious that he must be conversant with current literature in its various forms. He must know generally what is appearing in the leading daily papers; the weekly religious, social, and miscellaneous publications; the monthly magazines; and the quarterly reviews. But if, in order to do this, he finds it necessary to seat himself comfortably in his arm-chair, take them up, and read every sentence in them, then he may as well give up the task at once; for frequently it will be impossible to do more than take a hasty glance at paper or magazine whilst journeying to some appointment, or between the cases in a police or county court. Consequently, he must possess the power of assimilation, and be able, if he expects to rise in his profession, to make himself acquainted in a comparatively short time with the merits of any subject he may be called to write upon. Of course, this means in many cases a good deal of superficiality; but all journalists must, from the exigencies of their situation, be more or less superficial.

These few remarks upon the reporting department of journalistic work, are not intended as a complete guide for those who aspire to do such work; they are penned chiefly with the view of undeceiving those who are led to imagine that they have nothing more to do than acquire a knowledge of shorthand in order to set up in life as reporters. We must not be understood as saying a single word against the general acquisition of shorthand; for we would be amongst the foremost in recommending that the study of phonography should be regarded as one of the branches of an English education. Any man, no matter what his occupation may be, would be better with than without a knowledge of this art; and those who have already acquired such knowledge, may congratulate themselves upon the possession of an accomplishment which many of our busiest and greatest men would give half a fortune to have acquired in early life. At the same time, it is well that those who desire to make a professional use of this knowledge as reporters, should be reminded that other qualifications are necessary besides shorthand for the efficient discharge of a reporter's duties.

Apropos to the subject of the present article, and as also useful for the information and instruction it conveys—while at the same time affording an excellent specimen of condensed and intelligent reporting—we take from the *Scotsman* of December 20, 1880, the following report of a lecture delivered in Edinburgh by Professor Annandale on 'What to do in Emergencies'—that is, as regards accidents, wounds, &c.

'The lecturer said he had worked professionally among them for twenty years, and he had learned to know that they were always willing and desirous

to help their friends and neighbours in distress. It was in the hope of assisting them to help their friends and neighbours that he offered some practical hints in connection with accidents and emergencies. As accidents might occur at any time, he wished to impress upon them the fact that the better care they took of their general health the better they would recover from their injuries. Cases of serious injury and operations came constantly under his notice, and when he ascertained that his patient had been temperate in his habits and careful of his health, he felt some of his anxiety removed. In connection with the treatment of wounds, the lecturer first explained and illustrated the Listerian antiseptic method, and spoke of the importance of covering a recently made wound as soon as possible, and applying to it some germ-killing solution or dressing, such as carbolic or boracic acid. When an accident occurred, they should try (1) to keep their wits about them, for they were more likely thereby to be of use to the sufferer; (2) to ascertain if there was any bleeding, and at once check it; (3) to lay the patient on his or her back, or in the position felt to be most comfortable. In most cases the patient should be placed in a horizontal position; but if the breathing was affected, the sitting or partially sitting position was the best; (4) any clothes which might be tight or causing discomfort should be loosened; (5) no stimulants should be given unless the patient remained in a very faint condition for more than half an hour, and after that time they should only be administered in small quantities; (6) should the patient feel cold the body should be covered with blankets or other wraps; they should apply heated bricks or some warm application, unless bleeding was continuing seriously.

'Insisting on the importance of all persons being carried to their home or to a hospital as carefully as possible, the learned Professor shewed how, in the absence of other form of stretcher, one might be made with a great-coat—the sleeves being turned inside out, and the poles passed through them and the outside pockets. It being often well to keep the clothes or wraps from pressing on the injured part, he further shewed how a "cradle" might be made of the half-hoops of a barrel, a piece of tin wire, or even with an old hat-box. In all injuries to the head, chest, or belly, it was recommended that care should be taken to keep the patient quiet until medical aid was obtained. External bleeding was often very alarming to a non-professional person, but with rare exceptions all kinds of bleeding were easily stayed. When bleeding took place from the external surface of the limbs from any cause, they should (1) try direct pressure upon the bleeding point, and keep the limb raised above the level of the body. This pressure might be made with one or more fingers, or with a compress of cotton waste, a sponge, handkerchief, or any soft substance; (2) should this fail, a ligature of cloth, rope, strong twine, or india-rubber cord should be applied as tightly as possible round the limb, immediately above the bleeding point; a medical man should be sent for at once, or the patient taken to a hospital; (3) if the bleeding was from an external wound on the trunk of the body, they should employ direct pressure over the bleeding point; (4) if the bleeding

was coming from the interior of the nose or other cavity, let them apply cold water or ice over the bleeding part, or near it, and keep the patient perfectly quiet on his or her back; (5) when the bleeding was coming from a diseased surface or ulcer, and direct pressure did not stay it, the compress should be soaked in a strong solution of alum, or in "steel drops." Should the wound from which the blood was coming be large and gaping, they might stuff firmly into it a compress of some soft material large enough to fill the cavity. In any case of bleeding, the patient might become weak, or might faint; but unless the blood was flowing actively, the sign was not necessarily a serious one, and the quiet condition of the circulation during the faint often assisted nature in staying the bleeding by allowing the blood to clot, and to block up any wound in a blood-vessel.

'The treatment of various kinds of wounds, of bruises, and sprains, was next dealt with. When a bone was broken or dislocated, careful handling of the injured person was of great importance. They judged that a fracture had taken place by the distortion, pain, and too great mobility of the part; and in a dislocation the part was distorted and fixed in some unnatural position. A fracture should be treated (1) by carefully removing any of the clothes which were compressing or hurting the injured part; (2) by very gently replacing the bones in their natural shape, or as nearly so as possible, and by putting the part in a position, which gave most ease to the patient; (3) by applying some temporary splint or appliance which would keep the broken bones from moving about and tearing the flesh. For that purpose they might use pieces of wood, stick, tin, paste-board, wire, straw, firmly-folded cloth or newspapers, taking care to pad the splints with some soft material, and not to apply them too tightly to the parts. Should medical advice not be procurable for some hours, they should examine the loops and see that they were not too tight, as rapid swelling of the part might cause them to become injuriously tight very quickly. The bandaging of injured limbs and other methods of treatment spoken of by the Professor were practically illustrated by two of the Professor's assistants, who operated upon a stalwart young tradesman who willingly put himself into their hands for the occasion.

'Burns and scalds were next referred to, the rules laid down for their temporary treatment being—(1) remove as soon as possible any burnt or heated clothing, or other substance which may be in contact with the body; (2) if the burn or scald be slight, wrap the part in dry cotton-wadding; (3) if the burn or scald be extensive, apply cotton-wadding to the whole surface, and if there is much pain, soak the wadding in carron oil, or sweet or linseed oil. Among the other topics touched on were the lodgment of foreign bodies in the eye, ear, nose, and throat; the treatment of drowning, strangulation, and poisoning; of fainting, fits, and sudden illness; of ruptures, varicose veins, and ulcers of the legs; and hints were given to parents on the prevention of deformities of the legs and joint-diseases in their children. The learned Professor said he should like to see some hall or gymnasium established, where, under proper superintendence, our girls and young women would

have regular and proper exercise so as to develop their figures, strengthen their bones and muscles, improve their health, and fit them more thoroughly in the future for the important duties which, as wives and mothers, they might be called upon to fulfil.'

A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER III.—LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

It was about five months before I returned to Liverpool. In the meanwhile, I had had no reply from Fairy. Though somewhat disappointed at this, and anxious, I comforted myself by the thought that had she decided against me, she certainly would not have left me in suspense; and I argued, that if not refused at once, I should be accepted in the end. On arriving in Liverpool, however, I found a batch of letters awaiting me, several being from the Pearsons; and of these I took the one that had the latest postmark, and opened it. It was from Fairy. How I read that letter to the end I cannot tell. The words danced and swam before my eyes. I seemed as if in a dream. I read the same sentence over, and over again, and could not gather its meaning. The one thing I knew as I laid it down was, that she was engaged to be married to Robert Stockdale, and had written to tell me, and to ask me to be present at her wedding. Now, I am not going to attempt to describe what I felt. I could not do it, and would not if I could. And it must be remembered that the story I am telling is about others rather than myself. It is necessary, however, for me to say what I learned from the letters I received from Fairy and Mrs Pearson. It was this: That, in the first place, they had received no letter from me for many months, so that my last letter must have miscarried. Again, that though neither Fairy nor Mrs Pearson had mentioned it, Robert Stockdale had for a considerable time been paying attentions to my cousin; that about five months ago he had proposed to her, and had been accepted, and ever since had been most anxious to have the ceremony performed; and would have carried his point, but for a severe and protracted illness from which Mrs Pearson had but just recovered. Not hearing from me for so long, they had written to the firm to ask where I was, and had been informed that I was expected shortly in Liverpool; and so the letter which I had opened first had been written.

I wrote as soon as I was able—that very evening, I think—to Mrs Pearson, and told her the truth; but I could not go to see Fairy married to Stockdale, and I had no reason but the true one to give. And I left it to my aunt to tell her as much or as little as she thought fit. And then, with a prayer that my darling Fairy might meet with as true and faithful a love as mine would have been, I bid her and my aunt farewell.

Now, there is one thing which I must say here; and it is, that I do not and never did blame Fairy. I am glad to have it now to say that never—even in my darkest moments—did I think evil of her, or let the shadow of a doubt disfigure Fairy's image in my heart. I felt certain that, whatever the explanation of her conduct might be, she had not intended to deceive me with false hopes. Over and over again the idea would suggest itself that my first letter must have miscarried.

The last had done so. But then how account for that lock of hair sent in answer to it? And I would take out the locket, to assure myself again and again that it was indeed Fairy's hair. The explanation was simple enough, when time afterwards revealed it; but many a weary wakeful night did I spend trying to discover it. An explanation I knew there must be, for Fairy could not be to blame.

Nor—let it be remembered as I tell what I shall have to tell of Stockdale—is Fairy to be censured for accepting such a man as her husband. The peculiarity of my cousin's disposition must be borne in mind. Her sweet pure heart never dreamed of evil; and her imagination, like a magic wand, made all she loved beautiful and good. She carried with her into womanhood that happy power, which she possessed as a child, of making kings and heroes out of the poorest materials. She was indeed mistaken; and alas! met with one whom her love was incapable of elevating.

The weeks and months passed by after my disappointment as they did before it. I heard occasionally from my aunt. At first too, I received letters from Fairy. After a while, she ceased to write, and only sent me verbal messages through Mrs Pearson; and so the time wore on.

It was about two years after the marriage, that an event occurred which led to my revisiting Rathminster. I had returned with the *Petrel* to Liverpool, and had taken up my quarters as usual in the *Neptune*, a quiet little hotel in a quiet little court off Dale Street. You might walk up and down that busy street all your life, and never discover the court, to say nothing of the hotel. It was an old-fashioned inn, furnished and conducted in the old way, where you were always recognised, greeted as a friend, and your tastes and ways remembered. There was no fuss or overcrowding inside the place; no rattle of carriages or tramp of passengers or cry of newsboys before its doors. I feel inclined to describe at length the place which was for many years my home, if such a wanderer as I can be said to have had a home—the room always considered mine—which was bedroom and sitting-room in one—with its low ceiling, its massive mahogany furniture, its pair of comfortable old-fashioned arm-chairs, one on each side of the broad fireplace, its table covered with books, for I was fond of reading, and the quaint old oak cabinet full of drawers, in which these books and other articles used to remain stowed away during my absence. But I must hurry on. It was on the evening of the second or third day after my return that, as I entered the hotel, the waiter handed me a letter. 'It came, sir,' he said, 'a day or two before you arrived, and was put aside; and so we forgot to give it to you.'

I was somewhat angry at this neglect, and more so when I read the contents of the letter; and I gave strict orders that for the future my letters should be placed in a certain drawer in the oak cabinet I have spoken of.

The letter in question was from Fairy. It was to tell me that her mother was seriously ill, and to beg of me to come to Rathminster at once. I could not refuse, nor did I wish to do so. I knew by this time that I should have to carry with me through life the sorrow that had come upon me,

and that I should have to endure it. But I had no other relations in the world; and I was longing to see Fairy again—my little sister—as I had now taught myself to think of her. Mrs Pearson too had been as a mother to me; she was in danger, and not a moment should be lost in going to see her; so, early the next morning, I set out for Rathminster.

I arrived at my aunt's house not a hour too soon. She was still alive, but sinking rapidly. I was taken at once to her room by Stockdale, who told me that she seemed very anxious to see me, and had asked several times that morning whether I had come. Fairy was in the sickroom, and met me at the door. For a few moments the pleasure she felt at seeing me was reflected in her face; she seemed almost unchanged since I had seen her last. But as the momentary brightness passed away, I could not help noticing that she was pale, and that there was resting on her countenance a look, not so much of temporary grief, I thought, as of settled melancholy.

Mrs Pearson opened her eyes as I came to the bedside, and I perceived that she knew me perfectly. After looking at me for a few moments, she seemed anxious to speak, and made one or two unsuccessful efforts to do so. At last—Stockdale and his wife were standing beside me at the time—she made another attempt, and in a very low voice said: 'Tom, watch over my girl.' I forget what answer I gave at the moment; but she did not seem satisfied, and we heard her say: 'Kneel down, and promise.' Fairy was weeping bitterly, and did not speak. I was about to say something, when Stockdale exclaimed hastily: 'Oh, Mrs Pearson, Rivers has found that such a promise is needless. I'll take good care of her, you know.' But she only said again: 'Promise!' and I knelt down and did as she wished. She seemed satisfied, and closed her eyes. That word 'Promise' was the last she ever spoke. She was buried in the old churchyard of which I have spoken, just outside the town.

Whatever aversion I had to Stockdale, I had never noticed up to this any sign of dislike on his part towards me, but rather the reverse. Now, however, though we had not met for many years, and I had certainly done nothing to displease him, I could not help perceiving that his manner towards me was cold and distant, and that he seemed anxious to avoid me as much as possible. And when, a few hours after my arrival, he was taking poor Fairy for the last time from the house that had been her home, he said to me: 'Well, Rivers, I am sorry that under the circumstances I cannot ask you to the Cottage; but you surely won't go away without coming to say good-bye to us?'

Hearing this, I made up my mind to leave Rathminster as soon after the funeral as I could, unless indeed Fairy should wish me to remain; for I was beginning to fear that she had made an unhappy marriage, and that Stockdale was unkind to her. I was quite unable, it is true, to imagine how I could be of any use to her, were such the case. Still, she had written for me to come; and then there was the promise which Mrs Pearson had required me to make. What could be the meaning of it? Fairy certainly seemed the reverse of happy; but had that been all, her mother's illness and death were enough to account for it. But I thought there was, over and above all this,

something unusual in my cousin's manner—a kind of timidity and restraint, as if she were *afraid* of her husband. Well, I should make an effort, I thought, to find out the truth. I should have a talk with Fairy before I left. My promise to her mother, it seemed to me, required at least so much as this. And then, while I was turning the matter over in my mind, one thing suddenly struck me as singular; I mean the expression used by Stockdale: 'Rivers has found that it is needless to make such a promise.' I remembered the words perfectly, and now wondered that their strangeness had not occurred to me before. If he had merely said that such a promise on my part would be useless or unnecessary, that would have been natural enough—but 'Rivers has found.' Now, why should he have said that? If he had ever heard of that childish agreement which Fairy and I had made, that might explain it; but how could that be? Fairy certainly would not have told him of it; probably she had forgotten the circumstance. I do not think that even as children we had ever spoken of our promise after the evening we made it by the Holy Well. It was a passing fancy of my little cousin's—a childish whim which, even had she ever remembered it, she would never have thought of relating. Yet that expression of Stockdale's was very strange: 'Rivers has found.' The more I thought of it, the more unaccountable it seemed. How could he have known that I ever had made any promise of the kind?

All at once it flashed across my mind that in the letter in which I had asked Fairy to be my wife, and which she had never received, I had spoken of that old compact that there was between us, and said that I trusted she would give me the right to be indeed her protector—or something to that effect. How that letter had miscarried, I had never heard, nor indeed inquired. Now, the suspicion forced itself upon me that Stockdale had seen that letter. The words he had spoken had fallen from him in an unguarded moment, and I felt sure that he had unconsciously betrayed himself. Then too, I remembered that, by my aunt's account, the time of Stockdale's proposal and his sudden anxiety to hasten the marriage just tallied with the time at which my letter should have been received. Yes; I understood it now. He had intercepted my letter; he had read it; he had kept it from my cousin, and had urged his own suit with eagerness. And he had succeeded. He had done me a wrong greater, it seemed to me, than if he had robbed me of life itself, for had he not taken from me all life's hope and happiness?

• I shall not describe the dark and bitter feelings that then filled my soul. I thank heaven that they have long since passed away entirely; I thank heaven above all that my arm was never raised to inflict punishment for the injury that was done me, great as it was; for I have seen enough to make me ever remember who it is that has said, 'Vengeance is Mine.'

CHAPTER IV.—MORE LINKS.

Though I had no doubt but that Stockdale had intercepted my letter, yet I was determined, if possible, to place the matter beyond question. At first, I thought of making inquiries at

the post-office as to who had received the letters from the office; for in those days, in Rathminster at least, letters were not delivered at the houses, but lay in the post-office till called for. On consideration, I abandoned this idea, because I thought it unlikely that the postmaster could recollect what happened two years before sufficiently well to enable him to give me any information on such a point; and I was unwilling, moreover, to give occasion for any gossip on the subject. And it would be best on the whole to find out what I could in the first place from Fairy. I should have to see my cousin at any rate; for I could not leave Rathminster without knowing, if possible, why Mrs Pearson had exacted that promise from me. But Stockdale's coldness towards me—while it confirmed my suspicion that he had seen my letter, and so regarded me in the light of a lover of Fairy's—made it difficult for me to have an opportunity of speaking to her. Some days had already passed since the funeral, and I had heard nothing from the Stockdales; nor had I seen them or been invited to visit them. I did not wish to write to Fairy, and I could not well ask to have a private interview with her; and in paying a formal visit, it was not likely that I should have an opportunity of making such inquiries as I wished; indeed, it was evidently Stockdale's intention to keep me at a distance.

At length, as no other course seemed open to me, I determined to walk out to the Cottage, in hopes that accident perhaps might afford me the opportunity I desired. That afternoon, therefore, I did so; and on reaching the churchyard, I passed through it, and followed the pathway across the fields. I had not gone more than a hundred yards along it, when I saw my cousin a little in advance of me, walking slowly homewards. A few rapid steps brought me to her side. 'O Fairy,' I said as we shook hands, 'I am glad I happened to find you. I was just on my way to the Cottage. Where have you been? To Rathminster?'

'No, Tom,' she said; 'I have been to the churchyard to see my mother's grave;' and she burst into tears. We walked on in silence for some time, until she had recovered her composure; and then looking up into my face, she said: 'O Tom, I am very glad we happened to meet; for there is one thing I wish to say to you. I don't like to speak to Robert about it; but I should like to be buried, Tom, when I die, beside mother.' She spoke quite calmly; but her extreme paleness, and a strange expression which I had never seen in her face before, alarmed me; and I exclaimed: 'Why, Fairy, tell me, are you ill? Is there anything the matter with you?'

'O no,' she replied; 'nothing. But I know that I shan't live long, and I could not speak to Robert about it—it would vex him so. Another thing,' she continued, 'that I wished to say to you is, that you must not think me changed towards you, or that I am forgetting my dear old friend. O Tom, don't think hardly of me, or forget me, whatever happens. Pray, don't, for you are now my dearest, my only friend. But what I mean to say is'—Here she hesitated a little. Then she continued: 'The fact is, Tom, that Robert, somehow, does not like you as he should. But he does not know you as I do. And you must not be hard upon him. It is some unaccountable prejudice of his; but I thought it best to tell

you, as I feared you might wonder at his manner towards you, and at my not writing, or asking you to our house.'

'Well,' I replied, 'I am sorry he has taken a dislike to me. I am sure I have never given him any ground for it. At anyrate, it will have no effect upon my feelings for you. But tell me, Fairy, is he very kind to you?'

I was angry with myself the moment I had asked this question, for the blood rushed into my cousin's cheeks, and I observed that her lips quivered.

'Tom,' she said, 'you have no right to'—Then she stopped abruptly, and covered her face with her hands; and I could see that she was weeping.

'Fairy,' I cried, 'forgive me; and don't be vexed. You must think of me as your brother now. I feel as if you were my sister, and you cannot wonder that I am anxious to hear that you are happy.'

She then said, as she grew quite calm again: 'Oh, I am not angry, Tom; and I forgot. After the promise you made my mother, you have a right to take care of me. But don't think, pray, don't think for a moment that Robert does not love me. Indeed, he does. He's very fond of me. And you know,' she added, as she gave a little laugh—very sad, it sounded to me—'one must give up some of one's own way when one marries. I have promised, you must know, Mr Rivers, to obey.'

'Well, Fairy, will you allow me to ask another question?'

'Yes, Tom, I shan't be so foolish again.'

'Can you tell me then,' I said, 'what made your mother so anxious that I should make that promise?'

'Oh, I don't know,' she replied. 'At least, I fancy it may be that she thought me sometimes unhappy. You see, I used always to be so merry and childish; but that goes off, you know, when one grows older and is married. And Robert is sometimes low-spirited, and things put him out; and I suppose I can't help being vexed when matters go wrong with him. If you ever marry, Tom, and so justify the report we heard, you will find that you will have then more than your own troubles to bear. And I, you know, had never anything to grieve me all my life. I do think my only trials were parting from you when you went to sea; and so, except on that account or for some childish annoyance, mamma never saw me grieved in any way; and I suppose she thought me changed, as perhaps I am a little. That must have been her reason.—But remember,' she persisted, looking up into my face as she laid her hand upon my arm—'remember always, Robert is very very fond of me!'

We spoke no more on this subject; Fairy seemed to wish to avoid it. And I had heard enough. I knew now that my cousin's married life was not, and would not be a happy life. She had not said that her husband was kind to her; she had been unable to say that. 'Alas, alas!' I thought, 'what will become of my darling Fairy, linked to one who can treat her harshly?'

I felt, however, that there was still another matter on which I was anxious to be informed; so I spoke to Fairy of myself and what had happened to me, since we met, of the letters I had

received from home, and those I had written. And then I took occasion to ask her how she got my letters, whether she went to the post-office herself, or who brought them. And then she told me with a shy little smile, that ever since that morning on which I had left Rathminster, Robert Stockdale used to call, when at home, at the office, and bring her any letters that might be for her. 'Though they were few enough, and hardly ever one from you, Tom,' she added. She was glad I thought, to have this little instance of her husband's attentiveness, to tell me. Poor Fairy! But I remembered that Stockdale was familiar with my handwriting, and that my initials stood out clearly on the seal. And I now knew for certain what had become of my lost letter.

'And perhaps you have forgotten a letter which had a primrose inside it. Did he bring you that one?' I inquired.

'O yes, Tom,' she said; 'it was the first one he brought me. I remember it very well, and your dreadful leap. As you did not name your reward, I thought a lock of my hair would be quite recompense enough for so rash an act.'

'Why, Fairy, did I ask for nothing? Was there nothing in the letter but the primrose?'

'Nothing,' she answered. 'I remember quite well. You merely said in a postscript that you inclosed the flower.'

'And from whom did you hear that I was going to be married?' I asked.

'Oh, Robert heard it ever so long ago in Liverpool; and we wondered that you never mentioned it to us. But tell me, was it not true?'

'No, Fairy,' I exclaimed; 'it was a lie. But never mind; it makes no difference now. I understand how the report arose.'

It was clear as daylight now what had happened. Stockdale had withheld my private letter to Fairy. The flower he had not removed, because it was only mentioned in the postscript, and he did not understand its import; and I had been totally misled by poor Fairy's gift. I could not tell Fairy the baseness of her husband; and it required all my power of self-restraint to conceal my emotion. I changed the subject; and we walked on slowly, saying little until we reached a little wood through which the pathway led. We were now close to the Cottage; and I, having no inclination to meet Stockdale, determined to bid Fairy good-bye and return to the town.

'Promise me,' I said, 'that you will certainly write if ever you should require my help.'

'O yes, Tom,' she steadily answered; 'I promise.'

I was not satisfied. I had taken her hand to bid her farewell, and still held it in mine. I feared that she might need my assistance and yet not ask for it. 'Promise,' I said, 'that you will write at any time that you feel in your heart your dear mother would have wished that you should. Promise that, Fairy, and I shall be content.'

What her answer might have been, I do not know; for at that moment Stockdale dashed out from among the trees close to us, his face distorted with rage. 'So,' he cried, addressing his wife, and almost unable to speak with excitement, 'this is the way you go to see your mother's grave! Oh, I understood your deceit from the first! Did not I tell you, you were to have nothing more to do with this person? And yet you at once make

an appointment with him. Over him I have no authority; he may do as he pleases, so as he does not interfere with me and mine. But once for all, my wife shall obey me, or it will be worse for her!

Fairy remained wonderfully calm through this outburst on the part of her husband. I could see she was vexed that I was witness of it; but she bore it so patiently herself, that I felt sure it was of no uncommon occurrence.

When Stockdale had finished speaking, she said very quietly: 'You are quite mistaken, Robert. You know I wanted you to come with me, and you would not. And Tom overtook me quite accidentally as I was returning.' Then fearing, I think, that if she remained, her husband might display yet further his harshness towards herself and the cruel jealousy of his temper, she turned to me, and said: 'Good-bye, Tom.' One touch of her gentle hand, one kind look from those dark-gray eyes—the last—and my darling cousin had gone. And Stockdale and I remained upon the path.

He was the first to speak. 'Rivers,' he said, 'you have heard what I have said to my wife. Perhaps you think me wrong—perhaps you think me unjust. I don't mean to discuss the matter with you. But one thing you must understand is, that I won't endure—no, not for a moment—any interference of yours in my concerns. And it's as well that I should have this opportunity of asking you what you meant by that promise you made Mrs Pearson?'

I found some difficulty in replying to him. I had scarcely understood his question, filled as my mind was with the thought of his treachery towards myself, and his cruelty to one whom I loved better than my life, and who, but for his baseness, it might have been my happiness to cherish and protect. As I hesitated, he continued, in his rough overbearing manner: 'Come, it is better that we should understand one another. What did you mean by that promise?'

'Well,' I replied, 'I have no objection to answer you. What I meant by that promise was this: that I should consider Annie as my sister, and that I should act a brother's part by her whenever she should stand in need of it.'

'Brother! sister!' exclaimed Stockdale with a sneer. 'It's but lately you thought of such a relationship. I know more about the matter than you imagine.'

'Stockdale,' I replied, 'in one thing you are right, and it's better, as you said, that we should clearly understand one another. I understand you, what you mean, and what you are. And now you shall understand me. You think I have for my cousin a love greater than a brother's for his sister. Perhaps that is true. When we were children together, and I was her constant companion, and when to please her used to be my chief delight, I loved her with more than a brother's love, and every year that has passed over our heads since has added to the strength of my affection. In childhood, in boyhood, I loved her as only one who had known her so long and so well could. And when I became a man, then it was the dearest hope of my life that one day I might be able to ask her to become my wife. It was this hope that made separation from her tolerable; it was this hope that nerved me to work as few have done; it was this hope that

enabled me to win the position which I now hold; and then, after years of patience and of toil, when the time came that I had a right to ask her to be my wife, and I wrote to her—for I could not come to see her—you basely stole my letter!—Yes,' I said, for his lips moved as if he was going to speak; 'I know it all, and it's useless for you to deny it—you basely read and kept back more than one letter of mine to her. It is you who have robbed me of my hope, and made life for me a ruin! I know what your love for her is—a feeling unworthy of that holy name—for I have heard you speak to her. Learn now what my love for her is. When I can see the man before me who has spoken to her as you have spoken, and has done me the injury that you have done, and yet leave him unpunished, it is because I love her.—And now, mark me, Stockdale!' I continued. 'You wished to know the meaning of my promise to Mrs Pearson. Well, I believe you treat my cousin cruelly. If so, let me warn you of this, that her love for you is your protection—keep that protection if you can; for take my solemn warning that if you lose it, I shall fulfil my promise to her mother in a way that only one you have so injured can!'

Stockdale made no reply. He stood before me pale and motionless, and I turned to leave him. As I did so, he asked me in a low voice whether I intended to come and see his wife. I answered: 'No; not unless she asks me to do so.'

'That,' I heard him say, 'she will never do while she lives.'

And we parted. I had nothing to keep me in Rathminster—my staying there could do no good, would only increase the unreasoning jealousy of Stockdale, and make Fairy's life more miserable; so I returned to England.

STORY OF QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

THERE may be some Englishmen, or even Englishwomen, who are not yet acquainted with the life and history of the great and noble Queen Louise of Prussia, mother of the present Emperor of Germany William I., and wife of King Frederick-William III. Therefore, when I heard of the celebration of the unveiling of the 'Louisen-monument' in the Thiergarten of Berlin, on the 10th of March 1880, I thought a slight sketch of her life, illustrated with a few of those touching little stories which keep her memory green in the hearts of her Prussian subjects, might perhaps be acceptable to English readers.

Louise, queen of Prussia, was born in Hanover on the 10th of March 1776. She was the daughter of Prince Karl of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and of Princess Frederika Caroline Louise of Hesse-Darmstadt. Whilst but nine years of age, she suffered, in the death of her mother, the greatest misfortune that can befall a child. Her life had thus a sad beginning. Her father removed from town into a quiet country-place called Herrenhausen, and here Louise enjoyed for over two years a quiet and peaceful country-life. But soon her father discovered that the fond care and attention of a mother was necessary in his large family of children; and he resolved to marry their aunt, Princess Charlotte, sister of his first wife, which marriage took place in 1784. This occurrence brought our little Princess Louise from her

tranquil asylum of Herrenhausen, she having then removed along with her father and second mother to Hanover.

Louise was again doomed to sorrow and misfortune; for in little more than a year after the marriage, her second mother was also taken from her, again making her father's house the house of mourning. He therefore left Hanover once more with his family, in order to place them under the care of their grandmother, the Landgravine of Hesse-Darmstadt. Here the education of the little Princess Louise was intrusted to a Swiss lady, Mademoiselle de Gilieu, who proved herself at once a devoted teacher and kind friend to the motherless child. It was with this lady that Louise wandered about from cottage to cottage of the poor, appearing like a little angel in the abodes of sorrow and sickness. These few years passed with very few interruptions in her quiet studious life. When she was thirteen years old, one of her sisters was married to Prince Karl Alexander of Thurn and Taxis, and this event was the means of drawing Louise into a gayer sphere. Louise and her sister Frederika were invited by their new relatives to witness the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II. in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, on which occasion she formed an intimacy with the mother of the great German poet Goethe, in whose house she and her sister spent many a happy hour.

It is related by a lady who was acquainted with Goethe's mother, that on one occasion the young Princesses were out in the yard amusing themselves, as other children would, by pumping water out of the well. Madame their attendant, a lady to whom etiquette was law, was engaged in conversation with Goethe's mother when this sport began. At length noticing how the two children were engaged, and that both were highly delighted with their occupation, she sprang up aghast, intending to call them in. Mrs Goethe tried to persuade her not to disturb them in their innocent amusement, especially as it could not do them any harm. But persuasion was of no avail. Madame thought it quite contrary to all dignity that Princesses should have their little skirts tucked up, and be thus pumping water like little peasants. She was bent upon calling them in; Mrs Goethe was equally bent upon leaving them alone. She would not have the children interfered with in their harmless amusement. Telling Madame, therefore, to make herself comfortable, she ran to the door and locked it, leaving Madame prisoner on the other side. 'I was so sorry for the poor children,' she said afterwards, in describing what happened; 'and would rather have taken any consequences on myself, than let them be interfered with in the few little games which they only could play at my house; and I was very glad to hear them say on leaving, that they had never amused themselves so much before.'

The French Revolution having thrown its brand of discord into Rhineland, Louise, with her grandmother and her sister Frederika, was obliged to leave Frankfort and go to Hildburghausen, where her eldest sister was the wife of the ruling Duke Frederick. Here she remained till the recapture of Frankfort from the French in December 1792; from which city, which had now become the headquarters of German attack, the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt wrote to Louise's grandmother, asking her to return with her grandchildren from Hild-

burghausen by way of Frankfort, at which place they were to be introduced to their high relative the king of Prussia, whose mother and Louise's mother were first-cousins. Louise therefore, with her sister Frederika, and accompanied by their grandmother, came to Frankfort, where, at the very first meeting, she won the heart of the Crown-Prince of Prussia. 'That is the one, or no one else on earth,' said he to himself. Her sister Frederika at the same time found a lover in Prince Ludwig, brother of the Crown-Prince; and ten months afterwards, two weddings took place, the one uniting Louise and the Crown-Prince, the other Frederika and Ludwig—an event which caused great joy throughout entire Germany. A story indicative of the Princess Louise's kindly nature, is told in connection with the marriage. A triumphal arch had been built in front of the Emperor William's palace; and forty young maidens, all the daughters of Berlin citizens, dressed in white, were in attendance to welcome the young Princess. A very pretty girl was chosen to hand a poem to the Princess Louise, welcoming her with a few appropriate verses. Louise, charmed with the sweetness of the little reciter, and yielding to the impulse of a free, unaffected, and loving nature, stooped down and warmly embraced and kissed the child.

Louise, whose grace and beauty had already taken the hearts of her future subjects by storm, became now the very pattern of a true and noble woman, an affectionate and devoted wife. She often regretted that her education had been so much more French than German. Such was a whim of the time. France at that period gave the tone to manners and education, German literature being only in its infancy, and the German language itself entirely neglected by the upper classes. It is well known, for instance, that Frederick the Great could not speak his own mother-tongue correctly. Louise therefore most zealously set about to remedy her deficiencies in this respect by persevering study, at the same time assisting and encouraging those scholars who had imposed it as a duty on themselves to banish all Gallicisms, and to elevate the standard of their own neglected literature. Especially did Louise's heart rebel against the rigid court etiquette, also a product of France, which then prevailed. She desired to act in her own free and natural way, and that others should have the same liberty. With a heart tender and impulsive, she disliked such excess of etiquette as interfered with her methods of doing good, and with her modest but happy family and country life.

Her first step towards a reformation of German customs was, that she and her husband should address each other without those formalities which had hitherto been enacted by the etiquette of the court. She also set aside the custom of the court that the illustrious spouse should only enter the private apartments of his wife after being first announced by the Mistress of the Ceremonies; asking whether it would please Her Royal Highness to grant His Royal Highness an interview. It was now the rule that Frederick-William saw Louise whenever he pleased, without any ceremony of announcement. These innovations in court manners and customs were not, however, effected without many remonstrances on the part of those who saw in such changes the end of all dignity, as

they conceived dignity to be. The Mistress of Ceremonies, for instance, was greatly perplexed when the Prince gave up the formality of being introduced by her to his wife's apartments, and spoke earnestly with His Highness on the subject, explaining to him the serious consequences that must ensue from so bad an example. His Highness listened respectfully, and seemed to take the matter in earnest, saying with a smile: 'Very well, Madame; I will follow your kind advice. Have the goodness, then, to go to her Royal Highness the Crown-Princess of Prussia and say, her humble husband would be greatly pleased if her Royal Highness would most graciously vouchsafe him an audience.'

Madame's face beamed with joy—she had at last saved the honour of the court—and she sailed majestically away to convey to her Royal Highness this high-toned message. But—could it be possible? On entering the room, she found his Royal Highness had got there before her, and was sitting side by side with Louise on a couch, his arm lovingly encircling her waist! He burst out laughing. Madame stood aghast, unable to speak.

'Well, dear Madame,' said the Prince, 'you now know that my Louise and I can always see each other whenever we please, and this without giving anybody trouble. You are a very good woman, and a very good Mistress of Ceremonies; but it is only fair and Christian-like that a man should be able to see his wife whenever he likes.'

Thus Louise came to be the prime restorer of some good old German customs which in course of time had been displaced by French manners—more refined possibly, but less natural and sincere.

Louise was in all respects a good and devoted wife, domesticated and economical in her habits, and a shining example to her sex. Besides, Nature had endowed her with much grace and beauty. She was tall and well formed; with a sweet and noble face, large blue eyes, and a head of lovely golden curls, that were simply combed back. She wanted no artificial adornment to make her look a queen. Her state robes, necessary to one in her position, seemed a burden to her; and when she returned from such court festivities as obliged her to appear in courtly apparel, she did not feel happy and at home until she had taken them off, and was again in her usual elegant yet simple attire, her favourite summer costume of white muslin. At home in a little family circle, surrounded by a few old friends, there Louise felt happy once more, and there Frederick-William felt again in possession of his pearl. Well might he have exclaimed, when finding themselves *tête-à-tête*: 'Now Louise, I am happy; now I know you are my wife.'

'But am I not always your wife?' said she.

'No,' he replied; 'you must too often be the Crown-Princess.'

Many a time they would be seen walking arm in arm Unter den Linden, or promenading in the Thiergarten, taking a lively interest in all that passed around them; now and then stopping and talking to some poor old man or woman, inquiring into their circumstances, rendering help if needed; and at all events leaving a pleasant remembrance behind them. But the happiest time of Frederick-William and his beloved Louise was spent at Paretz, a village about ten miles from Potsdam. There they enjoyed the blessings of a peaceful

country-life, and, as was most pleasing to the Prince, the rest and independence of a private gentleman. No luxury was found in this little Eden. All and everything was country-like, even to the very furniture. The Prince had this little retreat built specially for himself, because the beautiful and luxurious castle of Oranienburg, which the king presented to Louise on her first birthday as Crown-Princess of Prussia, was found too large and unhomely to please the young couple, and the neighbourhood too noisy. When the little castle of Paretz was to be built, the Prince expressed distinctly the desire that all should be constructed and arranged as if it were only for a farmer. He was happy as the Squire of Paretz, and Louise as the Lady or Lady-Queen of Paretz, as the peasants sometimes called her. In the midst of happy country-folks, the royal couple were the most happy. At harvest-time Louise took part in her villagers' rural amusements. Once, it is related, her royal husband had promised them a ball for the next harvest-home. It was to take place just in front of the castle. Villagers in their own way are very fond of grandeur, and no doubt this harvest-home, to which the noble Squire and his Lady had invited them was the subject of many plans and deliberations. In the evening, the promised ball came off, and was opened by the Squire-Prince and the Lady-Princess. The delighted villagers, young and old, followed suit of their beloved master. The first dance being over, it was the Lady's turn to dance, according to old German custom, with the head male servant; whilst the Squire had to choose the head maid-servant for his partner; and what was thus the custom, the Prince and Princess made their duty.

Here let us tell a little story which pictures Louise as an amiable hostess, mindful of the comforts of her guests. One of her frequent visitors, a special friend of her husband, was an old General, called Kuckeritz. This old soldier, after having dined with his royal friends, always manifested at a certain time a peculiar nervousness and restlessness, as if wishing to depart; whilst at other hours of the day he was only too glad to stay and have a friendly chat. But after dinner he always shewed this great anxiety to get home. Louise was puzzled at the old man's strange behaviour, and resolved to find out the cause. She made inquiries of his steward, who after a few questions explained that the old General had indulged for so many years in the habit of smoking a long pipe after dinner, that now he could not possibly do without it. The next time the old General came to dine, he exhibited after the repast the same nervous restlessness, and rose to take leave. Whereupon Louise rose too, and said: 'Wait a little, General; I want to shew you something.' She went into the next room. On her return, she held a long pipe already filled, in one hand, and a burning wax-light and a 'spill,' in the other. Handing the pipe to the astonished old man, and lighting the spill, she said: 'There, my old General; make yourself comfortable; this time you shall not desert us.'

But those happy days of quiet 'living for each other' soon came to a close. On the 16th November 1797, the king died; and with the crown, the responsibilities, sorrows, and anxieties

of a monarch devolved upon Louise's husband, King Frederick-William III. The young king and queen took up their residence at Berlin, choosing for their abode not the King's, but the less luxurious Crown-Prince's Palace. The financial circumstances of Prussia being rather weak, the king and queen wisely refrained from extravagances. Moreover, Louise's great pleasure was to do good and make sad faces bright, often spending so much out of her own pin-money, that she had not enough left for her moderate personal needs. Her husband at one time becoming anxious on this account, gently remonstrated with her about this too extensive liberality. 'How hard it is,' said she, 'to hear of want and misery and not be able to give help.' He kissed her, and filled her purse.

As Louise was a liberal donor to all public benevolent undertakings and institutions, so she also shewed a willing heart to help and encourage private individuals who wanted her notice. Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, and many others experienced this. But not to the great and accomplished alone was Louise the protecting genius; any one in trouble she was ever ready to help.

By-and-by, Napoleon's ambitious projects drew Germany into war, and state affairs began to monopolise the attention of the king and queen. Louise was at this time in very delicate health, partly caused through the loss of her youngest child, partly from the threatening advent of political disturbances. The king himself was deeply occupied with state affairs. The queen was absent for the sake of her health at the baths of Pyrmont, when the king resolved upon war and prepared for the outbreak. Anxious about her recovery, he had kept this step a secret from her until she returned to Charlottenburg, where he himself informed her of his preparations. When Louise heard of the declaration of war, she approved of it with heart and soul, as it was for a cause in which the honour of the king her husband and of his subjects was involved. As she always used to accompany the king at reviews and manoeuvres, so she was now his faithful companion during the war. She had shared with him the enjoyments of their happy days, and she was now willing to share with him the troubles, sorrows, and privations of darker times. This unhappy war, however, broke both the health and the heart of Louise. After the Peace of Tilsit, she returned to Berlin, but was no more the same. Her eyes, so full of life and spirit in her happy days, were now dim with weeping, and her cheeks were pale. She received a sad but still a joyful reception, and was once more made aware how much her people loved her. 'Nothing,' she wrote about this time, 'will dazzle me any more; my kingdom is not of this world.'

As if in presentiment of her early death, she devoted herself with redoubled care to the mental development of her children. 'Justice, faith, love,' was the legend on her favourite seal; and her motto was, 'God is my trust.' 'I do not complain,' she one time said, 'that the days of my life were cast in this unhappy epoch. Perhaps my existence gave life to children who may one day contribute to the welfare of mankind.' In a letter to her father, she says: 'Time and circumstances educate and form the character of man.

It may be good for our children that they experienced the dark phases of life in their youthful days. Had they grown up in abundance and comfort, they might have thought it perhaps all a matter of course.' 'Our William' [the present Emperor of Germany] 'will,' she wrote to her father, 'if I am not very mistaken, be entirely like his father, simple, upright, and sensible. Even in his appearance, he bears the greatest resemblance, only he will not be so handsome. You see, my dear father, I am still in love with my husband.'

She was not much longer to be spared to them. Whilst on a visit to her father, whom she had not seen for some years, she was taken ill. The king at the same time lay sick in bed in Charlottenburg, struck down with fever. As soon as he felt able to travel he rejoined his beloved Louise, but only in time to see her die, to close those eyes which were the light of his life. When the king arrived, Louise expressed her gratification at seeing him, and inquired with whom he came. 'Fritz and William,' said the king, and as he spoke he could not restrain his tears. 'I will go and fetch them,' he said, and left the room.

'Am I then so very ill?' Louise inquired of her sister Frederika. 'The king seems to bid me farewell. Oh, tell him,' said she—'tell him he must not do so, or else I shall die on the spot.'

The king re-entered, leading the two Princes. They knelt down before their mother's bed; but another attack of cramp in the chest seized her. Some beef-tea was brought in for her, which the king endeavoured to persuade her to take. She could not; she was too weak. Once more he lost all composure, and left the room. 'Do,' said Louise to Frederika, 'drink it yourself; it will grieve him so to see that I could not take it.'

Dr Heim had followed the king, to inform him that the queen was near her end.

'Oh,' exclaimed the king, 'I am an unhappy man; if she were not mine, she would live; but since she is my wife, I must lose her!'

On re-entering, he found Louise struggling for breath.

'Air! air!' she gasped. 'Lord, make it short for me!' and sank back.

And so died this amiable and charming woman on the 19th of July 1810, at the early age of thirty-four.

THE UGLY DUCKLING THEORY.

ALL, of course, are well acquainted with the old story of the Ugly Duckling, which, flouted by its more gainly brothers and sisters, passed through a series of unpleasant adventures to emerge at length a graceful and majestic swan. Great, I don't hesitate to aver, was the chagrin of its former tormentors. The truth therein contained is one that comes home more strikingly to us just as we are entering the struggle of life, and are first trying the temper of the weapons with which the experience of older warriors has furnished us. Never, when rubbing shoulders with the unprosperous, to forget that success may await them in the future, is a golden rule, and one that I as a young man have of late had frequent cause to resolve to keep most strictly. It is not for

me to moralise, but to sketch a few instances in which I have, to my sorrow, played the Ugly Duckling's brother. I think it was Talleyrand who favoured the theory that no change in the national affairs was impossible or to be despaired of. That, I now feel, should be applied to all men's private fortunes; that is the way in which all of us who aspire to be men of the world, should regard the present status of brother men with whom we come in contact in daily life. With the prosperous, of course, the proper line of steering comes naturally to us, and should we err on the side of politeness, little or no harm is done. With the unprosperous, it is different; at the outset, we are apt to forget the future possibilities that lie in the way of those on whom, through peculiar circumstances, we may be led to look with feelings of superiority, and whom we are tempted to treat accordingly. So hear the words of a youthful philosopher, whose eyes are just being opened to the mistakes he has made in a short life, and who is naturally prone to give its full importance to the lesson he has learned.

There was firstly—this is a very strong case, and causes me great pain even now—there was Louty Larpent, who was at school with me some eight years ago. He was a Scotchman, and big and awkward, and that accounted for the alliterative nickname by which we knew him. He was the biggest boy in the Lower School, above which he never rose save by the head and shoulders; and out of school, putting his easy good-nature aside, he had no virtues that we knew of. The name of Larpent was not written in the golden list of the Eleven or the Eight; he won no cups at the athletic sports; his hand was not cunning with the fives-bat or the racquet. Neither did the æsthetic clique who dressed neatly and read novels and had vague ideas of politics and furnished their rooms with brackets and pictures, own him as one of them. Positively, he had no virtues to earn our respect. Why, then, was Louty Larpent to be treated with anything but hauteur by the boys who divided among themselves these honourable distinctions? No reason appearing to the contrary to those select ones, Louty Larpent *was* treated with the disdain which in our eyes was his due. And verily they—I was one of them—had their reward. This inferior object disappeared from our sight.

We dispersed to various quarters, the above-mentioned select ones chiefly to the Varsity, where also we from time to time gathered that Larpent was leading an obscure career, unseen in our brilliant circles. In time, some of us came to London, and threw ourselves into professions with more or less zeal and ability. Now, it happened that at the last great levée at St James's, I with two others of the old school having, as was and is often the case, some time to spare, wandered in that direction to see the grandees arrive. A noble peer who, as a statesman, enjoyed our esteem, and was also popular with the multitude, shortly drove up in such state as befitted the occasion; and we all pressed round the carriage to get a good view of him. He walked in, leaning on the arm of his

private secretary, and the mob in their enthusiasm gave the latter a share in the ovation. We were swept close to them. Disentangling ourselves, we turned to one another with perplexed looks of inquiry. Our first thoughts were most certainly correct, odd as it seemed. It *was* Louty Larpent; Larpent, and no other, grown into a stalwart handsome man, dressed by a first-rate London tailor, success and confidence in every motion; the well-paid secretary and trusted friend of a Duke! Oh! how, when our surprise had subsided, we pitied the Duke and the country, and wondered how he managed with such a dolt at his elbow! And then we parted; and as we strolled our various ways, how we severally, like the snobs we were, blamed our own conceit, and wished we had shewn a little more fellow-feeling at school, and called at college a little more often on Louty Larpent—I beg his pardon—Augustus Larpent, Esq., of the Reform Club and Epperton Chambers, Jernyn Street. Yes; that was a very bad case—for us. I saw Larpent's name at the Duchess of Tiptop's dinner last evening. Ah!

Then there was Salter, who at school enjoyed a better position than Larpent, but yet was not quite admitted into the first circles. He was clever, and was also good in the playing-field; but some notion that he was of low birth, had found its way into and become fixed in the school mind, so that his many personal virtues were overlooked. It was not the thing to be too intimate with Salter. But when we went to the University, our goose rapidly became a swan. He had money, and as I have said, his own qualities were eminent, and of themselves sufficient to win his way anywhere. We who began by patronising him, ended by considering an invitation to his rooms as something to be mentioned in public. Who but Salter gave the best boat-breakfasts to the boat of which he was himself the stroke, and was at the same time President of the Wine Club, and a member of the Athletic Committee! He took a fairly good degree, and was considered by the Dons as the most healthy specimen of the rich Undergraduate that had been seen at that College for some time. His name will there survive years after the men are forgotten who when they first came up to the Varsity, made a private mem. not to have too much to do with that fellow Salter. The last I heard of him, he was yachting in the Mediterranean with some of the University Eight.

Again, it was at a country-house where they kept a pack of beagles, that I remember I met Mulleton. The house was full of girls, all wildly devoted to hare-hunting, &c.; and such men as were there were, with the exception of Mulleton, of one mind with them, men of muscle, whose talk was of leaping fire-barred gates and running nine miles an hour across country. The place was entirely given up to sport, and nothing else was talked of. Mulleton, who knew nothing of the wiliness of the gentle hare, was completely 'out of it;' and in the evening, when the floor was cleared for a dance, none of his partners could do his step—the latest from Vienna, he asserted—and so they voted him a bad waltzer. The general verdict of all was that Mulleton was a failure, that there was nothing in him, and that he was a wet-blanket. Finally, this round man in a square hole was so much chafed, that he departed, and very little regret was even affected. A few

months later, the height of the London season: scene, Rotten Row, which we, who are new to town-life and have few acquaintances, find sufficiently dull. Suddenly in front of us, Muffleton, arrayed in the height of the fashion and attended by others of his kind. His hat is off half-a-dozen times before he reaches us, while every Bond Street loungeer owns him 'one of us' by nod or gesture. Instantly we acknowledge Muffleton's greatness. Now he is on his own ground, and we prepare to salute him warmly. We do so. How odd! Muffleton seems scarcely to recognise us, and barely returns our nod, so busy is he with his carriage acquaintances. Ah, we were very foolish not to make a point of conciliating a cock of such brilliant plumage, when he was on our dunghill. Such a small one as ours was too, we moralise, as the endless stream of people passes, and every face is the face of a stranger.

Then there was Jephson; his case was of the same kind. He came to visit some people in a small country-town where I was at that time staying; and the parsons and the lawyers and doctors refused to have anything to say to the young stranger, and even looked askance at his entertainers. True, they said, his father was enormously rich, and had a title of some sort, and was in parliament; and the young fellow himself was gentlemanly enough, and was reputed clever; but—he was a Jew. London people, they said, might overlook it; but it was there, and they would not. Short-sighted mortals! It was a bitter pill for Slowbridge when young Jephson appeared again a little later, this time as the guest of Lady Bridgeton, and they found that the county-folk were well inclined to be blind to his religion and his birth in view of certain countervailing circumstances. And, bitterest pill of all, his former host and hostess, though comparatively humble, were asked to dinner by Lady Bridgeton, and petted by the county magnates who knew not Slowbridge. And all in honour of Albert Jephson! The ancient race may feel quite sure of a warm if not sincere welcome in Lady Bridgeton's pocket borough, for the unlucky mistake has swept away that prejudice at least.

Who, again, would have expected old 'Auntie Patch,' as we used to call him, the butt of our set at school and college, to hold his own anywhere? He used to stammer, poor old man, and had over and above that, several curious though harmless tricks which had aroused alike our laughter and scorn. Then too he was given to more serious thoughts of religion than generally fall to boys; and yet the set among whom he was enabled to return my old careless contempt by very substantial support and countenance, was far from being a strait-laced one. I went as one of his staff to a very large army crammer in whose establishment moral, or in fact any discipline was by no means a strong point. I found it difficult to maintain even a position of equality surrounded by a set of pupils as old as myself or older, and possessed of more knowledge of the world. A more reckless set of fellows it has never been my lot to be amongst; they were, by all the efforts of our experienced head, hardly kept within the bounds of outward decency. Old Auntie Patch was curate of the parish, and in that capacity, though I do not know how, had won the thorough liking, ay, and the respect of

those four or five dozen reprobates who liked or respected little that was good. When they discovered that I had been a schoolfellow of Patch's, a friend too—so he was pleased to put it to them, for my benefit—I found my task lightened by one half. My position was already secured; and I was able to go through my time there with so much success, that I doubt not Patch's next friend would be received with no diminished honour. How he who had been despised as a muff by schoolboys and undergraduates, had gained such a hold over these youngsters, who were thoughtless, reckless, and unprincipled, was a mystery. But it was a fact also.

Then, how in the world was it that we thought so little of Redtapeson, when he was reading along with us in chambers? We were all idle enough, and consequently ignorant enough, but we all knew more than he did. Didn't we put ridiculous questions to him, the point of which he never saw, but would search his books for hours for what existed only in our mad brains? Did we not christen him the Lord Chancellor, and chaff him mightily about his chances of getting briefs? Yes; we did all this; and it is only two years since Redtapeson left us and was called to the Bar. We've had no briefs, at least—well, one or two; while, whether it is his connection, or some virtue hidden from us, but revealed to solicitors, he has almost as much as he can do—a great deal more, some of us think—and bids fair to be a Queen's Counsel before he is five-and-forty. The laugh is all on his side now as he hurries into court with a bagful of briefs, and casts a smiling nod in the direction of us learned but idle expectants.

It is not for me to point the moral, or advise those on the upper rounds of the ladder to avoid treading on the fingers of those below them, lest if the position should be reversed, their own knuckles may suffer. Of illustrations I have cited sufficient; but there are many more in my mind and before my eyes. There was Doggett, who was ploughed three times for the army, but getting through at last, was sent on active service, was present at the capture of a king, and returned to England in a few months a war-worn hero, much to the discomfiture of certain fellow-pupils who derided his efforts.

A SCOTCH BANK-NOTE.

TATTERED and dirty, yet a welcome guest
In bravest company and in stateliest hall;
Nor scorned by most fastidious of them all;
By daintiest jewelled finger kindly prest,
Though soiled from grimy factory or stall:
Purveyor of the banquet and the ball,
And poor man's loaf; prince like a beggar drest!
Meseems from thee some words of warning fall,
Since sovereign worth can shew itself so small,
To value not the virtue by the vest:
A workman's garb may clothe a royal breast,
A dim dull scabbard hide a weapon keen,
The shrine may glow behind a curtain mean,
And hands of horn disguise a king or queen.

J. H.

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POOR FOLKS AS FUNDHOLDERS.

THE powers of the new Savings-bank Act are now in force; and he or she who has ten pounds, may stand in the proud position of a state creditor. Previously, it was difficult to buy less than one hundred pounds of Consols; and there were few proprietors of that amount, because those holding government securities were for the most part rich people. The extreme safety of money placed in the British Funds makes the various securities the most substantial investment in the world. Consols have long been the favourite depository for trustees, from their small liability to variation in value, from the facility of sale, and the ease in collecting the interest. Although three per cent. is a low return for capital in a great trading and commercial community like Britain, yet it satisfies a large number of wealthy people who can afford to take a small interest, and who are saved trouble in collecting it.

The stability of our empire is so unquestioned, that it satisfies the most timorous; for the utmost evil that can befall us is the commercial competition of progressive peoples. The storms of domestic politics never touch the financial basis of our society; and our conflicts with the outer world are limited to the savage and semi-savage races inhabiting the frontiers of our colonies. The throne is safe; the demands for wider liberties are satisfied as they rise; the national wealth is continually diffused among the toilers who show themselves worthy to participate in it; the future, in short, is bright with hope, and forecasts a richer, stronger, wiser England than that of to-day.

No wonder, then, that the British Funds are believed to be the most impregnable of strong-boxes in which to place money. He who has his store there may sleep in peace; no thieves can steal it, nor can moth or rust corrupt it. Another element of safety has also been afforded the bondholder by the endeavours which have been of late years made by successive governments to reduce the amount of our National Debt. The wonderful success which has attended the United States in its

resolution to abolish its enormous state obligations, has taught a lesson to British statesmen and financiers. Moreover, the opinions of thinking citizens respecting the Debt have undergone a profound change. A generation ago, it was supposed that a National Debt gave a solidity to the state, and that it would be dangerous to pay it off. Now, more rational views prevail. Public debt, like private debt, is considered a bad thing, and to be got rid of as soon and as judiciously as possible. Debt is dependence, and as such, dangerous. In the hey-day of our great commercial prosperity, we should do all we can to liberate ourselves from the burden which we inherit from ruder and more reckless times. The Debt has to be paid, and while it remains, demands its immense annual interest. Every taxpayer would rejoice if his share of the twenty-eight million eight hundred thousand pounds which has to be raised this year to pay the dividends of the Fundholders, were not to be drawn from his pocket. And who does not wish that future generations may be free from the imposts the Debt necessitates! For our Fundholders must have their interest before the Queen can be fed, before the army and navy can be maintained and equipped, before each of us can have a mouthful or a home; and the Debt must be paid off, if needs be, though all we individually and collectively possess be brought to the hammer under a general warrant of distraint. Nor is that all. Should the liquidation not produce enough to pay the national creditors, we should have to toil for them until the uttermost farthing was wiped off; for the honour of Britain could never be tarnished by repudiation.

It is because the honesty of the British government is above suspicion, that its creditors flock from every part of the world, and is the reason that it can borrow money at three per cent. No other government pays so lightly for its loans; and no other national debt stands so steadily in price through the most trying vicissitudes. It is significant of the adamant integrity of our government, that, when Ireland is a prey to agrarian disorder, when the Afghan war is still

smouldering, when South Africa is harassed by native wars, and when the Eastern Question fills commercial men with dread foreboding, Consols are quoted above *par*! If we compare the prices of other state securities with British at any time, we discover how lofty is the place this country holds in the opinion of the financial world.

The admission of humble investors into the goodly company of British Fundholders is a further proof of the strength of the empire. They are not invited to place their savings in the care of an embarrassed Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is no new loan issued to which they are requested to subscribe under the lure of high interest and a lottery ticket. The country is not suffering from any monetary malady of a wasting kind. It is true that dull trade has long prevailed; that agriculture is under a sombre cloud, and that the future seems menacing to many. But we must examine our standards of comparison, before we can come to right conclusions respecting our present position. Most people compare the exultant trade of 1871-5 with the recoil of 1877-80. But such are contrasts of quite dissimilar periods. It is as rational to compare high tides with low. The true basis of calculation lies between the *last* period of bad times and the present. Were the masses as well off in 1867-70 as they are now? Did Consols stand above *par* ten years ago?

The fact is, people were poorer than they now are by thirty per cent. It is owing to the immense increase in funded and capitalised wealth that Consols and all substantial investments are quoted so high. It is owing to this that poor folks have money to invest in State securities. Had the people been worse off, the new Savings-bank Act would have been an absurdity or, at least, an inutility. The grand determining cause of the Act was the wonderful growth of deposits in the savings-banks themselves. These had increased by twenty-six millions sterling in ten years. It had become imperative to find a new outlet for national thrift; hence the fractioning of one hundred pound Consols into ten-pound divisions. It is true that the funds of the savings-banks were placed in the hands of the Commissioners of the National Debt before; but in a manner that was unscientific, and which caused an annual loss to the Treasury. The state had placed a premium upon thrift; and the growth of it so exceeded the most sanguine expectations, that the savings-banks became a financial embarrassment to the government. The savings-banks were instituted to encourage the working classes in economy, and thus the state became the poor man's banker. The experiment proved that a great national want had been met; and then the Post-office with its marvellously capable machinery was attached. How much this added to the saving tendencies of the people, we know; and what further help it can render will be seen as the new Act proceeds to absorb the economies of the working classes. They are saving now more than fifty thousand pounds per week, bad as the times are; and there is reason to believe, with the improvement of trade, that the savings-banks will receive far greater sums than heretofore. For if there is any

characteristic of the people that has been rising into continually higher prominence, it is the habit of saving. The outcome of the trying years we are passing through will be found in a greater popular well-being than the most exaggerated prosperity could have produced. Poor people are like rich people; they are only taught through their errors, and they find the path of duty after traversing the road of adversity.

Among the great scientific verities brought to light in the present age is the transmission of parental traits to offspring. It is now known that we not only inherit the physical peculiarities of our fathers and mothers, but also their mental strengths and weaknesses. Thoughts and propensities become organised into conduct; and these become our heritage as much as the estates and other worldly belongings of our sires. Now, it is this growth of superior conduct which is beginning to be seen in the behaviour of the working classes. The propensity for saving became marked in the habits of their parents. It is further developed in themselves. It will be still stronger in their children; and finally, thrift will be as striking a characteristic of British people as it is of the French. Our economical neighbours did not attain to their admirable self-restraint by a sudden impulse. It was the sufferings of ages under merciless tyrannies of despotic kings and rapacious farmers-general, that taught their ancestors to utilise all edible things for food, and to conceal their money for supreme contingencies. What was a necessity for the peasant of the eighteenth century, has become a *habit* for the peasant of the nineteenth century. So it will be with the British people. Happily for us, the lessons of thrift, now bearing fruit, have not been enforced in the frightful fashion they were among the French. But the calamities which created the National Debt, during the forty years of revolutionary storms from 1776 to 1816, laid the foundations of the economical tendency which has now become so strong. Besides these, the masses have been won to saving habits by gentler social constraints, by the growth of a strong public opinion, and by the causes which have developed their intellectual and moral powers.

Rightly considered, the advance of temperance and teetotalism is the expression of a higher national understanding. Our fathers drank more than we do, because they did not comprehend the cost to mind, body and estate, which drink entails. A century ago, drunkenness was denounced by the moralists and clergy as loudly as it is now. Dr Johnson became a teetotaler, and used his great influence to stem the tide of debauchery, which threatened society with dissolution. Hogarth, by his pictures of Beer Street and Gin Lane, held up the vice to the execration and horror of mankind. But the intellectual protests were of the feeblest compared with the utterances of to-day. Now, it is Science which says to the tippler: 'Thou shalt not.' And the authoritative command is in a great measure obeyed. Why is this? Surely because the intelligence of the people has risen high enough to comprehend the reasons of the teacher! Science is now diffused through the whole population, and is producing a higher behaviour than obtained in the ignorant past. Morality is advantaged by this, and forbids drunkenness not only as harmful to the sot himself and his family, but as noxious to

the good health and welfare of the body politic. It is not content, as of old, to condemn the drunkard as a sinner, but holds him an enemy to the state. This interaction of science and morality is most remarkable, and is certain to have an increasing influence upon the habits of the people. By it the workman's wages will gradually flow less and less into the publican's till, thus swelling the volume of thrifty investments. As the modes of national recreation improve, and amusements become dissociated from drink and adapted to a superior order of taste, still greater economy of money and time will result.

Among advantages of an indirect kind that must follow from the investment of poor folk's money in the Funds, will be an increase of knowledge among the people of the causes which made the National Debt necessary. Naturally, workmen in talking among themselves about it, will attain clear ideas as to its origin, its astonishing increase during the reign of George III., its decline during the forty years' peace from Waterloo to the Crimean War, and its further diminution to the present day. The history of the Debt is a record of the great facts of British, European, and American history during the period it has existed. It proves by its startling figures that war is as frightful in money-waste as it is in the destruction of life and the multiplication of human miseries. Working-men who, by dint of hard saving and stern resistance to temptation, are able to invest ten pounds in Consols, cannot fail to be amazed at the almost supernatural sums which have been borrowed by the British government. They will wonder where all the money came from that has flowed through the Treasury. For instance, how could the Britain of a hundred years ago, with its small population, its limited trade and commerce, unaided by steam-factories, railways, and steam-fleets, raise the one hundred and two million pounds that were spent in the fruitless attempt to bind the American colonies to the yoke of the mother-country? Ten pounds is an invisible speck in that ocean of millions, thus all lavished. It bewilders one to think that such a sum could be lent to any government for such an object.

Our unfortunate embroilments with the French people added the incredible sum of three hundred and twenty-seven million pounds to the National Debt from 1793 to 1801. And more than forty million pounds were added during the two years' peace which followed the triumph of the French revolutionists. All that immense treasure, the fruits of British industry and economy, was wasted in foreign wars, in which we had little concern. When in 1815, the temple of War was closed, the people of Britain found that the Debt amounted to eight hundred and sixty million pounds. Yet this did not represent the whole that had been spent; for the funded and unfunded Debt was nine hundred and forty-three million one hundred and ninety-five thousand nine hundred and fifty-one pounds on the 1st February 1813. Sinking-funds, a redeemed land-tax and life-annuities had wiped off two hundred and thirty-six million eight hundred and one thousand seven hundred and forty-two pounds. The French wars cost us something like eight hundred millions of money. The small fundholder may ask what was the condition of the country after such a

deadly drain of its material resources. He will find that it was a land of bankrupts and beggars, where despair was the grim guest in every household except in those where the profits of war had been flowing ever more hugely. Makers of weapons had thriven, so had army contractors of all sorts; all else had sunk into a state of poverty of which we have not any idea.

But Britons did not long permit despondency to reign over them. When they had taken breath and counsel with each other, they set to work to rebuild the shattered national fortunes, and to find the means to pay the interest upon their gigantic owings. Despair gave new energies to all; and in the desperation of his circumstances, the citizen found new courage and power to determine a better fate. How low the credit of the country was is seen in the price of Consols. They were down to fifty-three and seven-eighths in 1816. The public Debt amounted to forty-three pounds per head of the population; its interest imposed an annual tax upon each individual of thirty-two shillings. At the present moment the Debt is not much more than twenty pounds per head, and the interest is about sixteen shillings per head. And the contrast between the two states, after allowing for the increase of population, is wholly the work of peace.

It was in the heroic determination to do their duty amid the wreck of trade and in the trance of commerce, that the seeds of the ten pounds now going into the shape of Consols germinated. The necessity of persistent economy was realised. The inventive genius of the nation grew with its difficulties; and a thousand new processes in manufactures and arts came into being. The spirit of the nineteenth century awoke, and has transformed us from an ignorant people into the most civilised in the world. Improvements began in every sphere of activity. The popular voice demanded a hearing in the counsels of the nation; and then came the Reform Bill. Since then, no political party could pursue the bellicose career of those who spent the incredible millions we have referred to. While continental states are arming their male population with every appliance for slaughter, and taxing them in money and liberty, until societies are almost reduced to a primitive barbarism, Britain is free from conscription, from militarism, and from the subjections they impose. There is nothing fortuitous in this. It is the outcome of the lessons which war has taught our race. It is the reaction against the system which made the peasant food for powder, and the National Debt the most monstrous burden ever placed on the backs of a free and intelligent people. The barrier of the sea truly gives us an immunity from some of the dangers which beset continental governments; but our surest safeguard lies in the popular conviction that war is bad for the commonwealth and must only be resorted to in extreme perils. The old combative spirit which animated our fathers has neither decayed nor died out. We refuse to give unnecessary tribute to the sword; but where anything worthy is to be gained by fighting, our people are still in the van. The courage, however, that once ran to carnage, is now spent in exploring the unknown regions of the earth, and in adding fresh realms to the empire of industry. From this comes the wealth that makes poor toilers creditors

of the state, and which sends plenty through the land.

Clearly, the toiling world has entered upon a new and marvellous career, whose end is beyond the ken of the most far-seeing.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER VI.—TAKING LEAVE.

WONDERFUL indeed, for a bright-witted, pure-hearted boy, at the very outset of manly life, was that change that had dawned so suddenly upon the fortunes of Bertram Oakley, since his transference from his dreary attic, from his quiet ward in St John's Hospital, to the shelter of the doctor's roof. Bertram was hardly less bewildered, at the first, than was his prototype of the *Arabian Nights*, that Bedreddin Hassan whose adventures children follow with such breathless interest, the young Prince magically snatched away from pomp and palace-life to lie at the gate of a strange city and become apprentice to a pitying pastrycook. True, Bertram's experience was in an inverse ratio to that of his Oriental predecessor; but then so complex is our social system as compared with that of the fatalist and unchanging Moslem, that he had probably more reason for reflection than had the turbaned young Emir whose mainstay in life was the priceless recipe for making cream tarts without pepper.

To say that Bertram had never entered a gentleman's house before the day on which he became an inmate of Dr Denham's, would be untrue. The threshold of his rich employer, Mr Burbridge, he had indeed never crossed. Masters and men in a manufacturing town have a great gulf between them, not to be socially bridged. But at Bow-castle, the Somersetshire fishing village in which the shipwrecked boy had spent his earlier years, Mr Marsh the meek curate, and the gruff Lieutenant at the coastguard station, had often invited the young waif within their humble doors, had lent him books, and taught him trifling accomplishments, or facts not to be picked up among the rough, well-meaning fishers who were his chief patrons; so that the stripling had acquired a refinement of manner unusual indeed among mill-workers.

But, at Dr Denham's house, all was on a scale modest indeed, but greatly surpassing anything on which Bertram's eyes had as yet rested. There were the signs of competence, and of the taste that does not always go with easy means, in the handsome rooms, with their mirrors and pictures and curtains—in the well-chosen furniture, the flowers and ferns, the freshness, brightness, and harmony of a well-arranged home. Home! to Bertram Oakley, the founding of a sea-beach, the stranger-child reared among rude playfellows by some fisherman's smoky hearth, the clever young mill-hand, and the late tenant of a desolate attic, had hitherto been as a vain word. Now he began to understand what it meant, and that order and family affection and education, and respect for the best and brightest side of human existence, are the very props and stays of home. To him,

weakened by his recent illness, it was a positive luxury to be able to feast his eyes on well-assorted colours, to gaze long upon the varied greens of the fernery, or to watch the light falling upon the semi-transparent leaves and rich-tinted flowers that filled the windows.

That the young guest was well received in the doctor's house was, with a family so united in heart, the merest matter of course. He had entered it, certainly, in an anomalous position. A toiler but yesterday for daily bread, to be earned amidst the jar and clangour of the whirling machinery of a woollen mill, it would have been difficult for the most nicely accurate Master of the Ceremonies to define his proper station in such a household. He had a pretty room assigned to him, with well-stored book-shelves in it, and from the windows of which he could catch a distant glimpse of the grand trees and lofty pile of that St John's Hospital that he had lately left. But by the kindness of Miss Denham and her sister, the young mistresses of the house, who vied with one another in generous feminine attentions towards the convalescent, Bertram was seldom alone. They made him welcome in the drawing-room, and tended him almost as though he had been a sick brother of their own.

'You will spoil that boy among you,' Dr Denham would sometimes say, laughingly, when Bertram was absent.

'I don't think it would be easy to do that, papa,' answered Louisa Denham, looking up from her work.

And indeed the lad's intrinsically noble nature seemed proof against being injured by prosperity, as it had resisted all the ills of poverty and solitude and bad company. He appeared to be one whom no indulgence could tempt to presume or to encroach. His manners, by some fine instinct of mingled frankness and delicacy, were such as even to satisfy so severe a critic as Uncle Walter, whose private opinion of the wisdom of the doctor's patronage of his young friend had not exactly coincided with his smiling acquiescence in the project.

Nobody and nothing among his new surroundings, novel as they were, presented such a standing puzzle to Bertram Oakley as Uncle Walter himself. The characters of the rest of the family group were patent and notable. There was a certain husk of quaint originality incrusting that of Dr Denham, but the kernel of the nut was unquestionably of solid gold. Then there was Louisa Denham, with her plain, honest face, and sound mind and tender heart; one of those women who seem to give so much and to exact so little from the great sum of human happiness. And there was Rose, the sweet rosebud of a girl, not developed as yet, but of a glorious promise. But Uncle Walter—well, well! A more experienced student of mankind might have surveyed Uncle Walter as a flesh-and-blood hieroglyph hard to decipher.

Mr Walter Denham, the first surprise once over, was urbane, and even friendly, in his demeanour towards his elder brother's youthful guest. So much was this the case, that Bertram sometimes inwardly blamed himself for not being more drawn towards so affable and courteous a gentleman, himself a mine of anecdote and ready information. Uncle Walter really was kind, after

his fashion, to Bertram, telling him stories of strange lands and odd customs, more interesting from the lips of an eye-witness than in the pages of a printed book; showing him sketches of foreign costumes, of bits of Saracenic or Greek architecture pencilled down in rarely explored nooks—here, a horseshoe arch, gorgeous with golden honeycomb, from a Moorish ruin in some Sicilian town, haunted by brigands and malaria; there, a single snow-white column of Paros marble, mournful but erect, in the midst of a wilderness of tall weeds and broken blocks and shattered fragments of carved stone.

Then it was Uncle Walter's caprice to sketch Bertram himself, in chalks, in crayons, and so forth, and to add his portrait to the many contained in his clasped scrap-book, to a page in which he had already transferred his niece Rose's golden head and innocent blooming face. 'A compliment, I assure you,' said the *virtuoso*, in his cool, bland way, as he plied his dexterous pencil; 'and a compliment, too, which I never before paid to a British face—a masculine one, that is, for our damsels often deserve it—except one sailor whom I met at Genoa, destitute indeed, but grandly picturesque.—A little more to the left.—Thank you. Now I catch the expression. When first I saw you, Master Bertram, I thought it was a pity you were not in a sunnier and sitting on a sunny beach—pray, don't move—beside an old boat, trying to get a little music out of a broken guitar, like many a Neapolitan had I have seen—or perhaps playing *marinara* for *curlini* in the shade. But when you open those dark eyes of yours, there is a look of the lion in them, somehow, that would not suit with the picture.'

There were at this time frequent visitors, who came to express their regrets for the loss that the town was about to undergo in being deprived of its popular physician; and among these were the families of some of the mightiest magnates of Blackston. Nothing varies more capriciously than the social position of a doctor. That of Dr Denham, in the manufacturing town in which he had dwelt for years, was sufficiently good. He was respected not merely for his professional merits and his long connection with the famous 'Hospital' which was the one local institution that deserved to be called romantic, but because of rumours of his learning and research, oozing out through the medium of scientific periodicals, and which had slowly made their way round to practical money-making Blackston. Among those who called was Bertram's former master, Mr Burbridge, whose name ranked second to none, wherever wool or woollen goods were bought and sold, in that West-country district. The mill-owner brought his heavy eyebrows to bear, like ponderous artillery, first on Louisa, then on Rose, and next on Uncle Walter, whom he eyed as though he had been a creature of some rare and newly discovered genus. 'Ah, well, young ladies,' he said, in his blunt way, 'I am told I ought to congratulate your papa—though we shall miss him here and at St John's—and I hope, for the doctor's sake and yours, I am sure, that it is so. And the doctor is too wise not to have thought of the proverb about a rolling stone, eh? Sorry not to have seen him—busy, as usual, and so am I—Ah! here is my lad!' he added, as Bertram came half shyly in, just in time to receive a hard hand-shake from his old

employer as he departed, and to feel that a crumpled bit of paper, which turned out to be a bank-note, had been left in his palm. That note was destined to be of service earlier than giver or recipient thought.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.

WE often meet with persons who profess a loathing or dislike of some particular object, which forms an idiosyncrasy in their nature that we cannot account for; but it oftener turns out either that the supposed involuntary antipathy can be overcome by effort of will, or that it is a foolish affectation. In this paper we purpose, however, to give an account of some remarkable cases which are well authenticated. There are some relations of the Baron Munchausen kind, but it is easy to distinguish between these and *bona fide* cases. We do not, for instance, believe with the whimsical Mercenne, that the sound of a drum made of wolf's skin will break another of sheep's skin; or that hens will fly any faster at the sound of a harp of forgotten string, than one strung with any other. We shall only deal with cases which, to the best of our belief, have attracted the attention of the curious, and puzzled the penetration of the psychologist.

It is well known that the vanity of King James I. never overcame his weakness of being unable to look on a naked sword. Sir Kenelm Digby was proud to relate that when he was knighted at Hinchinbrooke, near Huntingdon, the king turned his face away, and nearly wounded him. This may be accounted for, as his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, shortly before his birth, had a great shock given to her on seeing her favourite, David Rizzio, killed in her presence. We are told of Uladislaus, king of Poland, that he could not bear to see apples. Pennant, the eminent traveller, had a great aversion to wigs, which was also transferred to their wearers for the time. Once, in the presence of the Mayor of Chester, who wore a powdered wig, he got very excited and nervous, and angrily made some strong remarks about the Mayor to a companion. At last losing all control over his feelings, he rushed at the Mayor, pulled off his wig, and ran with it out of the house and down the street, waving it aloft as he went. The Mayor followed to the amusement of the populace; and this curious race was afterwards known as the 'Mayor and Mr Pennant's Tour through Chester.'

It is said of the Duke of Schomberg, that, soldier as he was, he could not sit in the same room with a cat; and we have heard of a person with so great a dislike to this harmless domestic animal, that he would not even pass under a sign-board with a cat painted on it! It will hardly be credited that though the valorous Peter the Great built a fleet, he yet from his sixth to his fourteenth year could not bear the sight of either still or running water, especially if he was alone. He did not walk in the palace gardens because they were watered by the river Mosera; and he would not cross over the smallest brook, not even on a bridge, unless the windows of his carriage were shut close, and even then he had cold perspirations. La Mothe de Vayer could not endure any musical instrument, although he

delighted in thunder. Grebry the composer and Anne of Austria were identical in their dislike of the smell of roses.

The learned Dr Beattie tells us of healthy strong men who were always uneasy on touching velvet, or on seeing another person handle a cork; Zimmerman the naturalist, of a lady who could not bear to touch silk or satin, and shuddered when feeling the velvety skin of a peach. One of the Earls of Barrymore considered the pansy an abomination; and the unfortunate Princess Lamballe looked upon the violet as a thing of horror. Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses, and neither he nor Peter Abono could ever drink milk. It is said of Carlan that he was disgusted at the sight of eggs. We have heard of a valiant soldier fleeing without shame from a sprig of rue. The author of the *Turkish Spy* tells us that provided he had but a sword in his hand, he would rather encounter a lion in the deserts of Arabia, than feel a spider crawling on him in the dark! William Matthews, son of the governor of Barbadoes, had, like the above, a great aversion to the harmless spider. One day the Duke of Athole, thinking his antipathy somewhat affected, left him and his friends in the room, and came back with a closed hand. Matthews thought he had a spider concealed there, and becoming furious, drew his sword, and would have done damage to the Duke or himself, had not his friends interposed.

We hear from the philosophic Boyle, that the sharpening of a knife or the tearing of brown paper never failed to make the gums bleed of a servant he once had. Chesne, Secretary to Francis I., always bled at the nose on seeing apples; a gentleman also in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand had the same infirmity on hearing a cat mew. In the *Universal Magazine* for October 1762, we read of a woman who on handling iron of any kind was immediately bathed in perspiration, though never otherwise affected in this way. M. Fehr relates in *The Academy of the Curious*, an account of a young woman at Schlestat, Germany, who for sixteen years had such an aversion to wine, that she could not touch anything of its nature without perspiring profusely, though she had previously been accustomed to drink it. John Pechmann, a learned divine, never heard the floor swept without being immediately uneasy, and feeling as though he were suffocated. He would run away or jump out of a window at the sight of a brush, the association with it and the noise was so intolerable. In King's *Ten Thousand Wonderful Things*, we read of a young man who was known to faint whenever he heard the servant sweeping. Mr E. Wrigglesworth, in *The Lamp*—a Roman Catholic magazine—tells us of a monk being served with a dish of crayfish, at which he changed colour, grew pale, stared prodigiously, while the perspiration poured down his face, and he appeared in so languid a state that he seemed inclined to fall from his seat. He afterwards declared that he had no idea of anything that had happened; but at the same time related that as he was one day preaching, he observed a boy at the church-door with a crayfish in his hand; on which he instantly felt the strongest emotion, and that he should have become speechless, if he had not quickly turned his eyes from the object. M. de Lancré gives an account of a brave officer so frightened at the sight of a mouse, that he dare

not look at one without a sword in his hand. We read of another case of an officer who was only troubled with fear in the presence of a smothered rabbit. Another man was subdued by a cold shoulder of mutton!

Burton, the traveller, tells us that a melancholy Duke of Muscovy fell ill if he but looked upon a woman, and that another anchorite was seized with a cold palsy under similar circumstances. Here is a case of a lady having an aversion to the opposite sex; it appeared in the obituary of a newspaper some fifty years ago: 'Lately, at Gray's Almshouses, Taunton, aged eighty-two, Hannah Murton, a maiden lady. She vowed several years ago that no he-fellow should ever touch her living or dead. In pursuance of this resolution, about ten years since she purchased a coffin, in which whenever she felt serious illness, she immediately deposited herself, thus securing the gratification of her peculiar sensibility.' There are many cases similar to this lady's on record, though they are manifested in a more imperfect way. In Hone's *Table Book*, we find an account of a gentleman in Alcantera, named John Roll, who would swoon on hearing the word *lana*, wool, although his cloak was made of the same material. Again, in the *Universal Magazine*, we read of a young woman of Namur who fainted whenever she heard a bell ring. The medical pioneer, Hippocrates, mentions one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard a flute. Amatus Lusitanus relates the case of a monk who fainted when he beheld a rose, and never quitted his cell when that flower was in bloom. Scaliger mentions one of his relations who experienced a similar horror on seeing a lily. Henry III. of France fainted whenever he saw a cat. The Duke d'Epernon swooned on beholding a leveret, though a hare had no effect upon him. Tycho Brahe, the superstitious astronomer, was similarly affected on seeing a fox, and Marshal d'Albert at the sight of a pig. We hear of a French lady who swooned on seeing boiled lobsters; while Ambrose Paré, a celebrated French surgeon, mentions a gentleman afflicted with the same weakness when he saw an eel. M. Vaughem, a great huntsman in Hanover, felt dizzy and fainted, or, if he had time, he would run away, when he saw a roasted pig.

The credulous Dr Mather records an account of a young lady who fainted if any person cut his nails with a knife in her presence; but if done with scissors, she was indifferent. Boyle, the philosopher, himself tells us that he never conquered his uneasiness at the sound of water running and splashing through a pipe, and that he sometimes even fainted. We are told of French people particularly partial to the odour of jonquils or tube-roses, who will swoon at the smell of ordinary roses. Orfila, the distinguished French physician, furnishes an account of the painter Vincent, who was seized with violent vertigo and swooned when there were roses in the room.

Very extraordinary is a case that the eccentric Jean Jacques Rousseau tells us, of a Parisian lady who was seized with an involuntary and violent fit of laughter whenever she heard any kind of music. John Keller, an ancient rector of Wielk, a small village of Silesia, was alarmingly afflicted in the same manner when he saw a pasty of smoked hog served up, which is a favourite dish in that country. M. de Lancré, again, gives us

a marvellous account of a man so terrified at seeing a hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by one. It is said of Lord Lauderdale that he preferred the mewing of a cat to the sweetest music, while to the lute and bagpipes he had a great aversion.

Boyle, who seems to have paid some attention to antipathy, records the case of a man who felt a natural repugnance to honey. Without his knowledge, some honey was introduced in a plaster applied to his foot, and the accidents that resulted compelled his attendants to withdraw it. He has a similar case of a lady with the same aversion; her physician mixed some with a plaster without her cognisance; which caused the most dangerous effects until the plaster was removed.

The foregoing are mostly cases of eminent persons; and to what extent these strange affections exist unrecorded in social life, we shall never know. An old poet says:

Nature and the common laws of sense,
Forbid to reconcile antipathies.

We now, however, close our extraordinary list, knowing no other reason for many of the instances, than did Shakspeare when he makes Shylock say in *The Merchant of Venice*:

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And, others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain themselves; for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes.
As there's no reason to be render'd
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bagpipe;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him.

A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER V.—TOO LATE.

Two or three years now passed by, during which I heard nothing of the Stockdales. It was, I well remember, the last day of the year 1842. I had just returned to Liverpool with the *Miranda* from Trinidad, had left the vessel in dock, and had made my way as usual to the *Neptune Hotel*. On asking for letters, the waiter—a new one; the old waiter had left, I found, some four or five months before—placed a bundle of them in my hand. But in looking over the addresses, I saw at once that there was none from Rathminster. I thrust them into my pocket; I would read them at my leisure. The letter which I had been so long expecting, which I dreaded to receive, was not there. 'It has not come yet,' I said to myself with a feeling of relief. After dinner, I retired, as was customary with me, to my room. I had some writing to do. When that was finished, I drew my chair to the fireside and took up a book, which I soon, however, laid aside, finding that I was reading the sentences mechanically without taking in the meaning, my mind being occupied with other things. So I sat thinking—thinking of the old times, of my disappointment, of Fairy, of my last meeting with her. I had no reason for expecting a letter from

her. After what her husband had said, it was improbable that she would ask me to go to see her—improbable even that she would write to me. 'How, then,' I asked myself, 'am I to learn anything of her at all, unless I go to Rathminster?' I felt uncertain what to do. On the one hand, there was the harm a visit might do; but on the other, there was my promise to Mrs Pearson. There might be nothing amiss; and yet I felt uneasy in my mind; and I have since remembered that, as I sat by the fireside on that night—the last night of the year—I actually wished that I possessed the power one reads of in fairy tales, of seeing what was happening in some far-off place. At length, as my eyes rested upon the oak cabinet opposite, I recollected the order I had given to the former waiter about my letters. 'I may as well,' I thought, 'just look into that drawer.' I walked over to the cabinet, and pulled the drawer open; and there it was, the very letter I was dreading to receive, lying where it had been for months! I knew Fairy's handwriting in a moment. I opened the letter and read it. It was very short.

MY DEAR TOM—Perhaps I shall not see you again; and so I wish just to tell you how grateful I am to you for all your kindness to me ever since we were children together. You were very good to me that last day I saw you, and I know that you will remember what I said to you about the grave.—Good-bye. Ever, as of old, your affectionate
FAIRY.

My anxiety about Fairy was increased a hundredfold by this letter. She did not say she was in trouble. But why did she tell me nothing of herself? Why did she speak of not seeing me again? Why did she remind me of the promise about her grave? Why did she write at all? There was something wrong. She was ill perhaps, it might be dangerously; and the letter was five months old. Perhaps already it was too late. At anyrate I could not endure the suspense. My mind was made up. I would go to Rathminster as soon as it should be in my power to do so.

It was the morning of the fourth of January, before I was able to leave Liverpool; and on the afternoon of the fifth I reached Rathminster. On driving into the town, I noticed that many of the shop windows were closed—a token that some one was dead; and seeing an acquaintance as I stepped off the car, I asked him who it was.

'Have you not heard?' he exclaimed. 'That is very strange. I thought it was on account of it that you were here.'

Then a great fear came upon me. 'Who is it?' I demanded.

He did not tell me, but I knew, for he said: 'You had better come with me, I think. Dr Burton is at home, and he was there, and can tell you.'

I went with him to the doctor's house—a kind old man, though never a very able practitioner, and for many years inefficient through age. He told me all. It was more dreadful than I had even imagined. Fairy was dead. There had been an inquest, at which Dr Burton was examined. She had been found on the morning of New-year's Day lying dead in the little wood, under one of the silver firs at the side of Stockdale's cottage. There was no doubt what had happened, for one

of her husband's razors was found in her hand. The jury, being resident in the locality, and knowing all the circumstances, did not think it necessary, said Dr Burton, to go into any minute or painful investigation. It was, clearly a case of temporary insanity.

'You know,' he said, 'her manner was very strange of late—great and unreasonable depression of spirits, and a desire to be alone. I saw her a week before, and found her in an extremely nervous condition, and thought it right to warn her husband that she should not be left by herself. It was while he was asleep, she did it.' The funeral, the doctor told me, was to be the next day.

I left Dr Burton's house, and chose the way that would bring me soonest out of the town, for I was in haste to be alone. Then, as I got into the country, the desire became irresistible to walk along the path where last I had walked with her—to stand upon the spot where last I had stood with her—to feel again, in thought at least, the parting pressure of the hand that I should never clasp again—to see, in memory at least, the dark-gray eyes, now closed for ever; and so I took the pathway through the churchyard. Then, as I was passing through it, I remembered Fairy's request, the last she ever made of me, and I turned aside to see the spot where she was to rest. I found Mrs Pearson's grave. I had almost dreaded to see a fresh opening in the turf; but there was none; the green sod had not been disturbed. Could the intention be to bury her in some other part of the churchyard? I determined to inquire. On finding the sexton, he told me that she was to be buried, he understood, in the old churchyard of Gortfern; 'which,' he said, 'is much wondrous at, as it's four long miles away; and both the Stockdales and the Pearsons have been buried here for generations.'

On hearing this, I felt that I must at once speak to Stockdale on the subject, however painful it might be to me. My promise to my cousin left me no alternative; so I left the churchyard, and walked quickly along the path through the fields, till I came out upon the high-road opposite Stockdale's house. I crossed the garden, and knocked. Presently, a woman came, an old servant of the Stockdales, called Dorothy Brien. She did not seem to know me, and asked me what I wanted. I said I wished to see Mr Stockdale. She inquired if my business could not be put off, as there was a death in the house; and on my replying in the negative, she left me. I had not long to wait before Stockdale appeared. When he saw me, he turned deadly pale, took a step backwards, and seemed about to close the door.

I spoke to him at once. 'I have come here,' I said, 'merely on account of a wish your wife once expressed to me, and of which perhaps you are ignorant. I have heard that she is to be buried in Gortfern churchyard; and I think it my duty to tell you that it was her earnest desire to be laid after death beside her mother.'

'I have made my arrangements,' he replied, 'and it is too late to change them now.'

'But remember it is the last opportunity you or I shall have of doing anything she wished. It's not too late. I can speak to the sexton as I return. Now, Stockdale,' I continued; 'you know the injury you have done me. Well, I'll forgive

it, here and now, if you will have this one thing done that my cousin wished.'

But no; he would not. The more I urged my request, the more determined he seemed to become in refusing; so I left him. Madman that he was, there came a time when he would have given all that he possessed to have done what I so earnestly entreated him to do that evening! But already the hand of Fate—I should give it another name—was resting on him!

Gortfern churchyard was, as I have said, about five miles from Rathminster. The road, a bad one, little used, led up among the hills, and came out upon the level moorland above, and was now principally employed for carting the peat into the town. It was out on this moorland, near a little lake, and surrounded by rushy fields and heather, that Gortfern churchyard was situated. Whether there had ever been a church there, I know not; and now it was only the few families living in the neighbourhood that ever used the place as a burying-ground. There poor Fairy's grave was made, deep down in the black peat; and there, as the cold winter wind moaned and sighed around us, the funeral service was read, and then we left the churchyard. But few persons accompanied us the whole way to Gortfern; and of these, Stockdale and I alone had remained to see the grave filled up. I was a little way in advance of him as we walked down the lane leading to the road; there was no one near us, and as I had something to say to him, I turned round and stopped him.

'What's this for? What are you going to do?' he stammered, and thrust his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat.

'You need not be frightened,' I replied; 'and you may leave that pistol where it is. I am not going to hurt you. It may even be a relief to you to hear what I am about to say.'

'I don't wish,' he answered, 'to hear anything from you.'

'But you shall!' I said, placing myself directly before him, so that he could not pass without pushing me aside. 'You know,' I continued, 'the wrong you have done me, and what you deserve at my hands. Well, it is impossible to alter what is past; and I have come to see that to punish you for it would bring me no satisfaction. With regard to her, I hold you answerable for her death.' He was going to speak; but I went on: 'Yes; it was your cruelty that brought her to it. I told you once that your safety lay in her love for you. Well, that is at an end now, and my hand is free to strike. But she is gone—gone where she needs no more the love or the protection I could give her—where no hand can assail, and no hand is needed to defend. I do not say I forgive you; your great sin is not against me, and it is not mine to pardon it. But mark me well! Do not flatter yourself, because you have escaped human vengeance' [as I spoke, the man became ashy pale]; 'you know best what you have done, and what you deserve; and I tell you that now, as I stand before you, the conviction is strong upon me, that for the wrong you have done my cousin, the punishment will yet overtake you, and that I shall live to see it!' As I turned to go, he exclaimed: 'Stop! Stay a moment. What do you mean? You had better take care how you invent'—He hesitated.

'You need not fear me, Stockdale,' I said. 'I shall leave this place to-day. I wish never to return to it or to see you again. If I should, it will not be my doing, but the work of a hand from which no human creature can escape!'

WHAT IS A COLD?

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

To enjoy life, one must be in good health; and to remain free from disease is the desire of all. Yet there are some ailments which do not interfere very much with the pleasures of life, and therefore are not dreaded in consequence—nay more, they are frequently treated with neglect, although in many instances they are the precursors of more serious disorders which may in not a few cases have a fatal termination. How often to the usual greetings which one friend exchanges with another is the reply given: 'Very well, thank you, except a little cold.' A little cold; and yet how significant this may be. In how many cases do we find a 'little cold' resemble a little seed which may sooner or later develop into a mighty tree. A little cold neglected may and frequently does prove itself to be a thing not to be trifled with. Let me then pray my readers to remember that small beginnings in not a few instances have big endings, and this especially where disease exists. Let us then consider what is a common cold.

In the first place, we must be paradoxical, and affirm that it is not a cold at all. It is rather a heat, if I might so express myself—that is, it is a form of fever, but of course of a very mild type, when it is uncomplicated by other diseases. It is certainly in the majority of instances due to the effects of cold playing upon some portion of the body, and reacting upon the mucous membrane through the intervention of the nervous apparatus. What is called a cold, then, is in reality a fever; and though in the majority of instances it is of such a trivial nature as to necessitate few precautions being taken during its attack, yet in some cases it runs a most acute course, and may be followed by great prostration. Even when the premonitory symptoms of a cold are developing themselves—when, for example, what a medical man calls a rigor, or as it is popularly designated, a shivering is felt, when we would naturally suppose that the animal temperature is below par, it is at that very moment higher than the normal; thus showing the onset of fever.

Before going at once into the symptoms and nature of the disease under discussion, it will be advisable to dip a little into that most interesting department of medical science—physiology, and indeed, without doing so, it would be quite impossible for the majority of my readers to understand the manner in which cold acts in producing the inflammatory condition of the mucous membrane of the nose, or as it is called, the Schneiderian membrane—which inflamed condition constitutes a cold in the head. It will be necessary to understand what a mucous membrane is, what its duties are, and how these duties are performed, before entering upon a description of a disease attacking it. To take the mucous membrane of the nose as

an example. We find that it is a membrane spread out over a very large area, lining as it does a great many undulations caused by the arrangement of the bones composing the walls of the nostrils, so that a very much greater surface is required to be traversed by the air entering the lungs through the nose—the natural passage—than is required by the actual length of the canal. The object of this is obvious, when we take into account the fact that the temperature of the air is usually either below or above that of the human body, and that it is almost invariably loaded with particles of matter which would irritate the lungs did they find access to them.

The tortuous passage of the nose thus tends in the first place to equalise in some measure the temperature of the atmosphere inhaled, with that of the lungs; and in the second place, the mucus which is secreted by the Schneiderian membrane being of a tenacious nature, tends to attract and ensnare the impurities which the air may contain. We thus see that the nostrils act as a filter to the air taken in by inhalation. If we observe any mucous surface we cannot help remarking its deep-red colour, this being due to the close network of blood-vessels ramifying on its surface. In consequence of this accumulation of minute arteries and veins through which warm blood is constantly flowing, a pretty high temperature is constantly maintained in any cavity lined by mucous membrane. There is therefore little difficulty in understanding how important a part the nostrils play in preparing the air for its entrance into the sensitive structure of the lungs. But the nostrils do not only temper the air—they also yield to it an amount of moisture which renders it still more bland and less irritating. We see, then, that the functions of the nostrils as regards the atmosphere inhaled are threefold—(1) in equalising its temperature, (2) in moistening, and (3) in filtering it. The latter function is materially aided by quite a forest of minute hairs which guard the entrance to the passages.

Having noticed how distended the blood-vessels of the mucous membrane naturally are, it will not be difficult to understand how slight a disturbance of the balance of blood-supply will be necessary to produce congestion or inflammation of the structure, and such is really the case; and it is because of this that people who have what is called an irritable mucous membrane are so susceptible of cold. They have, in fact, a chronically congested mucous membrane, which, however, is usually associated with and dependent upon a disordered digestion. Yet notwithstanding these facts, a cold is not produced by cold air acting upon the surface which suffers. It is quite true that there are individuals with peculiar idiosyncrasies who take catarrh when they smell certain substances. For instance, many cannot go into a room where powdered ipecac is exposed without immediately catching catarrh in the nasal passages; and there is reported the case of a man who could not smell a rose without being affected in a similar way.

We must now go a step further before we can understand the *modus operandi* by which a cold in the head, or in any other region, is produced. It has been shown that one of the functions of a mucous membrane is to secrete mucus. But what is it

that makes the secretion vary in quantity? Well, an irritant applied directly to the surface may produce an excessive flow, and this superabundance of mucus is thrown out by an effort of Nature in its endeavour to shield the delicate membrane and remove the irritant; this may happen also when there is an excessive amount of blood in the vessels, which is the case when congestion exists, the distension of the blood-vessels acting as an irritant, and supplying in greater amount the fluid from which the mucus is extracted, thus tending to excite the secreting power to greater effort. Thus we have an explanation of the excessive discharge in catarrh of the nose. But when the direct irritant is removed, the unnaturally abundant discharge ceases. Not so, however, when the superabundance is due to the effects of cold; for in the latter case a diseased condition is set up, which will only disappear when the effects of the exposure upon the nervous system have passed away.

Having demonstrated that cold is not produced by the action of cold air playing upon the part affected, but that, on the contrary, it is an effect of cold acting upon a distant part of the body, it will be necessary to explain how this is brought about. If a person sits in a draught of cold air, and this draught is directed upon the back of his head, the chances are that a catarrh of the nasal passages will result, and this is produced by what is called reflex action of the nerves. Here it will be necessary to diverge a little and explain what reflex action is. It must be understood, then, that there are numerous nervous centres connected with the spinal cord. These nervous centres send filaments of their nerves to various portions of the body. For example, a nerve centre may be placed alongside the spine in the neck, and from this point nerves may be distributed to the back of the head and the mucous membrane of the nose. One important function of these little bodies is to control the supply of blood to different surfaces and tissues and organs. This is done by a system of minute nerves which are distributed on the arteries, by which the vessels are kept in a state of contraction. Now, if these nerves are severed from the main trunk, the blood-vessels immediately expand to the full extent of their calibre, and congestion is the result; or if these nerves are paralysed, the same effect is produced. Sometimes a very slight shock produces a temporary paralysis of these minute nerves when a rush of blood takes place into the arteries, of which blushing is a good example; but the nerves soon recover their control over the blood-supply, and the blush passes away. Then again, the shock may produce quite the opposite effect; this may be so severe as to cause such extreme contraction of the blood-vessels, that a deadly pallor pervades the face, as for instance in severe shock from fear. This, however, is caused more by the effect of shock acting upon the nerve centres which supply the heart with motor power.

But let us suppose that one extremity of a nerve arising from a particular nerve centre, is irritated; this is communicated to that centre, which is affected thereby, it may be slightly or more severely. The irritation may be so great as to prostrate for the time being the nerve centre, and in consequence all the nerves arising from it are thrown into a state of inaction. This is called the

reflex action of that nerve centre, because the effects of the irritant applied to one part of the body are thereby reflected to other parts. Instances of reflex action may be seen frequently in every-day life. Take, for example, the action of the eyelid when an object threatens to enter the eye. The retina perceives the object advancing; this is telegraphed to the nervous centre supplying the muscles which open and shut the eyelids, and immediately a message is sent back to the eyelids to shut and exclude the particle of matter that threatens to enter the eye. All this is done so quickly, that it is hardly possible to realise that there is time for reflex nervous action being brought into play.

Another instance of reflex action, but this time influencing the secretions, may be cited. Who is not familiar with the effect of a savory smell or the sight of some luxury upon the salivary secretion, so that, to use a common expression, 'the mouth waters.' In the first, the olfactory nerve is the means by which the impression is conveyed to the nerve centre; in the other, it is the optic nerve which is the transmitting agent; but in each case the impression is reflected to that nerve controlling the salivary secretion, with the effect of producing an increased flow of saliva. We thus see that the secretions can be influenced by one nerve conveying its impression to another whose filaments take origin in a common centre.

Now, to come to the subject more directly under consideration in this paper, we must comprehend how cold acting on one part of the body produces catarrh of the nasal mucous membrane. Exposure to the most intense cold for a lengthened period will not produce this effect. Indeed, we find it invariably the case that severe frost in winter is, so far as catarrh is concerned, the healthiest weather we can have. During the prevalence of frost, as a rule, colds are at a minimum. The system here shows its power of accommodating itself to the circumstances surrounding it, and actually benefits by the prevailing low temperature. Let us, however, suppose a person to be sitting in a room the temperature of which is, say, seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and that a current of cold air is rushing in at an open door or window and playing upon the back of his head, or it may be on his legs or feet, and the probability is that he will 'catch cold,' and in nine cases out of ten this cold will be a catarrh in the head, and what may appear more remarkable still, only one nostril will at first be affected. Now, if the catarrh was due to the inhalation of cold air, both nostrils would suffer; but it is not so, for as each side of the body is supplied by its distinct set of nerves, so only that side is affected through which the reflex disturbance has been transmitted. The *modus operandi* is the following: The draught of cold air acting, we will suppose, on the back of the head, conveys through the sympathetic nerve, which ramifies on the scalp, a shock to the nervous centre from which these nerve fibres proceed; but we must understand that this nerve centre sends its filaments to other portions of the body, and so the shock which this centre receives by one set of nerves, is reflected by another set to some surface quite remote from that primarily acted upon; and in this way a temporary paralysis of the nerves supplying the blood-vessels of the mucous membrane of the nose is brought about. In consequence these vessels become dilated and engorged,

and the shock which has brought about this congestion continuing, disturbs the equilibrium of the blood-supply, and so an inflammatory condition is set up. When this exists, the blood-vessels are enormously distended; consequently an excess of blood passes through the part, the little cells which secrete the mucus being thus excited and working much more rapidly than when in health. In this way the enormous discharge of mucus which accompanies a cold in the head, is accounted for.

Another effect of this irritation of the mucous membrane is sneezing, which is an effort of Nature to restore the equilibrium of the nervous centre by another kind of reflex action. Sneezing in catarrh is a method Nature adopts to stimulate the prostrate nervous centre, and thus enable it to reassert its proper control over the blood-supply to the part; indeed, it will be found that the effects of being exposed to a draught of cold air are often completely destroyed by a succession of sneezes. Of course Nature does not always immediately succeed in these efforts; but when she does not, the shock from which the nervous centre suffers gradually passes away, and the blood-vessels again come under the control of the little nerves which regulate their calibre, and so the catarrh disappears in a few hours, or at most in a few days. It sometimes happens that the shock from the cold air acting upon the nervous centre is of such severity, that the consequent inflammation is intense enough to check the secretion of mucus altogether, and in consequence the mucous membrane is dry as well as inflamed, and the suffering very much intensified.

So far, we have only glanced at a cold in the head which passes away in a few hours, but this is not always the happy termination. There is a peculiar tendency which inflammation possesses of not leaving off where it commenced, but of invading the tissues in its immediate neighbourhood, and more especially when the tissue is continuous with that primarily attacked, as is the case with the mucous membrane of the air passages. A cold may commence in the head and rapidly spread by what is technically termed continuity of tissue into the chest; and so what at the first promised to be only cold in the head may terminate in an attack of bronchitis, or even inflammation of the lungs.

THE SUBSIDENCE OF LAND IN THE SALT DISTRICTS OF CHESHIRE.

UNDER this title, in our issue for April 26, 1879, we endeavoured to give an account of the peculiar sinkings of land in the great Cheshire salt district, and also the causes of these sinkings. Underneath the towns of Northwich and Winsford, and for a long distance around each, there are immense beds of rock-salt, varying from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty feet in thickness. In the manufacture of salt, therefore, these two towns have some natural advantages, derived from their situation. The rocks in Cheshire have a peculiar formation, dipping on all sides inwards to a common centre, which gathers into it what may be called the underground drainage of the whole area. That is, the water that falls on the

surface of the earth for many miles around, sinks down and percolates through the substrata till it reaches the centre. The beds of rock-salt lie in this centre, and the fresh water as soon as it reaches them commences to dissolve the salt, and soon forms a fully 'saturated' brine. This brine exists over nearly the whole of the district under which the beds of rock-salt lie, and above these beds the towns of Northwich and Winsford are built. Here the salt manufacturers sink shafts to enable them to reach this underground collection of brine, and when they have done so it is pumped up to the surface and evaporised—one hundred gallons of brine yielding twenty-seven gallons of salt. Others of them sink mines, and quarry out the rock-salt itself, thousands of tons being in this manner brought to the surface every year, and exported for manufacture into salt. In the mines, pillars are left to support the roof; but in the process of brine-pumping, the surface of the rock-salt is eaten away by the fresh water, and the superincumbent strata follow the wasting face of the rock-salt. In this way the surface of the country is rendered irregular and broken, and the residents are constantly put to the necessity of removing tottering and sinking houses. Many of the hollows which are in this manner formed upon the surface of the ground, are of great extent; and as they soon fill with water, they cover the face of the country as with a series of lakelets. Some of these are many acres in area, and from thirty to forty feet in depth. This subsidence of the soil is a serious cause of danger and anxiety to the residents at all times; and more especially has it been so within these few years past, when the enormous quantity of brine withdrawn from the ground for the manufacture of salt has greatly accelerated these sinkings and depressions.

One of the most extraordinary of the subsidences that have yet happened, took place at Northwich on Monday, 6th December 1880. About six o'clock on the morning of that day, a rumbling noise was heard in a district on the outskirts of Northwich known by the name of Dunkirk, which is completely honeycombed with abandoned rock-salt mines. Immediately the ground seemed to be heaving as if from an earthquake, and the lakelets in the neighbourhood, varying from half an acre to nearly two acres in area, and thirty or forty feet in depth, commenced to boil and bubble all over, the water being forced up violently some feet above the surface. The whole area of these lakelets was in a furious state of commotion, and the noise of the bubbling water could be heard three hundred yards off. All round, for a space of two thousand feet in diameter, at every weak spot in the ground, air and foul gas were being expelled; and where in its course the gas met with water, it forced it up in jets, usually accompanied with mud and sand. For a space of at least one-fourth of the circumference of the largest lakelet, called Ashton's Old Rock Pit Hole, which covers nearly two acres, there were

at intervals regular mud geysers, spouting intermittently to a height of about twelve feet. In one space of about thirty yards in extent, there were at least twenty of these playing, at one time. The more violent ebullitions subsided after three or four hours; though in two cases the bubbling and gurgling mud craters continued in action for two days; and the ebullition in the various pits continued on a smaller scale for three days. The whole of this bubbling and boiling was evidently caused by the air that filled the old mines being violently driven out by the inrush of the descending water and earth.

The cause of this great disturbance could not at first be discovered, although, by those acquainted with the district, it was at once believed that it had originated either in a fall of earth or an inrush of water into the mines below. It soon, however, became apparent that a large rift had opened directly across the course of the Wincham Brook. This is by no means a small brook, being from fifteen to twenty feet in width. The rift occurred at a spot where the brook passed through a shallow lake of small size, caused by the subsidence of the land, about one thousand feet from where it enters the large piece of water called the Top of the Brook. This piece of water is about one hundred acres in extent and of great depth, being in one spot more than one hundred and fifty feet deep. Connected with this lake is the river Weaver, which between Barrow's Lock and Saltersford Lock has an area of at least sixty acres. We mention these particulars, as having an important bearing on our narrative.

From six o'clock till nearly nine, there was a steady downpour of water into the rift; but beyond a gentle flow on the surface, not much was perceptible. At nine o'clock, another more extensive rift occurred, and pulled in a portion of the ground belonging to the salt-works of Messrs Ashton and Sons. A quantity of timber and an engine and boiler were in close proximity, also a large iron salt-pan some twenty-six feet long by twenty-four wide. For the next few hours, there was a scene of great excitement, all the men being busily engaged in removing the materials, &c. This they succeeded in doing, but not one moment too soon, as a portion of the land sank directly afterwards. All eyes were now turned to a fine massive chimney-stalk about ninety feet high and nine feet square at the base. This was seen to be perceptibly leaning towards the sinking spot. Up to twelve o'clock, the sinking proceeded gradually, there being a perceptible return current from the large lake, the lower portion of the brook having evidently changed its course, and begun to run backwards. From twelve o'clock to three, the velocity of the backward flow increased; the huge cavity now formed swallowing up the waters of the Wincham Brook itself, and draining a neighbouring lakelet three-quarters of an acre in area, and at least ten feet in depth, besides receiving a rapid stream, ever increasing in velocity, from the Weaver and Top of the Brook. From three o'clock to four the scene was grand, but terrible; the velocity of the backward flow of water tore away the bottom of the brook from the edge of the huge crater-like cavity for some three hundred feet in length to a depth of ten feet, the brook being previously only about two feet deep. At this time, the banks on both sides were

torn down and carried with headlong velocity into the vortex of the crater. Notwithstanding this huge inflowing current, the surface of the eddying waters at the centre of subsidence fell at least twelve feet.

About four o'clock, a sudden explosion in the neighbouring pool, and a geyser of mud and water thrown up to a height of from twenty to thirty feet, told of another subsidence. The effect of this upon the hundreds of spectators was very alarming, and there was a sudden rush from the immediate neighbourhood. Fortunately, instead of increasing the mischief, this subsidence seemed to choke the original cavity, and the waters gradually flowed in more slowly, till at six o'clock the face of the pool, of more than two hundred feet in diameter, was perfectly calm, and to the onlooker there was no sign of the terrible strife of the previous portion of the day. Shortly before five o'clock, the tall chimney, which had rapidly become more out of the perpendicular, fell with a terrible crash to the ground.

Scarcely had the original subsidence ceased, when an enormous sinking of the whole of Ashton's Old Rock Pit Hole and the surrounding land for an area of over five hundred feet in diameter, took place, leaving two very deep holes. The land was riven and cracked all round, and fell in steps of two feet. Over ten thousand tons of water went down into the subterranean cavities. A huge brine cistern was riven in two, and the brine all lost; and two large brick kilns cut completely in halves, and the bricks scattered about. The whole surface of the Weaver and the Top of the Brook was lowered fully a foot over one hundred and sixty acres in about four hours; and if to this we add the whole of the water of the Wincham Brook for twelve hours, we shall find, on a careful computation, that not less than six hundred thousand tons of water rushed below.

The question may be asked: 'Where did it all go to?' In immediate proximity to the first rift that occurred, was a rock-salt mine called Platt's Hill Pit. This was being worked by Messrs Thompson and Son; and twice during the past twenty years, in working along the Dunkirk side, they had pricked into the old abandoned mines full of brine that abound in that locality. Although these fractured places had been barricaded off, yet they were not perfectly tight. For some time past, the brine in the Dunkirk excavations had been very low, so that when—probably owing to the eating away of the roof of the mine by fresh water—the brook found its way down the rift into the old mine, it forced the weakest of the barriers, and rushed into the Platt's Hill Mine. The fresh water widening the hole formed in the dividing wall of rock-salt, every minute caused a greater rush of water downwards; and when we mention that the mine covers an area of fifteen acres, not worked, like a coal-mine, in drifts and passages, but in huge chambers from fifteen to twenty feet in height, supported here and there by enormous pillars, varying from twenty-four to thirty feet square, it will at once be seen that the cavity to be filled was enormous. The whole of this cavity being one hundred yards below the ground, the rush of the descending water into it was fearful.

Fortunately, no lives were lost. The men on reaching the pit shortly after six o'clock, perceived

a violent draught of air up both shafts, making a whistling, hissing noise. The foreman, Thomas Moore, and his nephew, both daring and experienced men, especially the former, went down the pit, and found water nearly up to the knees. They had proceeded with lighted candles in the direction whence they heard the noise of the intruding water, till they were about three hundred yards from the shaft, when Moore fell, and extinguished his candle. By the light of the remaining candle, however, they waded through the rapidly rising water, and reached the shaft in safety, the water by this time being almost breast-high. Moore has performed more daring deeds in the salt-mines and brine-shafts than perhaps any man living, and like many more mining heroes, he is modest, and rarely mentions what he has done.

Many hundreds of tons of rock-salt that had been 'got,' as well as the tramways, wagons, tubs, tools, and all materials, were totally lost, and the mine, as a mine, permanently destroyed. The fresh water in this mine will eat away ninety thousand tons of the pillars and walls of the pit before it becomes 'saturated' brine; and the great fear is that it may so weaken the pillars as to cause the surface to collapse. This is a constant danger, and one that causes much uneasiness in the districts likely to be affected thereby. The sudden collapse of the ground in the neighbourhood of Ashton's Old Rock Pit fractured the pipes conveying the brine to five sets of salt-works, as well as destroyed the road leading to the brine pumping stations. Thus, there were a large number of men thrown out of employment for a time.

On the Friday, four days after the first sinking, a large hole some forty or fifty feet deep fell in, carrying away the whole of Dunkirk road for a length of fifty feet; and at intervals during the week, minor subsidences occurred, showing that the whole neighbourhood is in a precarious position. Numerous rents and fissures occur on all sides, and indicate a state of great instability.

Though the damage caused by the subsidence is due to a variety of causes, the greatest sufferers are Messrs Ashton and Sons, salt manufacturers; and here it may be stated that perfectly innocent persons, who are in no way connected with the pumping of brine or the manufacture of salt, suffer very serious loss of property and enormous damage; but owing to the difficulty of saying which individual pumper of brine causes any particular damage, they can get no compensation. So serious has this evil become, that an attempt is about to be made in parliament to obtain a Compensation Bill. The justice of the case is perfectly clear. Within the past month, a church and a chapel have been condemned as unsafe, owing to subsidence, and the damage increases in the direct ratio of the progress of the trade.

It may be interesting to know that the crater-like hole formed by the subsidence above described is fully two hundred feet in diameter; and though now choked with earth and filled up with water, showed a depth, two days afterwards, varying from nine to twenty-four feet at the sides to seventy-eight feet in the centre, sloping rapidly down in a funnel-like form. Some forty thousand tons of earth must have disappeared in this cavity. These phenomena of the salt districts of Cheshire

are worthy of more attention than they have received hitherto, as by them the face of nature is being rapidly changed—a change brought about by the industrial operations of man.

MICHAEL O'SHAUGHNESSY'S FUNERAL.

THERE is not much mock-solemnnity about the poor Irishman's funeral. The hearse, mourning-coaches, and other usual paraphernalia give place to a train of open carts, on the foremost of which is laid the coffin; the length of the whole procession varying with the popularity of the deceased. But there is no want of feeling in the simplicity; and such a procession usually possesses a natural solemnity of its own, as it slowly passes, for miles perhaps, by mountain and moor until it reaches its destination, in some lonely but too often neglected burial-ground.

But if the generality of funerals among the poor Irish are not remarkable for an appearance of mock-misery, that of Michael O'Shaughnessy the cattle-dealer had none of any kind. It went to the other extreme; it was a very chapter of accidents—a very joke at death, though not altogether an unsuitable way for so merry a fellow to go to his grave. Mike was dead, waked, and lay in his coffin on a cart at his cabin door, whence his funeral was about to start. The widow O'Shaughnessy was very sad; for Mike, for five-and-twenty years, had been a good husband to her; but most of her groaning and wailing had been exhausted at the wake; and it was with a respectable subdued grief, a sense of proud proprietorship and conscious dignity, that she took her seat in the cart on the top of Mike's coffin. Every face she saw round her, she knew; every eye looked sympathy; and the widow's frame of mind was more complacent than it had been since Mike's death. It was a fine winter morning; and the procession, which was nearly a quarter of a mile long, started early, as there were five miles to be passed at a walking pace between the village and the burial-ground. The cart bearing the body of Mike was drawn by his own horse Shoneen, and driven by Daveen, the youngest, but only son then left at home; and Daveen could not suppress a smile of triumph at the dignity of his post.

The procession started, and passed safely and steadily out of the village; and steadily and solemnly it continued for something like a mile; but it was the calm that comes before a storm. A gentleman of the neighbourhood, one of the race of improvers, had established on his farm a steam-plough, a contrivance hitherto unknown in that part of the world; and it so happened with him that he was making a first trial of it on this particular morning. It was therefore hardly to be wondered at that, when our mourners came to the field in which the engine was at work, Shoneen should show his disapproval of such a foreign institution by shying at it. Daveen did his best to 'soothe' his astonished and indignant steed; but his efforts were in vain; Shoneen took fright, broke into an uneasy trot, and from that into a runaway gallop. Daveen stood up on the coffin, to get more command over him, and pulled with all his might; but it was of no use. The widow screamed, but kept to her post, clinging on to the sides of the cart. Shoneen was

tearing along like the wind. The whole train of carts behind followed—a quarter of a mile of them—at the top of their speed, in chase of the runaway. The hunt continued, growing keener and more exciting every minute. Those behind were striving who should come up first. The whip was laid on unsparingly. They shouted, gesticulated, and encouraged each other and the horses. Ragged urchins, beggars brandishing sticks, boys on donkeys, every one they came up with joined in the pursuit, and all enjoyed it.

'The hounds are out to-day,' cried one; 'but 'twill be a good fox that 'll give them such a run as Mike O'Shaughnessy's giving us this day.'

'Faith, 'tis more like a dhrag-hunt,' cried another.

'Hurry on, boys,' from a third; 'let's be in at the death.'

'Arrah,' from another, 'tis Micky himself would have liked to have been out of his coffin this day—'twould just please him.'

And so on, as field and common and hill were left behind in turn; Daveen doing his best, as he could not pull in, to guide his horse, as he dashed over the rough roads, over steep bridges, and through the brooks that ran across their path, a hundred times narrowly escaping an upset. The widow in terror would fling her arms about wildly, which those behind took for signals of encouragement, and redoubled their efforts to come up with them. The joking continued all the while. 'I often heard tell of a runaway weddin,' said one; 'but bedad, who ever heard tell of a runaway funeral before!'

It did not last much longer, though, for the cavalcade came up with a drove of pigs, which it could not pass, and then Shoneen suddenly halted, nearly jerking the widow and her deceased lord into their midst. With the recovery of her breath, the widow turned to Daveen. 'Ah, Daveen!—very reproachfully—'was that any way at all to be dhriving your poor misfortunate dada to the grave? Shame, Daveen! If it had been an excise-man now, or a Protestant itself—but your own dada!'

'Not a step farther,' replied Daveen, much crestfallen, 'will I dhrive Shoneen this day. The devil himself is in him—so he is.'

They were waiting in the road for the stragglers, some having been left behind in the chase; and even the presence of the widow could not now check the fun among the people.

'Well done, Daveen!' said one; 'you dhruv your dada in great style. 'Tis this very way he'd choose to go to glory himself; he always had a great mind for a hunt.'

'Tis the way,' said another. 'Shoneen knew 'twas the last time he'd be carrying the ould mather; he was jist showing how willing he was to the work.'

'He knew we were late,' said a third; 'and he wouldn't be kaping his Riverance's dinner waiting.'

'O Micky, Micky!' cried the widow, apostrophising her deceased lord, 'you were an onaisy creature in your life, and you can't go to the grave—God bless you!—like a decent Christian.—Here, James Barry, come and dhrive Mike to the grave; I won't thrust Daveen again with the reins.'

Agin they fell into order, and got under-way, travelling slowly, to make up for the dignity

lost by their late speed. But the fates were against the widow; and Mike was not to be buried without yet another mishap. They were about a mile and a half now from their destination, passing along a lane with high banks on each side, as quiet as they had previously been boisterous; but the merriment, though subdued, was ready to break out again on the least provocation. The widow had resumed her seat on the coffin, and James Barry, a middle-aged man, had taken Daveen's post. As they slowly and peacefully passed down the long lane, a shrewder woman than Mrs O'Shaughnessy would not have pictured any near misadventure; but it so happened that the foxhounds were out that day, and that a certain Major, a dark and fierce-looking man, was riding a black horse, and riding hard, at a little distance from the rest of the 'field.' The land on one side of the lane along which the funeral was passing was above the level of the lane, there being a high bank on the side next the lane, and only a moderate fence towards the field. Over this land came the Major, riding hard; and coming to its end, saw what he thought an easy fence, little dreaming that, between, was a lower level—a road—a funeral. Over he went—over, and alighted on the top of the first cart, sending the widow and the coffin flying into the ditch. Oh, the confusion of that moment! The widow in the ditch had flung her arms round the coffin, and shrieked in terror. 'Merciful saints!' she cried, 'tis the devil himself come for Micky!' and the sudden appearance of the stranger on a black horse certainly looked suspicious. 'But I won't lave you, Mike O'Shaughnessy; I'll sthand by you to the last!'

The widow was not the only frightened one—an awful whisper went from end to end of the procession that his Satanic majesty had appeared on a black horse, and was to take part in the ceremony! But in another minute, seeing the unfortunate Major trying to pick up himself and his horse, their momentary fright was gone, and gave place to shouts of laughter. The widow, all the while hugging the coffin in the ditch, kept glancing in terror at the Major, who, covered with mud from head to foot, began to look human.

'Tisn't the devil at all, Biddy,' cried one; 'tis only an army Capt'n.'

'Faith, and that's a'most the same,' exclaimed another.

Biddy started up; her fear and grief were lost in indignation. 'Arrah, bad scran to you!' she cried, shaking her fist at the Major, 'you thafe o' the world—you ould black-garred! Oughtn't you be ashamed of yourself, to be desthroying a poor widdy woman going paeceably with her husband to be buried! What harrum did Mike ever do you, that you should dhrive his corp and his widdy into a dyke? May yourself fare worse, when 'tis your own turn to be buried! Oh, wirra, wirra! you've desthroyed us both!'

'My good woman,' said the Major, choking with laughter, 'I hadn't the least idea that'—

'You hadn't the laste idee! I know well you did it for the purpose. 'Tis a purty thing for a fine gentleman like you to be coming over from England to play off your jokes on the widdy and the fatherless, lepping unknownat on top o' them, and skatterin' a decent funeral into a ditch.'

'Be aisy, Biddy,' said a bystander. 'Twasn't

done for the purpose at all. I know his Honour well, and often see him go to the barracks. He's a good gentleman, and I'll go bail he's as vexed as yourself about it.'

'Maybe,' said another, with a grin, 'his Honour will stand the price of a new coffin.'

'What would be the good of a new coffin?' said the Major. 'You couldn't take him out of the old one and put him into it.'

'I didn't say to stand a new coffin, your Honour, but the price of one.'

The Major took the hint, and gave the widow a sovereign, which restored peace.

'Long life to you, sorr! and may it be many a day before your Honour's coffin has to travel, and may it never lie graceful in the bottom of a ditch!' said one.

'And may the fox lade in the opposite direction from your road to the cimitery,' cried another.

And so on until the coffin was safely replaced in the cart, the mud scraped off, and the widow rescued on it; and with many a blessing on the Major, the procession set off again. There was no further accident. Mike was buried at last; and a merrier day, his friends said, they had never spent. Requiescat!

THE PUZZLE OF THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

A CURIOUS mechanical enigma known as the 15 Puzzle, imported from the other side of the Atlantic, is found to be a veritable poser to many persons in our own country. But it is not really a greater puzzle to others of us than the *Chiltern Hundreds*, which again and again spring up into note in connection with contested seats in the House of Commons. A multitude of questions on the subject present themselves. What are these Hundreds, and how many in number? Where are they situated? Why have they a Steward, and has he any duties to fulfil? Is he paid, whether for duties or no? Why do members of parliament so frequently ask for and obtain the Stewardship? Let no one be ashamed of ignorance on these points; he has plenty of intelligent and generally well-informed men to bear him company and keep him in countenance.

Just a few words concerning locality. The Chiltern Hills extend in a diagonal line across many counties, including Berks, Bucks, Herts, and Bedford, and present different characteristics in different parts. That portion which traverses the county of Buckingham was in old times nearly covered with forests of beech-trees, grand and magnificent, but infested with robbers who had nothing of the romance of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in them. The Crown, as a means of protection to the neighbouring inhabitants, appointed a Steward or Bailiff for the three Chiltern Hundreds of Stoke, Desborough, and Bodenham or Bokenham. He had a business office, duties to perform, and a salary for performing them. A sweeping change has long ago taken place; forest, robbers, place of business, duties, salary, all have vanished. But—and this is the singular part of it—the nominal office is still kept up; because it lends itself to a very peculiar stratagem or manoeuvre adopted to

extricate members of the House of Commons from an occasional dilemma. If the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds happens not to be vacant at a time when some one member wants it, that of the manors of East Hendred, Northstead, and Help-holme will answer the same purpose.

A very remarkable usage of parliament is the main cause to which all this is due. Sir Erskine May, Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, and the leading living authority on all matters relating to the laws, rules, orders, and proceedings of that branch of the legislature, tells us that a member after due election *cannot resign his seat*; whatever else he may do, he cannot do this. If he ceases to hold his membership, it is because in effect it is taken away from him, willingly or unwillingly on his part. Hence arise certain manoeuvres which are in reality shams. If he wish for any reason to resign his seat in the House of Commons, he asks for and obtains a post or office under the Crown, that of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. Now there is a law in force which enacts that for any office created or founded since the beginning of the last century, if a member accepts it, he thereby at once forfeits his seat and the House knows him not. If he holds no such office, but nevertheless wishes to resign his seat, he applies for the Stewardship. The Prime Minister for the time being represents the Crown on this occasion. As a matter *pro forma* he nearly always assents; and the recipient may and often does surrender the honour on the very next day, when it has answered his purpose. The office, as we have said, is merely nominal—no place of business or of meeting, no responsibilities, no duties, no powers, no salary or fees.

It might perhaps be supposed that the absence of emolument would place this office outside the general rule; but the warrant of appointment, it appears, grants the Stewardship 'together with all wages, fees, allowances, &c.' This is the hard nut to crack; seeing that it retains the form of a place of profit whether with the substance or not.

Once now and then the Crown, through the chief responsible minister, refuses to make the grant. Just about a hundred years ago, one Mr Bayly wished to become member for Abingdon instead of member for another borough which he really represented in the House of Commons. He applied for the Chiltern Hundreds as the only available means of resigning one seat and presenting himself as a candidate for election by another constituency. Lord North, the Prime Minister at that time, refused him, saying: 'I have made it my constant rule to resist every appointment of this kind where any gentleman entitled to my friendship would be prejudiced by my compliance'—a politely veiled but unmistakable example of party favouritism; for Lord North wished to secure Abingdon for some reliable supporter of the government. Such matters were regarded with more leniency in the days when 'Farmer George' was king than they would be now. This Mr Bayly was aware of the rule that a member for one constituency cannot exchange for another except by vacating his seat through the medium of the Chiltern Hundreds. An eminent judge lately on the bench, when a member of parliament thirty years ago, availed himself of the Stewardship to obtain a seat which he desired instead of the one he really held.

Without direct mention of the names of members of the legislature at the present time, we may state, in regard to current and recent events, that the Prime Minister lately gave an explanation of the puzzle of the Chiltern Hundreds which left many persons still unenlightened. He stated in the House of Commons, in reply to a question put to him, that the President or Chairman of one of the government departments had accepted the coveted Stewardship, in despite of his holding office. In a further attempt to throw light on a misty subject, the Prime Minister said: 'I did not advise the Crown with reference to the grant of the office of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds, but at once made a grant of the office on a printed form. The office was to be held during her Majesty's pleasure, and *was on that account, I suppose, held to be an office under the Crown.*' The words we have italicised, especially 'I suppose,' show that even our greatest statesman is not quite certain on the matter. The official whose case came prominently forward had been unseated in a particular borough, on account of some irregularities committed by his agents without his sanction or cognisance. A new writ was issued, and a second election placed him at the head of the poll. Learning, however, that doubts had been expressed touching the legality of his actual position, and wishing to avoid all complications and demurs, he applied for and obtained the famous Chiltern Hundreds. Not strictly so in fact; for the grant was to the Stewardship of the manor of Northstead; but the effect was just the same in answering the intended purpose. He offered himself to and was accepted by the constituency of another borough, for which he now sits, retaining his office in the government.

One thing is satisfactory in this otherwise curious meddle-muddle. The Prime Minister by no means prizes the right of grant vested in him. He stated: 'It must not be supposed that I am in any way enamoured of the power placed in my hands. It is one of the curious anomalies of our system that the only ordinary method by which a member of parliament can vacate his seat should be left within the discretion of the Prime Minister of the day. I am decidedly of opinion that some better method of proceeding in such matters might be devised.'

The beginning of the end is visible. When an authority such as the Prime Minister expresses so unequivocal an opinion, it is not rash to predict that we shall ere long see the end of the

PUZZLE OF THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

ANCESTRAL PORTRAITS.

I AM pleased you see the traces
In these sweet 'Sir Joshua' faces,
Of my features, and my eyes;
Fair they are, that girl and brother,
With their young and smiling mother,
Beautiful beyond disguise.

For observe their dress how simple,
Muslin with embroidered wimple,
Yet I think the effect is good:
Scant perchance, yet freely flowing;
Nothing to impede the growing
Into graceful womanhood.

And their houses were notumbered
With the rarities unnumbered,
Wherewith now we deck our rooms;
Wainscot walls, and plainly tinted;
Nothing vivid, save where glinted
Sunshine on a bowl of blooms.

And their gardens differed greatly
From all those we have seen lately,
Where the flowers in strange device
Grow as in a brodered cushion,
Holding all that art can push in,
Without leave to spread or rise.

Their flowers grew in natural order,
In the wide old-fashioned border,
Bright with pink and poony;
With tall hollyhocks in posies,
Stocks, and lavender, and roses,
Purple larkspur, and sweet pea.

And I liked their yew-cut alleys,
Framing vistas of the valleys,
And the church-tower, and thelea,
And the stately trees whose shadow
Fell at eve o'er park and meadow,
Century after century.

Their amusements—well, for certain,
If on them I lift the curtain,
You'll pronounce them tame and few;
And a yellow page you're turning—
You would scrutinise their learning;
Ah, it would seem small to you

Who have sat for hours in classes,
Making notes of all that passes;
But you see their sphere was *home*;
There they reigned supreme and thrifty,
And the matron long past fifty,
Kept her dignity and bloom.

And they had their Christmas dances,
Summer junketings and fancies,
And the daintiest, cheeriest teas;
Sometimes too a little scandal;
But a strain from Boyce or Handel
Cleared the air like summer breeze.

And although they might work blindly,
Yet their aims were good and kindly;
In their quiet neighbourhood
Not a child but knew and loved them,
Old and middle-aged approved them,
And took pattern as they could.

So they lived, my ancestresses,
Simple, unperplexed by guesses
At God's secrets veiled for aye:
Books were fewer, knowledge rarer;
But none nobler, sweeter, fairer,
Grace the England of to-day.

M. L.

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LITERARY BEGINNERS.

AMONG the many graces to which cultivated minds aspire, there is none which is perhaps so much the object of general ambition as the grace of literary excellence. Almost every educated person, at some period of life, makes certain advances in this direction. These attempts are generally begun in the earlier years, and as a rule they end there. Now and again cases are met with where the pursuit is persisted in long after it is apparent to every one but the man himself that he is not qualified to excel in this particular branch of culture; but these cases are happily exceptional. That they are not more numerous, is due to the fact that good writing, like good acting, cannot be simulated. A man may earn the character of a scholar, even if he have but little Latin and less Greek, so long as he does not openly put his acquisitions to too severe a strain. But he cannot hoodwink people as to his real merits if he attempt to play the part of Hamlet with a supply of histrionic power which is barely sufficient for that of Polonius; neither may he by any possibility pass as a great writer unless he can actually write well. The virtue of good writing is one which it is not in the power of a man to 'assume,' if he have it not.

At the same time, it is within the capacity of a large number of persons to attain to a very fair and marketable degree of literary excellence, as is evidenced by the thousands who in this country earn a livelihood, or eke out an otherwise insufficient income, by the use of the pen. And this army of writers is one that is growing, and likely to grow; the demand for literary workmanship of various degrees of excellence being increasingly maintained by the great number of magazines, journals, newspapers, and other kinds of periodical literature, that afford to these writers at once a medium of publication and a source of income. Those persons therefore who have but newly engaged, or who meditate engaging in this work, will find some encouragement and a good deal of instruction in a book entitled

Journals and Journalism (London: Field and Tuer), written by an author who adopts the pseudonym of 'John Oldcastle.'

This book does not profess to treat of Journals or Journalism beyond what is necessary to constitute a fair claim to its sub-title of 'A Guide to Literary Beginners.' And to this class it will be useful. They here receive instruction, presumably based upon a considerable experience, as to how to prepare and despatch their manuscripts; how to correct their proofs—should their productions reach that happy stage; and in what spirit to receive their manuscripts back, should these, as is at first not unlikely, be returned to them 'with the editor's thanks.' This latter is to most young writers a bitter experience, and the bitterness is intensified if the writer never gets a manuscript accepted at all, and is at last driven to try some other channel than literature for the utilisation of his, or her, intellectual vigour. Even writers who are in the end accepted, and whose productions may afterwards become of some esteem in the world of letters, are not exempted from renewals of this experience. Editors and publishers are dainty creatures, and will not bite indiscriminately at any lure; and the author never lived who did not fail sometimes.

For the consolation of those to whom this experience has been perhaps more familiar than they probably thought either desirable or wholesome, our author has gathered together many encouraging examples of men ultimately successful, and eminently so, who were for years persistently 'rejected' at the publishing and editorial portals. For instance, there is our greatest living man of letters, Thomas Carlyle, who could not get any publisher to accept his *Sartor Resartus*, and was glad in the end to have it appear piecemeal in the pages of a magazine, greatly to the disgust of some of its readers. Mrs Henry Wood, before she produced *East Lynne*, had a drawerful of tales which had been 'returned with thanks' from all directions. Even Macaulay, all-knowing and immaculate as he appears in his printed works, is said to have written not a little

which came back to him from publishers 'declined with thanks.' 'Anthony Trollope was frequently rejected; so was that once-formidable personage, Henry Brougham; and so was that distinguished novelist, the late George Eliot.

We are, however, afraid that 'John Oldcastle' somewhat errs on the side of encouragement, and that his book may induce a rush of young competitors for literary distinction whose capability is not at all commensurate with their ambition. It is one of the traditions of *Chambers's Journal* that it has ever given fair and full consideration to young writers, and has been the means of introducing not a few successful authors to the world of letters; yet it would be a source of regret were the instances given in this book, of perseverance ultimately rewarded, to lead aspirants to go away with the idea that it is an easy thing to scale the higher citadels of literature. And in giving this caution, it may not be amiss to point out one or two of the misconceptions by which many literary beginners are led astray at the very outset of their career. In doing so, we assume that the persons so advised possess the literary faculty in some degree; otherwise, no advice is of any use.

The first and most prevalent misconception of tyros is, that an article or a poem, to be brilliant, must be 'dashed off.' They have heard, of course, that Johnson wrote *Rasselas* in a week; that Byron was only thirteen days over *The Corsair*; that Scott was scarcely double that time in writing a volume of *Waverley*; and that Burns composed *Tam o' Shanter* between dinner and tea. But they forget that before these tasks were accomplished, Johnson had composed and published what would fill volumes; Byron had already spent the best of his years in the constant practice of his pen; Scott had edited the Border ballads, the works of Swift and Dryden, and written the greatest of his poems; and that Burns was as expert and practised in verse-making as a long experience in the art could possibly make even him. Apart altogether from the question of the super-eminent genius of all these men, they did not attain to this degree of literary celerity all at once. They did not jump into it as a man may get into a suit of new clothes. It was in each case the result of the unwearied practice of their art. There have been instances, such as that of the poet Campbell, where the genius ripened early, and where the first work was the best; but this is very rare even in the ranks of genius. The rule in these ranks has rather been on the side of unmitigated labour in correcting and perfecting their compositions. Many of them, such as Gibbon, wrote and rewrote the first of their productions three or four times over; and after all, when they saw their work in print, have been known to declare that they thought they could still improve it were they to write it over yet again! It may be taken therefore as a fundamental rule in the attainment of literary excellence, to spare no labour in perfecting and polishing, and to leave no word, or

sentence, or passage unimproved that still seems to admit of improvement. Attention to this would save many a young writer some of his bitterest disappointments.

Another fertile source of literary shipwreck to young writers is their aversion to submit their compositions to the amending hands of experienced and therefore competent persons. They are naturally partial to their own productions. They have resolved to set up at once for a genius, and have they not read that every word of genius is a treasure not to be touched by the hands of the prosaically profane? If the privilege of the hero in the fairy tale were theirs, and they had only to wish, in order to possess the thing wished for, no doubt we would have genius in plenty; but it so happens that the exquisite combination of intellectual faculties so named is a very rare possession among men. It is safer to begin life with a humble idea of our genius. If genius be ours, it will not be long in showing itself. We do not mean by this to disenchant altogether the young writer: this would be cruelty, as half his incentive and the most of his pleasure may lie in this same pleasing delusion; but we would have him trust rather to industry than to impulse for the success of his earlier efforts.

There are few even among the most talented writers who have not at some time or other been subject to supervision, and this not unfrequently at the hands of men much less gifted than themselves, but richer in experience. The mechanical part of the art can only be perfected by practice. We may not all be capable of running a mile in five minutes and jumping as many hurdles by the way; but even the racer who does this must first have learned to walk before he could so run. It is the same with the generality of writers. Nor have the acknowledged sons of genius disdained such helps. 'Addison,' says Pope, 'wrote very fluently; but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends; and would alter almost everything that any of them hinted at as wrong.' Burns was not beyond taking a hint from Johnson the Edinburgh music-editor as to the phraseology and rhythmical structure of his songs. Scott submitted his earlier ballads to the correcting hand of that very small man Mat Lewis, and sad work the Monk made of them. On the other hand, some of the best of his novels were considerably improved in point of composition by the verbal criticisms of his publisher James Ballantyne. Byron, even in his best days, did not hesitate to rewrite a whole act of *Manfred* because his publisher's 'taster' did not like it in its first form; Dickens publicly acknowledged his indebtedness to the printers' reader for saving him from many serious blunders; and Thomas Carlyle was content to have his first articles hacked and cut at by Jeffrey till he scarcely knew his own when he saw it in print. If great and experienced writers, therefore, were not averse to such supervision, why should small ones—at least, let us say young ones—be so? The truth is, one of the most hopeful signs in a

young writer is his ability to submit to the correcting hand of those who, even though he may think them of less brilliant parts, are possessed of more cultured tastes than himself. It is within our own experience that those young writers who receive correction least graciously are as a rule the least capable.

Still another source of failure to the literary aspirant, is his inability or unwillingness to accommodate the style of his contribution to that of the magazine or journal to which he proposes to send it. Many declinations are traceable, not so much to defective composition or literary poverty, as to the inappropriateness of the subject, or the objectionable manner in which it is treated. It is a hopeful indication of success when a contributor can grasp the spirit and purpose of the publication in which he is emulous of appearing, and at once writes up to it. Without the necessary literary insight to discriminate in this matter, it would be impossible for those who make a profession of journalism, or who earn a livelihood by miscellaneous contributions to magazines, to frame their productions in conformity with this the first and foremost of editorial requirements. It is clear that when an editor opens a manuscript and finds that the heading of it indicates a subject obviously inappropriate for his purposes, he will go no further into it. On the other hand, if the subject be such as comes within the scope or design of his publication, the young writer has at least made one step in his progress good, for his paper—unless the editor has previously accepted a similar article from another hand—will then be considered on its merits. Of course, when a writer has been sufficiently tested and approved, and has reached the honour of a place on the staff of contributors which most magazines in course of time gather round them, this difficulty is less felt, as then he has his work frequently allocated to him by the editor, subject and all. But young writers cannot get into this position in a day or a year, if ever; and meantime therefore they must set down this question of fitness as among the considerations that are necessary on their part if they would hope to appear in print in the quarter towards which their ambition points.

The conditions of literary effort are in these days very different from what they formerly were. Within the present century, journalism has risen from something like a pastime into the dignity of a profession. Out of the unregulated amorphism of its incipient stages, it has developed into a highly organised existence. From an incongruous horde of literary nomads, whose movements tended nowhere and everywhere, it has been concentrated into the drilled and disciplined order of an army, with companies and regiments each under its own colours, and trained to the use of its own particular weapons. And the individual has changed with the organisation. Every man does not now set up for a captain, though any private with the necessary ability may hope to be one. As was said of the proverbial French soldier, so may every private in the regiments of literature carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack. In this army, also, there can in the nature of things be no promotion by purchase; nothing is to be hoped for under any system of exchange; promotion by merit is here the only admissible tenet of law and practice. Literary labour is now more than ever

in the position of earning its money's worth; and although the reward may not always be proportioned to the effort, that is a contingency which is not incidental to this department of labour only, but holds equally of all branches of human industry and application.

To one, therefore, who possesses any fair degree of literary skill, there are in our day many avenues open, if not to distinction or affluence, at least to a respectable competency. But like all other attainments, it can only be acquired by hard work and persistent effort. Byron's story about his waking one morning and finding himself famous, is apt to take unprofitable possession of too many young heads, of whom it is no more likely to be true than it was of Byron himself. With all his undoubted genius, united to the advantages of his birth and station, he did not burst like a meteor at once into distinction; but worked on for long with no more encouragement than Brougham awarded him for his *Hours of Idleness*. And even after he had risen to the summit of poetical fame in his day, any one who compares his drafts with his finished productions, will see what a patient, plodding craftsman he was, scrupulously fastidious as to his phraseology, in the amending and correcting of which he spared no pains. In these corrections, moreover, he exhibited what is always a distinct proof of literary skill and cultured taste, in so far as he seldom made a change which was not also an improvement. To the young literary aspirant, therefore, we would say, Write carefully, and at leisure; do not fall into the stupid conceit of 'dashing things off;' have no aversion to your faults being pointed out, but beware, on the other hand, of the exuberant praise bestowed upon your manuscript by interested relatives; and once your work is honestly done, and neatly written out, do your best to find a likely channel of publication for it. If not at first successful, you may be in the long-run; and if not with one piece, lay it aside, and try another.

An Editor is frequently blamed if he do not immediately return an ineligible paper, and is regarded as unkind or even harsh if he fails to point out the faults of the unfortunate manuscript; but a little reflection will show how unreasonable it is to expect that that hard-worked personage can have time to criticise, for the benefit of any tyro who may ask, the imperfections of that tyro's work. Nor can an Editor possibly peruse and judge of the merits or otherwise of a multiplicity of manuscripts immediately upon their reception. Days—even a week or two may elapse before he can give them the necessary attention.

Contributors would be more patient regarding their papers if they only knew how earnestly a conscientious Editor labours to throw into shape an imperfectly written article or tale; nor would they wonder at their offerings being so frequently abridged, if they knew how many papers were constantly struggling for a place. 'Deal small and serve all,' is one of the Editor's necessary maxims.

There are various minor, but nevertheless important points, which it would be well for literary aspirants to observe, but which we regret to say are too often neglected. The caligraphy should be clear, and the page should not be crowded with lines; otherwise, a manuscript which may contain really meritorious matter runs the risk of

being returned unread. Manuscript should be written on one side of the leaf only, and at the end or at the beginning the author's full Christian name, surname, and address should be given. The neglect of this latter precaution, as well as the omitting to include stamps for re-postage of ineligible material, occasions the loss, or necessitates the consignment to the waste-basket, of many a manuscript.

Letters of recommendation from the tyro's friends, or even from men of eminence in the literary world, are of no use whatever if the matter offered fails to commend itself to the Editor. His duty is to cater for a public who *must* be satisfied that what is periodically offered to it, suits its taste. Nor can the Editor who would hold together his *clientèle* of readers, admit the offerings of even the widow or orphan, unless they pass the tribunal of his judgment—a cruel duty doubtless, but one which the stern exigencies of his position necessitate.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER VII.—LAUNCHED IN LONDON.

It is with some pain, ever and always, that we tear ourselves away from a place where we have lived long enough to allow the tenacious home associations to take root. Even a prison can to some exceptional natures become dear by long usage; and although a ship has been not inaptly compared to a floating jail, many a tough old naval officer has been known to lament the joyous years when he was cabined, cribbed, confined in some contracted den on board a space-saving corvette or pinched gunboat. Of the Denham family, the one who left Blackston with the most regret was certainly Louisa, the doctor's eldest daughter. Pretty Rose, her young sister, was of an age at which change and bustle and novelty are welcome for their own sake, and when Fancy paints in glowing hues the radiant to-morrow that Hope keeps in store. And the doctor, his mind once made up, felt as sanguine as the veriest schoolboy as to the ultimate results of his fresh start in life.

To Bertram Oakley the change was a glad one. He was not, as many of his former fellow-workers had been prone, with local vanity, to boast themselves, 'Blackston born,' and had few pleasant memories of the hard, grinding, unlovely Woolopolis of the West. He was now about to make his first real upward step in the world, of which he had read so much and seen so little; and never, in the old semi-mythical days of chivalry, did a young knight buckle on the golden spurs and knightly baldric with a purer and more steadfast resolve to do his best to deserve them, than that which swelled the beating heart of this young civil engineer expectant. The days of 'derring-do' are done. Slowly but surely, wealth, science, and the invention of gunpowder—the Grave of Valour, as old Germanic champions called it at the first—have turned the grim game of War into an elaborate match of patient calculation, the victory in which is to the longest head and the longest purse. Such lads as Bertram might once have seen few rewards to aim at but such as fell to the best lance of the old spear-breaking times. Now, our best triumphs are gained over the bridled forces of Nature.

The migration to London was accomplished with the smooth swiftness which the magician Steam puts at the command of us all, and which makes us half incredulous of the hardships of that time—not so very long ago—when Royal Anne and her drowsy consort Prince George of Denmark spent six hours in their begilded coach, during the painful transit along five clayey miles of stubborn Sussex road. Indeed, there seems now to be something ludicrously disproportionate between the thought, the hesitation, the doubts and fears, which a change of residence entails, and the rapid ease with which the actual fitting is conducted. Bertram, for one, eyed with but scanty interest the leagues of green country through which the train hurried on, rich as it was in storied nooks where memorable lives had been led or great deeds done, so eager was he to catch the first glimpse of the mighty city that lay beyond. Had his reading been more extensive and his hopes less high, he might have looked more lingeringly on this or that small red-roofed town, topped by a gray stern Norman belfry that had seen cruel civil strife, and flaunting pageants and pitiless executions, since the day when the masons completed their work. Or the shattered ruins of a chancel standing drear and lone, the broken pillars of a roofless aisle, a great rose-window showing its glassless tracery of stone, might have told him tales of a stately Abbey in its picturesque decay. As it was, he longed for London.

London reached at last! There it was, the canopy of smoke and winter-fog and shapeless blackness, overhanging the world's greatest of great cities. There it was, with its surging roar of mingled sounds, its disheartening immensity, and the unreasonable feeling of loneliness which is apt to be forced upon a sensitive stranger by his very neighbourhood to such a multitudinous anthill of busy beings as that to which he has come to bring his poor tribute of aspirations, and a life. Bertram could not help being a little disappointed, a little discouraged too, during the first hour or so in London. It seemed to him as if his were so small a venture among the many argosies afloat on such a sea, as if his brighter faculties were benumbed by the very heedlessness of the units who composed those great streams of life that poured like the very lifeblood of stirring civilisation through the echoing streets, each atom of the heaving mass intent upon his or her small gain of profit, pleasure, duty, all sublimely careless of the terrors and the longings, the eagerness, despair, stricken woe, that jostled against them in human presentment on the flagstones.

Once in London—once beside the platform on which delft corduroy-clad porters—skilled physiognomists in that branch of Lavater's science which consists in discriminating between the fee-giving and non-fee-giving varieties of modern travellers—were wheeling empty trucks; and beyond which Hansoms and four-wheeled 'crawlers' were drawn up in line, expectant of their human prey—the caravan of West-country passengers that the panting steam-horse had swept so swiftly on along the sleepered road, broke up rapidly into its component parts. Even the Denham family, using the word in its amplest signification, separated on that railway platform, which has witnessed partings almost as painful, and often as final, as those which the scaffold itself has seen—husband

and wife, mother and son, brother and sister, saying the tearful words that should never be again uttered on this side of the grave. Off then drove the doctor, with his daughters and the boy he had taken by the hand, to their new abode in Harley Street; while a hired brougham, duly bespoken—for Mr Walter Denham was careful of his health, and never risked a draught—conveyed the *virtuoso* home.

Uncle Walter had a pretty house in the royal suburb of Kensington; but there are Kensingtons and Kensingtons, just as Belgravia is an elastic term that covers many a slack-baked street of insolvent stucco; and the shrewd *virtuoso* had contrived to establish his artistic Lares and Penates in the sunniest and most central nook between the angle of the Park and that great permanent Exhibition, that tantalises Londoners by being so near and yet so far, and where some of the choicest gems of our national treasury lie hid. It was in Prince's Terrace that Uncle Walter's mellow red-brick house, with the white stone mullions of its Queen Anne windows, showed its tempting front, like a ripe peach in the sunshine; while within were rare marbles and bronzes, marvellous intaglios and fragments of ancient mosaic, pictures, urns, arms, medallions, all the *bric-à-brac* that can be picked up by an indefatigable explorer of the darkling curiosity-shops of decaying towns abroad. Here, among his statues, his Greczes and Hobbimas, his blue china and antique etchings, and sword-blades from Damascus and Toledo, dwelt Uncle Walter; and hither the hired brougham in due course conveyed him.

The Harley Street house wherein Sir Samuel Jeffs had dwelt was large and roomy, larger by far than that provincial dwelling in Regent Square, Blackston, which had been 'home' even yesterday; but it seemed cold, gloomy, and sepulchral, and with its big rooms and grand staircase and dimly lighted windows, exercised rather a depressing effect at the first upon its new inhabitants. It had been the abode of generations of wealthy people; and on some of the ceilings, florid mythology displayed the most garish colours and cluui-siest attitudes of an eighteenth century Olympus. The stone staircase was more like that of an Italian house than a London one. There were yet, on each side of the wide front-door, the quaint extinguishers of rusty iron wherewith the running footmen of past ages quenched the not unnecessary flambeaux with which they lighted their masters through the muddy and ill-kept streets. Before those steps, many a grand carriage had set down its living load. Into that hall, many a sedan-chair had been carried, freighted with beauties in paint and patches, with impossible headgear and high-heeled shoes. Dean Swift himself may have trudged, scowling, and Laurence Sterne tripped, smirking, up that stair.

'We shall shake into our places, and soon—all of us, feel at home,' was Dr Denham's cheery dictum, as he clapped his hand encouragingly on Bertram Oakley's shoulder; while the latter busied himself with the supervision of the luggage, as it was brought in, piecemeal, through the fog and waning light, from without. Dr Denham was in excellent spirits, in wilfully good spirits, if it be permissible to use such a word. He knew the practice he had bought to be a good one. Sir Samuel's name was one which was never breathed

but with respect, and the field lay open for a successor of his recommending. The fashion of Harley Street is as dead as the Druids, but there is much of substantial wealth yet in the district. Altogether, the honest doctor felt as though he were proprietor of a gold mine, and had but to work as his wont was, to secure the precious ore beneath.

(To be continued.)

A NOVEL PET.

WHAT English homestead would be complete without its Pet? an epithet applicable alike to bird, cat, dog, or baby. Most have some kind of pet. It is human, it is natural to have something on which to lavish our best affection. At home we had a diversity of pets; but the one I wish to speak of was, I consider, a Novel Pet, in so far as it is not customary to keep an animal of its *genus* as an inmate of a domestic circle. Our pet was a kangaroo. She—one of the gentler sex, and well deserving was she of that honour—was a splendid specimen of her kind. I have seen many both since and before at the Zoo, and elsewhere; but never have I met with such a one as ours. Had she been reinstated amongst her own kin, doubtless she would have been considered a beauty, if somewhat dainty and precise. Standing erect upon her hind-limbs, she looked the perfection of dignity, and would measure at least five feet. But her usual attitude was a graceful curve of the spine, which considerably diminished the height, but lent ease and rapidity to her motions. Her skin was soft and glossy; her head small, with long sharp-pointed ears that evidenced delicate breed, and large soft hazel eyes; a long, strong tail, which served both as a vehicle by which she was wont to express any intense emotion, and a weapon wherewith to resent insult or ungenerosity; and two fore-limbs or short arms, which were of the same use and value to her as are those of her higher evolved sisters of the human species (*vide* Mr Darwin). With these fore-paws she would, monkey-wise, grasp and retain anything offered to her. Her fool she preferred to take from the dish, and in this wise transfer to her mouth, in contrast to the ruder manner of her fellow-diners—three fat and—must it be told?—greedy cats. They invariably assembled at meal-times—this quartet—and great was the angry growling of the feline brethren should Kanny be first to extract from the dish a morsel of the edibles. She was a bit of an epicure in her way. Her *bonne-bouche* was a rabbit-bone—the more fleshy the better—which she would take in her right paw and pick cleanly, and with infinite relish.

The cats were rather awed by her at first. They set their backs up and their ears down; their tails grew thick and stiff. But they soon came to be accustomed to their new companion. No doubt they thought her odd; but that thought was chased away in the more practical occupation of staying the pangs of animal appetite. Likewise, we children, and indeed our elders also, were more than a trifle scared at first. Kanny was a formidable creature to meet unexpectedly, as I did one day when returning with nurse from a walk. She came bounding down the stairs, taking a whole flight at a time, and the length of the hall in about four leaps. She was not such a fine

animal at that time. Most probably, she had not had the same care and kindness bestowed upon her on board the vessel that brought her from her southern home, as she had subsequently. Of tea she was exceedingly fond, and she deemed it a grievous slight if we omitted to insert a full complement of sugar. Had we served it without milk, she would have lashed her tail, then drawn up her tall figure in angry indignation, and with a bound or two of extra magnitude, occasioned by the force of exasperation, permit distance to separate the offended and the offender. But each and all loved her, and looked to her comforts too well for that. Not a luxury but Kanny must share; not a 'peniorth o' sweets' but Kanny must partake of—her particular fancy in this line leaning to sugared almonds. Kanny had a very sweet tooth.

By-and-by we children developed a vague consciousness of something in the shape of mystery going on, or about to take place. This we gleaned from side-looks and whispers, and our inquisitive young minds were sorely perplexed. But in course of time this dim expectancy was rendered more substantial, more real. Kanny had a baby—a baby kangaroo! Oh, how our childish hearts did expand to take in every iota of that wondrous phenomenon! A baby kangaroo born beneath our own roof—the roof of an outhouse made cosy and comfortable upon the arrival of the mother. Well, it was all the same! No real baby could have been a greater prodigy—a greater beauty, notwithstanding its lean, lank body, long disproportionate limbs, and the general looseness of its physical proportions. Nevertheless, baby kanny was a treasure. Though it was our dearest delight to seek to entice the interesting bantling from her abode of warmth and safety in her mother's pouch, no human mother could have tended her infant more constantly than did our Kanny. But, alas! it was not for long. Ere many weeks had passed, the autumn winds blew bleak—too bleak for the child of the south. Our pet's baby, always weakly, timid, fragile, sickened and died.

No longer were our childish hearts excited at the vision of a pair of dark eyes and two little skinny paws peeping out of the mother's pouch. We missed our little pet much, and we mourned her in a way. But as for the mother, if she grieved, we were delighted that she survived her grief, and—selfish mortals that we are—we were amply recompensed for our loss by the attention she could again bestow upon us.

Our garden was a good length, and surrounded by brick walls of some seven feet or more. To take these walls at a leap was an easy feat to Kanny; and highly amusing was it to see her help herself without invitation to the bunches of currants or cherries—taking wise precaution as to the stones—from the bushes and trees, which fruit we children were cautioned not to pluck without permission. It was hard; it was tantalising perhaps; but it was amusing—and pardonable, as the delinquent was our pet Kanny.

Another amusing incident occurred when some workmen were engaged in a neighbour's garden. A long lane ran parallel with the ends of the gardens of our terrace, and from each garden a door led into this lane. Our neighbour's door having fallen into dilapidation, they were getting a new one in its place—the carpenter and others

being busy at it. When strangers were about, it was our custom to keep Kanny confined to her own domestic quarters; but somehow or other it happened that this particular day, shortly before noon, some considerate friend had released her from her temporary imprisonment, and she was free to go whithersoever she desired. After reveling in the freedom which the garden afforded, possibly her long-pent energies provoked an ardent yearning for a wider range, now that that sweetest of all sweet boons was her own. Be that as it may, she was pleased to 'take' the wall; and then, with her habitual light step, she bounded along the lane in the direction whence sounds of knocking alternating with human voices fell upon her keenly sensitive ear. In this way she gained the doorway where the men were going on with their work. Then, gracefully and with becoming dignity, drawing herself up to her full height, she confronted the men with an intelligent and unabashed stare. The men were at first amazed—then terrified almost out of their wits. One by one dropped his tools and ran as fast as his legs would carry him. In less time than it takes to tell, all had fled, leaving their work and their beer behind them; and Kanny became mistress of the situation. In nowise discomposed or seemingly discouraged by this most precipitate retreat, Kanny was not slow to improve the opportunity. The pewter pots remained; some were still little less than half emptied. Kanny had tasted beer before, though not often. But one sniff was sufficient—it was good! Kanny tasted it—it was better. Pot after pot was emptied until not a drop remained; and the lawul imbibers had the satisfaction of beholding from a window a formidable and unknown animal placidly yet surely making smaller by degrees and beautifully less the delectable contents of those pewter pots! Many there have been, and still are, who would without ceremony 'rob a poor man of his beer;' but upon no previous occasion, probably, has the British workman been rendered beerless by a kangaroo.

Truly, these big and doubtless proportionately brave fellows were terribly scared, and little wonder, seeing that it was the first time they had encountered such an animal under such circumstances. It required all the persuasive eloquence of our cook, who stood in the background an amused spectator, to prevail upon them to leave their refuge in order to resume work, which could only be achieved upon the repeated and solemn assurance that the creature—and according to the workmen, the something infinitely worse—was in safe custody elsewhere.

Winter was approaching, and the cold, spite of all our efforts to the contrary, affected poor Kanny much. She became subject to fainting-fits, preceded by shiverings, when she would turn up her big brown eyes so soft, so full of beseeching pity, that our hearts were touched to the core. It was pitiable to see her. Her sufferings, alas, increased! We provided as well as we could for her comfort and relief; but it availed not, and day by day we watched her grow less active, less inclined to frolic and play, as she became weaker and more subject to these attacks. She would lie down now, content to have a caressing hand at intervals laid upon her, when, in answer, she would endeavour to raise her pretty,

symmetrical head, and rub the hand in token of her gratitude and love. This was all she could do; and there came a time when even this was too much.

One raw December day, she was carried in from her house and placed on the rug before the kitchen-fire, panting and gasping for breath; and in a short time thereafter our pet was dead! We made her a grave in the garden, wherein rest the remains of many other but not more dearly cherished pets; and for years that spot, to my childish understanding at least, was consecrated by the memory of one who had been our dear and faithful friend. Even now I love all recollections of our Kanny.

A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PROMISE KEPT.

YEARS again passed by, during which I had neither heard of Stockdale, nor revisited my old home. Time, which softens all sorrows, had taken away the sharpness of mine. I had not indeed forgotten Fairy, and I had remained unmarried. But of Stockdale I hardly ever had a thought now. Twenty years had passed since the events mentioned in the last chapter, and almost as many since I had been in Liverpool. It was an evening in the month of May when, after so long an absence, I once more found myself in that busy town. I supposed that I should certainly be forgotten at the *Neptune*, if indeed that hotel should still be in existence; but I wished to see the place again, and so made my way towards my old quarters. It was with some curiosity that I turned into the little court where the inn used to be. It was there still, apparently unchanged, and I entered. Of course, I was not recognised; but when I mentioned my name, and said that I used to be well known at the *Neptune*, I found that the name at least was remembered, and that there was an apartment still called Captain Rivers' Room. To a wanderer such as I had been, without relative or home, this was some satisfaction; and I asked to be allowed again to occupy my own room.

And so that night I found myself sitting by the fireside, as I had done nearly a quarter of a century before. Everything in the room was just as I had last seen it. There was no change in the furniture. The same massive mahogany bedstead with its crimson curtains was there; the same table at which I had written my letter to poor Fairy. The arm-chair I was sitting in was the very one in which I had so often sat and thought of her. Opposite me was the old oak cabinet; and I am half-ashamed to confess that I actually went over to it and opened the right-hand drawer, and looked in with a kind of feeling that I should find a letter for me in it. There was none of course. But as I sat in the old place by the fireside that night, memories of the past crowded thick upon me, incidents long forgotten returned vividly to my mind. I thought of my old home; of Mrs Pearson, and my promise to her; of Fairy—of my last interview with her; of the lonely grave on the wild moorland; until I observed that the fire had gone out, and that it was far on in the night. Then I went to bed, and fell asleep. But still my thoughts were busy with

the past. I seemed in my dreams to pass again through the scenes of my childhood and youth. But one strange feature was present in them all. I was a boy playing with Fairy. We were full of mirth, the garden ringing with our laughter, when suddenly a servant appeared calling us in. It was Dorothy Brien, the old servant of the Stockdales. The scene changed. I was returning to Rathminster after my first voyage, anxious to see Fairy again, and feeling a pleasure in coming home—never perhaps so sweet and unmingled as in youth, and after a first absence. I knocked at the door. 'Fairy will surely open it,' I thought. But no. It was Dorothy. 'There is sickness in this house,' she said; 'you cannot enter.' So my dream went on, one scene succeeding another, and with each this old servant was strangely mixed up. I thought I was returning from my poor darling's funeral. At a turn of the road, the same woman suddenly met me. 'Stop!' she said. 'I have a message for you from Mrs Stockdale. Listen to what I tell you;' and she seemed to speak eagerly. '*You are to remember your promise.*'

Then I awakened. The morning sun was pouring in its light through the window. I got up and dressed myself. At first I thought my dream was simply the effect of circumstances. The familiar room, and my meditations the night before, had awakened in me former trains of thought. Even in sleep, my imagination was busy with the past; for impressions once made upon the mind, though forgotten, remain hidden away as it were in the storehouse of the memory, and may rise up before us again at the most unexpected moments.

But I must confess that this dream, fantastic as it was, strangely affected me. Old wounds will open afresh after they have been healed for years, and the vividness of my dream seemed to have stirred to their depths the feelings which time had calmed. I began to think of my promise to Fairy, and to ask myself, had I done all I might have done to keep it; and a vague impression began to take possession of me that I must visit Rathminster once more. I reasoned with myself that it would be useless, as well as painful to me to do so; but the feeling grew stronger, and I could not shake it off. At length, therefore, my time being at my disposal, I determined to yield to it; and so the fourth day after my arrival in Liverpool, found me again on my way to Rathminster.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the town. I noticed but few changes in the place itself—the great change was in the people—a change that twenty years is sure to work. The young were middle-aged; the middle-aged were old; the old were dead. I saw scarcely a face that I recognised. Scarce a soul remembered me. I was not known at the hotel, where even my name had been forgotten. I was not sorry at this. I had come to-day; I should be gone to-morrow. I scarcely wished to be recognised or remembered. After having had some refreshment, I strolled out along the streets. I gazed at the house where we had lived. I sauntered past the school-gates, and saw a few of the boarders playing in the old ball-court. I then walked slowly along the road past the castle; the rooks were busy with their nests in the fine old trees, and flights of jackdaws were circling as they used to do round the ivy-covered

walls of the old ruin. I had almost unconsciously taken the road which passed Rathminster churchyard, and before I knew, I found myself at the gate. Then I thought that I would once more walk along the path, and once more gaze upon the spot where I had parted from her. In bitterness of spirit I followed the path through the fields on and on, till at last I came out upon the high-road. On finding myself so near Stockdale's house, I walked on a hundred yards or so until I came opposite it. I deemed that there was little danger of meeting Stockdale, and doubted whether even passing me casually he would recognise me. It was a lovely evening, and there was a delicious spring-like odour in the air. The hedgerows were all out in leaf, and the green on them and on the trees was still in its first delicate freshness. The little birds were fully engaged in their domestic concerns; and the busy chatter of the distant rookery was just audible in the moments when all other sounds were hushed.

There was no one in Stockdale's garden, nor indeed about the cottage, so far as I could see. The door was closed, and the blinds were down in the lower windows. As no one seemed near, I sat down upon the parapet of the little bridge. The moment I had seen the house, I had been struck by its changed aspect. Formerly, everything about it had been so neat and well kept; now, there was everywhere an air of neglect and desolation. The garden was a mass of weeds; the box borders of the flower-beds had grown up almost into shrubs, and were the only tokens of where the walks had been. In the centre of the garden, from the little gate that opened on the road, to the door of the house, there was an ungravelled pathway trodden amongst the weeds. The house too seemed utterly uncared for. The rustic porch was in a tottering condition. The creepers which had covered the front of the house were gone; here and there, a portion of the decaying trellis-work remained hanging to the wall; and cracked and broken panes were to be seen in almost every window. I began to wonder what had become of Stockdale. Was he dead, or had he left the country, or sold his farm? Although it was so long since I had seen or heard of him, yet I had come to Rathminster expecting somehow to find things just as I had left them; and it had not even occurred to me to make any inquiries in the town. Had I then come back after twenty years just to see the house falling into ruin, and to hear, perhaps, that the owner had been long dead?

Still, my thoughts were not so wholly engrossed with suppositions as to Stockdale and his misfortunes, as to make me forget that I had come to Rathminster determined to do one thing, if it were possible to be done—and that was, *to keep my promise to Fairy*. So powerfully had my recent dream impressed this duty upon my mind, that I could not help upbraiding myself for so long delaying its execution. But now, sitting on the parapet of the bridge in view of the cottage where she had lived, I made a firm resolve with myself that the duty should be postponed no longer. I felt impelled towards it by a mysterious something within me which I am not yet able to explain, even to myself.

Seeing that the long-forgotten figure of Dorothy Brien had played so conspicuous a part in my

dream, I naturally made some inquiries with regard to her. It appeared that shortly after Mrs Stockdale's death, she had left the service of young Stockdale—though for many years she had served him and his family before him—and gone away, it was believed to America. At all events, she had not since been heard of, and must long ago be dead. This information further excited my curiosity as to how it came that she filled so large a place in my dream—a dream which had led me after so many years to seek to make up for my previous neglect of Fairy's last wish.

It would weary the reader were I to detail the various steps I took in order to get the sanction of the necessary authorities for the removal of her body from that solitary grave in Gortfern churchyard, where it had lain undisturbed all these years. Fortunately, Dr Burton, who had succeeded to the practice of our old medical attendant, his father, had not forgotten me, or who I was; and when I had stated to him the sacred purpose of my visit, he used every endeavour to enable me to carry out my wishes. From him, also, I learned that Stockdale a few weeks before had disappeared from the village, in order to escape the consequences of some action on the part of an exasperated creditor, and when he might return was not known. At all events, he was not in a position to raise any serious obstacle to my proposal, even if he were now so minded, for his life during many years had been a continued sinking from bad to worse. Poor in means, and degraded in character, he had gradually lost the respect of his neighbours—a silent, dark-minded man, who moved about like one who has the burden of some great crime lying heavy upon him.

At length we had completed our arrangements for the transference of the body of Mrs Stockdale to the Rathminster churchyard; and for this purpose Dr Burton and I set out one morning armed with the necessary authority, to be followed in an hour by a hearse that was to reconvey the body from Gortfern.

I shall never forget that morning. The air was mild and humid, with a soft mist veiling the distant landscape; and as we passed along that solitary road, which I had traversed with such bitter feelings twenty years before, the whole circumstances of that mournful period rose up before me in a kind of dreadful phantasmagoria. I saw in imagination my cousin Fairy—the woman I had loved so long and so deeply—lying dead under the silver fir on that New Year's morning; her removal to the cottage; my visit there, with Dorothy Brien once more telling me that there was death in the house; my useless expostulations with Stockdale; the funeral procession to Gortfern churchyard, and the consignment of Fairy's remains to the cold recesses of that moorland grave. Ah me! that sorrow should so print its impress upon our hearts!

When we arrived at Gortfern, we found the sexton and his assistant in readiness for their work, as also two representatives of the local trust that had the management of this old burying-place. We soon found the grave—though no tombstone marked the spot—and the melancholy work of disinterment began. I watched them, as the men worked downwards foot by foot through that soft, black, peaty mould, till I heard their implements

strike upon the lid, on which I had heard, as it were but yesterday, the dull echo of 'earth to earth' twenty years ago. The men worked with care; but somehow in the course of their operations, the lid of the coffin had been split from top to bottom; and when the chest was raised out of the grave, and set down upon the turf of the churchyard, to my horror the one half of the cover fell entirely away, partly revealing the remains which it inclosed.

I cannot express the mingled grief and consternation that filled my mind at this, which appeared to me to be nothing less than a violation of the sanctity of death. Had I been allowed to follow my first impulse, it would have been to order the immediate replacement of the lid, that no rude gaze should reach those dear remains. But Dr Burton gently took me by the arm, and stooping down, slightly raised the dank cloth that covered the face of the dead. What was my surprise to find that the countenance was almost unchanged! I still could trace the well-remembered features—it was 'as if she had not been dead a day.' I knelt down by her side, and for a short while gave way to the grief I could no longer suppress.

It was afterwards explained to me by Dr Burton, that this apparently miraculous preservation of the body was due to the strongly antiseptic properties of the peaty soil in which it had been interred; although he had never in his experience seen a case in which the preservation had been so marvellously complete.

After allowing me for a few minutes to expend my grief, the worthy doctor was approaching as if to raise me, when we heard a voice behind us exclaim in tones of violent passion: 'Who has done this? By whose orders was this grave opened?'

I started to my feet, and there within a few yards of me stood Robert Stockdale! His eyes were gleaming like those of a fiend. He seemed like a man under the influence of strong drink; but it may only have been the wild excitement of his passionate nature. Since I had seen him last, he was more changed than she who had all these years been in her grave. Haggard and ghastly, with bloodshot eyes and deeply wrinkled forehead, he stood before me the very impersonation of an evil life.

I was about to advance and speak, when we observed the sexton, who had been busying himself in replacing the broken lid, lift a small packet out of the coffin, which he handed to Dr Burton. The packet was done up in several thick folds of cloth; and as he carefully unrolled these, all eyes were riveted upon him—even those of Stockdale, who had now approached, and stood looking on as if horror-stricken. The removal of the last fold of the cloth discovered a small volume—a pocket Testament—Fairy's Testament! I had given it to her as a keepsake, on my first visit to Rathminster, after I left home. As Dr Burton unclasped it, there fell from between the leaves a scrap of paper, which he instantly took up, and read aloud. I shall never forget the words it contained: they sounded in my ears like what they were—a message from the dead.

'I, Dorothy Brien, write this paper. I have promised to Mr Stockdale, my master, for the sake

of his good father and mother I so long served, never to tell what I know of this dreadful crime. But I will place this in my dear mistress's coffin when there is no one to see me, and God may reveal the truth some day. 'My mistress did not take away her own life—she was murdered by her husband. In the middle of the night, he stunned her with a blow; and I saw him carry the senseless body down-stairs. God and his own conscience only can tell what happened then. But she is as innocent of self-destruction as the babe unborn. I do not know how I shall live under the burden of what I know. But heaven may bring it to light some day, when I pray God pardon me for this great crime of concealment. But I cannot disgrace the son of parents who were so kind to me. God forgive me for my great sin.

DOROTHY BRIEN.'

As Dr Burton concluded the reading of this awful revelation—the revelation of a secret which the grave had kept so long—Stockdale turned as if to rush from our presence; but with a deep groan he staggered, and fell to the ground, where he lay for a time like a dead man. The doctor at once ordered the parish authorities present to see to his safe custody; and that night he was consigned on a charge of murder to Rathminster jail. For some hours, as I afterwards learned, he remained in a kind of stupor, out of which condition he gradually passed into a state bordering on frenzy, so much so, that he had to be closely watched by those in charge of him. A little after midnight, his excitement subsided, and he was left apparently sunk in slumber. In the morning, when his cell door was opened, it was found that the wretched man had passed from the power of human justice to that which is beyond.

I need not prolong my story. The body of Fairy was reverently conveyed from Gortfern to Rathminster, and laid beside that of her mother. *I had kept my promise.*

A PLAY UPON SURNAMES.

A CITY directory, however useful for business purposes and in its own special sphere, is hardly likely to be regarded by the general reader as a particularly lively or attractive volume. Yet to the curious, who will take the pains to analyse its contents, such a compendium is capable of yielding an astonishing amount of information and amusement. The study of names, whether of persons, places, or things, even in a superficial and unscientific manner, can scarcely fail to afford some measure of interest; while, with a little whimsical fancy, it may be rendered much more entertaining than one might readily suppose. From the directory of any large town, one may easily collect an array of the oddest, most fantastic, and seemingly most inexplicable names, many of which, probably, he has never heard of before; and if these be skilfully marshalled and reviewed, with the object of bringing into stronger relief their peculiarities and relationships, the effect is at once striking, grotesque and instructive. Without going farther afield than the Scottish capital, we may extract from the Edinburgh Directory a collection of

such curiosities, as will amply serve our present purpose.

Let it be observed, in the outset, how many familiar surnames have been borrowed from the elements, the geographical features and products of the earth, the animal and vegetable kingdom; from the names of places, the various occupations of mankind, our conditions and characteristics, and even from our handiwork. Numerous experiments, such as the following, might be made to illustrate these peculiarities of our nomenclature. Let us try, for example, to compose a landscape by using a few of such surnames as have been derived from the geographical features of the country. There is no lack of material, and we may at once conjure up a scene of the most extensive and variegated description. Before us lie Hill and Dale, Wood and Forrest, Lake, Loch, Shore and Isles; Burns, Brooks and Firths; Glen, Garden, Grove, Corrie and Plain, Park and Ford; while the prospect may be further diversified by a House, an Abbey, a Church or Kirk, Greenfields, Bridges, Dykes, Gates, and, if you like, Fountains and even Cairns. To introduce a few more curiosities in connection with our picture, it may be observed that the scene will be all the more beautiful if viewed in Fairweather and not in Rainy, when the Waters would probably be in Flood, overflowing their Banks, and making Pools in the Field by the Burnside; and it is better seen on a Summery day than in Winter, when its charms might be shrouded in Frost and Snow or obscured in Fog.

From inanimate nature we also obtain such surnames as Slate, Flint, Brass, Steel, Irons (with their concomitant Rust), Silver and Diamond. The vegetable world also contributes. Among trees there are Rowan, Myrtle and Oakes, from which we have a Bongh, a Twigg, and even the Shade they afford. From the kitchen-garden we get Beet and Leek; while among flowers we have the Rose, the Lillie, the Gowan, the Primrose and the Hyacinthe. Of fruits there are the Peach, the Berry; and, what must be interesting to botanists, a Newberry. In close connection with the foregoing are the Bird, the Bee, and the Grubb. Of surnames identified with the names of places, there is an almost endless variety. The following may be enumerated: Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Brittain, Fife, Cromarty, Dingwall, Cornwall, Annandale, Paris, Glasgow, Carlisle, Paisley, Leith, Carstairs, Brechin, Coldstream, Kelso, Selkirk, Melrose, Galloway, Lockerbie, Dunse, Corstorphine, Berwick, Bathgate, Beith. There are also Townsend, Street, Lane, and Cross.

The trades and professions are hardly less numerously represented. To select only a few of the more uncommon, we may mention Bishop, Preacher and Teacher; Sheriff, Judge and Constable; Farmer, Carter and Harrower; Joiner and Sawyer; Capper, Barber and Cutler; Piper and Fidler, the latter with his Bow; the Drover with his Herd; the Shepherd with his Crooke;

the Hunter with his Horn; the Player, for whom there is a Stage; the Officer on the March, with his Armour, Shields, Spears, Sword and Gun, and in front of him the Cannon; the Cook, who is of course provided with a Kitchen and an abundant supply of Potts, Kettles, and Ovens; the Diver with his Bell; the Painter with his stock-in-trade of colours—Black, White, Green, Brown, Gray, Dun and Blues, and many other worthies who will doubtless occur to the Reader. It is interesting to find that the names and professions of individuals occasionally harmonise. You may find a Taylor who is a member of the sartorial brotherhood, a Wright who wields the saw and hammer, a Slater who is a slater, and a Mercer who is a mercer; and if there be anything in a name, what could be more suitable than Manners for a draper, or Gentle for a dentist? For a dairy-keeper, however, Brooks may be thought rather suggestive, and Frost may appear somewhat frigid and repelling for a landlady.

Beasts and birds have lent their names to a numerous section of the human family. In our streets we may see Lyon and Lamb, Bullock, Cowe and Hog, Hart, Kidd and Fawns, Cob and Collie, Fox and Hare. But the feathered tribe comes much more prominently to the front. There are Eagle, Swan, Heron, Peacock, Drake, Woodcock, Crow (whose Caw is not denied us), Dove, Parrot, Starling, Martin, Swallow, Nightingale, Finch, Robin and Wren. Of Fish, for which there is a Pond, we have Salmon, Pike, Eeles, Roach and Crabb, some of which a Fisher is attempting to hook, using a Cockle for bait. He has, however, to Wade, and has long to Waite for a bite.

Coming to names obviously derived from men's own conditions, relationships and characteristics, we find such surnames as Child, Suckling, Baines, Fairbairns, Boys, Girdle, Batchelor, Mann, Gentleman, Husband, Bainsfather, Cousin and Friend. Royalty and aristocracy are represented by King, Duke, Earl, Noble and Knight. Then we have Laird and Tenant, and another who is Landless. And if names afford any criterion of personal appearance, constitution, or temperament, we can have our tastes admirably suited in the choice of companions. There are Young and Old, High and Low, Long and Short, Stout, Thin, Slight, Large, Small and Little; Strong and Doughty, Smart, Sharp, Tough and Rough; Wise and Simple, Gentle and Meek, Good and Best. What a happy time we should have in the company of Messrs Jolly, Blyth, Merry and Gay! Goodfellow, Playfair, Wiseman, Virtue, Peace and Caution would also be desirable guests; but Gaudy, Pryde, Gossip, Cross, and Craven should not be admitted. Messrs Glass and Chrystal should be easily seen through, and Mr Helm should be a useful man for steering one out of a difficulty. We should of course expect Dear, Darling, and Love to be very affectionate people; and Swift, Speed, Trotter, Hurry, and Hastie should make excellent messengers. There are also a few names applying to different parts of the human body, as Bone, Legg, Shanks, Foot, Hair, Cruikshanks, Armstrong, Broadfoot, and Proudfoot.

Another class of curious surnames are those

called after more or less familiar articles, as household utensils and domestic necessities or luxuries. Some of these have already been mentioned in connection with the trades, but a large number remain, among which are Box, Broom, Fender, Buckle, Lock, Bolt, Barr, Comb and Key. The currency is represented by Cash, Money, Coyne, Crown, Dollar, Groat, Ducat and Penney; and in this group Cheap, Price, and Dearthness may be alluded to. Of measures there are Gill, Gallon, Peck and Bushell. Talking of measures suggests that Mr Dry would be much safer in the neighbourhood of Wells than within reach of Sherry or Porter; Mr Drinkwater, however, would not Touch a Beveridge that would Hurte him. In another department of measurements we have Miles, Furlong, Inch, and Inches.

These curiosities do not by any means exhaust our List. We have still More. We have Moon and Stars, the former on the Wane. We have East and West, the undiscovered Pole, and the very Air we breathe. Mythology gives us Griffin, and Fairie, whose exploits enliven the Page of many a Story which we have Read or Heard. It is pleasant to have the Smiles of Fortune, which engender Hope and encourage us to Work with a Will, in which case we can hardly Fail. We not unnaturally look askance at people who Crouch in a Corner, Mutter and Ogle, are Given to Howling, or behave in other Strangeways; and it seems hard to believe that we have really in sober seriousness to call respectable neighbours by such names as Pagan, Lawless, Conquergood, Loose, and Crann, or by such extraordinary appellatives as Gangee, Inskip, Shirtsinger, Spinks, Tuting, Caskey, Dishington, Dott, Groundwater, Dowdy, Twatt, and Grummelt. None of these are Common, but there are many equally remarkable which time and space compel us to Omit. To bring this somewhat rambling medley to a close, we may state, that as we must Early on the Morrow resume our Daily task—not being so Luckie as to enjoy the Boon of a Holiday—we shall now lay Down our Penn and retire to Sleep, trusting that if we Dream, it shall be in our own humble Chambers.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HIGHLAND CENSUS.

My father was a well-to-do farmer in a Highland parish; and in the winter evenings, Peter McLauchlin used to be often at our house. Peter was a kind of local monarch in his way, and our parish was the kingdom over which he reigned with undisputed sovereignty. He combined in his particular person a variety of offices—approximated indeed to Mrs Malaprop's Cerberus, 'ten gentlemen rolled into one;' for he was schoolmaster, session-clerk, inspector of poor, land-measurer; was present at all sales, marriages, and funerals; and indeed on all important occasions Peter was chief man. This was thirty years ago; but I remember him well; and the approaching census of 1881 brings one or two of his stories to my recollection.

When the census came to be taken in 1851, Peter, of course, was intrusted with the work to be done in our parish. Although its inhabitants were widely scattered, many families living in lonely glens and far apart, Peter knew them all, and therefore he was the fittest man possible

in the circumstances for the office. On the evening of that memorable day, as I can still remember, Peter paid us a visit. He knew my mother was hospitable, and he was fond of a chat with my father, and he liked his supper at our fireside. He was full of stories about the census papers; and having got a hearty supper, he began by telling us the story of what he called 'Old Ronaldson's Madness.' He began:

The first difficulty I experienced to-day was with Old Ronaldson. He was always a little queer, as old bachelors often are. Yesterday, as I left the census paper with him, he held the door in one hand while he took the paper from me with the other. I said I would call again for the paper. 'Ye needn't trouble yourself!' said he in a very ill-natured tone. 'I'll not be bothered with your papers.' However, I did not mind him much; for I thought when he discovered that the paper had nothing to do with taxes, he would feel more comfortable, and that he would fill it up properly.

The only person whom Old Ronaldson allows near him is Mrs Birnie; she goes and puts his house in order and arranges his washing; for Ronaldson, you know, is an old soldier; and although he has a temper, he is perfect in his dress, and most orderly in all his household arrangements. When Mrs Birnie went in her usual way to his house this morning, the old gentleman was up and dressed; but he was in a terrible temper, flurried and greatly agitated.

'Good-morning, sir,' said Mrs Birnie—I had the particular words from her own lips—'Good-morning,' said she; but Old Ronaldson, who was as a rule extremely polite to her, did not on this occasion reply. His agitation increased. He fumbled in his pockets; pulled out and in all the drawers of his desk; turned the contents of an old chest out on the floor—all the time accompanying his search with muttered imprecations, which at length broke out into a perfect storm.

Mrs Birnie had often seen Mr Ronaldson excited before, but she had never seen him in a state like this. At length he approached an old bookcase, and after looking earnestly about and behind it, he suddenly seized and pulled it towards him, when a lot of old papers fell on the floor, and a perfect cloud of dust filled the room. Mrs Birnie stood dumfounded. At length the old gentleman, covered with dust, and perspiring with his violent exertions, sat down on the corner of his bed, and in a most wretched tone of voice said: 'Oh, Mrs Birnie, don't be alarmed, but I've lost my senses!'

'I was just thinking as much myself,' said Mrs Birnie; and off she ran to my house at the top of her speed. 'Oh, Mr McLauchlin,' said she, 'come immediately—come this very minute; for Old Ronaldson's clean mad. He's tearing his hair, and cursing in a manner most awful to hear; and worse than that—he's begun to tear down the house about himself. O sir, come immediately, and get him put in a strait-jacket.'

Of course I at once sent for old Dr Macnab, and asked him to fetch a certificate for an insane person with him. Now, old Dr Macnab is a cautious and sensible man. His bald head and silvery hairs, his beautiful white neckcloth and shiny black coat, not to speak of his silver-headed cane and dignified manner, all combine to make

our doctor an authority in the parish. 'Ay, ay,' said the good doctor, when he met me; 'I always feared the worst about Mr Ronaldson. Not good for man to be alone. Sir, I always advised him to take a wife. Never would take my advice. You see the result, Mr M'Lauchlin. However, we must see the poor man.'

When we arrived, we found all as Mrs Birnie had said; indeed by this time matters had become worse and worse, and a goodly number of the neighbours were gathered. One old lady recommended that the barber should be sent for to shave Ronaldson's head. This was the less necessary, as his head, poor fellow, was already as bald and smooth as a ball of ivory. Another kind neighbour had brought in some brandy, and Old Ronaldson had taken several glasses, and pronounced it capital; which everybody said was a sure sign that 'he was coming to himself.' One of his tender-hearted neighbours, who had helped herself to a breakfast-cupful of this medicine, was shedding tears profusely; and as she kept rocking from side to side, nursing her elbows, she cried bitterly: 'Poor Mr Ronaldson's lost his senses, poor man—lost his senses!'

The instant Dr Macnab appeared, Old Ronaldson stepped forward, shook him warmly by the hand, and said: 'I'm truly glad to see you, doctor. You will soon put it all right. I have only lost my senses—that's all! That's what these women are making all this confounded row about.'

'Let me feel your pulse,' said the doctor gently.

'Oh, nonsense, doctor,' cried Ronaldson—'nonsense; I've only lost my senses.' And made as if he would fly at the heap of drawers, dust, and rubbish which lay in the centre of the floor, and have it all raked out again.

'Oh, lost your senses, have you?' said the doctor with a bland smile. 'You'll soon get over that—that's a trifle.' But he deliberately pulled out his big gold repeater and held Ronaldson by the wrist.—'Just as I feared,' whispered the doctor to me, with much solemnity—'just as I feared. Pulse ninety-five, eye troubled, face flushed, much excitement, &c. So there and then, Old Ronaldson was doomed.'

I did not wish a painful scene; so, when I got my certificate signed by the doctor, I quietly slipped out, got a pair of horses and a close carriage, and asked Mr Ronaldson to meet me, if he felt able, at the inn in half an hour, as I felt sure a walk in the open air would do him good. He gladly fell in with this plan, and promised to be with me at noon certain.

As I have said, he is an old soldier, was an officer's servant in fact, and is a most tidy and punctual person. But old Mrs Birnie, careful soul, in her anxiety to keep matters right, made bad worse. Ronaldson, before going out, insisted on shaving; and Mrs Birnie had, with much thoughtfulness, the moment he began to make preparations for this, put his razors out of the way. Hereupon, he got worse and worse, stamped and stormed, and at last worked himself up into a terrible passion.

I grew tired waiting at the inn, and so returned, and found him in a sad state. When he saw me, he cried: 'Oh, Mr M'Lauchlin, the devil's in this house this day.'

'Very true,' said Mrs Birnie to me in an aside. 'You see, sir, he speaks sense—whiles.'

'Everything,' he went on, 'has gone against me this day; but,' said he, 'I'll get out of this if my beard never comes off.—Hand me my Wellington boots, Mrs Birnie. I hope you have not swallowed them too!'

The moment Ronaldson began to draw on his boot, affairs changed as if by magic. 'There!' cried he triumphantly—'there is that confounded paper of yours which has made all this row!—See, Mrs Birnie,' he exclaimed, flourishing my census paper in his hand; 'I've found my senses!'

'Oh,' cried the much affected widow, 'I am glad to hear it;' and in her ecstatic joy she rushed upon the old soldier, took his head to her bosom, and wept for very joy. I seized the opportune moment to beat a hasty retreat, and left the pair to congratulate each other upon the happy finding of Old Ronaldson's senses.

In the afternoon, I called up at Whinny Knowes, to get their schedule; and Mrs Cameron invited me to stay tea, telling me what a day they had had at the 'Whins' with the census papers.

'First of all,' said she, 'the master there'—pointing to her husband—'said seriously that every one must tell their ages, whether they were married or not, and whether they intended to be married, and the age and occupation of their sweethearts—in fact that every particular was to be mentioned. Now, Mr M'Lauchlin, our two servant-lasses are real nice girls; but save me! what a fluster this census has put them in. Janet has been ten years with us, and is a most superior woman, with good sense; but at this time she is the most distressed of the two. After family worship last night, she said she would like "a word o' the master himself." "All right," says John, with a slight twinkle in his eye.

'When they were by themselves, Janet stood with her Bible in her hand, and her eyes fixed on the point of her shoe. "Sir," said she, "I was three-an'-thirty last birthday, though my neighbour Mary thinks I'm only eight-an'-twenty. And as for Alexander"—this was the miller, Janet's reputed sweetheart—"he's never asked my age exactly; and so, if it's all the same, I would like you just to keep your thumb upon that. And then, as to whether he's to marry me or no, that depends on whether the factor gives him another lease of the mill. He says he'll take me at Martinmas coming if he gets the lease; but at the farthest, next Martinmas, whether or no!"

'Janet," said my husband, "you've stated the matter fairly; there is nothing more required."

'And John there,' continued Mrs Cameron, 'has made good use of Janet's census return. This very forenoon, Lady Menzies called to see us, as she often does. Said John to her Ladyship, says he: "He's a very good fellow, Alexander Christie the miller—a superior man. I'm sorry we are like to lose him for a neighbour!"

'I never heard of that," said her Ladyship. "He is a steady, honest man, and a good miller, I believe. I should be sorry to lose him on the estate. What is the cause of this?"

'Oh,' replied my husband, "it seems the factor is not very willing to erect a house; and Alexander is not willing to have a new lease of the mill without one being built. Your Ladyship," added John, "can see, I daresay, what Alexander is after."

"O yes, I understand," said she, laughing. "I will try and keep the miller;" and off she set without another word. Down the burn-side she goes, and meets Alexander, with a bag of corn on his back, at the mill-door. When he had set it down, and was wiping the perspiration off his brow with the back of his hand, Lady Menzies said: "You are busy to-day, miller."

"Yes, my Lady," said he; "this is a busy time."

"I wonder," said her Ladyship, coming to the point at once, "that a fine young fellow like you does not settle down now and take a wife, and let me have the pleasure of seeing you as a tenant always with us."

"You wouldn't, my Lady," said the miller, "have me bring a bird before I had a cage to put it in. The factor grudges to build me a house; therefore I fear I must remove."

"Well, Christie," said her Ladyship with great glee, "you'll look out for the bird, and leave it to me to find the cage."

"It's a bargain, my Lady," said Alexander. "My father and my grandfather were millers here for mony a long year before me; and to tell the truth, I was reluctant to leave the auld place."

"In the course of the forenoon, the miller made an errand up the burn to the Whins, for some empty bags; and as we had already got an inkling of what had passed between him and Lady Menzies, I sent Janet to the barn to help him to look them out. When Janet returned, I saw she was a little flurried, and looked as if there was something she wished to say. In a little while—"Ma'am," says she to me, "I'm no to stop after Martinmas."

"No, Janet?" says I. "I am sorry to hear that. I'm sure I've no fault to find with you, and you have been a long time with us."

"I'm not going far away," said Janet with some pride; "the bairns will aye get a handful of groats when they come to see us!"

"So you see, Mr M'Lauchlin, what a change this census paper of yours has brought about."

"Ay, ay, good wife," said Whinny Knowes, laughing; "although you have lost a good servant, you must admit that I've managed to keep the miller!"

But I had a worse job with the Miss M'Farlanes, than Mrs Cameron had with Janet. They are three maiden ladies—sisters. It seems the one would not trust the other to see the census paper filled up; so they agreed to bring it to me to fill it in.

"Would you kindly fill in this census paper for us?" said Miss M'Farlane. "My sisters will look over, and give you their particulars by-and-by."

Now, Miss M'Farlane is a very nice lady; though Mrs Cameron tells me she has been calling very often at the manse since the minister lost his wife. Be that as it may, I said to her that I would be happy to fill up the paper; and asked her in the meantime to give me her own particulars. When it came to the age column, she played with her boot on the carpet, and drew the black ribbons of her silk bag through her fingers, and whispered: "You can say four-and-thirty, Mr M'Lauchlin." "All right, ma'am," says I; for I knew she was four-and-thirty at anyrate. Then Miss Susan came over—that's the second sister—really a handsome young creature, with fine ringlets and curls, though she is a little tender-

eyed and wears spectacles. Well, when we came to the age column, Miss Susan played with one of her ringlets, and looked in my face sweetly, and said: "Mr M'Lauchlin, what did Miss M'Farlane say? My sister, you know, is considerably older than I am,—there was a brother between us."

"Quite so, my dear Miss Susan," said I; "but you see the bargain was that each of you was to state your own age."

"Well," said Miss Susan, still playing with her ringlets, "you can say—age, thirty-four years, Mr M'Lauchlin."

In a little while the youngest sister came in. "Miss M'Farlane," said she, "sent me over for the census paper."

"O no, my dear," says I; "I cannot part with the paper."

"Well, then," said she, "just enter my name too, Mr M'Lauchlin."

"Quite so. But tell me, Miss Robina, why did Miss M'Farlane not fill up the paper herself?"—for Miss Robina and I were always on very confidential terms.

"Oh," she replied, "there was a dispute over particulars; and Miss M'Farlane would not let my other sister see how old she was; and Miss Susan refused to state her age to Miss M'Farlane; and so, to end the quarrel, we agreed to ask you to be so kind as fill in the paper."

"Yes, yes, Miss Robina," said I; "that's quite satisfactory; and so, I'll fill in your name now, if you please."

"Yes," she uttered with a sigh. When we came to the age column—"Is it absolutely necessary," said she, "to fill in the age? Don't you think it is a most impertinent question to ask, Mr M'Lauchlin?"

"Tut, it may be so to some folk; but to a sweet young creature like you, it cannot matter a button."

"Well," said Miss Robina.—"But now, Mr M'Lauchlin, I'm to tell you a great secret;" and she blushed as she slowly continued: "The minister comes sometimes to see us."

"I have noticed him rather more attentive in his visitations in your quarter of late, than usual, Miss Robina."

"Very well, Mr M'Lauchlin; but you must not tease me just now. You know Miss M'Farlane is of opinion that he is in love with her; while Miss Susan thinks her taste for literature and her knowledge of geology, especially her pamphlet on the Old Red Sandstone and its fossils as confirming the Mosaic record, are all matters of great interest to Mr Fraser, and she fancies that he comes so frequently for the privilege of conversing with her. But," exclaims Miss Robina with a look of triumph, "look at that!" and she held in her hand a beautiful gold ring. "I have got that from the minister this very day!"

I congratulated her. She had been a favourite pupil of mine, and I was rather pleased with what happened. "But what," I asked her, "has all this to do with the census?"

"Oh, just this," continued Miss Robina. "I had no reason to conceal my age, as Mr Fraser knows it exactly, since he baptised me! He was a young creature then, only three-and-twenty; so that's just the difference between us."

"Nothing at all, Miss Robina," said I—"nothing at all; not worth mentioning."

'In this changeful and passing world,' said Miss Robina, 'thirle-and-twenty years are not much after all, Mr M'Lauchlin!'

'Much!' said I. 'Tut, my dear, it's nothing—just indeed what should be.'

'I was just thirty-four last birthday, Mr M'Lauchlin,' said Miss Robina; 'and the minister said the last time he called that no young lady should take the cares and responsibilities of a household upon herself till she was—well, eight-and-twenty; and he added that thirty-four was late enough.'

'The minister, my dear,' said I, 'is a man of sense.'

So thus were the Miss M'Farlanes' census schedules filled up; and if ever some one in search of the Curiosities of the Census should come across it, he may think it strange enough, for he will find that the three sisters M'Farlane are all *ae year's bairns*!

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE have before alluded to the invention by Professor Graham Bell of the Photophone, an instrument by which sound is carried from one place to another by the action of a beam of light. Since our remarks were published, the inventor has, in a lecture before the Society of Arts, fully described the instrument, and has also detailed experiments of a very curious nature which were made during the researches connected with it.

The commercial success which has attended the undertaking of several railway Companies to supply Londoners with sea-water for their morning baths, has been instrumental in reviving the long-talked of scheme for carrying the same prized liquid to the Metropolis by means of pipes. A Bill is to be shortly brought before parliament to obtain powers to erect the necessary works for the purpose between London and Lancing, at which latter place the ocean is to be tapped.

Some experiments were lately carried out at Woolwich with the object of ascertaining the causes which lead to the accidental explosion of blasting charges in quarries and mines, from which such lamentable consequences so often ensue. Various charges of gunpowder were submitted to the most violent mechanical treatment without in any case leading to ignition. It is curious to learn that while these experiments were proceeding with such negative results, that which could not be accomplished by art, was produced by accident in the rocket factory hard by. A rocket in course of loading under pressure suddenly exploded without any visible cause. Further experiments may possibly lead to some elucidation of these apparently spontaneous explosions, but at present they are wrapped in mystery.

The diving system of Mr H. A. Fleuss, to which we directed attention some time ago, was, last December, put to a severe test at the Severn tunnel works. These works had for some time been flooded, owing to the occurrence of local springs which it was found impossible to check. In a subway or heading which was driven beneath the river, an iron door had been placed at a distance of ten hundred and twenty feet from the main shaft on the river-bank. By some oversight this door had—before the flooding occurred—been left open; and it was found impossible, with the

most powerful pumps, to gain upon the water unless this door could by some means be shut. The ordinary diving apparatus failed to achieve this, on account of the great length of air-pipe the diver was obliged to drag behind him. Mr Fleuss was then called upon to employ his apparatus, which it will be remembered is quite independent of any air-tube or other connection with *terra firma*. The door was by this means closed; and the water was speedily reduced several feet.

It may be mentioned that the Fleuss apparatus has undergone several modifications since our account of it was published. It now differs outwardly from the ordinary diving-dress only in the addition of a knapsack, which contains both the filtering arrangement and the supply of compressed oxygen. This alteration at once reduces the bulk of the dress, and what is more important, renders the system easy of application to any ordinary diving-costume. By the use of a mask to protect the eyes and to furnish a connection by means of flexible tubes between the mouth and the knapsack, the arrangement at once becomes applicable for use in mines or other places where noxious gases abound. For the rescue of persons from fires, or of miners after an explosion, this modification of the apparatus has been devised; and it, and the lamp which accompanies it, formed the subject of a paper read by Mr Huxham before the South Wales Institute of Engineers. The lamp is a limelight, and is fed by a supply of compressed oxygen contained in a receptacle at its base. It will give a brilliant light for many hours either under water or in the most polluted atmosphere. Detailed particulars concerning the apparatus may be had by applying to Messrs Fleuss, 110 Cannon Street, London, or St Ann's Works, Bridgeton, Glasgow.

Perhaps no atmosphere which is breathable is more polluted than that of the metropolis when a real London fog is hanging its pall over the streets of the great city. And although Mr Fleuss does not offer his help in this direction, it is satisfactory to note that many people are endeavouring to find means, and are offering suggestions, to remedy the evil. The matter is not only of interest to dwellers in London, but must affect in time the inhabitants of all large cities which are rapidly increasing their area with their population. Even bright and beautiful Paris is beginning to cultivate fogs of the London type, which fogs are attributed to the gradual substitution of coal as domestic fuel, since the wood-supply has commenced to fail.

A few centuries ago, the citizens of London petitioned parliament to forbid the use of coal 'on account of its stench;' but as time went on, the available wood was all consumed, and the people were glad enough to fall back upon coal with all its inconveniences. The lieges might now with much greater insistence urge that coal is the parent of worse evils than those which affect the olfactory sense; for they could point to the death returns, and prove that these are greatly augmented by the occurrence of those smoke-fogs directly due to the fuel which we burn. The remedies proposed are many in number, and amongst the most worthy of consideration are those which recommend the employment of gas or coke fires, or of smokeless coal. Dr Siemens

—whose name is better known in connection with electrical science—has proposed the use of a special form of stove which burns coke, or anthracite, aided by the application of gas-jets beneath the fuel. This form of stove has the appearance of an open coal-fire, and gives out more heat than that emblem of English comfort. It may be described briefly as a stove with a bottom plate of copper, riveted to a plate of the same metal which forms the back of the grate. A gas-pipe pierced with holes is fitted behind the lowest bar of the grate, and the upper part is filled with lumps of fuel. By an ingenious arrangement, a current of hot air is urged upon the gas-flames, and their heating properties are thereby much increased. Dr Siemens has not patented his ideas, but has published them *pro bono publico*. The figures which he gives representing the results of continued trials, in which gas and fuel were rigorously measured, prove at once that the new stove is economical as well as efficient. It is to be feared, however, that these ingenious devices will be, as we pointed out in a recent article on the subject, in a great measure rendered useless so long as manufacturers refrain from consuming their own smoke.

A namesake of Dr Siemens, at Vienna, has invented a new form of gas-lamp, in which the products of combustion are made to heat the air subsequently supplied to the burner. The ultimate products are said to be free from all vitiating properties, and the light given to be double or triple that of the best existing burners.

Our readers are probably aware that a rule exists that our criminals must have their photographs taken by the authorities, as a means of future identification. This plan has been further extended by an order from the Home Office, that the hands that commit the mischief should also become models for the photographer, in order that the marks of different kinds of employment may furnish additional evidence of identity. By a curious oversight, however, the prisoners are to be submitted to the camera with their hands crossed on the breast, by which means the palms of the hands are hidden. Mr Woodbury, the eminent photographer, has pointed out that if the palm of the hand were photographed in a strong side-light, so that its ridges and furrows were clearly defined, such a picture would form a map by which any hand could be at once recognised—it being certain that no two people agree in the configuration of these manual surface-markings.

It is said that the Chinese have for many years been alive to the foregoing fact; and in the absence of photography, have obtained impressions in a much more simple manner, by requiring their criminals to smear their fingers with greasy ink, and then to impress them upon paper. It is stated that twenty years of life make no sensible difference in the character of these skin furrows. A correspondent in *Nature* points to some experiences of their efficacy in detecting evil-doers which have come under his observation. In one case, the mark of a sooty finger on a white wall was sufficient to indicate a trespasser; whilst a greasy finger-mark on a bottle pointed to the last person who had illicitly quenched his thirst. This writer remarks that the Tichborne case would never have assumed the dimensions which it did if the real Roger had left behind him a

signature or thumb-mark of this nature. We may mention that in the East, illiterate persons often subscribe documents by dipping their finger in the inkpot and then marking the paper; but such an impress leaves no such permanent record of the skin furrows as that which is secured under the Chinese system.

A suggestion has been made to light mines by means of an endless band covered with Bahmain's luminous paint. This band would pass from the top to the bottom of the shaft, and every part of it would in turn be submitted to daylight, which it would absorb and carry down to the depths of the mine. The proposal is ingenious, but hardly practicable. In connection with this subject, we may mention that a London photographer has found that when one of the constituents of this paint is incorporated with a sensitive emulsion for the preparation of dry plates, the rapidity of such plates is much enhanced. But a difficulty occurs in protecting them from the effects of their own luminosity.

The *Phylloxera*—that dreaded insect which has been such an enemy to the vineyards of France—has at length been met with an antidote which is likely to reduce its depredations to very narrow limits, if not to stamp it out entirely. In Great Britain, where vineries are only possible under glass, we give little heed to the ravages of this insect pest, although it may be noted that it is by no means unknown here. But in France—where thousands of acres are devoted to wine-producing, and where the revenue is greatly dependent upon that species of industry—the *Phylloxera* is a scourge as dreaded as the cattle-plague is by us. Its ravages have increased year by year from one department to another, until it has become evident that something must be done. The French government, after the manner of governing bodies, were niggardly in their grants towards the scientific solution of the problem, and what has been done seems to be principally due to private enterprise. A prize of three hundred thousand francs was offered some years ago for an insecticide which would destroy the parasite; and this offer led, as might be expected, to the trial of nearly every substance which can be found in a chemist's shop. Later on, Commissions and Vigilance Committees were appointed in the different departments to watch the progress of the pest and the effect of the remedies applied. The most effectual of these remedies seemed to be carbon disulphide; but its danger to human life counteracted the advantages otherwise gained. M. Dumas suggested its use in combination with potash, by which addition it not only represents a valuable manure, but also an effectual check on the *Phylloxera*. By the use of this new agent, the wholesome light wines of France will, it is hoped, be no longer subject to the plague which threatened their extinction.

Electricity as a light-producer seems at last to have passed from the experimental to the practical stage. We daily hear of fresh applications which have been found for it. In London, in addition to the brilliant display on the Thames Embankment and in many of the railway stations, three large districts are to be lighted by three different systems, so that their respective merits may be gauged. One of the faces of the huge clock at Westminster has recently been illuminated by the light, and its brilliance affords a great contrast to

its yellow gas-lit fellows. In the House of Commons itself, the Brush system of electric lighting is to be put upon its trial. Perhaps this system has been chosen because the lamps will burn without attention for twenty hours or so—a necessary provision in the case of debates of unusual length.

Mr Edison's celebrated cardboard lamp—which some time ago had such a depressing effect upon gas shares—has lately been put into the shade by the experiments of Mr Swan of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who claims to have gone twenty years ago over the same ground as that which has lately been traversed by the American inventor. It is in the direction of these experiments that public attention will now be concentrated, for they deal with the question of carrying the illuminating agent into our private houses. Mr Swan's lamp resembles Edison's in that it is worked upon what is popularly known as the incandescent system. This system is based upon the fact, that certain bodies offer resistance to the passage of the electric current; a resistance which is manifested by their attaining a white-heat. Carbon represents one of these bodies; and if it assumes the incandescent state in the presence of air, it naturally combines with the oxygen, as in the case of any other combustible, and will speedily fall to pieces. Schemes for inclosing such an incandescent body in a glass globe exhausted of air, have been suggested and patented in past years by the dozen. But they have all failed, not from any flaw in theory, but because the means of securing any approach to a perfect vacuum were not known until quite recently.

The invention of the Sprengel air-pump has altered the condition of affairs, and the vacuum globe inclosing a carbon filament promises, in Mr Swan's hands, to become a successful means of finding us an efficient electric lamp for domestic purposes. The lamp itself consists of a glass vessel somewhat like an inverted Florence oil-flask. In the centre of the bulb is a filament of carbon supported between two platinum wires, which, carried to the lower part of the lamp, form conductors of the electric current. This carbon filament, which is little thicker than a hair, is made by some secret process which embodies the gist of Mr Swan's patent. It is about three inches long, and weighs less than a grain, and is so dense that it resembles an attenuated steel wire more than the cardboard cinder of which it is really composed. Each lamp gives out a light of from thirty to fifty standard candles; and on a recent occasion, the inventor showed three dozen of them in action; the energy absorbed in driving the dynamo machine from which the current was derived being four-horse power. It has been further proved that, by means of a gas-engine to give the necessary motion to the machine feeding the lamps, a room can be lighted with double the brilliance and half the expenditure of gas used in the ordinary way. Such facts entitle us to hope that the day when our houses will be lighted by the aid of the new medium, cannot be far distant.

In the meantime, the holders of gas shares need not fear any immediate depreciation of their property. The introduction of gas did not stamp out the candle manufacture, and we need not fear any worse result as regards gas from the intro-

duction of electricity. In Dr Siemens' stove we see a new and extensive use for gas; and the general advantages of cleanliness and economy in the use of gas-engines where a small amount of power is required, cause these motors to be in constant demand. In these and many other ways, the gas Companies will hold their own; but we trust, in common with everybody else, that when they acknowledge that their monopoly is no longer threatened, they will see their way to reduce their prices.

The curious arabesques produced on window-panes by frost have suggested to a French inventor a system of obtaining designs for printed stuffs by crystallisation. He has made experiments with solutions of the sulphates of zinc, copper, iron, alumina, and magnesia, with which plates of glass were covered, and then allowed to dry slowly at different temperatures. The crystals thus deposited form a great variety of fanciful figures, flowers, feathers, stars, &c. These may be fixed by the addition of albumen or gelatine. If copper plates are used, the designs thus obtained may also be made permanent by electrotyping. The great difficulty is to obtain continuous patterns to be reproduced on the cylinders used for printing; but that may be overcome by using cylindrical plates of copper, and turning them on their axes while the evaporation is going on. The crystallisation is, however, frequently irregular, and leaves blank spaces, which spoil the harmony of the design; but that defect will probably be overcome by experience. It is not certain that the method has yet been practically employed; but the idea is ingenious, and will no doubt be eventually turned to account.

A LOVE-SONG.

Is the night-time, O beloved,
When the wind is in the pines,
And the corn-fields lie in darkness,
While one lonely planet shines,
In the pulsing of my heart's blood
There is music, for I hear,
Through the dark, Time's broad wings beating
Slowly, with the falling year.
Fall the leaf, and rise the tempest,
It is ever Spring with thee;
And the Winter of our wedding
Will be Summer-time to me.

When the leaf is sere and golden,
And the branches bare and white
With the rime of Winter, falling
In the low-lit Autumn night,
I am glad, as though the Spring-time
Shone o'er all the golden sky;
And I watch the light sand running
Through the hour-glass, merrily.

O beloved, when, above us,
Rise dark clouds of gathering snow,
And the keen, chill winds of Winter
From the whitening uplands blow,
All the long night, on my window,
Will the fairy fingers move,
Building for us bowers and grottoes,
Lit with morning lights of love.
Fall the leaf, and rise the tempest,
It is ever Spring with thee;
And the Winter of our wedding
Will be Summer-time to me.

D. J. M.

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BEACHCOMBERS.

THE progress of civilisation in the countless islands of the Pacific has been comparatively slow—a fact due in great measure to the extraordinary ignorance which prevails among even well-informed people as to the dimensions of these islands, the extent of the groups, and the gigantic field they offer for commercial enterprise of all kinds. Some day or other, perhaps in our own time—for the area of commerce is getting wider every year—the wealth of the archipelagoes which stud the Pacific will be appreciated by those holding the money-bags of Britain. At present, a preference is decidedly shown for localities which, if better known, do not in proportion to their size compare in riches for an instant with the coral-gemmed groups to which I allude.

If the average British colonist and capitalist has not since his boyhood's days, when he may have dipped into Cook's *Voyages*, given a thought to the islands of the great South Sea, other white men have; and these pioneers of the Pacific are chiefly of their own stock—English or American. From some personal experience, I know a good deal about these people; and as in great measure their doom as a class will be sealed the moment systematic trading is introduced, it may be as well, now that a gleam of hope brightens the future of Polynesia owing to the cession of Fiji, to let the world know at least a little of perhaps as strange a class as the trading propensities of the Anglo-Saxon have ever produced.

From the Tuamotus in the east to the Carolines in the west, extend those vast clusters of islands which we call Polynesia—the mountain-peaks of a submerged continent, or the atolls of coralline structure. To most people the very names of the groups are unknown, and the general idea in England is, that they are inhabited principally by a bloodthirsty race of inveterate cannibals, ready, nay anxious to kill and devour the adventurous traveller directly he reaches their inhospitable shores. Yet on these islands, and surrounded by their dusky inhabitants, are the

homes of the white 'beachcomber,' who as a rule would not barter the romance of his lotus-life existence for a ducal palace in Mayfair. Beachcomber is a word of American coinage. Primarily, it is applied to a long wave rolling in from the ocean, and from this it has come to be applied to those whose occupation it is to pick up, as pirates or wreckers, whatever these long waves wash in to them. Nothing comes amiss to the so-called beachcomber; he is outside of civilisation—is indeed a waif and stray not only on the ocean of life, but on the broad South Pacific, and he is certainly not above picking up those chance crumbs of the world around him which may be washed within the circle of his operations.

In the majority of cases, the beachcomber has been a seafaring man, who has become weary of a life of hard work, with but scant remuneration, on board of whalers or trading craft; and having landed from his vessel on one of the Pacific islands, and becoming domesticated among the natives, he engages their services in some of the many Polynesian industries which are so little known to the world, but which I have no space to describe here. The beachcomber is in the main a wild rough fellow, but hospitable and generous, as men must be who have to do with the Sawaiori—or brown-coloured—race of Polynesians; for these people abhor a mean man, and will not tolerate his society. Their motto is: 'Disburse, divide; let your good fortune boil over in the direction of your friends; we are brothers—why should we not share with one another?'

Consequently, these men are usually poor, yet of great power among the savage tribes with whom they choose to spend their days. They dictate terms to traders in dealing with the natives for whatever they produce; they are great advisers of the chiefs; they act as interpreters, and receive a commission for their trouble in the shape of 'chain-lightning square gin'—a ghastly compound usually manufactured at Hamburg—the sale of which Sir Arthur Gordon did his utmost to put a stop to while Lord High Commissioner of Western Polynesia. It must not be supposed

that because the homes of the beachcomber are in the tropics, that they are anything like the emaciated relics of Anglo-Indian humanity that one sees occasionally in Bath-chairs at Bath or Bournemouth. The glorious south-east trade-winds of the Pacific Ocean so moderate the sun's rays as to make one doubt the reading of the thermometer. The beachcomber is therefore stalwart, smart, and lively; and some of them can lift a kedge-anchor and carry two hundred coconuts or more upon their shoulders. As a rule, they can climb trees like apes, and dive for fish to feed their families. They rarely, or never, wear shoes, but go barefooted at all times on beaches of sharp gravel and reefs of prickliest coral. Beachcombers generally marry native women and as a rule have large families. Their sons are often like bronze statues; and their daughters are models of beauty and strength. While it is true that their intellect is of a low order, and that they know little or nothing of ordinary morality, as we understand it, it yet must be borne in mind that the race of half-castes thus produced is likely to form a prominent factor in the future civilisation of Polynesia.

In certain spots to the north of the equator, there is now springing up a race which will unquestionably exercise in time a very powerful influence on the destinies of the Pacific. This race is especially remarkable for superior intelligence; for energy, patience and skill in navigation, and for a faculty of acquiring all the mechanical arts. These people are the progeny of European and American sailors by Japanese mothers, and in them are to be found combined the leading elements of human success—that is to say, all the courage and adventurous spirit which distinguished their wild and roving fathers, mingled at the same time with the acuteness, ingenuity, and concentration of purpose which are so eminently Mongolian and more particularly Japanese.

The earliest Anglo-Saxons who approached to the modern beachcombers were escaped convicts from the penal settlements of New South Wales. Thus the brig *Elisa* was wrecked off the Fiji group about the year 1808, and the ex-convict passengers managing to reach the mainland, soon came to amicable terms with the cannibals they found there. The *Elisa's* people had with them gunpowder, musket-balls, and muskets, and a plentiful supply of each article; and having advanced the Fijians a considerable stage in the 'noble art of war,' they were soon regarded as superior beings, and invariably led the tribes among whom they resided in the ceaseless internecine wars of Fiji in the days of man-eating. One Charley Savage particularly distinguished himself in these affrays; but, as might be expected, he came at length to a violent and not undeserved death. In fact, the record of the English pioneers of the Pacific, and especially in Fiji, is not calculated to make one fond

of one's race; for it is to the hideous crimes of this abundant convict class, and the very fair imitation of these crimes by successive generations of natives, that we owe the deaths—murders, if you will—of such men as Bishop Patteson and Commodore Goodenough. The white man sowed the seed of bad faith, licentiousness, and murder; and white men have reaped the awful harvest.

The British ship *Antelope* was wrecked in the year 1793 on the Palao, or Pelew Islands, and the islanders treated our shipwrecked fellow-countrymen with every possible kindness and hospitality for a period of over four months; but so effectual was the white man's example during even this short time, that these islanders are now regarded as simply so many piratical miscreants of the most infamous type. And not without reason; for they have been known to attack European vessels that have become entangled among their shoals and mercilessly massacre their crews. In some cases this wickedness of certain of the beachcombers has arisen from ill-treatment which they have experienced at the hands of strangers; but in most cases it is the result of the evil example of the worst variety of the modern Pacific adventurers—the strolling scoundrels of the great South Sea, who make themselves at home among the simple-minded barbarians and instruct them in every kind of vice and depravity.

The average beachcomber as he exists at this hour cannot in common justice be classed with the men who have in their 'black-birding'—or man-stealing—cruises considered cold-blooded murder one of the branches of their business; nor even with the presumably more respectable 'trader' who so often disgraces the colour of his skin. The better class of beachcombers are a unique set of men—

Who have burst all bonds of habit,
And have wandered far away,
On from island unto island,
At the gateways of the day.

At anyrate, that is the romantic side of their character, but one upon which, from my Pacific experience, I am not disposed to dwell too long. This is a practical age, and however theoretically interesting the beachcomber and the pirate may be regarded at a distance, if he interferes with the progress of civilisation and commerce, the sooner we see his services legitimately utilised, or his vocation gone, the better for the world at large.

Just north of the equator we find the Gilbert or Kingsmill group, inhabited by the Tarapon race of Polynesians. These poor barbarous Kingsmill islanders lived in a condition of comparative respectability previous to their knowledge of Europeans. Though savage, they were at least sober, and they had a sort of code of laws; but since runaway sailors from whale-ships have taught them that fearful art of making toddy from the cocoa-nut tree, they are incessantly drunk and perpetually fighting. These people are naturally of a good disposition, affectionate to one another,

grateful to those who are kind to them, tractable, ingenious, and industrious; yet owing to the bad example of Europeans, it would be difficult to find in any part of the world a more perfect Pandemonium than the Kingsmills presented not more than three years ago, and I fear no miracle in morals has since transpired.

A poor friend of mine, whose bones now rest not far from where the dome of the Mission Dolores marks the era of Spanish dominion in fair California, asked an aged beachcomber on one of the Kingsmills how he could live among so degraded a race. 'Ah, sir,' was the reply, 'you do not know these natives. When we came among them, they were different altogether from what they are now; and even now there is a great deal of good in them, more than strangers can understand.' What share in the demoralisation of the Kingsmill islanders the aged beachcomber admitted to, I do not know; but in common fairness it must be said that the permanent white residents never approach in bad example the infamous adventurers who literally roam all over the wide Pacific, seeking not only what they can devour, but what people they can demoralise. Some of the beachcombers get so thoroughly acclimatised and so deeply indoctrinated with the ideas of the savage races among whom they dwell, as to be sometimes apparently in doubt as to whether they had ever lived in the civilised world. Once in the Kingsmill group I heard of a trader asking one of these white beachcombers as to the best way of cooking crayfish. 'We,' said he, 'are in the habit of cooking them in an oven of hot stones; but white men mostly like them boiled in a pot.'

Of stories about beachcombers there is positively no end. Perhaps one of the best is that of Paunchy Billy of Samoa, who was born in the same village as John Paul Jones, and who was in the habit of declaring: 'Sir, I wouldn't go back to Britain now, if you were to give me a thousand a year; and yet I will say that when I came here first, more than thirty years ago, I had a fashion of sitting on the stones by the sea-side at night, and crying to myself for the home and friends I should never see again. But I know better now, and I have done with this many a year.' Billy used to relate how when Commodore Wilkes' exploring expedition visited Samoa, he went on board the United States ship *Porpoise* dressed in savage mats, and begged the Captain to take him away.

'I don't want any men; but what countryman are you?'

'A Scotchman,' said the beachcomber.

'Well, then,' said the American, 'I guess I pity you more than a little. I cannot take you away; but here's a sheath-knife and a plug of James River Cavendish, of which I make you a present. Had you been an American, I would have had you tied up to the gangway, and have given you a dozen with the cat-o'-nine tails.'

Billy asked the Captain to explain.

'Because,' retorted the Commander, 'had you been a citizen of the United States, I should have counted you a disgrace to humanity, for letting yourself run wild among a lot of scalping savages. But seeing you are a Britisher, and there is not room enough for you all in your overcrowded country, I pity you from the bottom of my heart—I dew!'

When any systematic effort is made in the interests of humanity and commerce to turn the vast resources of Polynesia to profitable account, the beachcombers and their descendants will be invaluable in their way as guides and interpreters, and in their knowledge of islands which in themselves are surpassingly rich, but of which the world in general knows nothing. At present the beachcombers may not be exactly an unmixt evil, but they certainly cumber the ground, and must sooner or later give way before well-organised efforts of capital judiciously directed, and thus leave a free-way for European civilisation.

THE FORTUNE OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN D. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER VIII.—GROBY, SLEATHER, AND STUDGE.

MESSRS Groby, Sleather, and Studge had imposing offices in Westminster—Stratford Place, S.W.—not too remote from that sad window in Whitehall Palace whence Charles I., with the strange passive courage which seems the heirloom of kings, stepped forth to die. And let us hasten to say, that wherever contracts were made, or concessions granted, or some flaring prospectus sent abroad, from Paris or Peking to Peru, the names of those very eminent civil engineers were likely to be respectfully mentioned. They were widely known, largely advertised, had innumerable ions, at various degrees of temperature, in the commercial fire, and were reputed to be enormously rich, and on the high-road to the condition of colossal plutocrats. The head of the firm, Sir Joshua Groby, M.P., was seldom seen. Those who are lucky enough, or self-sacrificing enough, to be Members of Parliament, were of course familiar with the sight of his bald head and grizzled whiskers at Bellamy's, or knew his queer old bell-crowned hat as he slumbered peacefully on the back benches while hot debate went on, and before he was roused up to walk into the lobby and register his vote. Those who were so fortunate as to dine with him at his palatial mansion in Belgravia, or to be present at Lady Groby's charming garden-parties at the Twickenham villa, of course saw something of the pompous old man, snubbed by his daughters, lectured by his wife, timorously fond of snuff, proud of his money, and leaving the affairs of the firm to his junior partners, Sleather and Studge.

The offices of Groby, Sleather, and Studge have repeatedly been mistaken for those of some department of Government. Deputations, or bewildered wretches with appointments to talk over a grievance with some Deputy Chief Clerk of the Property Tax, have blundered into that big hall, and refused to go out, so sure were they that the State alone could have paid for all those flaring terra-cotta tiles without and encaustic pavements within—that Munich glass in the windows—that labyrinth of rooms, and profusion of call-pipes. Yet was it a private place of business, as private as a place can be where half-a-dozen languages are being jabbered redundantly in the vestibule, and crowds are intriguing, imploring, persisting in craving for an interview—boon hard to get—with one of the partners. Amidst this crowd, on a certain day of that uncertain season—the raw, early

spring, when Nature seems not as yet to have determined whether to push on the coy vegetation of the hardy plants that herald the jocund year, or to go back to the cold death of winter—were Bertram Oakley and his patron. There they were, jostled by Jews, corpulent, oleaginous, with bulky pocket-books bursting out of the breast-pockets of their tight coats; elbowed by wiry Greeks, who at first sight might have been taken for Hebrews of a leaner growth; and mixed up with eager German and cynical French capitalists; men of Manchester; wiry, lank-haired Americans; and thick-set, bullet-headed men who looked as if they knew what the inside of a deep cutting or half-made tunnel might resemble.

There were not wanting functionaries of some sort, porters, clerks, and the like, of higher or lower degree, to keep some sort of order among the motley mass of applicants for admission, and to winnow the handful of good grain from the never-ending chaff. Some importunate persons got curt, and even rude answers. Others were patiently hearkened to, and recommended to put their statements into written form. There were those who were advised or permitted to wait; and some—much envied by the fretting outer herd—who got immediate attention, and whose claims for prompt audience were shouted out through the brass mouth-pieces of india-rubber tubes, and hoarsely acknowledged through the medium of the same serpentine apparatus. Among these last was Doctor Denham.

'Mr Sleather will be disengaged directly,' a clerk had said; and after twenty minutes' waiting, a buttoned page came bustling up, like an impatient little tug-steamer about to take a becalmed Australian clipper-ship in tow.

'Mr Sleather is at liberty, sir—this way!' cried the panting page, hurrying off Bertram and his benefactor at a great pace, as though there were a risk that Mr Sleather's liberty should come to an end before they should reach him, and the great high-pressure engine be at hot work again.

On they went, up the wide stairs, crimson carpeted, along a corridor draped with monstrous maps, and into a small room, softly carpeted, luxuriously furnished, but the walls of which were hung with maps and charts; and shelves and brackets heavy with geological specimens, and sections of submarine cables, and odd little models that looked like toys for children, but were miniatures of bridge and viaduct and dock and cathedral, adapted to every taste.

'Be seated, Dr Denham,' said Mr Sleather, standing up for a moment, with the painful effort of an imperfectly trained bear that tries to prop himself upon his hind-legs, and then sinking back into his deep arm-chair. 'I have got you here—let me see;' and the civil engineer rustled in his hand and glanced at a letter which he had selected from a pile of docketed letters. 'Yes; here is your proposal. You come on behalf of—not your son, hey?'

'No; a young friend in whose prospects I take an interest,' answered the doctor, with a kindly smile directed towards Bertram. 'Here he is, and his name is Bertram Oakley.'

'And you couldn't do better for his prospects, sir, than you are doing; troth, ye couldn't,' said Mr Sleather, whose rich Milesian accent would assert itself, as with a heavily-ringed hand he

stroked his brick-red whiskers. 'The premium, doctor, has been named to ye?'

'It has,' returned the doctor. 'It is a high one; but—'

'But think of the advantages,' interrupted Mr Sleather. 'We have a finger'—he shook one of his as he spoke; and neither Bertram nor the doctor could help observing that it was, strictly speaking, coarse, long-nailed, and of dubious cleanliness—'in every pie from Tipperary to Tibet. Our youngsters see the world, they do. It's as good, or better than to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth, to be artied to Groby, Sleather, and Studge.'

'I can fully believe it, and will not cavil at the cost,' answered the doctor cheerily. 'In two months, your letter mentioned, I think, Mr Sleather, a vacancy may probably occur?'

'Let me see,' said the Hibernian partner, consulting a memorandum-book that lay at his elbow. 'Vaughan, Graham, Stoddart, Wilkins. Yes; Wilkins leaves us twenty-ninth proximo. Your young friend, if ye like, sir, may sign articles and fill his place. The cheque, I conclude, will be—'

'The cheque shall be ready, and the lad,' said the doctor, in his genial way. 'And allow me to tell you, Mr Sleather, that you will find the latter, when you come to know him, the better of the two.' And as he spoke, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Bertram, whose handsome face flushed crimson at the implied praise.

'Then we'll be grateful to ye for both benefits,' rejoined Mr Sleather, in his rich Limerick brogue; and at that moment there was a peremptory, if respectful, tap-tapping of eager knuckles at the door, and an anxious-eyed clerk came in with a pile of papers awaiting signature. It was clearly time for Bertram and his benefactor to go.

'Twenty-ninth prox. we'll expect ye,' said Mr Sleather as he gave three fingers to the doctor, and a nod to Bertram; and then called the next case, leaving his late visitors to thread their way through the labyrinth of passages, and to struggle with the upward flowing tide of fellow-creatures that encumbered the stairs.

'Signs of plenty of business, anyhow,' said the doctor blithely, as they gained the hall; and then no other word was spoken till both were seated in the doctor's brougham and speeding homewards. Even at Blackston, Dr Denham had paid outlying visits in such a vehicle; but this was a smart new carriage, drawn by a fine young horse, a dark chestnut, of immense power, and not too dear to buy. 'He'll do your work, doctor, and do it well, this many a year to come,' the honest horse-dealer had said, after the veterinary surgeon had given his favourable report and the bargain was struck. 'Fact is'—this was confidentially said—'he wants work. And if I could but have found a match for him, it would have been another fifty on to his price.'

On the way homeward then, Bertram caught hold of the doctor's hand and clasped it between both of his. 'Where shall I find words to thank you, sir!' he said with a gulp. 'Do not believe, if I am silent and awkward, that I forget what I owe you.'

'If you owe me anything, pay it to my girls, when I am not here to look after them,' returned the doctor, in that semi-serious tone in which he

so often spoke. 'But, Bertram, lad, what say you to your new place of business, eh, and your new employer?'

'The place is a stirring one, full of life and occupation to a degree beyond my hopes, and my deserts too, I fear,' said Bertram, with a sort of modest enthusiasm that became him well. 'But, as to Mr Sleather'—

'Well, my boy,' said his patron good-naturedly, as he noticed Bertram's hesitation, 'I daresay he impressed you very much in the same manner that he did me. And I daresay that an oily humbug is necessary in some of these great firms. Mr Stodge, I have heard, is the working-partner, and with him, I suspect, you will have most to do. You can be happy, I hope, Bertram, with these people?'

'Happy and, I hope, useful too—thanks to you, dear sir,' said Bertram; and for an English strippling, there was a good deal of grace, all unconscious, as well as a very genuine sincerity, in the saying of it. We Britons can scarcely bear to thank or be thanked. The more effusive races on the other side of the Channel beat us hollow in both; yet, if their gratitude be more genuine or their bounty more spontaneous, contemporary history must be sadly at fault.

'There, there!' said the doctor. 'We must see about a lodging for you near your work.—And Bertram, would you mind pulling the check-string, and cautioning Thomas not to rattle on at so tremendous a pace? Going round the corner, he shaved the lamp-post, and just now, nearly upset an old Irishman's apple-stall. Peaceable doctors must not disport themselves in London streets after the manner of young Lord Tomnoddy in the *English Legends*.'

'Couldn't hold the young horse,' growled Thomas, over his beer, that evening—'couldn't, if my neck depended on it. And the governor wouldn't have bought him if he'd not been green in London ways.'

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT BIBLIOMANIA.

Of all the forms which the passion for collecting assumes, surely that of Bibliomania or book-hunting is the most innocent, most elevating in its tendencies, and—though the true Bibliomaniac would spurn the thought—in the end one of the best investments to which money may be put. Compared with the many ways in which gold is spent, it is even economical; and this is only one of many points which the book-collector can urge in its favour. If a piece of china, lace, or carved oak be valuable for its antiquity, much more so is a book which contains the compressed essence of the thought and opinion of the age in which it was produced.

Good society is, according to their different lights, the aim of every rank; and in one little room a man may surround himself with the noblest minds of those who have taken kindly rank in the empire of intellect. For him Shakspeare wrote, Milton sung, and Bacon and Newton toiled. The results of their labours lie close to his hand, and he has but to resign himself to their influence, and earthly trouble and care will be soothed by their siren voices.

Many of our largest public libraries owe their birth to private individuals, not a few of whom, like

Richard Heber, began with a single volume. He worked and, it must be confessed, spent so indefatigably that, as we are told, 'the new library at Hodnet, which he built only a few years before his death, was found to be full of books. His residence in London, when he died, was filled, like Magliabechi's at Florence, with books from top to bottom—every chair, every table containing piles of erudition. He had another house in York Street laden from ground-floor to attic with curious books. He had a library in High Street, Oxford; an immense one in Paris; another at Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries and in Germany.' Mr Heber was most liberal in lending his books to poor scholars; but was so enthusiastic a collector that he had frequently ten or twelve copies of the same work. Some idea of the extent of his libraries may be given by the fact, that at the sale after his death, the catalogues formed five thick octavo volumes.

The nucleus of the British Museum, fifty thousand volumes, was collected and presented to the nation by Sir Hans Sloane. As the wisest bibliomaniacs confine themselves to one style, whether it be Wedgewood dragon or old blue, and thereby increase the value of their collections, so too the Bibliomaniacs may be divided into several distinct classes. According to Dibdin, 'there are the black-letter men, tall copyists, uncut men, rough-edge men, early English dramatists, Elzevirian broadsiders, pasquinaders, old brown-calf men, rubricists, Grangerites, and those who go in for vellum, old ballads, and play-bills.' There is also a lower class, called inch-rulers, innocent of knowing the contents of a volume, but to whom the breadth of the margin and the external expanse of binding are most significant, and who by these means could instantly detect a renewed book.

The art of renewing books is a most delicate one, and employs all the skill of experienced workmen. When used in a legitimate way, to preserve and enrich some valuable treasure-trove discovered in a tattered condition, a skilled workman applies with tender care a bituminous solvent to its ragged edges, and literally incorporates—by a paper-making process—each mouldering page into a broad leaf of fine strong paper. This is termed 'enlarging,' and is a lofty department in the art of binding. Then the once ragged fragment goes through the process of binding in Russia or calf, gilding, tooling, marbling, and takes its place as the pride of the book-shelf. When part of the Cottonian Library was burned in 1731, some valuable manuscripts were by the influence of the fire drawn into almost a solid ball. Some of those rescued were given over to the enlarger, and may be considered the brightest triumphs of the art. They may now be seen at the British Museum.

But there are other processes of renewing which are scarcely so honourable, namely, the manufacture of rare or early editions of old authors. This is done by staining the paper, imitating closely the decorated capitals, and reprinting accurately all defects. The production of First Folio Shakspeares has been a profitable piece of business. Paris is the centre of the renewing trade, though it is also practised to a small extent in England. Apropos of renewing, many collectors scorn its

aid, and will only purchase imperfect copies. At a large book-sale where many mutilated volumes had sold very well, one lot found very languid bidders; on which, the auctioneer exclaimed: 'Only thirty pounds offered for this valuable book, gentlemen, a most curious book, and quite imperfect.' At another auction at the beginning of the century, an original edition of Boccaccio, printed in Venice, and of which there were only known to be two copies in existence, was sold for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds; and a Didot Horace brought one hundred and forty pounds.

Many books are undated, their age being decided by the quaint conceits of the old printers. Gesner's *Bibliotheca* had numerous frogs and tadpoles imprinted on its pages, the printer's name, meaning a frog, being Latinised into Christopherus Froshoverus. Varro's *Quæ Ertant*, printed at Dort, is adorned with woodcuts of portly bears and their clumsy cubs, to immortalise the printer, Joannis Bearwont. So too a book issuing from the press of Gryphius of Lyons, begins and ends with effigies of portentous-looking griffins. The device of Michael and Philip Lenoir is a jet-black shield, with an Ethiopian for crest, and Negroes for supporters. Apicarius has a bear robbing a bees' nest in a hollow tree. But most valuable of all, Ascencius has an accurate representation of the printing press used at that period, every nail and screw being faithfully delineated, and a burly compositor setting up the type.

Sometimes books owe their fame and value to particular mistakes. A celebrated Elzevir *Cæsar* of 1635 is known by page 149 being printed 157; none other being genuine editions. How defective most editions of the classics are, may be guessed by the great value assigned to Didot's *Virgil* and the *Horace* of Poulis, said to be the only editions extant free from error. They have both been admirably copied by Baskerville of Birmingham.

The odd blunders as well as verbal eccentricities appearing in different editions of the Bible are too numerous to mention. A well-known specimen is 'the Breeches Bible,' so called because the aprons of Adam and Eve are in it so designated. The *Vulgate* issued by Sixtus V. is of immense value in consequence of its numerous blunders. The story of the German wife who altered the type in the passage declaring her husband should be her lord (*Herr*), to make him her fool (*Narr*), wants confirmation.

The titles of books are sometimes amusingly misleading. *Purley's Divisions* have caused acute disappointment to the searchers for 'something light and amusing,' it being one of our toughest books on grammar, enlivened by Latin explanations. When *Urban Bees* was first published, it was purchased by many an enthusiastic apiarian. It is a biography of celebrated men who flourished under the pontificate of Urban II., whose family device was a bee. When Mr Ruskin conceived the noble idea of reconciling the differences of Protestants and Papists by his own unaided genius, he published a pamphlet *On the Construction of Sheepfolds*. It had a great run among the moorland farmers, but was more provocative of profanity than piety. Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls* proved, as an investment, a dead loss to breeders. *M'Ewen on the Types* (of Christianity) was at a book-sale warmly contested for by a burly Scottish farmer and a journeyman printer. It fell

to the farmer, who was greatly chagrined to find that he had bought a book of sermons instead of, as he expressed it, a 'book upon tups' (Scottie rams). The printer was thereupon offered the book at his last bid; but having become by this time cognisant of its contents, naturally declined to purchase.

The man who is ambitious to found a large library, will soon discover it is the work of years, and requires endless patience and acuteness, even if supported by an inexhaustible purse. Five thousand standard works may be quickly obtained; and even ten or fifteen thousand, if he be very miscellaneous in his tastes; but after that the increase is very slow, the more so if he incline to early editions of rare books. 'Woe betide,' says Diblin, 'the young Bibliomaniac who sets his heart upon Breton's *Flourish upon Fancie*, and *Pleasant Joyes of an Idle Head*, or upon *Workes of a Young Wyl*, trussed up with a *Fardell of Prettie Fancies*. Threescore guineas shall hardly fetch these black-letter rarities from the pigeon-holes of Mr Thorpe.' Still he encourages the young collector by intimating that *The Ravisht Soul* and *the Blessed Weaver* may be obtained for fifteen pounds. Those who long for such rarities as *The Temple of Glas*, Lodge's *Nelle for Nice News*, *The Book of Sigts of Armes*, by Christine of Pisa, or Caxton's *Pilgrimage of the Soule*, will have many a weary hunt, and probably be disappointed in the end.

Strange as it may appear, there is actually a class of collectors who make it their boast that they care only for the outside *minutiae* of a book. The 'out-ider,' as he may be called, is one who denies to ordinary readers of books the merit of having any proper knowledge of them. 'He know anything of books? Why, bless you, he knows nothing of them except perhaps the inside!' But this type of collector is very scarce, and is perhaps, in the prejudices attributed to him, more sinned against than sinning.

Book-collectors are occasionally generous in allowing less favoured brethren the use of their stores. A splendid example of this liberality was the kingly hearted man who, for the sake of his friends as well as himself, had his books stamped, 'Joannis Grollieri et amicorum.'

The most acute form of the mania is reached when duplicate and triplicate copies are purchased. Before this, every book was 'absolutely necessary'; now, the disease is plainly apparent both to the victim and his friends. The type of the old collector of ancient literature is painted with such an accurate and loving touch by Sir Walter Scott in the character of his antiquary Monkbarns, that we suspect a fellow-feeling has been the cause of such clear insight. Listen to the old man gloating over his treasures: 'See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some a hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, and snuff, and the *Complete Syren*, were the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the *Complaynt of Scotland*, I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who in gratitude bequeathed it to me. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, St Mary's Wynd—

wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and brokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious.'

In 'Snuffy Davie,' whom Oldbuck revered for his successful bargaining in the objects of their mutual idolatry, we have the picture of the Bibliomaniac who not only has a 'scent like a hound' for black-letter, but even manages to make money out of his transactions. Among other things, he purchased the *Game of Chess* of 1474—the first book printed in England by Caxton—at a book-stall in Holland for twopence. Its successive rises in price are thus portrayed: "He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds, and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne resold this inimitable windfall to Dr Askew for sixty guineas. At Dr Askew's sale, this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by Royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds!—Could a copy now occur, Lord only knows," ejaculated Oldbuck, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands—"Lord only knows what would be its ransom; and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the easy equivalent of twopence sterling! Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davie!—and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!"

JOHN HARLEY'S MARRIAGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was blowing a strong south-easter one November morning in 185 , as I landed at Long Wharf, San Francisco, from the storeship, lying out in the stream, of which I then had charge. I had not proceeded many steps towards Montgomery Street, the principal business thoroughfare of the city, when a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder, and I recognised the cheery voice of John Harley, the most intimate friend I had made since my arrival in California, some sixteen months before.

'The very man, Ingram, that I wanted to see! I only arrived from Stockton half an hour ago, and was just coming off to your old tub, to bring you on shore; for I want your advice and assistance, and that immediately. The barque *Albert Allen* is to be sold at auction to-day at one o'clock; and as I hear she is a fine vessel, I wish you to come and look at her; and if you think well of it, I will bid up to a reasonable figure, more particularly if you will take command of her, and take again to the high seas, instead of burying yourself in a storeship.'

'You buy a ship, Harley! Surely, with your mining claims and city-lots, you must have quite enough on your hands,' said I, in some surprise.

'I have nothing of the sort; for I have sold out everything but the Caboose and lot in Happy Valley, which, in consideration of the sum of one dollar to me in hand paid, I shall bargain, sell, and convey to Mrs Sullivan, who nursed me so well some months ago. Her husband, you know, was shot in a gambling-house; and she is left with three children; though, by the way, I think she is better without him, the reckless drunken fellow! Come. I want some breakfast; and then we will

go and look at the vessel, and I'll tell you all my plans.'

John Harley was an Englishman of independent means. His father being a wealthy man, who had no other child, had on his coming of age settled a liberal income upon him. Whilst making a tour in the United States, curiosity and a love of new scenes and adventures had drawn Harley to the Far West El Dorado, without any notion then of gain. Catching, however, the universal fever of enterprise raging around him, he had pecuniarily interested himself in several undertakings.

Personally, he was a strikingly handsome man, of about twenty-four years of age. Genial in manners, well informed, and generous to a fault, he made friends wherever he went. In dress he was a marked man, in that *then* land of blue woollen shirts and red sashes. He and I had visited the mines in the early part of the year; but even in that rough region he was always neatly and tastefully attired, as much so as if he had been in the streets of London; and this peculiarity had obtained for him the sobriquet of 'Dressy Harley.' In those days, a well-dressed man was generally taken to be a professional gambler; but his frank, open, and jovial manners prevented any such misapprehension with regard to him. I had left him some months before in the Southern mines, where he invested some hundreds of pounds in mining claims, and between which and San Francisco he pretty equally divided his time, and being tolerably shrewd, he had been mostly successful in his ventures. Since we had parted, I had made a trip to the Sandwich Islands, where my vessel—in which I had one-third interest—being unfortunately wrecked, I returned to San Francisco almost penniless, and was glad to take charge of a flour storeship belonging to my late co-owners of the lost vessel.

During my absence, Harley made the acquaintance of Herr Van Dusen, a Dutch merchant from Batavia (the chief town of the island of Java), who had come thence in a vessel of his own. He was accompanied by his niece, the daughter of his deceased brother and partner, a sea-voyage having been recommended for her by her medical advisers. Two months of their society had proved sufficient to settle the matter, so far as John Harley was concerned; and the young lady, on her departure for home, had taken John's daguerreotype and a piece of his hair inclosed in a gold locket, as a souvenir of her English lover. The uncle would hear of no engagement without her mother's consent; but Harley had promised as soon as he could wind up his Californian interests, to follow them to Batavia and endeavour to obtain that consent.

All of this he related to me at breakfast, and a great deal more which is not worth repeating, lovers' rhapsodies being really interesting only to themselves. I learned, however, from him that Miss Van Dusen's mother was an Englishwoman, whose husband having retired from the command of one of the famous Dutch East Indiaman line, had

become a merchant in Batavia, and had there died, leaving a widow and this one daughter.

At the time of which I write, English ships in California were sold very frequently at extremely low prices. Deserted by their crews, and not unfrequently by their captains also, the ships were sacrificed often for less than one-fourth of their value, when sold at sheriff's sale, to defray the indebtedness incurred since their arrival. Availing himself of these circumstances, Harley desired to make something out of his trip to Batavia, the more so as there was no other way of getting thither without tedious and trying delay. After our inspection, therefore, he purchased the ship at the auction for a sum equivalent to about one thousand pounds.

A more thorough examination of the *Albert Allen* than time had permitted, proved that he, with his usual good fortune, had made an excellent bargain. It was fortunate that a clear week of fine weather followed the south-easter of the day of her purchase. In that week we got her topsides and decks calked, bought two or three necessary sails and running-gear, and took in stores, ballast, and other requisites. Indeed, no time was lost, for Harley was most anxious to get off. Using every expedition, and shipping a scant crew of Lascars, which economy as to numbers was justified by the almost certainty of a fair wind the whole way, with first the north-east trade, and then the north-east monsoon, we left San Francisco early in December; two mates, three passengers, Harley and myself, being the only white men on board. Harley's intention was to go first to Singapore in ballast, and then either freight the ship, or even sell her if a good market could be found there for a vessel of her class.

Of our passage, as being without any noteworthy incident, it is enough to say that, with remarkably fine weather, it was pleasant till almost the last day; that it was rapid, from favourable winds and a fast vessel in excellent sailing trim, and that on the thirty-ninth day we anchored in Singapore Roads. We missed our Christmas Day by dropping one day on crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude, so that we skipped from the twenty-fourth of December to the twenty-sixth. On the latter day, we ate our plumpudding and mince-pies, and drank the health of those dear ones in North and South Britain, who were doubtless fast asleep in their beds as we sat at table. Nor did we forget old friends on the last day of the year; but talked of auld lang syne till past midnight, and with our one solitary bell rang the new year in with an expenditure of a dozen blue-lights.

Within two days of our arrival at Singapore, a tolerably good charter was obtained for the *Albert Allen* to proceed to Java, and return, which would probably take about two months. Our charterer, a shrewd Portuguese trader there, put a supercargo on board to look after his interests; and as he was urgent for our departure, and as Harley was not less so, on the sixth day from our dropping our anchor, we again weighed and sailed for Batavia, where, after a somewhat prolonged passage, we safely arrived.

The anchor had hardly reached the bottom, ere Harley would have shoved off in a shore-boat for the landing, but that I had to check him till the usual port regulations had been complied with; a breach of which would have involved him in great

trouble and expense. A full hour and a half was he fuming and fretting before, all the forms having been gone through, he left us, waving his hat, and urging the boatmen to renewed exertions, in his haste to get to Mr Van Dusen's offices.

Everything seemed so far to favour Harley's hopes. Mr Van Dusen took him home with him some miles from the town; and the same evening he was made acquainted with Miss Susette Van Dusen's mother. This was on the Monday; and on the Thursday I was to sail for Surabaya in the *Albert Allen*, to get her cargo, and would touch at Batavia on my return voyage to Singapore. In view of my speedy departure, the next morning I received an invitation to dine with Mr Van Dusen on the following day, together with an apology for the consequent shortness of the invitation, which was of course sent out of compliment to Harley, who had mentioned me as a most intimate friend.

At Mr Van Dusen's I met his sister-in-law Mrs Van Dusen, and her daughter; and certainly a more charming girl it had seldom been my lot to see. Harley informed me that the letters and references as to his standing and character, which had been forwarded to him by his father, to Singapore, together with introductory letters to gentlemen in Batavia, had been perfectly satisfactory to both Miss Van Dusen's uncle and mother; that the consent of the latter had been given, and the marriage he hoped would take place in about a month.

On the 12th day of March, I returned from Surabaya to Batavia with a full cargo for Singapore; and as Harley was to be married the next morning, I would be able to attend as best-man to my friend, and sail the same evening for my destination.

Very beautiful looked Susette in her bridal dress; and supremely happy was Harley as they stood before the clergyman and were joined in the bonds of matrimony. A most tasteful déjeuner was laid out at Mrs Van Dusen's pretty country residence; and at two o'clock I took my leave, having some ship's business to transact before sailing. The newly married pair were to leave in the cool of the evening for another house of Mrs Van Dusen's, on a plantation fourteen miles distant, there to pass the first few days of the honeymoon.

It was nearly sunset before I had concluded all the ship's business and returned on board. Everything was in readiness for sailing, so that as soon as I got on board, I gave orders to get under-weigh. Just as the windlass was manned, a note from Harley was brought off in a shore-boat. I opened it, and was completely astounded at its contents;

'Don't trip your anchor till I come. I am going with you. Take my traps on board.'

J. S. HARLEY.'

The scrawl was hardly legible, but it was still unquestionably Harley's handwriting. For an instant the wild idea flashed across me that it was possibly a practical joke. But then I knew that he was not the man to play any such; and even if he were, a few hours after marriage would hardly be the time even the most practical joker would choose to indulge in such a propensity.

I looked into the boat; and there were trunks, bags, and desks in the greatest disorder, evidently

hurried off without packing or care. The man in charge only knew that they came down in a wagon and were sent off in his boat, and that I was to grant a receipt for them.

For some little time I racked my brain in a vain attempt to guess at some clue to this extraordinary circumstance. I then took the spyglass, and looking towards the shore, saw Harley coming off to the ship in another boat. In a few minutes more he sprang over the side, looking like a man bereft of his senses. Throwing a number of small silver coins into the boat, he just looked at me wildly for an instant, saying: 'Get under-weight as soon as you can, Ingram;' and hurried down the companion stairway.

I followed, to tell him to go into my cabin, as the one he had occupied was filled with cargo; but he had already gone into mine and bolted the door; and in answer to my knock only replied: 'Come down after you have got a good offing.'

As soon as I had got the ship well outside, which was quite two hours, during which time I could not leave the deck, I went down again; and after knocking two or three times, Harley unbolted the door. He was pacing up and down just three steps each way. His face was deadly pale, with an occasional flushing over for a minute or so, as he clenched his hands and seemed almost in a convulsion. I did not speak. I knew not what to say. I took his hand for an instant, and pressed it. He drew his away hastily, and continued his walk to and fro. Then he spoke. 'They tell us there is a God. How could He in mercy allow this?' He struck his forehead, and sank on to the little sofa.

Again I took his hand. 'Calm yourself, Harley. Whatever may have happened, bear it like a man—like the man I know you to be.'

'Ingram,' he said, 'I came out of the house with you to see you off to-day, when you left Mrs Van Dusen; and if you remember, after you bid Susette good-bye, she went up-stairs. I have not seen her since. I shall never see her again—I never can see her again!'

He paused; and it flashed across me that he had made some discovery as to his wife's conduct or character which had at once made him determine to leave her. Possibly the expression of my tell-tale countenance indicated something of this, for he looked up at me suddenly.

'Poor, poor Susette! how can she bear this! She will think me a scoundrel; and oh! that is hard to bear. But better even that, than that she should know what I know; that which her mother dare not, cannot tell her.—Ingram!' said he, starting up; 'I have married my sister—my own mother's child!'

'Good heavens! Harley; do not say that. It cannot be. Some misconception of something you have heard.'

'There is no misconception. I made the discovery ten minutes after you quitted Mrs Van Dusen's. I am her son; though she knew it not, till I showed her a miniature of my father when he was young.'

'Thank God for his mercy, Harley, that you were not later in making the discovery.'

He paused for some seconds, and then replied: 'That is true. It was wicked to doubt His mercy.'

He seemed calmer now; and gradually I gathered

from him all the attendant circumstances. Intimate as I had been with Harley, I merely knew from him that he did not remember his mother, as she had died when he was an infant; and that he had been brought up by another lady till he went to school. On his family matters, he had always been somewhat reticent. 'I had a letter from my father,' or, 'I must write to my father by this mail,' was generally all the reference he made to the subject of his home belongings; so that I was as totally unprepared for the information he gave me now of his antecedents, as I had been for that connected with the unhappy, miserable events of the day.

SPIDER-SHOWERS.

IN 1835—if my memory be not at fault—there was a remarkably fine annular eclipse of the sun visible in England, which I, then a very small boy, was, among others, watching with some fear and much wonder. When the obscuring moon had begun to pass from the sun's disc, and the partial darkness was disappearing, one of the older spectators remarked: 'Now, after this there should be a shower of feathers!' Why he had such an expectation, he did not say; but as 'showers of feathers' are as proverbial as showers of frogs and fish, and may, when really understood, have as much foundation in fact as the best authenticated of these other atmospheric wonders, I propose to describe a shower of feathers which it was once my luck to witness; only the shower was not really a shower of feathers—though the falling material closely resembled these light bodies—nor a shower of snow, but a shower of gossamer spiders. But first let me refer to a few notable spider-showers of the past; also to some of the questionable inferences that have been drawn in regard to these spiders.

All who have read White's *History of Selborne* will recollect his description of the gossamer-showers which he had observed, one of which continued for nearly a whole day, and where the gossamer was descending from a surprising height; for when one gentleman ascended a hill near at hand, some three hundred feet high, he found that the gossamers were descending from a region in the atmosphere that was still beyond the reach of his gaze. These gossamer-showers are great mysteries, and once seen cannot be forgotten; for the air on these occasions becomes literally crowded with tiny parachutes, composed of a few threads of almost invisible gossamer, each of the parachutes being occupied by a Lilliputian aeronaut, in the shape of a very small but active spider. Whence these aerial creatures come, or whither they go, remains so far to be discovered; but it seems clear that somehow they have learned the navigation of the trackless region overhead which we call our atmosphere. Dr Martin Lister named this aerial spider 'the bird,' from the facility with which it can traverse the air; and upon one occasion, when he observed a shower of them in York city, he ascended to the top of the Minster, and found that even there they were descending from some region above that elevated stand-point. Mr Darwin, another observer of spider-showers, describes one which he saw in 1832, when on board the *Beagle*, at the mouth of the La Plata River, when the vessel was some sixty miles from

land; and he possibly was the first to notice that each parachute of gossamer carried a spider aéronaut; for he noticed them not only arrive on board the ship, but he also saw them reproduce a new parachute, and on this frail bark launch forth again 'on the bosom of the palpitating air.'

It is a common notion, when a spider-web crosses one's face in a summer evening, that it is the web of the gossamer spider; but this wants correction. Some of these threads may be the gossamer spider's work, but most of them are the cables of other species. Almost all spiders leave a cable behind as they travel from point to point, or swing themselves from branch to branch. The common geometric spider (*Epeira diadema*) generally, I might almost say invariably, leaves a thread in its track; and it is more frequently the threads of this and kindred spiders which haunt trees, hedges, &c., and so frequently tickle our noses in shady lanes. The *epeira* too can shoot out lines with as much facility as the gossamer spider. One day, when holding an *epeira* suspended to my finger by its cable, it disappeared as if by magic. To discover its *modus operandi*, I tried another in bright sunlight, and observed that while it was hanging thus suspended, and perfectly motionless, it was shooting out threads in various directions. These threads floated on, spreading out into three or four radii, and covering about sixty degrees, but all in a common direction. At length one came in contact with a post, and adhered to it. As soon as the spider found that one of the cables had found an anchorage, it cut the one by which I held it captive, ran up this cable of hope, and regained its liberty.

The *epeira* spreads its beautiful spirals from twig to twig on the outside. Beneath these snares, those of the common house-spider (*Aranea domestica*) may be found, where possibly this species is taking its summer's outing; and deeper among the branches still, another small spider can be seen in greater numbers than either of these two kinds. I have not been able to identify its species, though it is probably the same as that which Leigh Hunt observed at play, for I have seen it playing with its young ones as a cat plays with her kittens. The peculiarity of this spider is its family of fifty or sixty young ones, which it carefully rears, provides for, and educates. Its house, not unlike that of the 'old lady who lived in a shoe,' may be called Gethic, and is roofed generally with a sloping waterproof leaf of holly or kindred evergreen. In this mansion are lodged several score of young ones; while from its front an irregular web extends for several inches around. This web is not a snare which fastens, but a maze which confuses the prey. When a fly falls in, and is rapidly buzzing its way through it, the spider, directed by the vibrations of the web, rushes upon the confused insect, and paralyzes its wings and limbs by smearing them over with a glutinous secretion. As soon as the captive is securely manacled, the wily spider ventures to give it the *coup de grâce* with its poison-fangs. While all this is proceeding, the young family come running out of their domicile to watch the contest; and as soon as the fly is powerless to harm them with blow from wings or limbs, they cluster round its body so closely, seizing upon every point of vantage, that a large

blue-bottle becomes completely hidden as they swarm over it. When the family is thus dining, so still and quiet are they, that they give the observer, at first sight, the impression that he is looking upon an unripe raspberry which has dropped into the web, the small globular bodies, packed closely together, so exactly resemble the unripe seeds of this fruit.

Then there are wandering or wolf-spiders enough in our fields to account for the network of webs that a dewy morning reveals. The webs are there, dew or no dew; but when covered with dew or hoar-frost, they are revealed to every eye. The female wolf-spider (*Aranea viatica*) may be found about the end of June carrying a spherical bag as big as herself, which is full of young wolf-spider eggs. These are hatched about July; and when we consider that each individual spider begins to travel on its own behalf, and invariably leaves a thread in its track, it is not very remarkable that every dewy morning in autumn should reveal pastures covered with sparkling spider-silk; and it may be these wanderers, and not the gossamer spider, which give our fields this appearance. I have seen, when looking across a pasture towards the declining sun, a streak of sunlight reflected from these webs, which reminded me of a rainbow, and this prismatic streak moved on as I walked along. This convinced me that our meadows are covered in autumn with a silken sheen which is revealed in prismatic colours by the evening sun, and as frosted silver by the hoar-frost or morning dew.

Since, then, it is unsafe to conclude that the dew-revealed webs of the autumn mornings are those of the gossamer spider, let us turn to the latter, which so rarely appears amongst us, in showers at least, to ascertain what is clearly known of its ways, and if any idea of its native haunts is attainable. These gossamer spiders have been seen descending from a considerable altitude in the atmosphere, and shortly afterwards individual spiders have been observed one after another to reascend, as if they were returning to their native place; and may not their peculiar 'happy hunting-ground' be in the atmosphere?

So far back as Chaucer, we find 'gossamer' amongst the mysteries of natural phenomena; and in the old nursery rhyme—

'Old woman, old woman, old woman,' quoth I,
'O whither, O whither, O whither so high?'
'To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky,'

we may have a fair proof that gossamer-spider showers had been noted long ago, and a possible proof that these tiny waifs were then suspected to be inhabitants of the atmosphere.

The first and densest spider-shower ever observed by me occurred in September 1875, and the second—where I saw them reascending only—in September 1880. (Gilbert White of Selborne observed one of these showers in 1741.) On the morning of the shower in 1875, there had been some electrical disturbance. There had been one loud peal of thunder, but no rain. About ten A.M. I noticed small spiders running over my coat-sleeves, and had to brush off several trails of gossamer-web. Looking round, I found that brick-walls, houses, branches of trees, &c. had these webs dangling from them, and that other gossamer-webs were continually falling from above, and adding to the

accumulation. By mid-day, a long fence was festooned from point to point of its triangular rail-tops with a ribbon-like ladder of gossamer; and this was growing broader and broader as the tiny creatures kept running along this ladder, each increasing the breadth by adding its own contribution of another silken thread.

On examining next an iron palisading near, I found it in a similar condition, with the tops of the iron spikes connected by a vibrating silken ladder of gossamer, in some places nearly an inch broad. All along this ladder the little strangers were running in an excited and hurried manner, as if they had lost their way, and had got into a strange country. Some, in travelling over their improvised road, made mistakes, and got into bordering webs of the Garden spider, where they were speedily devoured. About one P.M. the clouds cleared off, the sun shone out, and I noticed that some of the spiders had begun to reascend into the atmosphere. They might have commenced this reascension earlier; but on observing that some were reascending, all my attention was devoted to single spiders; and this is what I saw. Fixing my eyes upon one of them, I observed that as it left the gossamer pathway, it selected a clean spot on the iron railing, and gathering its limbs closely together, it projected from its spinnerets several threads which expanded outwards, and stretched upwards from nine to twelve inches. Then this parachute seemed to show a buoyant tendency, and suddenly the tiny creature left hold of the iron rail, or was lifted off it, and quickly 'vanished into thin air.' One after another I closely watched, with the same general result; though once or twice when the spider left the rail, it floated for a few seconds in an almost horizontal direction, prior to changing it for an approximately vertical one. They, however, disappeared from sight so quickly, that the angle of ascent could only be guessed at. This, however, may be set down, as the rule, at from ninety to one hundred and twenty degrees.

The second spider-shower I saw was not so interesting, as I did not observe the descent, but only the reascent of some odd ones. This, however, was effected in exactly the same manner as has been already described; and the few I saw were again ascending from an iron palisading, fully a mile away from that on which I observed them in 1875.

Now, after having watched these clever little aeronauts manufacture, in a few seconds, a fairy balloon capable of carrying them into the upper regions, and pondering over these singular facts, it occurred to me that possibly the real home of gossamer spiders may be in the blue ether, where, in the wonderful economy of nature, they may have their appointed work to do. Or, it may be that these Lilliputian roamers through space, like the migratory birds, have their appointed periods for going in one direction and returning in another. If so, they will naturally collect together for their migrations, and may occasionally have to rest on their journey, as swallows do on the rigging of ships at sea; hence, probably, these mysterious spider-showers. The migratory birds are evidently actuated by weather-influences; and may not these gossamer spiders be under somewhat similar laws, and be under the necessity, every autumn, of flying away

to more genial regions? Who knows? He only who made them and us, and Whose ordained ministers are, humanly speaking, infinite in their number and variety.

NEARLY STARVED IN THE MIDST OF ABUNDANCE.

'ANY letters for the name of Maitland?' I inquired of the clerk of the *Erie Hotel*, in Buffalo, New York state.

'Name of Maitland, sir? Well, yes; I think I recollect the name,' replied the clerk, as he looked over a large packet of letters which he took from one of the pigeon-holes in front of his desk. 'Ay; here it is. From Montreal, Canada East. Been here a week.' And he handed me the letter in question.

I tore off the envelope, and found it to be a letter from Stanwell, a friend with whom I had sailed from England, and who was now about to return thither. He wished me to come to Kingston to spend a few days with him and see him off. The letter having been delayed, only a week now remained of the time within which he was to sail.

Stanwell's letter took me completely by surprise, as I had not the least notion that he would so soon return to England; but I at once made up my mind to see him before he left America. Indeed I would have suffered any inconvenience rather than have disappointed him. But suddenly it occurred to me that there was a slight obstacle in my way. I had been absent on my tour longer than I had expected to be when I set out from Montreal, and my expenses had exceeded my original estimate. In fact, on my arrival at Buffalo I found it necessary to change my last ten-dollar bill. However, I rung the bell, and on the appearance of the waiter, requested him to bring my hotel-bill. The man stared at me, but made no reply, and in a few minutes the proprietor of the hotel entered the room with the account in his hand.

'Going to leave us so soon, sir?' he said.

'No,' I replied, glancing at the account which he had placed on the table before me, and which amounted to three dollars sixty cents. 'I am going away, but only for a few days. I have to meet a friend at Kingston, who is about to embark for England. I shall return in the course of eight or ten days, and shall remain for a fortnight. Meanwhile, I will leave the bulk of my luggage in your charge, and will take with me only a single portmanteau.—Your bill seems rather heavy for the short time I have been here?' I added.

'O dear, no, sir—quite contrary,' replied the hotel-keeper. 'I have charged you only two dollars for supper, bed, and breakfast; when the usual thing is to charge travellers the full three dollars a day, no matter how short a time they stay. Then there's one dollar sixty cents coach-hire, which I'm sure is reasonable enough.'

'I don't dispute your charges,' I replied, hoping that the landlord would say: 'Well, sir, as you are coming back, and are going to leave your luggage behind, it will be as well to wait till your return before making any payment.' But he said nothing of the kind.

'I will pay your bill,' I said, counting out the money; 'and if while I am absent, a letter should arrive from Montreal, directed to me, you will take good care of it. I have written to my banker for a remittance.'

'Very good, sir,' replied the landlord. 'Should such a letter arrive, I will take all possible care of it, you may depend upon that.' But this allusion to my banker at Montreal, so far from increasing his respect, led him, I fancied from the keen glance he gave me, to regard me with increased distrust.

Glancing at a newspaper after he was gone, I found that a boat—the *Jefferson*—left the wharf at twelve o'clock, so that I had only half an hour to spare. I counted over the money that remained to me. There was just four dollars fifteen cents; or sixteen shillings and sevenpence half-penny, from which my fare to Kingston—three dollars—had to be deducted; which would leave me but one dollar fifteen cents. In addition to the passage-money, there is a charge on board all American river-steamers for beds and meals and stewards' fees. But as the passage from Buffalo to Kingston was but two hundred miles in length—though the voyage was necessarily prolonged by the tedious passage through the Erie Canal, from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario—I thought I could very easily dispense with regular meals and bed for twenty-four hours, and be content with such food as I intended to supply myself with, on my way down to the wharf. Accordingly, on my way thither I expended seventy-five cents in the purchase of biscuits and cheese, and thus left myself with only thirty-seven cents, or about eightpence English, in my possession—with the exception of the three-dollar bill I required wherewith to pay my passage. The steam-boat bell was already ringing when I reached the wharf. There was not a moment to lose, and I hurried down to the purser's box on the quay.

'The *Jefferson* goes on to Kingston?' I said to that functionary, who was seated inside the box.

'To Kingston anyhow, and maybe farther down the river,' he replied. 'But if you're going on board, you'll best hurry up. She'll be off in half a minute.'

'The passage is three dollars?'

'Yes, Mister. Three dollars is the regular fare; but'—

'Here, then,' and I placed my three-dollar bill before him, and was starting off, when he cried: 'Stay! Wait a moment, Mister.'

'The bill is a good one,' said I.

'Yes, Mister; there isn't nothing to say ag'in

the bill, and three dollars is the regular fare. But if you're agoin' aboard the *Jefferson*'—

'I shall have to hurry, or be left behind,' I interrupted; for the moorings were cast loose, and the boat was already beginning to move from her berth alongside the wharf. I thought the purser was going to explain to me that meals, bed, and attendance were extras, and as I was well aware of that, I wouldn't wait to listen to him, and in a few moments I stood on the steamer's deck.

A beautiful boat was the *Jefferson*, apparently quite new, for everything on board of her was as clean and spruce as possible. There were not a great many passengers; but those who were on board moved about in groups, audibly expressing their admiration of the vessel.

Almost as soon as the boat started, feasting began. 'Any lady or gen'man wot wishes for lunch, 'll find it spread out in the fore-cabin,' said the Negro steward, ringing his bell as he passed along the decks. 'Dinner 'll be at four o'clock, tea at six, supper at nine,' he went on to say; 'and ladies and gen'men 'll please choose their own beds, 'ceptin' the state-rooms, wot is reserved, and 'll go to bed just when they please.'

Every passenger, I believe, with the exception of myself, descended to the cabin to partake of lunch, with a promptitude that gave me the impression that they had purposely refrained from gratifying their appetites until they should come on board; and my persecution at once began.

'Lunch in the fore-cabin, sar; best go down. Capital lunch, sar,' said the steward when he saw me standing alone on the saloon deck.

'No; thank you, steward,' I replied, 'I never take luncheon on board the boats. It doesn't agree with me.'

'Glass o' champagne can't do you no harm, sar, anyhow,' said the steward; and I was quite of his opinion. Indeed, when I heard the corks popping, I thought I could enjoy a glass of champagne very much; but wine was not to be indulged in by a passenger with but eightpence in his pocket, and I remained obdurate to all the steward's persuasions.

The tedious passage through the Erie Canal was commenced soon after we left Buffalo; but it was enlivened by a capital band of music, and by impromptu dances got up, both on deck and in the saloon, by the passengers, who seemed bent upon enjoying themselves to the utmost. At dinner-time the bell again rang, and there was a general rush into the cabin, from which most appetising fumes arose and pervaded the deck. I felt it hard to be obliged to content myself with the biscuits and cheese with which I had provided myself, while all my fellow-travellers were feasting themselves with dainty viands; but there was no help for it, and I was fain to be content.

Again the steward invited and even urged me to go to the cabin, but I declined, giving the same excuse as before, namely, that I had no appetite when on the water, and preferred to remain upon deck. I thought I heard some muttered exclamations of surprise as to what, in the name of wonder, had brought me on board, escape from the steward's lips; but I took no heed of what he said.

At eleven o'clock the bell rang for bedtime. The saloon was to be closed for the night; but

those who did not care to retire to bed so early, could return to the saloon-deck. However, the passengers, I presume, had eaten and drunk so heartily that they all felt sleepy, for in a quarter of an hour I found myself alone upon the deck.

'You not go for choose a bed, sar?' said the steward in amazement. 'Dat ar nebber do. No eat, no drink, no sleep, by-m-by you be sick.'

'I prefer to remain in the open air when I'm upon the water, steward,' I replied. 'I daresay I shall doze off where I sit, by-and-by.'

'Den you catch cold, sar,' said the darkey.

He left me upon the deck, but I fancy he went to the captain, and acquainted him with the fact that there was a passenger on board who had not eaten a meal since the boat left Buffalo, and who now declined to go to bed; for in a few minutes the captain made his appearance by my side, and expressed his great regret that I could not enjoy myself better.

'I do enjoy myself well enough,' I replied; 'but I can't sit at table nor sleep in a bed when I'm upon the water.'

'Then, my dear sir, let the steward bring you anything you fancy, upon deck,' said the captain; 'and if you can't sleep below, in the cabin, I'll tell him to bring up a mattress and some blankets. You can spread them on the deck and lie down. That will be better than sitting up all night.'

But I reflected that food and bed and blankets brought to me upon deck, would have to be paid for, and that the steward would probably expect a handsome gratuity for his extra trouble. I therefore declined the captain's kind offers; and told him that I had provided myself with a few biscuits, which I preferred to anything else when on board a steamboat, and that I could sleep very comfortably sitting up upon deck.

Perceiving that I would not be persuaded, the captain left me to myself; and I passed the night where I sat—not very comfortably—for a drizzling rain fell for an hour or two during the night; and towards morning, though it was midsummer, the wind blew chill across the water.

We had passed through the Erie Canal during the night; and about eight A.M. I found that the steamer was drawing up alongside the wharf of some small lake-port, that the steam was blowing off, and that several artisans were waiting evidently to come on board.

'Why—what is the meaning of this? Where are we now?' I inquired of a passenger who stood by my side.

'Waal, Mister,' was the reply, 'I reckon how it means that something hev g'n way about the paddle-wheels, and these men is coming on board to put things to rights ag'in. As to whar we air, I know no more than you do. In some creek on the lake, I reckon.'

'We are not yet near Kingston?' said I.

'Nigh Kingston!' exclaimed the Yankee. 'No; I guess we bea'n't more than thirty miles at most from Buffler. These here new boats travels slow till they get into working order.'

'Is this a new boat?' I asked.

'Waal, yes. Seein' as this is her first trial-trip, Mister, I reckon she be. I thought everybody on board knew that,' was the reply.

'Heaven knows, then, when we shall get to Kingston, at this rate!' said I.

'It may take some time to make the v'yage,'

replied the passenger. 'But what matters so long as they g'in us good food and plenty on't, and moosic and everything comfortable?'

'It matters to me,' I said; 'because I am in haste to reach Kingston.'

'Then you order hev waited for the next boat, Mister. She'll be in Kingston afore we shall, I reckon.'

'How on earth was I to know that?' I asked.

'Anyhow, it ain't no use grumblin',' said the passenger. 'I'm content, and so I b'lieve is most everybody else aboard the boat. I reckon there'll be time enough to take a look round ashore, afore we're off ag'in, seein' how the passengers is most on 'em going on shore.'

This was the fact, and as I could not help myself, and as I had already consumed nearly all the biscuits and cheese with which I had provided myself, I also strolled on shore, and expended the few cents that remained to me in purchasing a fresh supply.

It was near mid-day before the repairs were completed and the vessel was again under steam; and late in the afternoon we ran towards shore, and very soon I saw the houses of what appeared to be a considerable town.

'Surely this cannot be Kingston?' said I to the steward.

'Dis yere, Kingston, sar!' the Negro replied with a grin. 'No, sar; I guess dis not be Kingston. Dis Picton, Prince Edward's, sar; Kingston long way off yet. Nebber see Kingston dis night, sar.'

'Then, in the name of goodness, why are we going in here?'

'Cos, sar, dem dur fellers wot make de repairs in de morning, no do dem work proper, and de wheel am broke down ag'in, sar.'

This was too much. I could not reply for very vexation, and it increased my vexation to perceive that my fellow-passengers, so far from complaining of the delay, seemed to be delighted at the idea of visiting the flourishing little town of Picton. Moreover, my second supply of provision was nearly exhausted, for I had not money enough to make an extensive purchase, even of biscuits and cheese, and if the passage were to be much longer delayed, I foresaw that starvation would stare me in the face.

With me the captain appeared to sympathise sincerely. 'It must be very disagreeable to you, sir,' he said, 'to meet with these delays; but they are to be expected on a trial-trip, and I do really wonder that you, knowing that you are unable to enjoy yourself upon the water, should have ventured to take passage in this boat. However, I trust we shall be snug in Kingston harbour to-morrow night.'

To-morrow night! Twenty-four hours longer, and half that time without food! I did not know what reply to make, so I remained silent; but I made a secret, solemn vow that never again would I take passage on board a steamboat, were she the handsomest vessel that ever floated, until I had fully satisfied myself that she was not going on a trial-trip.

I took a stroll through the town—a pretty town enough, where everybody appeared to be cheerful and thriving; but an earthly paradise would possess few beauties in the eyes of a stranger who knows nobody in the place, and is without a farthing in his pocket; so I very soon came on

board again, lounged about the saloon until it was closed at midnight, and then took my station, well wrapped up in my cloak, beneath the awning on the saloon-deck. It seemed, to me to be an age since I had partaken of a decent, or a full meal, or had drank anything stronger than water; while, despite my protestations that I never felt hungry when upon the water, the pure fresh air that blows across Lake Ontario, had—combined with the scant, unsavoury food upon which I had subsisted for two days—given me a tremendous appetite. If I had had the face to sit down to the dinner-table—and I *was* almost driven by sheer hunger to do so, in spite of all I had said—I fancy I should have astonished my fellow-travellers. More than once I was strongly inclined to confess everything to the captain, as I now felt that I ought to have done when I first came on board. But I could not bring myself to face the jeers and suspicions of my fellow-travellers, if I were to take my place amongst them. At six o'clock A.M., the *Jefferson* again got up steam, and once more we resumed our passage.

No one on board the steamer would have enjoyed the scenery of Lake Ontario more than I, had I beheld it under more pleasing circumstances; but I had furtively eaten the last morsel of my second scant supply of provision at daylight that morning.

'Do, my dear sir, just try,' urged the captain. 'It is probably a mere fancy on your part. Begin to eat, and you will find your appetite increase with every mouthful you swallow. I've seen many such cases before now. It really distresses me to see you—as it were—starving in the midst of abundance!'

I know that it distressed *me* to starve in the midst of abundance! Wouldn't my appetite have increased, if I had once begun to eat? I rather think it would! But I shook my head dolefully in reply, as I had done before. And still the music played merrily, and the passengers all vowed that they had never before in their lives had 'such a good time' as they had had since they left Buffalo.

At length, just after nightfall, the city of Kingston 'hove in sight,' as sailors say, its lamps glittering as we drew nearer, like a galaxy of bright stars rising in the horizon, and in another half-hour the *Jefferson* lay moored alongside the wharf, and the passengers—I among the rest—shook hands with the jovial and free-hearted captain, and stepped on shore. It was near ten o'clock P.M., and the house at which my friend was staying was a mile or thereabout beyond the city. It was too late to think of hunting him up that night, and besides I felt that I could not possibly remain any longer without food. I therefore determined to go to some respectable hotel, and ask for supper and a bed, knowing perfectly well that I could easily borrow money from my friend on the morrow, wherewith to pay my bill. As I walked through the streets, looking out for the *King's Arms*—a hotel at which I had stopped on the occasion of a former visit to Kingston—I was overtaken by one of my late fellow-passengers on board the steamer. 'I'm sure, sir,' said he, 'you must be rejoiced to set foot on shore again. I think I should have been starved to death had I been in your position on board the *Jefferson*.'

'I *am* well-nigh starved to death,' I replied;

'and I'm now looking for a hotel where I can get a good supper and a comfortable bed, before I seek out the friend whom I have come to meet, though I am now a day later than I expected to be when I left Buffalo.'

'I wonder,' said my companion, 'why, if you were in haste to reach Kingston, you took passage on board a vessel that was going to make her first trial-trip. Had you waited some few hours longer at Buffalo, you would have arrived here a day sooner!'

'How was I to know that the *Jefferson* was going to make a trial-trip?' I inquired, somewhat testily.

'How! You didn't know? Do tell! Now that is strange!' exclaimed my companion. 'Didn't they tell you? Didn't you see on the card?' he went on.

'They told me nothing about it,' I replied. 'And as to the card'—thinking he alluded to the placard notifying the time of sailing of the different steamers, pasted up on the wharf—'I hardly glanced at it.'

'Well, now, do tell! That is moosical' [amusing], said my companion, as if he were speaking to himself. Presently he went on again: 'Anyhow, we'd a real good time aboard, and so you'd say, if you could have enjoyed yourself better.'

'I daresay it was pleasant enough,' I replied; 'though I marvel how the passengers put up so contentedly with the delays. There was music and dancing and good feeding—nothing to complain of in that way. But all these things cost money.'

'Exactly!' said my companion; 'but when folks do go in for enjoyment, what matters a little delay? It serves to prolong the enjoyment; and then again, what matters if things do cost money, when folks ain't called upon for to pay for 'em? It must have cost the owners a few dollars, though—this trial-trip! I wonder how many *invites* they sent out. There was a good lot of folks on board, anyhow. Did you count 'em? I tried to, once; but, somehow or other, my count got mixed up, and I didn't try to count 'em again.'

A light suddenly broke upon me! I saw everything clear enough now. The passengers—with the exception of myself—were all invited guests of the owners of the *Jefferson*. I understood now the cause of the purser's hesitation when I handed him my three-dollar bill, and the reason why he called upon me to stay a bit, when I was hurrying on board! I had paid away three dollars that I need not have paid, had moped and grumbled when I might have enjoyed myself to my heart's content, free of cost, and had bled starved myself in the midst of abundance!

I was too much vexed with myself for my stupidity, and too much ashamed of the part I had played, to confess my mistake to my companion. But as I had now reached the hotel I was seeking, I bade him farewell, entered the hotel, and left him to go on his own way.

The next morning I met Stanwell on the quay, whither he had come on the arrival of every steamboat from Buffalo for several days past, hoping to meet me. To him and his friends I related the story of my foolish mistake, and laughed over it with them, though they laughed at *me*—as well they might—for my silly pride,

or shamefacedness, which had prevented me from making known my awkward position to the captain when I first set foot on board the steamboat.

EASY HELPS TO THE SPREAD OF POPULAR SCIENCE.

MORE and more is being done every day in this country to popularise and simplify the teaching of science, to strip it of much of its forbidding technicalities and terminology, and to render it possible of acquisition by any person possessed of an ordinary elementary education. That this is so, should augur well for the future of our arts and industries; for the prosperity and progress of these must depend largely upon the science-teaching and science-knowledge of the next fifty years. The rule of thumb, which was long sufficient for the British artist and artisan, is every day becoming more antiquated and less trustworthy; and if these would be in a position to compete with their continental rivals, they must avail themselves of all the means which science places within their reach.

But there are branches of science which do not immediately concern our arts and industries— which may indeed be of no practical, that is pecuniary, advantage to any one; but which may by their acquisition add very much to the happiness of life, and to that intellectual pleasure which arises from the contemplation of the natural objects and organisms that we see around us. This pleasure is similar in kind to that which a lover of books derives from the use of his library, and a lover of art from the study of his gallery. Neither of these classes may seek, or desire to seek, other than purely mental enjoyment from their particular studies; and as, whatever it may be with art, the use of books is now open to the poorest and meanest among us, none who is able to read but may taste of the intellectual pleasure to be derived from reading. In like manner, the book of Nature is open to all, in a wider and more comprehensive sense than can be said of any other branch of study; but unfortunately, a great many persons are unable to read it. This inability may arise either from utter neglect and inattention, or it may—as in many cases it does—arise from the absence of suitable means of tuition. One may admire a wild-flower without being able to name it, or be interested in an insect without knowing its species and family; but if any one nowadays has a desire to be able not only to admire but to know, it is neither the fault of our scientific educationists nor of our publishers of books, if that desire be not satisfied. Books on science, popularly conceived and popularly expounded, and at a price which renders them easily accessible, form one of the striking features of our present-day literature.

We have three of those books before us now. The first is by the late Professor Ansted, of King's College, London, and is entitled *In Search of Minerals* (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Written in a pleasant and intelligible way, it deals with minerals, including gems or precious stones, quartz gems, the softer gems, and other valuable stones; the minerals derived from the vegetable and animal kingdoms, such as jet, amber, pearl,

coral; the non-metallic minerals, and the ores or minerals that yield metals more or less valuable. Its expositions are clear and readily understood. For instance, on the subject of organic and inorganic substances, the writer says: 'Minerals belong to the inorganic world. They are formed frequently, and they increase rapidly; but they cannot be said to be born or to grow, in the sense in which we make use of these terms in reference to organic beings. The difference between organic growth and mineral aggregation is not always easily determined; but we may recognise it by considering that the simplest forms of organic existence increase by the addition of cells already living, whereas the mineral can only increase by the addition of inorganic atoms, whether simple or compound. This does not teach us what life is, nor even where life begins; but it shows why the animal or the plant and the mineral, though consisting of the same elementary substances in the same proportion, must develop differently from the very commencement.'

That which the book chiefly deals with—the study of minerals—is serviceable for many reasons. Some minerals are of value intrinsically, as natural objects used for ornamentation. Others, such as coal and ironstone, whose continued supply lies at the very root of our national prosperity, are of great value for industrial purposes. Some, again, are curious in themselves and their relations, and form subjects of study to those who can admire what is beautiful apart from any question of utility. To the many whose worldly interest it is to have a knowledge of minerals, how we may know them, and where they may be found, this little work of Professor Ansted's will be useful.

Rising from inorganic substances to the lower order of living or organic matters, we have another book from the same publishers on *Ponds and Ditches*, by M. C. Cooke, LL.D. This little volume appeals to a wider section of readers than the former. For one person who is interested in mineralogical appearances, there are a hundred who, as they take their walks abroad, wonder at the thousand little living things which they see in the air around them and on the earth at their feet. They have stood and watched curious small creatures inhabiting the stagnant pool by the wayside, and have naturally desired to be able to know something about them—their name, their nature, the process of their birth and growth, the changes or metamorphoses which they undergo, their different appearances in the larval and in the perfect state, and a hundred other questions that occur to intelligent observers of what they admire but do not understand. We are apt, in thinking of life as we see it in the animal world, to connect that life with the higher forms only. And yet, 'between the elephant, as representing the largest land animal known, on the one hand, and the most minute living creature yet discovered on the other, the middle position, as regards bulk, between the largest and the smallest would be that of an insect the size of the common house-fly.' In this way, one can understand, even without going down to living things smaller than can be seen by a pocket lens, what a great field of study there is in the region of the lower forms of animal life, as they are to be found in their habitats, the 'ponds and ditches.'

Many persons, in the course of a summer

morning's walk, must have observed in the puddles by the roadside, or in the standing-places of the ditches, that the water glistened as if some oily substance had been dropped into it, and had spread itself out on the surface—only the glitter is that of a hard metallic substance, rather than of oil, and is of a rich bronze or golden-brown colour. Now, that which you thus see on the top of the water is a collection of minute organisms termed diatoms. For a long time it was a disputed point whether diatoms should be placed in the vegetable or the animal kingdom; as, when they are observed through the microscope, their skeleton is found to consist of a pair of transparent plates, of the same substance as glass, and as indestructible as flint. It is now, however, finally settled that, notwithstanding this shell-like formation, they belong to the vegetable kingdom—that they are indeed microscopic aquatic plants. Then there is another class of objects to be found in ponds and ditches, of great interest—the rotifers, so called because they have a motion resembling that of a wheel. In length they are about the fifteenth part of an inch, and form beautiful objects in water under the microscope. They are marvelously tenacious of life. You may dry them to a powder, and keep them a year, or even two years in your cabinet, and when again put into the water, they will in the course of an hour or two revive, and be found whirling about with their accustomed vigour. Of these and numerous other creatures that inhabit our ponds and ditches, Dr Cooke's little volume tells much that is worth knowing.

We have still another volume on nature and natural science, namely *Nature's Byways*, by J. E. Taylor, the editor of *Science Gossip* (London: David Bogue). This interesting manual covers a much larger field than either of the two volumes above noticed, and treats the various subjects under consideration in a way that is quite intelligible to ordinary readers, yet not unsuited at the same time for the initiated. The chapters, 'A Naturalist on the Tramp,' are especially entertaining, as they enable us to go along with the lecturer, and note his remarks on the geological, botanical, zoological, or other features of the country through which he passes. On the subject of the Colorado Beetle he has some important suggestions. He is of opinion that if we do not too far disturb the 'balance of life,' by killing the birds that kill the insects, we need not fear for an invasion of that dreaded beetle, as it is the disturbing of this balance of life that lays us open to external invasions. This is a most important principle, and one which, we fear, is too often forgotten by agriculturists and others anxious to exterminate every creature that is supposed to be what is called 'destructive.' Indeed, we consider it one of the most important subjects that can occupy the attention of all who have the welfare of their country at heart. So long as the proportion of creatures that live and feed on other species is kept in a fair condition, there is no room for invaders. Again, he thinks our damp, rainy climate would, in the case of the Colorado Beetle, serve us in good stead. At least, they could not breed here as they do in the United States, where four broods are common in the year.

There are many other subjects of practical importance discussed in Dr Taylor's little work;

all of which, while ministering to the advance of scientific knowledge, are of importance also as showing how that knowledge can be brought to bear with good results on many of the questions that are continually cropping up in the various departments of trade and agriculture.

LINES UPON A CAGED LARK.

A CRUEL deed
It is, sweet bird, to cage thee up
Prisoner for life, with just a cup
And box of seed,
And soil to move on barely one foot square,
Hung o'er dark street, midst foul and murky air.

From freedom brought,
And robbed of every chance of wing,
Thou couldst have had no heart to sing,
One would have thought.
But though thy song is sung, men little know
The yearning source from which those sweet notes flow.

Poor little bird!
As often as I think of thee,
And how thou longest to be free,
My heart is stirred,
And, were my strength but equal to my rage,
Methinks thy cager would be in his cage.

The selfish man!
To take thee from thy broader sphere,
Where thousands heard thy music clear,
On Nature's plan;
And where the listening landscape far and wide
Had joy, and thou thy liberty beside.

A singing slave
Made now; with no return but food;
No mate to love, nor little brood
To feed and save;
No cool and leafy haunts: the cruel wires
Chafe thy young life and check thy just desires.

Brave little bird!
Still striving, with thy sweetest song,
To melt the hearts that do thee wrong,
I give my word
To stand with those who for thy freedom fight,
Who claim for thee that freedom as thy right.

A. B.

CHANGE OF TITLE.

Owing to the *title* of A STRANGE RETRIBUTION having been used on a former occasion by another Journal, we have to inform our readers that our story so styled, and published in the January part of this magazine, will in future editions appear as

FAIRY.

It is almost needless to add that we were unaware of the existence of another story bearing a title similar to that which we adopted.—Ed.

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GRAFFITI OR WALL-SCRIBBLINGS.

DESPITE his withering touch, Time, the destroying angel, has here and there permitted some of the most fragile and evanescent things to remain, as silent memorials of long-past generations. Not least among these relics of ancient life and thought, are the *graffiti* or wall-scribblings, mostly scratched by some pointed instrument, or made with red chalk or charcoal. They are found upon the colossal mausoleums and temples of Egypt, and in association with the mysterious inscriptions upon the rocks of Sinai, upon the tombs of Jerusalem, and within and around the chambers of ghostly Pompeii; while others have been brought to light within the area of the Eternal City. Plautus, Pliny, and Aristophanes each refer to the practice of wall-scribbling. Lucian mentions that, in his time, inscriptions covered the western gate of Athens; and Plutarch informs us that Tiberius Gracchus was chiefly aided in his agrarian scheme by proclamations of this sort upon the monuments, pillars, and houses of the city.

These scrawls, which are of all ages, are of no little interest to the antiquary and the student of human nature. Those of Egypt range from an extremely early time to that of the Khedive; but as the *graffiti* of Italy are far more worthy of consideration, we purpose to bring some of the most curious of these before our readers. Those of Pompeii claim the first attention; they are of three classes, Oscan, Greek, and Roman. Though nearly twenty centuries old, the thoughtless school-boy's scrawls, the love-sick gallant's doggerel, or the caricature of some friend, foe, or popular favourite, are still as clear as though executed by an idler of yesterday. Although many of these inscriptions are not strictly of importance, yet still they are very suggestive of the humours, vulgarities, and vices of old Italian life. Some are memoranda of domestic transactions; one telling us, for instance, how many tunics were sent to the wash; another, when a donkey was born; while a third informs the reader that 'on the 25th of July,' two hundred pounds of

hog's-lard and two hundred bunches of garlic were either bought or sold. On the interior wall of a tavern may be read the words, *Sodales, Arde* (Welcome, comrades). The coat of whitewash having peeled off in some places, disclosed *graffiti* of much older date with archaic forms of spelling, mostly in the Oscan tongue. These supply evidence that Pompeii must have been an old Oscan or Samnite city, because this language was certainly in use during the second century before the Christian era, particularly in Campania; for not only at that time, but during the Social War (91 B.C.), the coins of the allies bore Oscan inscriptions. A few of these writings, moreover, clearly have a date very near to that on which the city was enshrouded by the falling ashes. In a few cases, the Latin language is used, but written in Oscan characters.

The walls of Pompeii bear some inscriptions which are simply names; but sometimes there is an epithet attached, which is either complimentary or the reverse. We select a few: *Oppi Embolari*, *Fur Furmentale* (Oppius, ballet-dancer, thief and pilferer!). One speaks of 'sheep-faced Lygnus, strutting about like a peacock, and giving himself airs on the strength of his good looks.' Another exclaims: *Epaphra, glaber es* (O Epaphras, thou art bald); *Rusticus est Corydon* (Corydon is a clown, or country bumpkin); *Epaphra, Pilierepus non es* (O Epaphras, thou art no tennis-player). Possibly this last *graffito* may refer to the same person before mentioned; a friendly hand has, however, drawn a line through the offensive remark; but it is none the less legible. Others appear to be no more than the alphabetical exercises of school-children, for they are evidently the work of juvenile hands. But a large number of the *graffiti* are of an amorous character. The tender passion, and the protean changes to which it has ever been liable, here stand revealed as vividly as though the idlers who were the subjects of it were still in 'this breathing world.' One is very touching in its simplicity and suggestiveness. Within the conventional outline of a heart, is the word *Psyche* (My life); while another exclaims:

Suavis Amor (Love is sweet); in a third, a disappointed lover thus expresses himself: *Vale, mea Sava; fac me ames* (Farewell, my Sava; try to love me); while one of the gentler sex is said to love 'Casuntius.' On the other hand, devout and affectionate 'Methe, the slave of Corninia, loves Chrestus with all her heart;' and the wish is expressed that 'Pompeian Venus may be propitious to both, and that they may always live happily together!' Furthermore, 'Auge loves Arabienus;' and 'Nonia salutes her Pagurus.' The following is a singular expression of sentiment: *Quisquis amat valeat; pereat qui parcat amara* (Whoever loves, let him succeed; may he perish who spares to love). Another runs thus: *Nemo est bellus nisi qui amavit* (No one is handsome [or agreeable] except him who has loved).

But the most striking, and indeed almost tragic, of all the graffiti in this city of the dead is unquestionably the following: *Tenemus, t' nemus; res certa; Romula heic cum Scelerato moratur* (We have it! we have it! the thing is certain; Romula is living here with the miscreant). With regard to this inscription, it has been remarked that it might furnish materials for a sensational three-volume novel; suggestive as it is of beauty and frailty under the malign influence of some seductive lover.

The virtues and vices of certain individuals are here and there lightly revealed. The two following may suffice:

*Semper M. Tenentius Eudoxus
Unus sustinet Amicos et tenet
Et tutus sustinet omni modo.*

Which is to this effect:

M. Tenentius Eudoxus, even alone, always
Upholds his friends and keeps them,
And defends and upholds them in every way.

Another, evidently not wishing the household gods (Lares) to witness his deeds, thus invokes them: *Ite, Lares, dormilu* (Begone to sleep, Lares!).

The tavern graffiti are also curious, and somewhat amusing. A sufferer from internal drought thus earnestly appeals: *Suavis vinaria, sitit; valde rogo, sitit* (Dear landlady, he is thirsty; I earnestly entreat you, he is thirsty). Another asks for more drink: *Adde calicem setinum* (Give one cup more of wine). On a jar, the words *Liquamen optimum* (First-rate liquor) have been found. In one case, customers are invited by the following notice affixed to a street corner, somewhat after the manner of modern advertising: *Adeus tabernam Liani; ad dexteram* (Visit the inn of Lianus; turn to the right). Here also is the advertisement of one Varius:

*Urna vinaria perit de taberna;
Sei eam quis retulerit, dabuntur h.s.
lxx; sei furem qui abduzerit, dabitur
Duplum a Vario.*

The rendering of which is: 'A wine-jar is lost from the inn; if any one bring it back, there shall be given to him sixty-five sesterces; if any one bring the thief who took it, double that sum will be given.'

On the wall of a tavern there is a rude sketch of a customer holding out his cup and asking: *Da fridam* (or *frigidum*) *pusillum* (Give a little ice-water).

A few poetical quotations and paraphrases have also been found among the graffiti of Pompeii. In the back-room of a *thermopolium*, a graffiti was discovered, which proved to be part of the first line of the *Æneid*; but strangely enough, in each word in which the letter *r* occurred, *l* was substituted for it, thus:

Alma vilumque cano Tlo.

One disappointed of a dinner at another's expense, thus vents his feelings:

L. Istacidus, ad quem non cano, barbarus illo mihi est.

Which being translated means:

L. Istacidus, at whose house I do not sup, he is a barbarian to me.

Another, equally unfortunate, pours out his complaint in this way:

*Quoi (cui) perna cocta est, si convivæ apponitur,
Non gustat pernam, lingit ollam aut caccabum.*

Equivalent to:

For whom the gammon is cooked, if it is set before a fellow-diner, he does not taste the gammon—he licks the pot.

But the following is decidedly serio-comic:

Pyrus C. Heio coulege salutem. Molesto fero quia audivi te mortuom: itaque vale.

That is:

Pyrus C. to his comrade Heius wishes health. I am sorry to have heard that you are dead: and so farewell!

A line of Propertius has been rather ingeniously paraphrased; the original words—

Cynthia me docuit odiose puellas;

that is:

Cynthia has taught me to hate the damsels

—are changed to:

Candida me docuit nigras odiose puellas.

Or:

Candida [i.e. the fair] has taught me to hate dark girls.

It is a singular fact that not a line of Horace has been found among these inscriptions. Of Virgil, but one complete verse appears; the rest are only fragmentary lines. In another place, there is a strange rendering of Ovid's

*Quid magis est saxo durum, quid mollius undâ?
Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aquâ.*

That is:

What is harder than a rock, what softer than water? Nevertheless, hard rocks are hollowed by soft water.

Scrawled in this form:

*Quid pote tam durum saxo, aut quid mollius undâ?
Dura tamen, &c.*

There is one comlet, however, which appears to be quite original. It is of such excellence, that we cannot forbear quoting it:

*Alliget hic aurâs si quis obiurgat amantes,
Et vetet assiduas currere fontis aquas.*

Which may be rendered thus:

If any one can restrain the lover, he may also bind the breezes,
And forbid the perennial spring to flow.

The following is a good specimen of a lover's appeal:

Scribendi mi dictat Amor, moskratque Cupido;
Ah, peream, sine te si deus esse velim!

Translated into:

Love teaches me the art of writing, and Cupid shows me;
Ah, may I perish, if I wish to be a god without thee!

Others of a metrical type might here be mentioned, but for the exigencies of space; we pass on, therefore, to a brief review of another type of graffiti—the caricatures. Many of these are cleverly drawn, and, as might be expected, the comic element predominates. In connection with his valuable work, *Graffiti di Pompeii*, Garrucci admirably reproduces in fac-simile these caricatures, together with the various inscriptions before mentioned. One of these represents an ass engaged in turning a mill, accompanied by the words:

Labora, aselle, quomodo ego laboravi,
Et proderit tibi.

That is:

Labour, O ass, as I have laboured,
And it will profit thee.

Some of these scrawls are, however, of peculiar interest, not only to the general reader, but to the antiquary, as throwing light upon several disputed questions. Those to which we here especially refer represent gladiatorial combats after a rude fashion. They are rather numerous, and are drawn with much spirit. In one case, a figure is represented as about to cast a net over his adversary; while another caricature appears to be a fight between a Mirmillo (a kind of gladiator) and a Samnite. A third is evidently a Samnite with a large helmet and shield; at his side the number of his victories (xxxii.) may be seen incised between a palm-branch and a chaplet. Under one of these sketches we learn that Spiculus Neronianus, 'a tiro,' engaged in mortal combat with the freedman Aptoneus, who had been victor in sixteen such encounters; but tyro as he was, he slew his opponent. A few full-length figures wearing the toga, probably represent the dandies of the period, or possibly patrician magnates. Others are profiles of heads; one with the name Peregrinus attached, has a decidedly abnormal development of the nose; while in another that organ is almost absent, and the title *Nasso Fadius* is affixed. There is doubtless a pun here intended. The practice of attaching the name of an intended occupant to a seat in a public place, as among ourselves, was usual with those who patronised the amphitheatre, as many graffiti testify. Again, the electioneering inscriptions of Pompeii would not unfavourably compare with like placards of modern times. They are very terse (in abbreviated Latin) and to the point; thus, one appeals to the Pilicrepi or ball-players to 'elect as ædile Aulus Vettius Firmus, a man worthy of the republic;' while another is to this effect: 'Philippus beseeches you to create M. Holconius Priscus a decemvir of justice (that is, a justice of the peace). A third runs thus: 'The scribe Issus requests you to support M. Cerrinius Vatia as ædile. He is worthy.' Those of a domestic character are few. On the wall of a corner-house in the Street of Fortune is a record, seemingly traced by some

thrifty housewife, of the spinning tasks assigned to each of the female slaves. The quality and weight of the wool are likewise portioned out. Doris and Heracle prepare thread for the warp, and Januaria and Lalagia (or Lalage) for the woof. The other names are Vitalis, Florentia, Amaryllis, Mária, Cerursa, and Damalis.

In concluding this sketch of the Pompeian graffiti, there are two more which can scarcely be passed over in silence. One who had evidently heard of the fate of the neighbouring city, wrote the simple but impressive ejaculation: *Herculaneum, Herculaneum* (O Herculaneum! O Herculaneum!). Little thought the scribbler that a like fate was soon to overtake his own city of pleasure. The other expresses a kindly hope for many happy new-years: *Januarias nobis felices nullis annis*.

The graffiti of Rome and its vicinity are, with but one exception, not of such interest as the above mentioned. They are found in tombs on the Via Latina, among the remains of Nero's Golden House, and in the substructures of the palace of the Cæsars. But in the Catacombs they are most numerous, especially in those of St Agnese and St Callistus. The words *Cave, viator* (Beware, traveller) were frequently attached to the epitaphs on the Roman tombs by the wayside; the object being to warn scribblers and those who would pollute or injure these resting-places of the dead. To these cautions was added sometimes an imprecation on any who should injure or dishonour the monument. One silent appeal is thus worded: 'Scribbler, I pray you pass by this monument.' And another: *Scriptor, parce hoc opus* (Scribbler, spare this work).

The inscriptions in the Catacombs are of three classes: first, mere names of persons, with the occasional addition of their titles; second, pious wishes, prayers, greetings or acclamations for, or to, friends and relations, living or dead; and lastly, invocations of the martyrs upon whose graves they are written. As may be supposed, these graffiti are of all ages. Those which mostly contain only names, testify to the multitudes of all countries who, as is still the practice, came to visit these shrines of the martyrs; and strangely enough, some of these names are scrawled in rather inaccessible places. The plaster walls of the vestibule of the cemetery of St Callistus, one of the chief catacombs, are covered with graffiti of this class.

Graffiti of much later centuries are of course numerous enough in Rome, as elsewhere. In one place there is a record of a Bishop of Pisa and his companions who visited the catacombs early in the fourteenth century. Another gives the names of three persons and the date 1321 A.D. It reads thus: 'Gather together, O Christians in these caverns, to read the holy books, to sing hymns in honour of the saints and martyrs, who having died in the Lord, lie buried here; to sing psalms for those who are now dying in the faith. There is light in this darkness. There is music in these tombs.' In another, there are six German names, written in a Latinised form, with the figure of a cross and the date 1397 A.D. beneath.

The reputed tomb of Cornelius contains inscriptions of ecclesiastical names, and titles of persons who went there to present sacred offerings. Elsewhere, one graffiti records that Brother Lawrence

of Sicily came, with twenty others to visit the holy place, January 17, 1451. Some Scotch pilgrims also record their visit in 1467.

In conclusion, there can be no doubt that as archaeological investigations progress in and around Rome, and as soon as the work of clearing out Pompeii is accomplished, which at the present rate of progress will require many years, we may then hope for additional *graffiti*, and possibly some of even far greater interest than any at present known.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER IX.—THE BAD NEWS.

BERTRAM'S lodgings or, more correctly, chambers, were in a big house in that row of big houses, Stark's Place, Westminster, and were high up, small, and frugally furnished, but still palatial by contrast with the bleak attic he had left behind him in unforgotten Blackston. The accommodation was such as was fit for educated gentlemen leading an active life, not for selfish Sybarites; and there was as little of the Sybarite in Bertram Oakley as well might be. Even the grim porter—even the starched housekeeper, a sour-faced woman, whose name of Mrs Crabb seemed at first like a nickname not to be gravely pronounced, and who had seen the gradual deterioration of a good many young fellows who had come up to London animated with the best intentions, and confident that the world was their oyster, which at their leisure they would open—even these unsympathetic functionaries of Cambridge Chambers, Stark's Place, augured well for Bertram.

'A good sort, that young chap,' was all the porter said, as Bertram returned his gruff good-morrow and passed on.

'He'll do, I reckon—though the handsome ones mostly come to grief,' remarked Mrs Crabb to a subordinate with a mop and pail; and indeed Bertram deserved the favourable verdict of his self-appointed censors, so single-minded was his desire to merit the good opinion of his patron. He worked hard, as hard as the doctor would let him work. His fine constitution, thanks to timely rest and judicious nursing, had enabled him to be up and active earlier than would have been the case with many; and he was doing his best to prepare himself for the life that lay before him. The five weeks that intervened between his first visit to the offices of Groby, Sleather, and Studge, were by no means destined to be spent in idleness or in visits to the show-places and sights of the metropolis.

Bertram had now books, plenty and well selected; but books, valuable tools as they are in every line of life, are not all-sufficient. They need to be supplemented sometimes by that oral teaching that is older than pen and paper, and that 'showing how to do it,' which an adroit mechanic vaunts as superior to all the 'telling how to do it' in creation. And the London of to-day, like some other of our great cities, has facilities now to offer to the young and the inquisitive for which the pale student of Chatterton's time, and of a much later epoch, might have sighed in vain. Cavendish and Priestley, Trevithick and Arkwright, never saw such a series of brilliant scientific experiments as the outlay of a few shillings brought before the

eyes of Bertram Oakley; while exhaustive lectures, museums and galleries rich in models, and libraries brimming over with information, stored his memory and braced his mind, while encroaching on his time.

It was all that the lad could do to find leisure for a daily visit to his kind friends in Harley Street. They were as glad to see him and as interested in his prospects, as when, at Blackston, he had been a guest beneath their roof. Louisa Denham's pale cheeks would acquire a tinge of colour as Bertram was brought to speak of what he had done, read, thought, and seen since last they met; and Rose had always a bright smile to greet him. There was, to the girls' fancy, something strangely winning and chivalric in the unusual character of this orphan boy, a mere mill-worker but yesterday, a storm-tossed waif in childhood, who had yet the charm of manner which only an honest purpose united to a keen intelligence can confer. Every evening he came for a short time, and was always welcome.

'Good-night, my boy,' the doctor would say at parting; 'and mind! no sitting up—no burning of the "midnight oil" our predecessors used to write about, and which often meant the lifeblood and marrow of the student. Lads, and lasses too, want sleep. At my time of life, it is a different affair. But Bertram, the period of probation is growing short now. On the twenty-ninth, remember, you belong to Groby, Sleather, and Studge; and I'm afraid these pleasant visits will cease, for they'll send you to Timbuctoo, my boy, as likely as not, for your novitiate.'

It was all one to Bertram Oakley whether he was to be ordered off, on first joining, to win his spurs as C.E. by industrial expatriation to Timbuctoo or elsewhere, or more soberly to learn the theoretical duties of his profession at a clerk's desk. Perhaps on the whole, as became his years, he would have preferred the more adventurous portion. For science, whether pure or mingled with commercial motives, is potent enough now to send our young men where, six or seven centuries ago, no motive feebler than the Crusading passion could have urged them to penetrate. And Bertram had made acquaintance with two youths, slightly his seniors, who lodged in Cambridge Chambers, and were covenanted pupils of Groby, Sleather, and Studge. These two spoke of the illustrious firm much as the groaning Britons of Boadicea's time might have discussed a Roman Prator or Proconsul.

'They're terrible Tartars!' Davis would say in confidence; while his comrade Brooks shook his head in sincere assent. 'But if they take a fancy to you, of course it's all right then. There's Henniker, only four months longer in the shop than Brooks and self, and he's somewhere in the Bombay Presidency, drawing no end of rupees monthly. But there's Thompson, chained to the desk, and working like a galley-slave, this year and a half past. Studge says he's a fool. Studge is very sharp with us—very. But they'll send you foreign, Oakley, never fear. They always do pick out the smartest fellows. Brooks and I must wait a bit longer.'

There is something almost touching in the honest candour and complete sincerity of self-abnegation which, to the credit of human nature, so many of our young men display. These two,

Messrs Brooks and Davis, were, according to social tradition, higher placed in the world than Bertram Oakley. They were young gentlemen. Their sisters, their cousins, their partners in a Christmas dance, were young ladies. Comfort, warmth, leisure, clean shirts, and a decent dinner, with other adjuncts of civilised life, all things for which a working man has to struggle, had been theirs without effort from their nursery days. And yet they were clear-sighted enough to perceive, and generous and manly enough to confess, that in meeting with Bertram they had met with their superior. The lighter metal acknowledged at the first contact that the heavier metal must be, and would be, preferred to it. Brooks was sure, and Davis was sure, that when the terrible Stodge—who appeared to them in much the same light that Necessity or Fate appeared to the Greeks of heathen Hellas—should look into the pupils' room, hungering for brain and muscle to do the firm's behests at some risk of sunstroke and jungle-fever, Oakley would be first favourite, *vice* Davis and Brooks and two or three more of equal pretensions, passed over. And it is creditable to the lads that they liked Bertram all the better, with a curious sort of respectful liking, because they were so sure that he would outstrip them in the race of life.

One evening, when Bertram set out for his walk to Harley Street, the London fog, comparable to no known vapour short of the dense mists of Newfoundland, was at its densest. Thick, heavy, and fuliginous, the weighty mantle hung around the house parapets and chimney-stacks, full of impossible lights and shades; here tawny as the Nemean lion's horrent mane, there gray as cold North-country marble; and elsewhere of a mottled black and yellow, grimly fantastic, and fading off to pale pink or to lurid red across the river, where the flues of Lambeth furnaces yet threw a ruddy tinge upon the lowering horizon. The greasy pavement was slippery to the tread; there was a murky halo round the street lamps; at every corner and at every crossing might be heard hoarse cries of oburgation or warning, and there were private links and lanterns to supplement the gas of the Companies that illuminate London to their own satisfaction. Through this maze of blinding fog, of coarse glaring light, and of ugly sights and sounds, Bertram threaded his way as deftly as if he had been a born subject of the kingdom of Cockney, as old provincial nobles were wont to call their king's cities of London and Westminster.

What phrenologists used to describe as the organ of Locality is very unevenly distributed among the sons and daughters of Adam. Some of us, dropped at random in a strange city, make out the right road with the merring instinct of the homing pigeon; are never at fault about the points of the compass; and in the course of an hour's ramble construct a mental map of the town, its parallel streets, short-cuts, and central starting-points, neatly adjusted, and henceforth need no native to give counsel or guidance. Others, once away from the familiar surroundings, fall into a state of flurried bewilderment, flounder hopelessly among slimy lanes and tortuous by-streets, and are ignominiously fetched back under convoy of a stray cub or sharp-witted street boy. Bertram belonged to the first category, not to the second. New as he was to London, he pushed on without

blunder or doubt through the swaying crowd and the darkling air. Once in Harley Street, he became conscious of the fact that a good many idle people—it takes but a trifle in London to attract a mob—were gathered together near Dr Denham's door. Before the door itself stood a brougham, its lamps burning yellow through the seething fog. A little way off stood a second brougham. Both of them were such as doctors use; but neither was that of Dr Denham. The one before the door had indeed a gray horse in the shafts. The other was drawn by a pair of bays. When Bertram came up to the door, he found it, to his surprise, ajar. Inside the house might be heard hurried movements, the low hum of voices, and the sound of sobbing. Bertram stood hesitating. As he stood there, one of the women-servants who knew him, came to the door, her apron to her eyes.

'Is that you, Mr Bertram?' she said. 'Oh, it's a dreadful business! My heart bleeds for the poor young ladies. Dr Denham has been upset in his carriage, and brought home stone-dead, not an hour ago!'

CHAPTER X.—IN THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

There is something merciful in the stunning shock which very direful tidings produce. The very hopelessness of the grief benumbs the nerves and blunts the agony. David is not the only one on whom the words, 'The child is dead,' have fallen with a lighter and less effect than that which the by-standers dreaded. And as with the child, so where the parent, the lover, the friend, lay on the treacherous brink of Death's bitter waters. Somehow, a kind of relief sometimes succeeds to long and cruel care, to months of watching and weeks of hoping against hope. The worst is known now; and Fear is banished, though Regret may remain with us. But the blow, though somewhat mitigated, is still hard to bear; and so Bertram felt as, dizzy, half-blind, sick at heart, he found himself sitting on a chair in the dimly lighted dining-room, with two of the servants hovering about him, uttering, but in suppressed tones, exclamations of pity.

'Tell me,' said Bertram hoarsely—'tell me how he—how it happened?'

The two women were ready enough to communicate what they knew. The origin of the mischief was the late purchase, the fiery young chestnut horse; 'which ought never to have been sold, nor yet harnessed for a gentleman like master.' It is easy to be wise after the event, in other matters than horse-flesh. The hot-tempered and half-broken young animal had taken fright, had run away, the bit between his teeth, dashing, in his mad terror, the light carriage to splinters against a heavily laden van. The doctor had been taken up dead; while Thomas, the coachman, with broken collar-bone and fractured arm and ribs, had been conveyed to the accident-ward of the nearest hospital.

Twice Bertram patiently listened, though with but a dulled attention, to the sad story. It must be true; but he could hardly realise at first that the dreadful thing had indeed happened—that his best friend was gone, and that he should never hear the accents of that kindly voice again. To the lonely boy, who had never known a parent's care, it seemed as though his own father

were dead; just at the moment when the world, which had seemed to him but a hard stern place, had begun to appear in a softened light, and Hope wore for him her sunniest smile. He had learned to look upon his lost friend with such a sense of grateful affection, with so zealous a resolve to prove worthy of his confidence, that the heavy stroke of Fate seemed to beat down and crush all his half-formed aspirations for the future. He felt as though there were nothing for which to live, now that the kind hand that had been stretched out to lift him from the dust was passive and for ever cold. And Bertram sat half-stupefied, and, as it were, sadly acquiescent in the blight that had fallen on his dearest hopes.

'Poor young things—up-stairs there!' The words were commonplace words of honest but somewhat shallow sympathy, and they were uttered by one of the two women-servants from whose lips Bertram had learned the sad tidings of his benefactor's death. The women had left him to himself and his silent grief, and went their way, after the manner of their tribe, peering, peeping, listening, at the foot of the staircase for the doctors to come down. The doctors could do nothing. *Æsculapius* would have been useless there. But still they were doctors, and as such, to uneducated minds the Oracles of Destiny, even when their function was but to note and record with accuracy the immediate cause of death.

'Poor young things—up-stairs there!' The words acted on Bertram's sensitive nature as the spur, in some moment of need and danger, acts on a gallant horse that puts out all its strength and speed in answer to the touch. 'Poor young things—up-stairs there!'—and he had forgotten their greater grief, their mightier loss, under the selfish burden of his own sorrow! He knew how the good man snatched away had loved these two, his children. A hundred little speeches of the doctor's concerning his girls, dear Louisa, darling Rose, came crowding upon Bertram's memory. And he had forgotten them! What must be their anguish, motherless and alone, with no warning before the sharp stab fell upon each guileless loving heart, and the fond father, whose every effort had been for them, their wise and gentle guardian, was gone for ever! How had he himself felt it, he who was a stranger in blood, a stranger, wholly, but some few weeks or months ago! It was painful to him to think of their woe; but timidly, bashfully, he ventured to question the servants as they flitted to and fro, concerning it. Bertram got scanty information for his pains. The women were good-natured, and full of sympathy for a pleasant-spoken master; but they had not depth enough of heart to gauge the suffering of others. Miss Rose, they said, 'took on,' sobbing wildly from the first; but Miss Louisa, with the tears streaming, do what she would, had been steady, quiet, helpful, comforting her young sister as no one else could do, giving orders, doing her best to bear on her own shoulders the cruel weight that had fallen upon both. Then the two surgeons who had been up-stairs for so long, came down one by one, and Bertram spoke to each. The first was a taciturn man, grim of look and morose in manner, and replied coldly and shortly, but the second paused a moment, at the sight of Bertram's grief, to say: 'He died, poor man, without any pain—of that you may be sure. And the daughters,

though their sorrow is bitter to bear, put their trust in God, poor girls, and— There, there! my young friend, you must try to bear it bravely too. A sad thing, I know? And he was gone.

But Bertram lingered long, in the vague hope that he might see Miss Denham—that he might be useful somehow—that he might do something, he knew not what, to alleviate, in never so slight a degree, the misery of those to whose fostering care he owed so much. But it grew late, and later still. The noises in the street had died out; and within the house there were few sounds save the rustling and whispering on the upper stairs, and now and then the soft closing of a door.

'It's of no use, Mr Bertram,' said the more sympathetic of the two housemaids, at last divining his motive for thus lingering. 'Miss Louisa she can't leave her sister, not one minute. And I daren't so much as tell her you're here. You'll see neither of them, poor young ladies, to-night.'

So Bertram went. He scarcely knew how he got home to his chambers in Westminster, in the midst of the clinging fog and the sullen, never-ending noises of the great streets of a great city, when by some cause the fretting tide of traffic is delayed. But he did get home, and never had Cambridge Chambers seemed so cheerless—never had the prospect before him seemed so blank as on that sad night. Yet, as at last he sank into a feverish sleep, it was with a firm though vague resolve to be early up and doing on the morrow.

FEATHERED FRIENDS AT SEA.

BY CAPTAIN PARKER SNOW.

In the month of July 1853, I was on board a small vessel that was owned and commanded by myself. We were about two hundred miles off the east coast of Australia, and bound northward among the Polynesian Islands. But for two weeks we had encountered such tempestuous weather, and had received so much damage, that the little craft was now but a mere wreck upon the water. Her decks had been swept by heavy seas, washing everything overboard. Not only had the boat been carried away, but all the bulwarks, so that we were without protection of any kind, until, at great risk, ridge-ropes were run along in the best manner we could. Adding to our trouble, we had sprung a leak; and despite all efforts in pumping, the water gained so much, that it began to appear above our cabin floor every roll the vessel gave. It was the Antarctic winter; and besides having my *all* embarked on the venture I was making, my wife also was with me. She was, however, a good sailor, and bore up bravely. My small crew had likewise behaved manfully, until on this especial day, or rather evening, symptoms of discontent began to appear. As for myself, I had been nearly the whole time on deck, and was now covered with sores from the chafing of wet garments, though I had changed my attire several times. Good waterproofs were of no avail when it was almost literally standing in the ocean most of the time.

No wonder that I was both physically and mentally prostrated, as on this particular evening, before sunset, I looked around, almost against hope, for any signs of a change. True, a change had occurred, as many might have thought greatly for the better; but to my eye it was deceitful. The

wind had too suddenly fallen to a calm, and as I reclined against the companion-hatch aft, the green sickly looking sky boded us no good. Consequently, I still kept the vessel under small storm canvas, indeed only enough set to try and ease the fearful rolling that was occasioned by the mountainous seas tumbling about us. Truly, it was a terrible, though otherwise a grand sight. We were only sixteen tons register and thirty-four feet long, no larger than a war pinnace; yet, for the duty I was on, suitable enough, could we have reached the islands. And now before me, amidst these giant waves, lay the little craft, floundering about like a human being suddenly struck with some terrible blow and deprived of reason. There too lay the destruction of all my hopes, and the loss of all I possessed in the world, should my fears prove true as to the coming night. I had made some storm calculations, and though keeping the result to myself, felt convinced we had drifted into the treacherous calm centre of a cyclone. Three months afterwards, when I got to Sydney and compared observations with official registers, my calculations were found correct.

Added to other unpleasant sensations was the ominous sign of sea-birds harrowing their circles of flight around us. These at length came so near that one was caught by my wife's hand as she sat on the deck with a rope around her, and a life-buoy attached. In case the ship broke up. This bird had, to our surprise, a small piece of yellow ribbon tied round its neck; but on examination, I could find no writing or indication of its being sent off, as is occasionally done, by others—perhaps as badly situated as ourselves. We concluded, therefore, that as it appeared different from ordinary sea-birds, it had been blown from the land. Accordingly, I marked the ribbon with our name, stating we were not expecting to survive another night, gave the bird a good feed, which it partook of after the best few moments; and when, a little later, a breeze sprung up which blew on to the shore, we released it, and watched its flight to the westward. Two hours afterwards, the hurricane again burst upon us, and, as I had calculated, from the exactly opposite quarter whence it had previously come. Hope now all but left us. Leaving one man on deck, fastened to the pump, and relieved every hour by all of us, even my wife also, in turn, and lashing the helm alee, we kept below, awaiting our fate. Suitable prayers were read; and then each man sought to lie on the cabin floor as best he could, water, as I have said, being all about even there.

My wife had gone to her berth and lain down, still with the life-buoy loosely attached to her. I was seated on a chest by her side, and in open view of the men. We had all shaken hands, and now expected each moment to be our last, as seas rolled over us, and the leak gained, though the pump was bravely kept going. Now, I must state that my wife had a very fine canary hanging over the head of her sleeping-berth. The bird had come with us a few years before from America, and had already made two or three voyages in our company; and all of us considered the little creature as the ship's pet. Indeed, previously at Melbourne, when we had camped in 'Canvastown'—so well described in Dickens's *Household Words*, 1853—scores of persons used to come out on Sundays to have a look at the sweet songster that

reminded them of the far-off home; and I was offered on several occasions up to ten pounds for it. Its loud and enlivening notes could be heard all over the camping-ground. So, as it charmed us and many of our own race, in like manner did it afterwards delight and surprise numbers of the wild Australian aborigines when we were thrown for weeks among them, as also, still later, the uncivilised natives of Tierra del Fuego. On the present occasion, this bird was, as I have said, hanging over my wife's head, and, doubtless from long use to a ship's motion, was fast asleep, as, with my wife's hand in mine, I drowsily watched her lying in a sort of dreamy stupor.

One hour, two hours, three hours passed away, unrelieved by anything approaching life, except the change of one of us to the pump, the keeping of which going, was our only faintest hope. How the vessel rolled and jumped and tossed about! How the seas came lashing over her! And how terrible our condition was, may be conceived! But a strange death-like calmness—the resignation of despair—had now come over all of us. Personally, I determined to abide by hope, and a confident trust in the All-wise, though often mysterious One, Who would do as seemeth Him best; and now that I am very old, I can confidently say I was never more calm and ready for whatever might happen than then. I had endeavoured to do my duty; my conscience was clear; my brave wife was by my side; my men had listened manfully to the few words I had uttered in prayer and mutual farewell; and I had now reclined my head, dozing at intervals as best I could. Suddenly somewhat before midnight, the canary burst out into splendid song. My wife aroused, turned to me, and in a semi-unconscious state, said: 'Hark! hark! The angels are speaking to us! Hear them! hear them!' Then becoming more conscious, though still mentally wandering, she added: 'Up! up! we shall be saved, saved! The angels are telling us so.'

I roused myself again. The tired-out men were yet asleep amidst all the noise of creaking timbers and the splash of water about them, for sailors will sleep sound through the greatest accustomed noises, though awakening instantly when these cease. So I stepped cautiously over their forms, and crept on deck. It was still fearful. I could not stand erect, but had to crawl along, holding by whatever my hands could find yet secure amidships, till I reached the man at the pump. Him I relieved, casting his lashings off and putting them round myself; then bidding him crawl below, making sure to secure well the stout tarpaulin which covered the small opening that admitted one at a time to the cabin. And there I stood, working hard at the pump for dear life, and thoughts rushing through my brain the remembrance of which now seem to conjure up only a something so weird and maniacal, accompanied as it were by a sort of defiance of all the wild elements of destruction, that I fancy myself looking at a picture instead of a past reality.

As I was then, as I now can see myself on that night, so let others picture me. At that pump, alone on the deck of a mere wreck, only the lower-mast standing, with a reefed storm-staysail to steady her, though the sail often flapped when we fell, literally fell, into the hollow of a sea, to rise again suddenly and meet the full blast, which came like

thunderbolts upon the stout little bit of canvas displayed; the rushing and tumbling about of the tiny craft; the night, black as jet—there I stood alone! Many similar have I seen since that night, but never one that more impressed me with the consciousness of what was a death by foundering at sea.

Soon I detected symptoms of a break in the gale; and when my turn came to be relieved, I was able to go below and give assurances of hope, even as my barometer indicated. The burst of the storm had ceased; and three days afterwards we made the land, got our wrecked craft into a shelter, and were saved!

Our little canary went other voyages with us, until, after being our companion for several years, it died quietly here at home.

Birds at sea, whether wild in the air or tame on board, are of far more value to man than too many care to think. For myself, apart from all feeling against unnecessarily destroying anything that has God's life in it, I have ever arrested mere wanton sport at sea. If, however, for any usefulness, the case is different. But the mere killing for killing's sake, or from thoughtless or reckless whim, is to me distasteful. The pleasure of watching birds at sea, whether in the air or skimming the ocean wave's crest, is to many minds very keen. And there is something more too to be considered. Mariners can often tell their way by these birds, especially when nearing a coast. I well remember how I used to watch for them on approaching certain coasts, such as parts of Patagonia, too low to be seen at the ordinary distance. Once, when coming from Monte Video, with a mail and important government despatches on board for the Falkland Islands, I was able to run on my course in safety owing to a particular bird having joined company with us. On the occasion I refer to, we were approaching the land in thick misty weather with a strong fair breeze. It had been clouded over for a day or two, so that my solar observations were somewhat doubtful. I was anxious, for it was drawing towards evening, and I wished to get in to Port Stanley with the mail that night. It was, however, so thick that we could not see a mile ahead. Presently, a shrill noise was heard, a flapping of wings made us look round and above; and soon we saw what we called the 'pilot' bird. I knew my distance now, for these birds never fly beyond so many miles from land. Therefore, we cautiously ran on till I caught a glimpse of a bluff cape, then steered more easterly, till after dark, with a clearer night, I sighted Cape Pembroke Light, and knowing the passages well, worked my vessel up Port-William, then shot through the 'Narrows,' and anchored in Port Stanley nearly opposite Government House, about one o'clock in the morning. Next day, I was thanked by His Excellency the Governor—himself a high naval officer—for the quick trip made, and the despatches, besides long-wished-for private correspondence, we had brought. But to this day, I thank God's feathered pilots, who had then and often shown me the way.

On another occasion, years before that, indeed in April 1836, I was in a vessel homeward-bound from Australia. It was a delightful calm afternoon, and we were in sight of Cape Horn, when a beautiful white bird flew off to us, and settled on

our spars and rigging. After resting awhile, it sped away again towards the distant shore. At that time I had a messmate who had joined us at Sydney. Who or what he was, except that he hailed from the United States, I never knew. He suddenly left us at Pernambuco, where we had put in for water, when he and I one day were sent on shore with a boat and crew to get supplies. He was highly educated, and rarely gifted, and composed with equal ease verse as well as prose. Some lines relating to this bird, I here append. It may interest some one, and will serve to give an idea of what pleasure a land-bird sometimes gives to voyagers at sea.

TO A LAND-BIRD OFF CAPE HORN, APRIL 2, 1836.

Pretty Bird! the sight of thee
Brings pleasure o'er the lonely sea.
Thou hast flown from the dull bleak shore,
To welcome us, our dangers o'er.
From thy billow-grilled nest
On thy wings that rarely rest,
Floating on the southern gale,
Thou hast sought the distant sail,
And seemed to know thy presence gave
Visions of hope upon the wave.
If, as Pythagoreans tell,
The soul released is doomed to dwell
In form of bird or beast or fish,
Almighty power! my earnest wish
Is, that I may have wings to fly,
And be a bird beneath the sky,
With instinct just enough to shun
The fatal aim of fowler's gun,
Or tempting bait with hook to lure
Me from the air, where poised secure,
Amazed, I hear the mirth and noise
Of sailors 'midst their boisterous joys.
Or view them toast the sparkling glass
To wife at home, or fav'rite lass:
Or in the mid-watch, long and dark,
List to a tale of the Phantom Bark,
Whose yards were braced, whose sails were
furled
By ghosts of tars of other world!
Then leave the weary crew to rest,
And bare to the western breeze my breast;
Spread my pinions to the wind,
And leave the less'ning ship behind.
So bring bright beams of hope again,
To other wanderers o'er the main;
And bless the Power whose Mighty Will
Released me from all human ill;
And kindly destined me to be
A Bird upon the wide blue Sea!

JOHN HARLEY'S MARRIAGE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

IMMEDIATELY after I had left Mrs Van Dusen's, the rest of the company had also departed, with the exception of one or two bosom-friends of Susette's, who intended remaining with her till the newly married pair started in the evening. Harley was then in the room alone with Mrs Van Dusen, and turning over the contents of a desk which he had forgotten in his hurry in leaving the ship, and which I had sent on shore after him, he took out a miniature of his father, taken some twenty-five years before. This he handed to Mrs Van Dusen, saying: 'There is my father at the age of twenty.'

'Why, this is a likeness of Charles Smith, not

of your father! Where did you get it?' exclaimed Mrs Van Dusen excitedly.

'I got it from my father himself. He was Charles Smith when it was painted; but some three or four years afterwards, he unexpectedly inherited a large estate, and with it took the name of Harley. But how strange all this is! Did you know him, that you recognise the miniature?'

'Oh, do not ask me,' cried Mrs Van Dusen with much agitation; 'I can hardly bear the thought of it. But speak—speak truly. Have you always been called John Harley?'

'No. Till I was nearly ten years old, I was called Johnny Harrison.'

'Fasten the door! Call nobody. Water, water!' gasped Mrs Van Dusen in a hoarse whisper as she dropped on to the sofa close to which she was standing. In a few minutes she burst into sobs; and as he was pressing the tumbler of water to her lips, she clasped him round the neck, crying: 'My boy, my boy! My son, my son!'

'Yes; dear mother, your son now; and I hope to be a loving one. But why does the fact of your having known my father, excite you so terribly?' replied Harley gently, as he returned her caress.

'My son—my own son, I tell you! And I am indeed and truly your mother. Your father's father wrote to me that you had died when six months old; and some months before that, that your father—my husband—had died in India of sunstroke.—O wicked, wicked thus to deceive me, as he must also have deceived your father.'

It was Harley now, according to the poor fellow's piteous narrative, that was the most overcome. He stood over his mother in speechless amazement, while the horror of his position gradually unfolded itself to him.

At this moment Susette came to the door; and finding it bolted, knocked and called him by name. Harley could not speak. But now Mrs Van Dusen showed for a time the stronger nerve of the two. Controlling her feelings wonderfully, she rose, went to the door and calmly said: 'John and I, dear, have some business to arrange connected with your marriage. Leave us an hour or two, for we have much to do.—Now, do go when I ask you, for our time is but short.'

Answered, but far from satisfied, the young bride went reluctantly from the door; and Mrs Van Dusen returned to the sofa, and asked Harley to give an account of his early youth.

He told her that his first recollection was when, about five years old, he was at the seaside with a lady, a Mrs Jones, with whom he remained till put to a boarding-school. She was very kind to him, and loved him exceedingly, and often spoke to him of her own little boy, who was dead, and would appear vexed that he did not remember him, which he could not say he did. At seven years of age he was sent to a day-school; and two years later, a gentleman who had often come to see him, took him away, and put him to another school, at the same time telling him that he was his father, and that his proper name was John Smith Harley.

Further explanations between Mrs Van Dusen and Harley only served to confirm the astounding intelligence, that he was her son, whom she had hitherto believed to have died in infancy. Harley

had also been informed that his mother had died while he was quite young.

'And your father—my husband,' asked Mrs Van Dusen, 'is he still alive?'

Harley answered in the affirmative.

'Oh, what a wretched woman I am,' she cried; 'to have my first husband living, and yet to have been the wife, and now the widow, of another!'

Her distress of mind was truly painful to witness, and in the sight of it Harley almost forgot his own bewildering position. How at once to separate from Susette, was now the momentous question.

'She must be told everything, and I will go to her now,' said Mrs Van Dusen, as she rose and tremblingly went towards the door.

But the generous heart of Harley refused to subject her to so sudden a trial. In an instant he decided how to act. Gently drawing her back to the sofa, and kissing her tenderly, he, by a strong effort, spoke quietly and calmly: 'Dear mother, I must not—cannot be the means of causing you the further trial of communicating these circumstances to Susette. It would only add, and I think needlessly, to the bitterness of our inevitable parting. The knowledge of the unfortunate events of your early life would only be a source of sad reflection, which we can surely for the present spare her; and after she has somewhat recovered from the shock of our separation, you can communicate them to her in your own way. I will now write a letter to her, telling her that sudden and unforeseen news of great importance compels me to leave for Singapore, in the *Albert Allen*, immediately—that I cannot bear the trial of a parting scene, but that I will write to her as soon as I arrive there. Though she will suffer much, yet I think she will do so less this way than any other. Trying to save both her and you as much as possible, will perhaps extenuate the deception put upon her.'

Harley having persuaded Mrs Van Dusen to consent to his plan, and having written the letter to be delivered to Susette soon after his departure, took an affectionate leave of his unhappy mother, and left the house unseen.

The explanations which had passed between Mrs Van Dusen and Harley were these. Mr Charles Smith, his grandfather, had by a wealthy marriage been enabled to move in a much higher sphere in society than that in which he had been born; and like many others similarly situated, formed the most extravagant ideas as to the future of his son Charles, named after him, and of his twin-sister Ellen. For the first of these he got a commission in a 'crack' regiment; and on the final return of his daughter from school, he engaged for her a companion, Miss Harrison, a sweet amiable girl, and an orphan. Between Charles and her, a warm attachment was soon formed, which ripened into love. Charles persuaded her, on some pretence, to visit London for a short time, where she stayed with her old schoolmistress. During this time, the banns of marriage were published in the two churches of the respective parishes they stayed in, after which they were united.

When Charles's father came to learn what had taken place, he gave way to the most violent passion, and vowed that the woman who had thus entrapped his son would never be allowed to bear his name. He went up to London, and compelled

Charles to exchange at once into a cavalry regiment serving in India. The youth pled to be allowed to take his wife with him, or to remain at home. But his father was inexorable; and Charles being under age, and entirely dependent upon his father for support, was unable to resist the mandate.

Thus, after but a few weeks of married life, they were torn from each other; and the most Charles could obtain from his unrelenting parent was a promise that his wife—or Miss Harrison, as his father chose still to call her—should be well cared for. To do him justice, Mr Smith faithfully performed this, but it was after exacting a promise from the poor girl that she should never make known the marriage with his son. She was indeed well provided for; and a son, who was afterwards born to her, was taken from the mother and given in charge of Mrs Jones, the widow of a curate lately deceased, and in poor circumstances, and who had been left with an infant of her own; Mr Smith paying liberally for her care of the boy.

After the young mother's recovery, she obtained, through Mr Smith's influence, indirectly applied, a situation as a governess in Amsterdam. She had received several letters from Charles, in which he told her that, as soon as he was of age, he would come home and make their marriage public; and he had also written to his father to the same effect. Determined, however, to break off the connection, Mr Smith, as soon as he obtained the situation for the poor young wife in Amsterdam, wrote to his son that she had died of typhoid fever; and at the same time he wrote to her, that his son had died in India very suddenly. This she fully believed, but came to England once to see her child. Fearful that, if this visit were frequently repeated, she would find out the deception he had practised as to his son's death, Mr Smith further again deceived her by sending her intelligence of the death of the child itself a few months later! All connection between them was thus terminated; and some years later, in entire ignorance or suspicion of the deception that had been practised upon her, she married Captain Van Dusen, the commander of a Dutch East Indiaman.

When Charles Harley, in India, received the false intelligence of his wife's death, he wrote to his father begging him to see that everything possible should be done for the child's health and welfare; and this Mr Smith faithfully did.

On his father's death, two years after, Charles sold his commission, and came home from India; when, succeeding to large estates from his maternal grand-uncle, he assumed the name of Harley. Thereupon he formally acknowledged John as his son; and pensioning off Mrs Jones, put the lad to school, and after he came of age, settled on him a most liberal allowance.

It was very fortunate that we had an unusually quick passage to Singapore, for the next morning after sailing from Batavia, on going into the cabin where Harley was, I found him in a raging fever and quite delirious. I did the best I could to allay his sufferings; but up to our arrival at Singapore he remained in the same state, and was carried on shore to the hotel, where the best medical assistance was procured. It was more than a fortnight before he was considered out of danger, though still terribly prostrated by weakness. Of course, he had been unable to write to Susette as

he had purposed, and was still incapable of doing so; but he requested me to pen a few lines to Mrs Van Dusen, intimating that he had been very ill, and though now recovering, was too weak to write. This I did; and two days more passed, the symptoms continuing favourable.

Then came a letter by a steamer from Batavia, from Mrs Van Dusen, full of anxiety, our arrival at Singapore having been reported there. With it came some English letters, which had gone to Batavia from Singapore, and were now returned by Mrs Van Dusen. One of these, I could not help observing, was a somewhat bulky packet, edged with black. I did not, however, choose to notice the circumstance when I handed Harley the letters, but left him for a while to read them. I lounged about for some time on the veranda, until a Chinese waiter came to say that Mr Harley wanted me immediately. As I entered his room, I saw that he had raised himself up in the bed. His face was flushed, and he was clearly in a state of great excitement. 'Joy and sorrow, Ingram,' he cried; 'joy and sorrow; I scarcely know whether I should laugh or weep. Here, take this letter, and read for yourself;' and he fell back on the pillow with the packet I had before observed, grasped in his hand.

I took it from him, and was just commencing to examine it, when he again stopped me. 'Does not the government steamer sail to-day for Batavia?'

'Yes; at twelve o'clock,' said I; 'and it is now past eleven.'

'Go off, and get some money, and take passage to Batavia. Take the letter—read it—and give it to Mrs Van Dusen. Come back with the steamer, or I shall go mad with expectation.'

I feared his delirium was returning.

He guessed my thoughts. 'I'm all right, Ingram,' he said. 'I shall soon be well. The letter will explain all. But be off, or you shall miss the steamer.'

I saw it was much past eleven, shook him by the hand, and with a 'God bless you!' left the room abruptly, for I saw that that was the best course.

In half an hour I was on board, just as the paddles commenced to revolve; and then I sat down to read the letter which till then I had not had time to look at.

It was a letter from the family solicitor at home, announcing in the first place the death of Harley's father, which had occurred somewhat suddenly, and of which more particulars were to be sent by the following mail. In the meantime, the writer stated that he hastened, in accordance with a promise which he had made to the dying man, to send Harley the sealed packet inclosed, which was to be opened by him only. I turned to the packet, now unsealed, and read its contents. It was dated more than a year before this time. I will give the part of it which had so excited Harley.

'Poor Mrs Jones is dead; and on her deathbed she sent for me, and made a confession of a most singular kind; to me a most distressing revelation. You are *not* my son, as I have so long fondly supposed. You are Mrs Jones's son. To me, this is a great sorrow; for though I love you, dear John, the same as ever, still the fact remains that I, who was so proud of my boy, am childless. Mrs Jones's confession is this. My father allowed her one hundred pounds a year for taking charge of my son.

When I heard of my father's death, I wrote to her from India, that as the boy was growing older, I would make it one hundred and fifty pounds. Soon after this, she went with her own child and mine to Broadstairs for a week or two. There both children were taken ill with scarlet fever. *My* boy died—you lived. As she sat looking at him after he was laid out, she remembered that with him her income died too; for what little money she had at her husband's death was all gone. Then the idea of giving out that her own child had died, occurred to her. She was a stranger there, where none knew her. At this moment the landlady looked in, and asked her the full name of the child, saying kindly, that her husband would get the certificate of death from the surgeon, and call with it at the Registrar's office, which would save her trouble. On the impulse of the moment, she replied: "John William Jones." The landlady wrote it down; and when she had gone, Mrs Jones would have given worlds to recall her words. But she had committed herself to the false representation, and it was too late.

'The child was buried; and then the fear of discovery preventing her from returning home, she determined to go and settle in some place where she was entirely unknown. She had previously lived in Cheshire; and choosing a distant point, she removed to Hastings, writing to her friends that I had made her residence there a condition of her retaining charge of my child. There was a certain similarity both in feature and in complexion between my boy and you, which favoured the deception. I had never seen either of you; and after a year or two, if any of her acquaintances—whom in the meantime she would avoid—should see you, there would be but little chance of their discovering the difference.

'My dear John, notwithstanding what has happened, I feel that you are still *mine*—my son in all but the name; and to enable you to keep your surname legally, I have executed a deed making you a gift of the Perton estate, on condition that you retain the name of Harley.

'I have been aware of this changed relationship for a few months; and as I could not bear the thought of severing the ties that had so long bound us together as father and son, I came to the resolution—a weak one, perhaps, but yet such as you will readily pardon—to keep this secret from you till after my death, which I knew, from the state of my health, could not be far distant, and would probably be sudden. When you receive this, therefore, it will be after I am gone, and when you can only think of me, I hope, as one who, if not your father after the flesh, has been a father to you in spirit, in act, and in affection.

CHARLES S. HARLEY.'

I read the letter with strange feelings, in which I scarcely knew whether surprise or pleasure was predominant. I could also now understand John's agitation; for if he had thus lost one who had been to him as a father, he had been at the same time delivered from a sorrow which would have been lifelong in its effects both on him and the woman he loved.

On my arrival at Batavia, I hastened to Mrs Van Dusen's, and asked to see her alone. She was, as the reader may imagine, quite overcome at my unexpected intelligence. I found that she had

confessed the whole circumstances to her daughter. 'My conscience told me—it was the right course to pursue, though dear John meant kindly; but I could not be contented while deceiving my child.'

In a day or two, the steamer was to return to Singapore; and brief as the time for preparation was, both Susette and Mrs Van Dusen accompanied me in her. With their care and nursing, Harley soon recovered health and strength; and then, after again going to Batavia to settle Mrs Van Dusen's affairs, previous to her bidding a final farewell to Java, they all three sailed for England.

ANECDOTES OF SIGN-PAINTING ARTISTS.

WHEN Opio was asked how he acquired his village reputation, he replied: 'I ha' painted Duke William for the signs, and stars and such-like for the boys' kites.' Greater painters than the Cornish boy, in tin mines bred, have plied their pencils upon traders' boards; Correggio's Mule and Muleteer in the Stafford Gallery once served as a tavern sign; and the Basle Museum boasts the possession of two pictures painted by Holbein at the age of fourteen, which once did duty over a schoolmaster's door.

It is not easy to imagine Sir Joshua Reynolds condescending to furnish a tavern-keeper with a sign; but we can fancy Hogarth doing such a thing once in a way. Inside the oddly named *Mischief* in Oxford Street, hard by Soho Square, may be seen the painted representation of a man carrying a woman, a parrot, and a monkey. This, the old sign of the house, is said to be Hogarth's handiwork, specified to be so in the lease of the house. Hogarth's or no, this, in all likelihood, was the picture copied, in the early part of the present century, by Wilson, a Birmingham portrait-painter, for the landlord of an inn in that town known as *The Man Loaded with Mischief*; a sign answering its end of drawing the public so effectually, that the magistrates ordered it to be removed; and upon its owner bluntly refusing, threatened him with divers pains and penalties—which he escaped by selling the too attractive work of art to a local connoisseur, and altering the name of his house to *The Stag's Head*.

Catton, one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and Wale, its first Professor of Perspective, worked occasionally for the London innkeepers; the most notable of their performances being a whole length of Shakespeare, about five feet high, executed by Wale for a publican dwelling at the north-west corner of Little Russell Street, Drury Lane—in front of whose house the counterfeit presentment of the bard courted popular admiration until the passing of an Act of Parliament, soon after George III's accession, for the removal of signs and other street obstructions. It was then taken down and sold for a trifling sum to a broker, who exhibited it at his shop door for several years, until it succumbed to the exposure.

Richard Wilson, 'by Britain left in poverty to pine,' who bartered away his Ceyx and Alcyone

for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese, gave a new name to a Welsh village by painting a sign for its little inn. A traveller in North Wales, on approaching Llanverris, inquired its name of a countryman, and was surprised at his answering, 'Loggerheads;' by which singular appellation he found the village was best known, owing to the popularity of the sign painted by Wilson for its alehouse, exhibiting the heads of two very jovial fellows grinning at the spectator as he read the legend: 'We three, loggerheads be.'

Norwich once rejoiced in a very spirited representation of the fleetest of dogs, painted by Cooper—the eminent animal painter of the Eastern Counties—as a sign for *The Greyhound Inn* in Surrey Street. After the death of the artist, this was removed, in order to be exhibited with his less publicly known works, and disappeared altogether upon the name of the inn being changed; but its memory was preserved by a copy set up by the proprietor of another *Greyhound*. The elder Crome, who commenced life as a house-painter, painted a sign for *The Sawyers* in the same city, which, after doing duty for some years, was taken down by the owner of the house, Peter Finch, Esq., and carefully preserved by him until his death in 1859, when his personality was dispersed, and Crome's signboard removed to parts unknown.

Says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*: 'At that part of the Great North Road between Stilton and Wansford, called Kate's Cabin, with Chesterton on the one hand, and Alwalton on the other, stood a well-known public-house called *The Dryden's Head*, where dwelt his honoured kinsman, John Dryden, Esq. of Chesterton, in the county of Huntingdon; and the poet's head was painted by no less an artist than Sir William Beechey. Sir William was at that time a journeyman house-painter, and was employed on the decoration of Alwalton Hall, a very fanciful erection, now demolished.'

Probably George Morland painted more tavern-signs than any other artist of note. He who delighted in the companionship of hostlers, pot-boys, pugilists and horse-jockeys, was not likely to think it derogatory to his dignity to oblige the dealers in the liquor he loved so well and so unwisely. When things were so flourishing with Morland that he was the proud owner of eight saddle-horses, he stabled them at *The White Lion*, Paddington; and that the place might be worthy of an artist's stud, he painted the sign of the inn with his own hand; an honour conferred for other reasons upon *The Plough*, at Kensal Green.

One day, Morland and Williams the engraver, tramping Londonwards from Deal, halted outside a small wayside alehouse. They were tired, hungry, and thirsty; but their empty pockets forbade the hope of obtaining rest and refreshment by ordinary means. Morland wistfully contemplated the house until the landlord appeared at the door; then he exclaimed: 'Upon my life, I scarcely knew it; but it must be *The Black Bull*!' 'To be sure it is, master; can't you see the sign?' said the landlord. 'Ay, the board is there,' answered Morland; 'but the Black Bull is gone. Come, I'll paint you a new one for a crown.' After thinking it over for a minute or two, the innkeeper closed with the offer; and set a dinner and drink before the wayfarers, to which they

did immediate justice. Then Morland asked his host to ride to Canterbury for paint and a good brush. Half-fearing his guests might depart in his absence, the landlord executed the behest in double-quick time, and the artist set to work; but by the time the Black Bull was fairly finished, the reckoning had risen to ten shillings, and, unwillingly enough, the sign-restorers were permitted to go with a promise to pay the balance at the first opportunity. On reaching town, Morland made for *The Hole-in-the-Wall*, Fleet Street, where he told of his adventure on the road. A gentleman present was much interested in the narration; and after hearing it to the end, took horse then and there, and riding into Kent, bought the black bull of the astonished boniface for ten guineas.

Writing to the editor of *The Somerset House Gazette* in 1824, J. B. P. tells how, walking from Laleham to Chertsey Bridge, he took shelter from a passing shower in a small public-house at the foot of the bridge. Seating himself in the little parlour, his attention was caught by a 'Cricket Match' painted in a style familiar to him; and examining it a little closer, he recognised the hand of Morland. His curiosity was excited, and he questioned the landlord. From him he learned that, forty-five years before, the house was known as *The Walnut Inn*; that a famous painter lodged there for some time, and painted the papered walls of one of the rooms all over with landscapes, which had long since been destroyed by the damp; that he painted the sign too, which pleased the landlord so much by drawing cricketers to his house, that he altered the name of the inn to *The Cricketers*. Asked if he would sell the picture, host 'Try vowed he could not think of it; he always took it with him to Egham Races, Staines Races, cricket-matches and such-like. 'Should you have an offer of ten guineas for it, how then, my friend?' queried his strange customer. 'Ah! well,' said he, rubbing his hands, 'it should go, with all my heart!' It did go, and its purchaser thus describes his bargain: 'The painting, about a yard in length, and of a proportionate height, is done on canvas, strained upon something like an old shutter, which has two staples at the back, suited to hook for its occasional suspension on the booth front in the host's erratic business at fairs and races. The scene I found to be a portrait of the neighbouring cricket-green called Laleham Borough, and contains thirteen cricketers in full play, dressed in white, one arbiter in red and one in blue, besides four spectators, seated two by two on chairs. The picture is greatly cracked in the reticulated way of paint when much exposed to the sun; but the colours are pure, and the landscape in a very pleasing tone, and in perfect harmony. The figures are done as if with the greatest ease; and the mechanism of Morland's pencil and his process of painting is clearly obvious in its decided touches, and in the gradations of the white particularly. It cannot be supposed that this freak of the pencil is a work of high art; yet it certainly contains proof of Morland's extraordinary talent, and it should seem that he even took some pains with it, for there are marks of his having painted out and recomposed at least one figure.'

John Julius Ibbetson, one of Morland's boon-companions, found his way to Ambleside, and thence to the pretty village of Troutbeck, where he

took up his quarters at an inn kept by Thomas Burckett, who supplied a roasted hare, a trout, pastry, good ale, and healthful homespun sheets for the modest sum of eighteen-pence. The artist stayed so long that he ran up a score, upon the slate under the clock, of twenty-five pounds; yet neither host nor hostess was desirous of getting rid of him; he brought custom to the house, and would doubtless pay some day. Ibbetson proposed to paint them a sign; whether in gratitude or in liquidation of his debt, is uncertain. Be that as it may, the sign was painted; and was swinging in front of the inn some sixty years ago, when an appreciative visitor set down in his note-book: 'Two heads, very well painted—the one a slender, pale-faced, rather genteel subject; the other a jolly, ruby-faced, farmer-looking wight; beneath which was the following, contributed by the joint-stock company of wit of the village of Troutbeck:

Thou mortal man, that liv'st by bread,
What makes thy face to look so red?—
Thou silly fop, that looks so pale,
'Tis red with Tommy Burckett's ale.'

When the Burketts retired from business, they carried Ibbetson's sign away with them. Probably, the disappearance of Harlow's portrait of Queen Caroline, painted by him for *The Queen's Head*, New Inn Lane, Epsom, is to be accounted for in the same way.

When David Cox painted a sign for *The Royal Oak Inn* at Betws-y-Coed, out of friendship for the then proprietor, he little imagined the value that would one day be put upon his work, and never dreamed it would figure in a court of law. The sign or picture was painted in 1847, retouched two years later, and restored in 1851. After being exposed to all weathers for nearly twenty years, it was taken down, covered with glass, and hung in the principal hall of the hotel. By-and-by came bad times for *The Royal Oak*; and things gradually became worse, until the landlady was compelled to have recourse to the process known as 'liquidation.' Somebody offered a thousand pounds for Cox's painting, and then the Bangor District Court of Bankruptcy was called upon to decide whether it was a picture that might be sold for the behoof of the creditors; or whether, as was maintained on behalf of the freeholder, Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, the signboard was merely a signboard, passing to the freeholder as part of the inheritance. The court came to the conclusion that the painting was a signboard; that the fact of it having been removed from its proper place to the inside of the house, could not affect its legal status, and that therefore it belonged to the owner of the inn, as part and parcel of it. This decision was challenged; and the case re-argued before Sir J. Bacon, who, in delivering judgment, said that David Cox made Mr Roberts a present of a picture of the Royal Oak, which the latter fastened over his old signboard, it being clearly his own property to do as he liked with. In 1866 the picture was taken down, and fastened up inside the hotel, where it became an object of interest to the visitors. The picture did not become a fixture because of the fastening by which it was secured, and belonged to Roberts as much as did the coat on his back; he might either have sold it or pawned it. Trade signs were emblems of the particular business carried on, nothing more;

and he was of opinion that this particular signboard was never a fixture with which the landlord had anything to do; consequently, the order of the county court judge, giving the signboard to the Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby, as the freeholder of the hotel, must be reversed.

Vernet and Gérard, in the days when their hearts and purses were equally light, went for an outing to Montmorency. After enjoying themselves to their utmost capacity that way, the thoughtless pair dined at the *Hôtel du Cherche Blanc*, and having no money wherewith to pay the bill, proposed to square the account by decorating each side of the hotel signboard with a white horse; Vernet taking one side, and Gérard the other. There being no prospect of any other settlement, the landlord accepted the offer; and acknowledged afterwards that he had never been so well paid for a dinner.

Rarely indeed have two such artists worked together on a signboard. We only know of one other instance. At Wargrave-on-Thames, a short distance from Henley, may still be seen a faded tavern-sign, ascribed to Leslie and Watts, on one side of which St George is fighting his scaly foe; while on the other, he has descended from his saddle to refresh himself with a draught of Wargrave ale. England's patron saint is fortunate in his delineators. Twenty-eight years ago, his combat with the dragon was limned by Mr Millais, for the adornment of *Vidler's Inn*, at Hayes, Kent; the painter, while staying there, having noted that the weather-worn sign was little better than a bare board, every trace of the design it once bore having disappeared.

A CHAPTER IN REAL LIFE.

STORY OF A MAD DOG.

A SUMMER seldom passes that the cry of 'Mad dog!' is not heard in some direction or another; and many and stringent are the police regulations put in force to guard against the perils of hydrophobia. More than one unhappy dog, innocent of anything except fright or thirst, panic at being hunted, or having lost his way or his master, has fallen a victim to mistaken zeal. One day during last summer, a peller woman walking along the road observed a dog belonging to the neighbourhood trotting calmly before her. She knew who was his owner and also that the animal was not far from home. A grassy bank was beside the footpath, and in this bank was a wasps' nest. The dog in passing it must have disturbed the insects, which flew out upon him, clustering round his head, and stinging him about the ears, eyes and nostrils. The poor animal, frightened and in pain, sprang forward, rushing on with wild contortions of agony. A policeman coming up at the moment, saw him fly past, his tongue hanging out, his eyes protruded. 'Mad dog!' he cried, and the poor beast was shot dead before the screaming woman, running breathlessly to the rescue, could explain what she had seen.

'And a sore pity it was,' she said. 'As honest and faithful and as handsome a dog as ever stepped before its own tail. Not so mad, indeed, as the man that was in such a hurry to shoot him.'

Of all the changes which modern and more enlightened times have brought about, there is

none happier than that affecting the treatment of sufferers attacked with hydrophobia. The writer of this is old enough to remember bygone tragedies connected with those victims, that make one shudder. There was no hope for the unfortunates. Death was the doom; and at the first symptoms, the hapless human victims were ruthlessly destroyed; suffocation between feather-beds the usual mode! An occurrence in humble Irish life, remembered still in the parish where it took place, and for the truth of which many can vouch, will illustrate painfully the above. The narrative will be best given in the words of one of the family present at the time.

Myself was in the house when it all happened, being first-cousin to Mrs Ryan, the mistress. A comfortable farm it was, and she well to do; with cows and other stock in plenty, and good land. Ryan had been dead some years, and she managed it all; a clever, brisk, stirring woman. She'd be up and out in her dairy at three o'clock in the summer mornings, to get the butter off the churn in the cool of the day; and then away with her across the fields to visit the cattle and oversee the labourers at their work. Many a smart young fellow would have been proud to help her, and right glad to step into Ryan's shoes if he was let. For she was pleasant to look at; as comely as she was industrious; tidy and trim, and wonderful at making and laying by money. But though she had a gay word for them all, and was blithe and cheery as the day, they soon found that coming courting to the winsome young widow was only wasting their time. She wouldn't listen to man or mortal. Her whole heart and life were bound up in her one child—a lovely boy. It was easy to see by the look that would come into her face, and the light and the love in her eyes as they followed him wherever he went, that she hadn't a thought to give to any besides. He was the entire world to her. Every penny she could make or save was for him; and late and early she worked to keep all things about the farm in the best order against he was old enough to take it up.

A fine handsome child he was; merry as a bird, full of spirits and fun. He doted on his mother, and maybe she wasn't proud of him! Every one loved him, even the dumb animals, he was so good-natured and kindly—joyous and bright like sunshine in the house. There's something in the young and their ways that the heart warms to, natural.

As time wore on, young Ryan grew to be handy and helpful about the place, and knowledgeable concerning farm business. He was rising sixteen years old, a good scholar, and a fine well-grown active lad, when there came a wonderful hot summer, and rumours were rife about mad dogs seen going through the country, and of the terrible mischief they did. Cows were bitten, and pigs; Christians were attacked, and a neighbouring farmer lost two valuable horses, that went mad after being bitten, and had to be destroyed. People were everywhere in dread and on the watch.

One morning just after the hay was gathered in and safe, herself and the boy were together in the yard, working away as busy as bees. They were seldom asunder now; for he had done with schooling, and they always kept one another company just like a pair of comrades. There was only

nineteen years' difference between the ages of the two. Talking merrily they were over their work, and laughing—he was full of his jokes—when a man came tearing into the yard, crying out that a mad dog was in the place, and was making straight for the field the cows were in. Quick as lightning the boy caught up a pitchfork and away with him like a shot to the field. His mother flew after him, shrieking out to him to stop, and shouting to the men to follow. But he was as light of foot and nimble as the deer; and before ever a one could overtake him, he had come up with the dog. The great animal faced savagely round upon the lad when he made at him with the pitchfork, and bit and tore with fury. But the brave boy grappled with him, and had him pinned to the ground by the time the men came up and gave the finishing stroke.

'Now, mother dear,' he cried in glee, 'the cows are safe! Another minute and the brute would have been into them!'

But the poor mother wasn't heeding the cows, when her darling son, for whom she'd have given all she was worth in the wide world, was there before her eyes all bloody and covered with foam from the beast's mouth. She washed and bathed the bites, the boy laughing at her the while, and saying they were nothing. And nothing there was for a time. But what all dreaded and were looking out for in trembling, came at last. He knew it himself, the poor fellow! It was pitiful to see how he strove and fought manful against it; and forced himself to drink, when even the sight of water or any liquid was unbearable. He'd try and try to swallow, though it strangled him. No use! he couldn't get down a drop; and the convulsions were dreadful. At length he grew violent, and went raving mad altogether; and hand and foot they had to tie him, to prevent his doing himself or others a mischief.

The doctor came; but what could he do? He was a good-natured man, and gave many a sixpence and shilling to those he knew needed nourishment more than drugs; but no one thought much of his physicking. People said he had but the one medicine, and that he gave it to all alike, no matter what ailed them. Not that there was any harm in that, for it stands to reason that what would do good to one Christian couldn't be bad for another. When any of the quality were sick, they sent right away off to the city for the grand doctor there; but our parish man was good enough for the poor.

Anyhow, not all the doctors in creation could be of any use to the dear young master. There was but the one thing for him—his doom was sealed. And now the question was, how it was to be done. Three ways were spoken of. To smother him between two feather-beds; or else carry him down to the river and drown him; or to open a vein and let him bleed away to death. The mother wouldn't hear of the smothering. When it was proposed to her, you'd think she'd go out of her senses. Indeed, for the matter of that, it was much the same whatever plan was talked of; they couldn't drag consent out of her to any of them. God help her! 'twas a cruel strait to be in. At long last and after much debate, it was settled that a vein should be opened; and when it was done, the poor fellow—laid upon a bed of straw in an outhouse in the yard—was left to die!

Oh, but that was the day of woe! The misery of it, and the despair of the distracted mother, if I was talking till doomsday I couldn't describe. Her neighbours and cousins and the lad's uncles flocked in, and were all gathered round her in the best parlour, striving to comfort her. They made strong tea, in hopes to get her to swallow some. They tried to raise her heart, telling her of the grand funeral he'd have—hundreds and hundreds coming to it from far and near—the handsomest coffin money could buy, real oak, with brass ornaments; and such a wake as was never seen in the county before; no expense spared! But you might as well talk to the dead in the clay. She didn't hear a word, but sat there without tear or moan—only her mouth working with the agony within—just a froze-up, stony image of Despair! And you'd hardly know her, she was so changed. The bright smooth comely face all drawn and wrinkled like an old crone's, and ghastly pale. Sure it was no wonder, when all she loved upon earth was dripping out his young life within a stone's-throw of her.

When they saw it was of no use, they let the poor woman alone. A gloomy silence fell upon the sorrowful company as they sat there waiting—waiting for the end. The minutes seemed like hours. There was no stir except when now and then some one would whisper under his breath about the dying boy; how pleasant he was, and say! how generous and open-handed he'd been.

But no matter how sorrowful the house, or what woe and misery are within the walls, the business of life outside must go on. So when milking-time came, Kitty McCabe the dairy-woman—though the heart in her body was breaking—slipped out to call the milk-girls and see to the cows. Coming back through the yard when the milking was done, she had to pass by the outhouse where they had laid the boy; and for the life of her, she couldn't help stopping to try and listen how it was with him, and whether he was in heaven yet. There was no sound. Strict orders had been given that no one was to go in; but the door was not locked, and she thought she'd just give it a small shove and take one look. It was an old crazy door, contrairy and ill-fitting; and at the first push, it gave a great skreek and made so sharp a noise that she was frightened and tried to pull it back again. The sight too of the blood trickling upon the floor made her giddy and sick.

'Is that you, Kitty McCabe?' came in a weak faint whisper from the far end.

Her heart leaped up at the voice she never thought to hear again. 'Ay is it, my life! my darlin'! jewel o' the world!' and she pushed in, never heeding the orders against it, or the trouble and disgrace she was bringing on herself.

'O Kitty, I'm lost with the thirst! Have you any milk?'

'To be sure I have, darlint—lashins!' and she ran and filled a jugful. He drained it every drop, and then he called for more.

'I'm better now, but weak as water. Untie me, Kitty, and I'll try to sit up. Don't be afraid. Some more milk now; it is doing me good.'

He struggled up, and leaned the poor white face against her shoulder while she put the jug to his lips. They were pale as a corpse's; as if every drop of his blood had run out. The milk seemed to revive him. She thought he'd never stop drink-

ing. After a while he said: 'Go now, Kitty, and tell my mother I'm well—quite well. Something has cured me. Or stop! I'll try and go myself if I'm able. She won't be frightened, will she, and think it's my ghost?'

'Heart's darlin'!—'tis clean wild with the joy she'll be! But stay jewel, till I've bound me handkerchief tight over against the cruel cut. There now, murther dear.'

'Reach me over that big stick in the corner, and I'll lean down upon you, Kitty, and make shift somehow to creep along;' and supported by the woman, he began with feeble footsteps to totter across the yard.

Roused by a cry from one of the company, his mother looked up, and caught sight of the boy helped past the window. Staggering blindly in, he fell into her outstretched arms; and as they closed convulsively round his half-fainting form, and she held him folded to her breast—fast locked and strained to her—all who were present and looked on knew that she would never part him more.

And she never did. From that day out, sign or symptom of the madness never appeared; though he was long in recovering his strength, and had to be nursed and tended like an infant. He had, you see, bled such a power, that it was the world's work to bring him to. When the doctor fixed up the cut, he was a'most gone. A minute more, and 'twould have been too late. The doctor said that all the poison of the dog's bite had flowed away out of him with the blood; but what did he know? Anyhow, there wasn't a healthier or a handsomer or a finer man than himself in the whole barony when he came to his full age; over six feet in his stocking ramps, and broad-shouldered in proportion. But it was remarked by every one that his mother was never the same after that terrible day when he was laid in the outhouse to die.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

THE year 1880 will long remain a memorable one in the annals of that ancient city which rises crescent-wise on the left bank of the Rhine. In the autumn of that year, King and Kaiser, Princes and Prelates met to celebrate with pomp and pageantry the completion of the most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture in Germany, the Cathedral Church of Cologne. After an interval of six hundred years, the original design of the nameless architect stands perfected in stone. No incomplete fragment now mars its beautiful proportions. The lofty choir built by Gerard de Riel, the delicate beauty of its double aisles, the lancet arches and forest of tall pillars, are now complete.

At that distant period, six centuries from our time, when Cologne ranked as a city of the first importance, Frederick Barbarossa presented to it the far-famed relics of the three Wise Kings, which were brought to Milan from the East by the Italians of the First Crusade, and which had been rescued when the Lombard capital was levelled with the dust. The Archbishop Conrad of Hochsteden and the Municipal Council of Cologne determined to erect a shrine for this precious treasure which should surpass in grandeur every sacred edifice in Europe. Thus

it was at the period of the city's greatest prosperity, amid the splendid pageantry of mediæval times, that the stones brought from the Drachenfels were first laid for this great Minster of St Peter, which, like those of Strasburg and Mayence, belonged to the black-robed order of St Augustine. During all the stormy vicissitudes of later times, in that age of war, corruption, and misery which marked the close of the fourteenth century, the half-built tower and crumbling walls of the church still followed the fortunes of the state. Abandoned, all but wrecked, the Cathedral for three hundred years was typical of those dark days which overshadowed the Fatherland. Now, however, their destinies are fulfilled together; and this stately edifice remains not only a monument of ancient art, but a type of German unity. Reaching above the town to a height of five hundred feet, the twin towers, high-crowned with the lace-like fabric of their spires, look over the red-tiled roofs to that noble river, which, rising amongst the gorges and glaciers of the Grisons, washes with its rapid waters the fortified walls of Cologne.

So far back as the fourth century Cologne was the seat of a bishopric; and in 800—the same year in which Charlemagne was crowned Emperor in Rome—it was raised by him to the dignity of an archbishopric. Indeed, the town is full of old-world memories. Tradition says that the same site was occupied by a handful of rude settlers of the tribe of Übii, before the colonists who followed the Imperial Eagles established themselves on the banks of the Rhine. At that epoch, the city which gave birth to the mother of Nero, was called by her Colonia Agrippina. It saw the expulsion of the Roman legions; and when Attila—that terrible 'Scourge of God'—swept with his host like a devastating flood over the civilised countries of Europe, the tide of Hunnish invasion rolled up to the very gates of the city. The banks of the river were crowded with those savage heroes, who, hardened and indifferent to any extremity of cold and privation, never sought the shelter of houses. It was only after nineteen years of ravage and slaughter, that the remnant of this vast barbarian horde fled away across the plains to the Carpathian Mountains, leaving behind them, in some unknown resting-place, the body of their wild Turanian chief, who fell, slain by a woman's hand.

All kinds of legends and superstitions seem to have taken root under the shadow of the ancient fane. Amongst the quaint old German records, is the mythical history of the 'great design.' We are told that the Archbishop offered an almost unlimited reward for the plan of a Cathedral that should be worthy of the great treasure, a fitting shrine for the Kings. A year was given in which the architects, amongst whom were many from the large towns of Europe, were to complete their designs. An architect of Cologne determined to make his name famous for all time. He was haunted by a vision of a grand and beautiful Cathedral, vaulted and crowded with columns, perfect in style and ornament; but he laboured for many weary months in vain to give some visible form to this wondrous dream. At last, in disappointment and despair, he fled to the Siebengebirge, where, after wandering for

many hours in a fearful storm, he found himself near a majestic oak; and at that moment, amid the most appalling thunder, which seemed to shake the earth, a flash of lightning blazed upon the tree; and from beneath it came a figure clad in scarlet mantle and slouching hat, who saluted him with the title of Dom-architect. Approaching nearer, the stranger said: 'I know well the cause of your despair. Accept my conditions, and the dream shall be realised;' then unfolding a roll of parchment, on which was drawn the perfect plan of the visionary Cathedral in all its elaborate detail, he repeated: 'Sign my conditions with your blood; the scroll is yours, and your name shall live for ever.'

Wild with terror, and with desire for fame, the man signed away his soul, and thus became possessed of the wondrous plan, which was hailed with astonishment and delight by the authorities of Cologne. They fêted and caressed the fortunate architect, and inscribed his name on a tablet which was inserted in the walls of the Church. But as time went on he became a prey to nameless melancholy; and at last, unable to support the misery that oppressed his soul, he fled for comfort to a hermit who dwelt in the Eifel Mountains. This holy man promised him absolution, after prayer and penance; and conjured him to lead a penitential life, in order to save his soul. At last, the architect died; and on that night—so the legend runs—amidst thunder and lightning, the brazen tablet was torn from the unfinished tower.

Though the name of the inspired genius who designed Cologne Cathedral has been lost to the world, his mighty work now remains the wonder and admiration of all beholders.

B L I G H T E D.

THE Maiden, smiling in a dream of bliss,
Said: 'Glad some days are coming; I shall be
His best beloved—for his farewell kiss
Spoke of a future full of love for me.'
But ere the year was past, her hopes were flown;
She mourned alone!

The Linnet, twittering on the winter thorn,
Said: 'When the Spring comes, all my song shall
thrill
The silent woods—and blossoms shall be born,
And gladness all my little life shall fill.'
But ere sweet Spring-blooms o'er the earth were shed,
The Bird was dead!

The Floweret, pining for the Summer heat,
Said: 'When the Sun comes, he will shine on me;
And o'er my fragrant cup, with flying feet,
Shall pass the butterfly and humming bee.'
But long ere Summer came with heat and light,
Fell the frost's blight!

O mournful Maiden, and poor blighted Flower,
And little Bird that pined for sunny Spring,
Why were ye born in home, or wood, or bower?
Why thus was checked your harmless blossoming?
Why are dear Hopes all o'er this sad earth chilled?
And unfulfilled?

J. C. H.

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KENNEDY IN INDIA.

THE Kennedy family of Scottish vocalists, who have for the last twenty years been furnishing entertainment at home and abroad, and some time ago completed the musical feat of singing round the world, have in their latest effort done their best to amuse the English-speaking population of India. This Indian trip was performed at the close of 1879 and beginning of 1880. From the account before us, it seems to have been as successful professionally, and as full of adventure as any of the preceding expeditions. To make proper preparations, David Kennedy, Junior, one of the sons, started off by the most expeditious route to Bombay, and was able to receive the other members of the family on their arrival in Calcutta, a fortnight later. What we have always admired about the Kennedys is the prompt business-like way in which they go about things. They do not depend upon letters or any chance circumstances; but one of them, who may be called the factor and narrative writer of the family, goes off like a scout in advance, and has everything organised at the appointed time for the opening of the musical campaign. David managed matters so well, that he had everything arranged for the evening entertainments the very day they had fixed upon before leaving home.

The family refuge was, of course, a boarding-house; but to get to it, David required to cross from the right bank of the Hooghly, a branch of the Ganges. Hiring a 'gharry' or cab, he drove across the Hooghly. The broad river with its dense shipping resembled the Mersey. Every few hundred yards, however, there was a flight of steps, or "ghauts," massed thickly with Hindus going to or returning from their ablutions in the sacred stream, while the water was alive with the heads of washing worshippers. The cab rattled on through native slums, as crowded as London streets at dinner-hour, till at length it issued into the open European quarter, and landed me at a boarding-

house. The scene of the family performances was the Dalhousie Institute, in the principal part of the town; here they sang for a month, the audiences being cultured and appreciative. The reserve seats were occupied by first-class Europeans; the back seats being usually filled by soldiers and sailors. 'Once a week the warmth of the audience would be sensibly raised by the influx of eighteen or twenty hearty Scotsmen from some of the jute-mills on the river. "Confound the Kennedys!" cried a gallant captain on the wharf; "they've made my life unbearable! Everybody says everywhere: 'Have you been to hear the Kennedys?' When I say to a friend: 'What's going on to-day?' he answers: 'O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad;' and if I ask: 'How are you keeping?' he says: 'My heart is sair for somebody!'" On one occasion, they were invited to attend a meeting in connection with the Young Men's Literary Society, which is seemingly established for the purpose of cultivating young Bengalis for the Civil Service. There were betwixt three and four hundred students present. In the course of the proceedings, Mr Kennedy was somewhat unexpectedly called on for a song. He gave them, with a vigour which would have commanded the approval of Robert Burns, that magnificent ode, 'A man's a man for a' that,' which considerably electrified the Bengalis; and, as he afterwards learned from one of the Professors, was not quite relished, on account of its invading the principle of caste.

The Kennedys were overwhelmed with the grandeur of Calcutta, its long well-built streets, the splendid architecture of many of the buildings. 'The shops stand back on broad pavements, and have no special display in their windows, as there are no European foot-passengers to be casually attracted. The whites are carriage-people. From the shop-door to the curb-stone stretches a covered-way, to shelter from the sun; or if this be wanting, a native servant stands with an immense wicker umbrella to escort the customers to and from their gharries.' The strangers were not less surprised at the profusion of people of different nationalities, castes, classes,

costumes, language, and manners; they were also struck with the number of birds of different kinds, mainly due to the Hindus' reverence for animal life. At dinner they were startled by the swoop of hungry hawks into the veranda; while outside skipped and croaked scores of crows—poor comic wretches, one eye on the vultures, another on the servants; now perched on the veranda ledge, now making a daring dash into the dining-room. At a picnic dinner in the country, two servants were employed to keep off the swarms of kites and crows that gathered above and around the party; but one hungry kite had the audacity to dart down and make away with a roast fowl which Kennedy *père* was in the act of carving. Nor was the building reserved for entertainments free from manifestations of animal life, but swarmed with ants, whilst along the walls darted lizards in pursuit of flies; and during the concert, some of the quiet pathetic songs would be spoiled by the wild cry of the jackals in the gardens. Their attention was drawn to another novelty—the punkahs, or large fans swinging from the roof, to temper the heated atmosphere. At church, the punkahs were in full swing—large punkahs for the mass of the congregation, and a smaller punkah waving over the pulpit, to cool the air for the preacher.

As railways are now pretty general in India, the Kennedys had little difficulty in migrating from place to place. The scenery in the plains, they observe, was not very attractive. 'First, there were stretches of jungle, with monkeys flitting through the trees; then sunny yellow fields of "paddy" or rice. In the midst of tracts of tall feathery grass could be seen green mango "topes" or small clumps of trees. Every few miles were miserable Hindu "clachans"—groups of mud-huts drenched in foliage, with natives perched on high thatched scaffoldings, keeping their crops clear of crows, whilst others were tilling the soil with their primitive ploughs. Over the land hung a heavy simmering heat, to escape which, the buffalo-cattle were submerged to the nostrils in the pools and lagoons.'

At Assensole, one hundred and thirty miles from Calcutta, the vocalists gave two concerts, and then proceeded to Jumnulpore; thence to Dinapore, a town with a military station. Here they gave a concert in the garrison theatre, and were well received by a large audience of officers and their ladies, backed by a solid phalanx of red-coats. After a journey of one hundred and thirty miles, they reached holy Benares. The train by which they travelled was filled with pilgrims, 'for the fakir, instead of crawling on his belly hundreds of miles, now travels third-class.'

One is glad to know, on the evidence of all writers, that the railway system of India has proved a success far beyond general expectation. Previously, there was an opinion among many wise people, who on trivial grounds always prophesy the ruin of important enterprises, that the

system of caste in India would of itself prevent the railways from being taken advantage of. This dreary prophecy, as it deserved to be, has proved a dead failure. Castes of all kinds crowd into the trains. The Kennedys found the trains consisted of about twenty-one carriages, divided into classes, to suit different tastes and pockets. They mention that the overwhelming native traffic made the railways the best paying speculations in the country, and that but for the natives, the Europeans would not enjoy such cheap travelling facilities. In railway travelling, the demand for water by the passengers appears to go beyond that of the United States, where water-drinking from cans goes on continually. We are told of the train in India that at each stoppage, 'a "bheestie" came round crying "Pawnee!" [water], and that the crowded thirsty natives stretched out their hands for a drink.'

The Kennedys did not admire the police arrangements at Benares. It may be a very ancient, a very holy, and a profoundly interesting city, but sadly wants to be looked after by 'a cleaning committee.' According to the Kennedys, Benares is wholly given over to dirt and idolatry. A guide 'conducted them through sloppy winding lanes, past towering dirty buildings, down wet flights of steps strewn with damp flowers and leaves—the whole neighbourhood like the unswept floor of a vegetable market.' They found a byre containing thirty cows, which was considered an exceedingly sacred temple, though in many respects odious in the extreme. One of the cows, with a wry mouth and one of its eyes out, insisted upon following the party about, a degree of attention which they would gladly have dispensed with. But the cow is too holy an object not to be allowed to do very much as it likes. Besides being dirty, Benares swarms with beggars, whose cry is continuous for alms or 'Baksheesh.' 'The cry of "Baksheesh" which assailed us all over Benares was peculiarly disgusting. The Brahmins at the shrine, the legless beggars in the gutter, all alike whined "Baksheesh." Hatful word! If you look at any man steadfastly for two or three seconds, he will rise slowly off his haunches and mysteriously whisper "Baksheesh." All around us were cries for "Baksheesh," people flocking from all directions, and one howling louder than another. Palms of all kinds, damp, dirty, and greasy, were shoved under our noses. Here, a broken-backed child of four years toddled and lisped "Baksheesh;" here a lad with paralysed legs swiftly paddling himself along with his hands amid a cloud of dust; here, a wretch with the stumps of both arms whittled to a point like a black-lead pencil; here, a naked fakir crawling along on his stomach, and characteristically pushing an alms-dish before him. The air hung heavy with "Baksheesh."

The government, it might be expected, should take steps to abate this crying nuisance here and elsewhere; but they are unwilling, if it can be avoided, to interfere with the usages of the teeming

population. In a few instances they have, it is well known, successfully suppressed the more hideous religious observances, such as the practice of suttee, or that of a wife burning herself with the body of her deceased husband; the commission of suicide under the crushing wheels of the car of Juggernaut; and the throwing of dead bodies into the Ganges to the general pollution of the river. This last reform has been effected by providing 'burning-ghauts' for the cremation of the bodies. Much sanitary good is said to have resulted therefrom, while the prejudices of the natives have been appeased.

From Benares the vocalists proceeded to Allahabad, a distance of ninety miles, and were met by a 'kindly Scotch merchant.' At this up-country town, they sang four nights in the Railway Theatre, a commodious building. One Sunday they visited a Mohammedan mausoleum of elegant architecture; 'the dome was so acoustically tempting,' that in a moment of enthusiasm they burst out with that grand old psalm, 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes'—the whole building ringing with the hearty and jubilant sound. A journey of ten hours brought them to Jubbulpore, the finest native city they had seen. Here they gave some concerts. We have not space to follow their turnings and windings.

Among other places, they visited Bombay; here they met with a warm reception from the Parsee population, a number of whom kindly attended their entertainments, and what is more, had sufficient knowledge of the English language to enjoy the jocularities of the more humorous Scottish songs. From Bombay, they proceeded on their return journey by way of Lucknow, which is described as a city of palaces. They lived in one palace, gave their entertainments in another, and posted their letters in a third. At Cawnpore, they gave their entertainments in the Station Theatre, about a stone's-throw from the well-known Memorial Well. At Agra, they were overwhelmed by the magnificence and extent of the 'Taj' or sepulchre which had been built by one of the native Emperors of India in honour of his Queen. Going inside, they found themselves standing beneath a lofty dome of polished white marble, which possesses a remarkable echo. 'Ordinary conversation is reproduced high up in the dim vault as mimic thunder. A vocal note soars overhead in a sound like the long-drawn note of a violin, so clear and prolonged is it, and dies away in a diminuendo so gradual as to form an invaluable lesson to a vocalist. You cannot tell when the vibrations cease; they seem to diminish to an audible silence. We sang one full chord, and it hovered in the dome in sweetest harmony. The most tuneless voice would be transformed into angelic strains by the magic spell of the Taj. It is not an echo—it is a phenomenal resonance.' The Kennedys returned to have a look at this wonderful building again and again. The Taj is the architectural

wonder of India; there is nothing in the world like it. A traveller would make no sacrifice to journey ten thousand miles to see it.

Altogether, the Kennedys travelled four thousand four hundred and five miles, adverting India for its extent and varied importance as a British possession, as well as the thrilling remembrances which it suggested. The vocalists do not consider that India can be appreciated as a place of residence. It is grand to see, and to live a short period in, but cannot be styled a permanent home for Europeans. The drawback, to confine it to a single word, is the climate. As a rule, during their journey, the thermometer stood at one hundred and twenty degrees in the sun, eighty degrees in the shade. But in the hot month of May, the temperature rises in the shade to one hundred and six degrees. At this season of heat, the Government takes refuge at a high altitude in the hills; and it may be said, that without hill encampments for Europeans, life in India would be unendurable. After a series of farewell concerts at Calcutta, the family took shipping for Europe, 2d March 1880, and after a five weeks' voyage, arrived safely in England.

W. C.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XL.—RUIN.

WHEN Bertram Oakley reached Harley Street early on the following morning, he had not to linger and wait, afraid to ask for an audience.

'Miss Louisa will see you, sir,' said the servant who received him at the door, with a look of gloom, if not of sorrow, on his stolid face. The man was neither better nor worse than the average of doctors' men-servants; but he was a new-comer, and thought himself hardly used in having to seek so soon for a fresh employer.

'I made bold to tell her, poor lady, last night, how you'd been here, Mr Bertram,' whispered the Blackston housemaid as she led the way up-stairs. 'And I said how you'd be sure to come again, first thing. Mr Walter—that Uncle of the young ladies—he came here last night, after you left; and again this morning—and early. His cab's only just driven off.'

'I am glad Mr Walter Denham came—it must have been a comfort,' answered Bertram almost mechanically.

'A comfort! precious cold comfort he!' returned the housemaid with a toss of the head, and a sniff fraught with indignant meaning, which was lost upon Bertram Oakley.

The complaint, that servants live for years and decades beneath our roof and yet are strangers to us, are literally the 'strangers within our gates,' is old and well warranted; but then how much, how very much, do servants know of us! Who could so well note down our tastes and likings, our faults and our foibles, our little love-affairs, jealousies, money-troubles, family jars! When Paterfamilias is pinched for ready-cash, the servants know it before the wife of his bosom is aware of it. They have the photograph of young Hopeful's flame, and are deeply versed in the circumstances of Miss Fanny's lover. When the lawyer calls so often, they shrewdly guess that a

mortgage is afoot, and that 'Madam's' signature—'which she had forty thousand to her fortune'—is required for the evasion of settlements. Hannah, from Blackston, had scented out the evil to come, with the instinct of her caste.

Bertram was not long kept waiting in the pretty drawing-room that looked out upon half-forgotten Harley Street. Louisa Denham came to see him, the traces of tears yet upon her cheek, but with a pale, brave face, and steady eyes, that had known no sleep since it happened. She gave him her hand.

'So good of you; but I knew you would,' she said, keeping down the rebellious sobs that choked her voice. 'You, too, loved him.'

'I—would have died for him!' answered Bertram, with a burst of passionate grief that unmanned him for the moment; and then he turned away his face.

Louisa Denham wept too, but silently. She was the first to speak. 'You are our friend, Mr Oakley, and we have so few friends—real ones—left—now that'—Here it was her turn to sob; and Bertram made an effort to calm his own overwrought nerves.

'Indeed, dear Miss Louisa, I am your friend, since you honour me by the word. You never can tell—never know'—He ceased speaking.

But Miss Denham, with a sad smile, made answer. 'I can tell,' she said, 'Mr Bertram, what you meant to say. How great our loss has been, words are weak to explain. But, for Rose's sake, it is necessary that I should be very brave and steady, and keep my wits about me. And I feel so much alone—for my dear sister is but a child in heart as in age—so much alone, that'—She paused.

And Bertram eagerly made answer: 'Not alone, Miss Denham, if my poor help avails for anything. I wish I were your brother, that I might have the right to assist you or advise; but believe me that you can have no truer friend than Bertram Oakley. But surely your relation, Mr Walter Denham?'

Louisa shook her head sadly. 'He has left us—left me, I mean, for poor Rose sleeps, tired with much weeping—but half an hour ago. I fear, I very much fear, Mr Bertram, that he—Mr Walter Denham—Uncle Walter—is no friend to Rose or to me.'

'Not a friend!' exclaimed Bertram, aghast.

To this lonely stripling, a mere waif and stray, reared by the precarious charity of strangers, and cut off from the ordinary bonds of household love, the ties of family affection appeared as something sacred and inviolable. He may never have heard the old Scottish proverb which declares that blood is thicker than water; but he had full faith in the loyalty of near kinsfolk to one another. 'Not a friend!' repeated Bertram, doubting whether he had heard aright.

'Not a friend—not kind, just, generous,' answered Miss Denham steadily; 'not a good man, Mr Bertram. You are yourself so young, that treachery, egotism, fair, false seeming, appear to you as something monstrous and impossible, especially when practised against those of the same blood and name. But I have only too much reason to fear that Mr Walter Denham—Uncle, I will call him no more—is one of those who conceals a pitiless heart beneath a smooth and courtly

exterior; that he had got our poor father into his power, and will use that power now against us, left helpless, without ruth or mercy.—I astonish you, Mr Oakley. Sit down, then, and I will tell you more.

'There had been a wrong done,' Louisa Denham began, 'to our father long ago, according to the world's usages; but although Mr Walter Denham profited by this, it would be unfair to lay at his door the blame of another's caprice. Our grandfather, you must know, was a wealthy man; and he had always taught his eldest son, my father, to regard himself as heir to the bulk of the property. There were no other children than those two brothers—or half-brothers, rather, for my grandfather had been married twice—and between the two there was a great difference of age and, thank heaven, of disposition! Mr Walter Denham, the younger, had cost his father both money and trouble—had been idle, extravagant, and so forth; and had twice been banished from home, and twice forgiven at my father's entreaty. Then came the startling news that my grandfather was dead, suddenly; and that by his last will he gave almost all he had—the funded property, the houses, the old Bank in the country town where the name of Denham had been so long respected—to the younger son; to the elder, but a trifling legacy. Was not this strange, to say the least of it?'

Bertram bent his head in token of assent. His brain was on fire with quick and busy thoughts. He said nothing, but eagerly waited to hear more.

'It was a wild whim,' said Louisa, almost bitterly; 'it was a strange, mad caprice. The confidence and the esteem between old Mr Denham and his eldest son had been through life unclouded and complete. My grandfather had never made a mystery of his intentions. "There is no use," he used to say, "in putting a lump sum of money into poor Walter's pockets, full of holes. No, no! Let Watty have an annuity to keep him from coming to want; and you, Willie, can lend him a helping hand when both ends fail to meet." Then came this cruel, inexplicable change of plan. Walter, the scapegrace, was heir of all, and my father was very, very poor. My father was the poorer,' Louisa Denham went on to say, 'because he was not free, as so many are, to marry a wife with means to help in the family support. His troth was pledged to a penniless girl; and very bravely, patiently, and slowly did the good gentle doctor plod his way to a position which would enable him, though still very far from rich, to marry my dear mother. It was one of those long faithful engagements, that have something sad about them, so do youth and bright hope and the best of life go in the waiting—waiting! And yet it was better so. Well, well! not a sixpence, not a word of comfort, to lighten the rough up-hill road, did my poor father get from his brother—rich, now. There were those who advised my father to dispute the will, odd, unnatural as it was, and quite at variance with the contents of a letter written by the testator but a week or two before the will was signed. But he refused to go to law. "Against my brother!" he said, as I have been told, and in a tone—kindly man as he was—that would admit of no rejoinder. He owed his brother no grudge, never resented the unjust and sudden partiality which prompted the change. Their relations, on his side at any rate, were always

cordial. He has never spoken of his being disinherited with a shade of resentment or of anger. So Mr Walter Denham had all ; and spent all, for aught I know. He sold the Bank and the landed property, and had much ready-money at command ; but whether he is really poor or really rich, I have no idea. He has always pleaded poverty ; but never does he speak seriously, never with precision, about the state of his affairs. That he has lost—perhaps heavily—by rash speculation, as he so often hints, is very possible. But there is a cunning twinkle in his eye that tells another tale. He lent my father money to purchase this grand Harley Street practice—this practice, which is—here Louisa sobbed, in spite of her resolution to be brave—“which is worthless, now that the wise brain and the keen eye are at rest for ever ; and we two—Rose and I—for myself I should not care ; but Rose, born when we were all comfortable and prosperous, never knew want—are beggars !”

“Beggars, Miss Denham—dear Miss Louisa—surely not that !” stammered Bertram.

“Uncle Walter—the word has escaped me again,” replied Louisa wearily—“exactly, as Shylock did, his pound of flesh. Only it is kindred flesh, not alien, this time. The policy of life-assurance, the little property my father had saved, the very furniture here, are all mortgaged to his younger brother—the brother whose life he saved, when a child—the prodigal, for whom he pleaded more than once—the smooth knave, who supplanted him in a father’s love. Uncle Walter was, as he said, a perfect child about business—for his own protection, all must be done by his lawyers, Sowerby and French. Well, Sowerby and French have proved sharp tools, and efficient ones, and have taken exemplary care of their client’s interests. Mr Walter Denham is master here to-day, as he was in the old Bank at Dulchester upon our grandfather’s death. The very lease of this Harley Street house, which it were a mockery to call “home,” is his. To-day, when he came early, the hard, gripping nature showed itself. The velvet paw betrayed the feline claws at last. He bids us shift for ourselves—declares himself injured, and a loser by my father’s death—and exacts the uttermost farthing.”

“The wretch !” said Bertram, with a dark frown and a dark flush of righteous wrath.

“The man is not worth anger,” answered Louisa gently, but with a sickly smile. “What I wanted was to explain to you, Mr Bertram, how we are situated. We shall be sadly poor, Rose and I. There is a little money in the bankers’ hands ; but it will not do much more than pay for the funeral—her lip quivered here, but her eyes had no more tears to let fall, after the grief of the night. “There is also a tiny income—some fifty pounds a year—it was our mother’s pittance—settled on Rose and me—and—”

“Fifty pounds a year, Miss Louisa ! Why, how can you two ?” Bertram broke down, hardly knowing how to finish the sentence.

“How can we two live upon it ?” said Louisa, calmly but sadly. “Well, it is a question hard to answer ; but I shall have to answer it presently, when I have had time to think it out. You know there is an old adage, Mr Bertram, which says that “Beggars must not be choosers.”

Bertram’s tears blinded his eyes and choked his voice. He could not reply.

“What I wished to speak to you about, Mr Oakley,” said Miss Denham, after a pause, “was yourself—your own fortunes—your own prospects. All must suffer, I fear, in this terrible strait, under this bitter blow that has deprived you of a dear friend, and us of a dear, dear father !”

Bertram rose from his chair ; he knelt at Miss Denham’s feet, and caught hold of her hand, and kissed it, while his tears fell upon it like rain. Never had, in the noblest days of mythic chivalry, the hand of a Princess been kissed with more perfect reverence of knightly faith. “Never mind me, Miss Louisa,” he said earnestly. “Think of yourself, and your dear young sister, not of a lad like me. I am strong, and can work. What I would wish is to be of use, if I could—to shield you and Miss Rose, if I could, from—from—” But again he could not complete the sentence. He was more overcome than was Louisa Denham, who had braced herself for this interview.

“Our friend, Mr Bertram—our dear friend—I hope you will always continue to be,” said Miss Denham in reply. “We shall be so poor and so solitary, in this great Babel of a city, that a friend’s face and kindly voice will be doubly valuable. But—excuse me—I am older than you, Mr Oakley—what can you do ? All your plans, I fear, must be changed. You too will be poor. Rose and I, at the outset, can only spare a very few pounds, to—”

Bertram never quite remembered afterwards, in what exact way, or in what exact words, he had put aside the orphan’s timid offer of those “very few pounds,” which, in ruin, represent so much. Somehow, he found himself shaking hands with Louisa Denham in the doorway, and promising earnestly to come again on the morrow—“My duty,” he said, “when she has time to hear it, to Miss Rose”—and then he was gone, and wended his way back to Westminster almost as a sleep-walker might have done. It was not until he began to climb the steep stairs of Cambridge Chambers that he thought of himself, and remembered, slowly, that the fair chance before him was lost ; that in losing his benefactor he had let slip his prospect of rising in life ; and that he must begin the world again, a broken and baffled man, at the very foot of the ladder.

MODERN DRESS.

THE rush and clatter of our busy age as it tears along, rubs out all sorts of social demarcations, or so modifies them that they become scarcely recognisable. Among others, grantees of dress are effaced. Gone are the beaux, the dandies, the fops, and all who arrayed themselves in dazzling attire. The race of distinctly “dressed” men has but few survivors amongst us. With the departure of each goes out another of the picturesque lights that made British society once so variegated, and the sombre hue of habilimental similarity becomes deeper. In all grades of society there is a tendency to discard what is peculiar in clothing, and to adopt what in shape and colour is like that worn by the million. Wealth does not proclaim itself by gorgeous and grand apparel. Rank is

undiscoverable by its vesture; some of our richest and noblest citizens are as plainly dressed as their humble servitors. Nor do the working members of society now bear any glaring badge of inferiority. Of all the modifications of national dress, theirs is the greatest. When silk, velvet, and lace were the principal materials worn by the rich, poor men were proclaimed by their coats. It is one of the most striking changes which this century has produced, that the high have declined and the low have risen, until now, in this matter of costume, they are almost on a level. The same is visible in all the progressive countries of Europe, and is, in fact, the tide-mark of progress. In the United States, the white, the black, the rich, the poor, are scarcely distinguishable by their clothes. We live indeed under a republic of Dress, and bold is he or she who will not accept its uniform.

In the days when the Dandy was a kind of social dictator, dressing as he pleased, he gave the laws of fashion to tailors. Now tailors and *modistes*, seeking the patronage of a multitudinous society, legislate for the whole, and plunge us into their wrappings with the indifference of autocrats thrusting their subjects into the livery of war. Titles, wealth, wisdom, avail not; each must submit to appear clad like his fellows. Fat or lean, long or short, we are bid to don coats of the same form, and trousers of the same style. When a gentleman is in evening costume he is dressed like a waiter or an undertaker; and the garb which serves for dinner serves alike for funeral or ball. Only in the matter of colour is any choice permitted, and that is becoming more limited every day. Gray, black, and brown are almost the only wear. It is true that a few occasionally demand something brighter and more conspicuous, by way of a change, and when in country quarters vary the monotony by donning their knickerbockers; but the persistency of the uniformists seems upon the whole to carry the day.

So far has intimidation gone, that there is scarcely a man who now dares to appear in green, though it was a favourite colour of the past generation, and is useful as well as pleasant to the eye. The clarets, the maroons, the sky-blues, the nankeens, the drabs, that even our grave and reverend elders wore, are now banished, and a crowd of British men look as much alike as a flock of wild-ducks or Spanish cattle.

However useless Dandies were in other respects, they saved us from this dead level. They were, in spite of certain traits of feminine weakness, really the most valiant men of their period. They dared to ornament themselves as gorgeously, as strikingly, as grotesquely as fancy suggested. They studied the adornment of birds and flowers, and some in sky-blue coats and yellow pantaloons imitated the most brilliant of the insects. Each detail of their dress was elaborated with a patience and a desire for æsthetic satisfaction of which we have no understanding. We lavish our emotions upon the gracefully dressed figures of Rubens, Van

Dyck, Lely, Watteau and the rest; the Dandy spent his upon the adornment of his own person. He lived a romance, of which himself was the daintily dressed hero; and he had such social success, as we poor neutral-tinted, tailored-for men cannot even sigh for.

Some of the most gifted were inspired artists in costume whose abilities it would be stupid to ignore. Beau Nash and Beau Brummell were something more than empty-headed fops, whose sole idea was to make mankind stare. They were men of refined taste, with acute perceptions of harmony in form and shade, and which found its expression in faultless attire. The contempt and reprobation they evoked were not due to their mode of dress, but to the fashionable follies and vices which they indulged in with the rest of the *beau monde*. They, as its leaders, roused the indignation of that hard, masterful, middle-class sense, which had made England what it is in manners, morals, and money. Dandyism and vice were conjoined; the outer man and not the inner virtues was esteemed; fine clothes and extravagance of living ran together. So Dandies fell under the ban of that resistless voice which never speaks in vain. And they were especially unfortunate in their imitators. Rich young blockheads would insist in mirroring themselves in the glass of fashion. Because Beau Nash had made Bath palpitate by a cherry-coloured coat and cerulean breeches, the crowd of wealthy idlers must have the same. He had made a picture of himself, perfect in every line, and charming as a whole. His figure, expression, individuality, were all accentuated by the elegance and beauty of his attire. His imitators were ridiculous and outrageous in proportion as they differed from their model. We have seen more than once in recent years how the aping of blundering copyists can ruin a fashion. Crinoline became impossible when inartistic cookmaids increased their redundant graces by its aid. The inflation which had mocked the assaults of the caricaturist, the grumbling of Paterfamilias, and the stern disapprovers among the ladies themselves, nay, which had gone on swelling contemptuously during the storm, collapsed into continuously meeker dimensions after the nymphs of the larder took it under their patronage. The Inverness wrapper, one of the most graceful, comfortable, and economical overalls that ever covered British back, after a long career of usefulness, fell greatly out of fashion when it became adopted by government as the topcoat for its postmen.

Second-hand beaux and uninventive dandies hastened uniformity in national dress and ruined their species. Yet it did not disappear abruptly. In its decadence it fell into several feebler forms, which are curious to note. Dandies gave place to Exquisites, a class of elegantly dressed young men, with irreproachably fitting garments. Their gloves were inimitable, and so was the fragrance of their perfumed handkerchiefs. The daintiness of their boots and the elegance of their walk made the onlooking world thrill with delight, with envy, with disdain. They were truly very fine fellows, whose shirts and collars are still remembered. But there was a lack of originality

in them. None struck out into the new and hazardous, like the beaux and dandies of former days. Moreover, their weakness gave strength to unclassical tailors, who finally made the Exquisite a mere perambulating exemplar of their notions of faultless dress. After the Exquisite, who did not live long in the land, and who was confined to the Metropolis and the University cities, there appeared another and still more degenerate class of fashionables called Gents. These belonged to a lower order than the august princes of clothes of the last century and the Exquisites of this. They were chiefly youngsters of the mercantile and professional classes, and were more remarkable for the extravagance of their suits and shirts, than for elegance. Their manners, too, had nothing of the suave, high-bred tone, which gave so great effect to the resplendent leaders of fashion in former days. They were fast young men, who dressed as noisily as they talked, and were all unlovely to eye and ear. They had a brief reign and few imitators. Then came the Swells, who were only weak successors to the Exquisites. These were quite under the sway of public opinion. Beyond a choice in cravats, canes and gloves, they were deprived of all initiative in fashion. What the awful conclave of costumiers, sitting in Paris, decreed should be the mode, had to be accepted by the Swells. And the conclave were but the draughtsmen for the million. No wonder the Swells did not long occupy a distinct place, but became confounded in the mass of social miscellanea. Now we are almost reduced to the indistinguishable; and beaux, dandies, and other artists in clothes have withdrawn their prismatic persons from the scene of our daily lives.

But that is not all. The equalisation of externals had done much more than banish the peacocks. It is effacing all who yet are differentiated. Not long ago our merchant seamen were dressed in a fashion quite their own. They wore peculiarly rough woolly jackets, Belcher neckcloths, tarpaulin hats, and often widely bulging white duck trousers. It would be difficult to find such figures among our sailors afloat or ashore now. Indeed, they are scarcely distinguishable from landmen of the same rank, and will soon be wholly dressed like the rest, when on *terra firma*. Clergymen were once as distinctly marked off from the laity by their garb, as they are by their sacred office. By degrees they have approached the common standard, and are now not so very far removed from their flocks in appearance. Some have discarded the white necktie, and some have taken to gray overcoats, and thus are unrecognisable by any outward sign of their profession. No doubt, in time they will all dress like the world about them. Quakers, too, have almost ceased to be the nonconformists of costume. The broad-brim, the up-turned collar, the gentle drabs, are being cast aside by the men; and the ladies are gradually giving up the poke-bonnets, the quaint mantles and gowns, which made their mothers so remarkable. And it is even contemplated to dis sever the connection between Highland regiments and their several tartans, so that one tartan may serve for all!

Similar changes are also going on in the humblest walks of life. Country bumpkins are no longer invariably conspicuous by their smock-

frocks. Navvies do not always wear the once distinguishing 'slop.' Bricklayers are not necessarily swathed in leather aprons; and butchers are ceasing to be so many boys in blue. The women, too, of the working classes have greatly changed externally during the past forty years. They are dressed better than ladies were a hundred years ago. Such, indeed, is the skill of the manufacturers who provide for the masses, that no sooner does a certain material become the mode, than there are a dozen imitations of it all at cheaper rates flooding the drapers' windows. Some of the fabrics are so wonderfully like the costly things they simulate, that they deceive the eyes of experts at the first glance. The extraordinary growth of mechanical methods for clothing the people has brought down prices to an extent that would have been deemed impossible a few decades ago, and has in consequence had much to do with improvements in dress. The competition among manufacturers works unceasingly towards the same end, and he who succeeds in turning out attractive and durable articles cheaper than his fellows, wins at once so vast a patronage, that a 'lead' of a few seasons results in a fortune. Not only are expensive materials successfully imitated at a fourth of their cost, but the dress-makers, milliners, and the *modistes* of the working classes generally are nearly, if not quite as artistic as those serving the higher ranks. In short, so faithfully do the servant class nowadays study the costume of their superiors, and so powerfully are they assisted by manufacturers and *modistes*, that they are frequently within a week or two of the most rapid changes of fashion! Fashion-books for the humble world are now among our modern curiosities of literature, and there seem to be pondered with effect.

Public opinion and better education have undoubtedly been powerful factors in the improvement that has taken place in the appearance of the lower classes. Since railways and the greater diffusion of wealth have thrown all classes into such contact as never before obtained, a silent fiat seems to have gone forth that everybody shall be at least tolerably well dressed. Slovens, slatterns, the untidy and unrepresentable are treated with a 'stand off' that is insupportable in these touchy times. It is often amusing to watch the shrinking and the shunting which go on even in third-class carriages when a soiled, shabby, or ill-attired person steps in. Poverty may be no sin; but except the basest and the most hopeless, all endeavour to hide any manifestation of it in their dress. Then, there is a continual breaking-down of the reserve that kept society formerly apart. If our fellow-passenger in the train or omnibus is respectably clothed, we have no hesitation to accept him as a welcome *compagnon de voyage*. Many of our greatest surprises come from the discovery of the real status of those we have journeyed with, pleasantly or otherwise. The lively, genial, unpretendingly dressed gentleman who made a long ride a brief delight, turns out to be a nobleman, whose place is high among men; while the stylish, solemn, haughty person who declined our conversation and amicable overtures, proves to be a self-important bagman travelling for an obscure house. Dress in neither case gave any indication of the social position of the wearer.

In choosing domestics, mistresses are always

favourably impressed by those who are neatly and gracefully dressed. If two servants apply for a situation, one becomingly attired and the other a 'dowdy,' we know which will have the best chance. Masters and mistresses alike prefer to be waited upon by a 'neat-handed Phyllis,' and are annoyed by maids who are awkwardly or grotesquely attired. If we analyse our conduct, we shall find that the 'dressiness' of our household-helps is largely due to our own demands. There is a correspondence, too, between inside and outside. Clean, smart, brightly decked servants are generally better workers, more skilful, better mannered and behaved than those lacking these qualities. Therefore, devotion to externals is of economic value. That indeed has decided the matter.

The changes that have marked the costume of the serving classes are certainly for the better, always provided that these changes do not run to undue extravagance and show. The reason why they are so well dressed and so comfortably dressed, is proof of ripening virtues and stronger self-government. Young artisans are vastly better clothed than their fathers were, and some of them on Sundays and holidays are equal in appearance to their employers. Moreover, many of them, after work-hours, cast off their toil-stained garments and enjoy the evening's leisure in a garb that is neat and refined. Those who act thus, generally spend their leisure to advantage. Indeed, the cost of two or three suits of clothes is only to be had at the sacrifice of lower pleasures. It will be found that the best dressed of our workmen are teetotalers, or at anyrate not patrons of the public-house. They form the majority of the audiences at popular lectures; they crowd the free libraries; they frequent the excellent social clubs that are growing so numerous in most large towns, and in summer they join cricket and athletic clubs, which make our parks and waste fields so pleasantly animated.

Men and women who find gratification in tasteful attire, generally seek to embellish their dwelling-places. Delight in adornment is not limited to the person; it finds expression in the environment of the person also. Respectably dressed people do not live in slums and fetid alleys; nor do they huddle into rooms inadequate for convenience or decency. Taste must be manifested at home, and so the circle of refinement grows ever wider; and toiling folks become nobler and more in sympathy with the pure and the wise. Art is now a powerful civilising influence in sections of society where it was almost inoperative a generation ago, and the mass of British savagery is lessened; and thereby the drunkenness, improvidence, and turbulence associated with it. Further, the well-dressed workman is in the main the best at his craft, and the one who helps most at its improvement. Higher taste, deeper personal regard, wider ambition, when spent upon the processes of trade or business, never fail to advance the things acted upon.

When kept within the bounds of propriety, the changes which are taking place in modern dress amongst the humbler classes are cheering signs, and should make us hopeful of the age we live in. They proclaim more emphatically than any statistics, that Old England is doing well, that her people are more united than they were, and that

they are progressing in refinement, as well as in knowledge and wealth. As the humble rise from the lower into the higher levels of life, they develop the æsthetic sympathies, the gentler manners and the sociabilities of the better born.

THE ART OF FIRESIDE STORY-TELLING.

MOST small folks begin life under the delusion that big folks are by nature surpassingly clever—that they can do anything by setting their mind to it; that they know all about everything. In consequence of this delusion, it so happens that these little folks, these Lilliputians, often catch some larger mortal, and tie and peg him down, hand, foot, and head, with their silken threads, before he well knows where he is. They swarm upon him, and search his intellectual pockets for wonderful curiosities that are commonplace things to himself. They address him in their charming language, which is a very simple one, not too strict about grammatical rules; the outcome of all of which is, that a story might, could, and should be told. About the 'could,' the Lilliputians are always certain; but the captive is very uncertain indeed. Possibly he is one of those people who feel that to spin out a children's tale is equal in embarrassment to making an after-dinner speech, and of the two, more likely to collapse in failure. Others, of course, are of opinion that to tell a story to children is the easiest thing in the world; and that sense or nonsense can be strung together to any length, and will please the indiscriminating audience as long as the teller cares to be troubled with them.

Let those who have this opinion, put it to the test, and they will find that the audience is anything but indiscriminating; that nonsense cannot be strung together to any length; and that sense—which is less difficult—will prove a failure too if it be told above or below the level of the listeners. Moreover, strangers in the Lilliputian realm, unacquainted with the customs and language, make most lamentable and trying failures, even when they have taken the greatest pains to tell an excellent tale. This sort of story-telling is, in fact, an art in itself; and a more difficult art than the recounting of 'good stories' across a dining-table to old heads, who can fill up what is sketched in a few words. But whoever loves the little people, must at some time or other expect to be, perforce, put to trial in the story-telling art, and credited at the same time with that immense and varied knowledge and marvellous memory with which the chronicler of the *Arabian Nights* takes care to dower Scheherazade, in order to make her achievements possible.

Without being gifted like the vizier's daughter, some of us have had ere now to play the part of Scheherazade well-nigh a thousand-and-one times, sometimes amid a circle whose eager delight was enough to have given the spirit of an improvisatore to any one possessing eyes and tongue; sometimes, perhaps, at the bedside of some suffering child, listening with closed eyes, and depending on our poor efforts for rest and the relief of forgetting the pain that was wearing the young life low. Whoever has learned or used this

humble art at such an hour as that, must feel that the necessity of the Sultana herself was not greater; nor was there ever among our happier western realities a source of inspiration more pure and beautiful.

From an experience of taking Scheherazade's rôle perforce, and drawing inspiration both from the rosy faces and the pale ones, we may offer a few words to other Scheherazades in need, who perhaps have not got quite so far on in their thousand-and-one tales. Telling a story is quite a different thing from reading one; and the story that is told is utterly apart from the story that is written. But we shall have something to say of the books and of their spirit, in order to illustrate the art of story-telling; and on reflection it will appear that the whole region of children's tales may be divided naturally into six parts—true histories, personal experiences, fiction of child-life, tales of marvels, fairy tales, stories of animals and of inanimate things.

A true story always carries a peculiar charm with it, although an untrue story may be more attractive in other ways. Probably a philosopher's reason for the distinction would be, that the foundation of the craving for stories is the children's desire to acquire knowledge of things outside of their own little sphere, in order to satisfy the curiosity which is their natural and necessary gift, and to give scope to that imagination which is the birthright of every child, and which is often left unused and gradually lost in hard-working later years. A true narrative gives the child the desired knowledge of things in the concrete, and the small life touches other lives, and looks into them with all the zest of its hunger for experience. The tale of imagination develops the child's imagination in a corresponding degree; but it only affords a knowledge of things in the abstract, and there is not felt the electric touch against other lives of its own human kind. As to the class of true narrative, which we have called personal experiences, these depend much more upon the telling than upon the matter told. For instance, if Wellington in his child-loving age had done a boy the honour of relating that he won the battle of Waterloo, and that the French charged desperately, and the English fought in squares, the boy would have had a proper amount of admiration for the conqueror, but perhaps would have found his gamekeeper's animated account of the trapping of the fox better as a tale. Fiction of child-life is a class capable of boundless diversity, and in these days the taste of children seems almost entirely bent that way. Miss Edgeworth's model race of wise and prudent young folks has been superseded by a vast multitude of boys and girls, as fictitious as they, but more humanly faulty. The children like the new race better, because they seem more alive and real, being more like their own imperfect selves. And in this matter, children have the very same discriminating instinct which prompts their elders to desecrate some human weakness in their heroines, and some cracks and dints and commonplace rust of the world on the armour of their heroes.

The other three classes—tales of marvels, fairy tales, and stories of animals and of inanimate things—will lead us to make reference to two great stores from which generations have drawn amusement and enjoyment. These are, the

German tales collected or composed by the Brothers Grimm; and the stories of Hans Andersen, the laureate of the child-world. The marvels presented to children's minds, the transformations and witcheries, the prodigious giants, and the unlimited supply of castles and palaces, and kings, princes and princesses of nowhere-in-particular—all are simply accepted, and pass as realities, though they are not believed to be real; and the hungry young mind that accepts them with avidity, finds a place for them with ease in its world of imagination. One of the German stories begins with the words, 'In olden times, when people could have all they wished for at once;' and all the tales of marvel seem to belong to that wonderful prehistoric era. Children never ask when the kings reigned, nor what country it was in, nor where the princes got their titles; they ask no questions, but place all in 'the olden time,' accepting everything with delighted simplicity. In the same way, in the last class of tales it never occurs to them to inquire how dumb animals spoke or how lifeless things told their lives—at least they have none of these difficulties unless they be little Gradgrinds, debarred from fairy tales, and profoundly versed in all the 'ologies.'

But the reign of the giants is wearing towards an end. Our taste in these days has risen to better fancies than the old German tales of marvels, with their perpetual magic, their unpoetic killing and eating, and their triumph of cunning. The wonder is how little has ever been the shock to the small stoics on hearing of the horrors perpetrated by witches, hunters, wolves, and 'wicked stepmothers.' Even our old friend *Red Riding Hood* is a shocking narrative when one looks at it near. The wolf eats the grandmother—evidently swallows her whole—and then devours Red Riding Hood—also at a bite; a hunter afterwards dissects the greedy brute, and liberates the old lady and her smiling granddaughter—all of which is related in Grimm's version with the greatest *sans-froid* and in plainest Saxon. The second part of the tale, wherein another wolf receives poetic(?) justice, is almost equally shocking. The youthful reader is expected to admire the artifice of the grandmother, and to rejoice with Red Riding Hood, when the wolf, watching on the roof, is lured to fall off and drown in the stone trough in which the large sausage was boiled yesterday.

The killing and dissecting of animals, even a fawn; the liberation of manikins who have found a dark lodging in the body of a cow or a wolf; the chopping off a maiden's hands—which certainly did not affect her health—and the serpentine lengthening of noses and ears—all abound in the Grimm stories, yet without ever causing a little reader to shudder or frown. All the marvels in the stories are not so strange to them as this marvel alone is to their elders. The atrocities of these stories are doubtless the mark of their antiquity; some of them come down from the days when brute-force and artfulness were heroic qualities, while the people were slowly fighting their way out of barbarism. The adventures of the *Brave Little Tailor* either come from a far-off source directly, or indirectly, by rising out of the inspirations of such a beginning. The flies settling on his bread and jam, while he is finishing the waistcoat, are not a more familiar sight to that

despicable little hero, than is the 'enormous giant' whom he found as soon as he went out to walk. The manner in which he outwits the giants is a thin distorted little shadow of Ulysses outwitting Polyphemus; and all through the tailor's history until he becomes a king, his cunning is expected to do duty for humour.

Though little people are most decidedly interested in all this, they nevertheless appreciate what is better, and they have discernment enough to prefer the refinement and tenderness of such tales as Hans Andersen's. The contrast between the two styles can be seen in a moment by comparing the manner in which both have treated the same subject—the adventures of a miniature human being only the size of a thumb. Little Thumb is longed for, and born to a peasant and his wife. He is fed on the most nourishing food; but he does not increase in size. He is a wily little creature, anxious to be useful and to see the world. His achievements are: that he drives a horse, on the ear of which he sits; is sold, and escapes off the buyer's hat down into the hole of a field-mouse; saves a house from robbery; and is swallowed first by a cow and then by a wolf, being rescued by the system of dissection we have already mentioned. On the other hand, the poet of Fairyland tells us of Thumbkinetta, longed for by a lonely old woman, and given to her out of a flower like a closed tulip. The old woman does not seem to have thought about questions of nourishing food and growth; she fed the maiden, no doubt; but her chief attention was to the cradle of polished walnut-shell with a rose-leaf coverlet. When Thumbkinetta is stolen by the toad, her adventures show that there is a heart in the wee maiden. She kneels, crying, on the water-lily leaf, till the fishes bite the stem through and set her afloat; she is troubled by the criticism of the Miss Cockchafer, who turn up their feelers at her, and remark that she is a poor sort of thing to have only two legs and no feelers at all; she is adopted by a 'kind old field-mouse,' but shows a will of her own in refusing Mr Mole; and what tender things children learn, from her pity for the sick swallow, and her coming at night with a coverlet to tuck about him while he lay on his back abandoned as dead! When the swallow flies away with her to the sunny south, she marries a fairy, and lives among flowers; but they are not 'all happy ever after;' the story is too true in human feeling to end so untruly—'Great was the jubilee, and the swallow sat up in his nest and sang his very best for them, but in his heart of hearts he was sad.' And so he flew away to Denmark, and made his nest over the window of 'the man who knew how to tell fairy tales.'

That sad word about the swallow's secret yearning is one of the exquisite touches which make these childish tales wise enough to reach farther into the heart of the teller than of the listener. The same undertone of old world wisdom has made the Ugly Duckling proverbial. In relating such histories, as well as those of inanimate things, there can hardly be a rival to Hans Andersen. His animals speak and act with a peculiar appropriateness to their own nature, and yet portray little intricacies of human nature, as it were inadvertently, in a way that would charm a sage. When the persecuted and despised Duckling finds with

amazement that he is praised as a beautiful swan, his action is perfect, at once gracefully swan-like, and more gracefully human than a child could understand—'he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing, for he did not know what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud.'

As to tales of inanimate objects, such as the Whipping-top and the Ball, they combine childish thoughts and things with a humour and meaning beyond childish experience. The Ball refuses the Top: 'Perhaps you don't know that my father and mother were morocco slippers, and that I have a Spanish cork in my body!' But when the Ball has jilted the Top for the sake of a higher flight, and lies at last in the dust-bin soaked with rain, how admirably the old boasting comes out again when the Top falls in there too by chance of fortune: 'Thank goodness, here comes one of my own class, to whom I can talk!' And then, like any talkative dame of fallen fortunes, she mentions at once the morocco slippers and the Spanish cork. 'He spoke not a word to her about his old love, for that soon died away. When the beloved object has lain for five years in a gutter, and has been drenched through, no one cares to know her again on meeting her in a dust-bin.'

It would be a hard task and an unnecessary one, to invent such stories as these; but it is by no means hard to humbly imitate Hans Andersen at a distance. Three points seem to have been set before his mind—to tell the possible adventures of some simple thing; to speak of scenes and circumstances familiar in the children's experience; to throw across it all the shadow of human tenderness, sorrow, and kindness. Out of an old *Bottle-neck* he evolved a beautiful history, with plenty of sadness in it, as there is in everything that is meant to keep hearts tender; it would be difficult to tell that story as he told it, but not at all difficult to imagine how such a common thing as the bottle-neck could be mixed up with human joy and grief. Again, *The Daisy* is not easily rivalled, but quite easily imitated; and what better teaching could there be than the indirect appeal made by that short simple story! The opening is a model of story-telling to children; it is carefully laid among things easily imagined. 'Now listen. In the country, close to the roadside, stood a pleasant house; you have seen one like it, no doubt, very often. In front lay a garden inclosed by palings, full of blooming flowers. Near the hedge, in the soft green grass, grew a little daisy.' All the rest is as simple. 'The sod with the daisy in the middle is placed in a bird-cage, and the bird is dying of neglect. 'You also will wither here, you poor little flower,' cries the bird, thrusting its parched beak into the sod for moisture. 'They have given you to me with the little patch of grass, in exchange for the whole world, which was mine out there!' So the bird dies starved and broken-hearted, and the daisy mourns and withers. We venture to believe that more young eyes have dimmed and glistened, and more young hearts have been taught by that tragedy in a bird-cage, than by almost any other moral tale in existence. Yet the matter and method of this miniature masterpiece are suggestive of lesser copies, of variety as great as the world is wide.

The indirect teaching is apt to be far more

successful than the direct teaching, in hours of play. Boys will see for themselves the honour and moral courage of their school-boy hero; the girls will be won to imitate the self-sacrifice or constancy of their heroine, when these qualities are hardly named. But if they be named much, and if the hero and heroine have no faults to fight against, the boys will vote the paragon a 'muff,' and the girls will give up hoping to equal a ready-made perfection which had none of their own weaknesses to try it.

As to the manner of story-telling, the three best hints seem to be: Look well at your little audience, and not at one of them alone. Be sure they are all looking at you; though, if your tale is not a failure, they will be hardly conscious of you or themselves after five minutes. Secondly, speak very slowly, and make many pauses; that is, give them the good thing they are relishing in spoonfuls equal to their capacity, instead of pouring it all down fast at once, to choke their memory and imagination. Lastly, give them plenty of variety of tone, and a little action; all of which will be unavoidable if the story-teller is interested in and enjoying the story; and unless that be the case, it is as well not to tell it at all. As to reading tales, we may take a hint from one of our greatest writers, and certainly the greatest reader of fiction. In the public readings of Charles Dickens, the voice was the speaking voice, the matter read was curtailed and abundantly changed at need; and while the different tones represented different persons, the same word was repeated, in some cases many times at close intervals, to help out the sense; for though it is a fault in a written composition to needlessly reiterate the same phrase or word, it is desirable in a story told, and always necessary in a story for children.

The art of playing Scheherazade's part among the little ones is well worth studying; and of all the fireside arts, it is the happiest and the best rewarded. But, like all other good things, it requires a little thought and trouble; and from the absence of the will to give these for what seems but a small object, there has been round firesides, from time immemorial, loud lament from the small folks at the despairing mention of a certain irrepressible Johnny Mc'Gory.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF JOURNALISM.

THERE have been journalists capable of seeing both sides of a question equally well, and so impartially minded as to advocate in one paper what they scouted in another, safe in their anonymity from being twitted with inconsistency. But a newspaper that would keep its readers and its reputation, cannot afford to blow hot and cold, at least at the same time. It is, however, sometimes done, when profit overrides principle, or when the reporter and the editor are not exactly *en rapport* with each other. For instance, when the notorious Peace met his deserts at the hands of the hangman, a London daily paper issued a special edition containing five columns of details of the execution, the purchasers of which must have been a little surprised to read in one of the leading articles in next morning's issue: 'We have no hesitation in declaring that the prominence given to the doings and sayings of Peace since his

condemnation, has been discreditable to English journalism. The crowning scandal was witnessed yesterday, when the details of that horrible scene upon the scaffold were divulged. Why should the outside public, or that section of the public which delights in horrors, and gloats over the dying agonies of a fellow-mortal, be entitled to a graphic and minute account of the fearful tragedy? It is the recital of incidents of this nature that stimulates the imagination of young minds naturally predisposed to evil courses, and that invests crime with a halo of romance.'

Like other marketable things, news is occasionally dressed up for sale. A couple of days after the capture of Ali Musjid and the forcing of the Khyber Pass by Sir Samuel Browne's army, a morning paper, having nothing to report from Afghanistan save a temporary interruption of communications by some marauding Afreedees, made the most of it by heading its Indian news with: 'Insecurity of the Khyber Pass—Attacks on the British Troops—General Browne's Communications cut!' Improving upon this, a Paris evening journal announced the receipt from London of a telegram, running: 'A report is spreading through the town, which is creating the greatest emotion, to the effect that according to a despatch from Lahore, dated the 30th at five p.m., an important detachment of the English army has been completely defeated near Jellalabad, that its communications have been cut in the Khyber Pass, and that the Viceroy is sending on all the available troops from Lahore and Peshawur, so as to secure the retreat of the expeditionary army, which is gravely compromised.' Thus had a merely temporary interruption been swelled into a grave disaster.

Paragraphists pretending to smartness are not always smart enough to avoid betraying their ignorance. Noting the Lord Mayor's quotation of the lines from Byron's *Ginour*:

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes—though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command—
The mountains of their native land!

a news commentator observed: 'It is very amusing to hear how delicately folks treat this utterance, for though there is a general impression it is nonsense, there is also a feeling that it may be Byron's. It is possible, between ourselves, that it may both be nonsense and Byron's, while there is still another alternative—it *may be the Lord Mayor's own!*'

It must have been rare news to whist-players to learn from a newspaper leader that 'no definite reason can be assigned why a player at whist should not hold all the trumps in his hand nine, ninety, or nine hundred times running,' considering that each player deals in turn, and the dealer must perforce hold one trump card at the least!

It is rather late in the day for a newspaper to relate the crushing defeat of the Turkish and Egyptian squadrons by the allied fleets at Navarino; but this an evening paper chose to do, and in its own way. After describing how the forts on the coast indicted much damage on the vessels

belonging to the allied fleets, it went on to tell that at the end of four hours' fighting, 'of the Turkish fleet of seventy sail, no less than sixty-two were burned, sunk, or driven on shore complete wrecks; and from a statement of the Turkish Admiral, it appears that on board the two line-of-battle ships, each having a crew of eight hundred and fifty men, six hundred and fifty were killed in one ship, and four hundred in another. The British fleet numbered thirty-three ships of the line and four frigates, divided into two squadrons, headed by Lord Nelson in the *Victory*, and Admiral Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*. The French fleet consisted of eighteen ships of the line, headed by Admiral Villeneuve; while the Spanish force of Admirals Alava and Gravina amounted to fifteen vessels of the line.' A naval historian who can mix things in this style has a great future before him. Let us hope he will have better luck than his brother-journalist of Marseilles, who, not being so well up as he might have been in his country's geography, ventured to publish the fact that the tax-receiver of St Etienne had embezzled some thousands of francs; a statement bringing down upon the Marseilles *nouvelliste* actions for libel from the tax-receivers of every town and commune of that name, which resulted in its proprietor being mulcted in each case in a sum of one hundred francs. Not a very large sum, certainly; only there happened to be no fewer than sixty-nine receivers to be consoled for the reflection upon their honesty—that being the number of St Etienne in France.

On the night of the 10th of October 1854, a rumour ran through New York that the steamship *Arctic*, long overdue from Liverpool, had been lost, and that the sole survivor had brought the news of the disaster. On this reaching the ears of the gentleman left in charge of the City department of the *New York Times*, he sent out reporters in all directions, only to have them return one by one without any intelligence respecting the missing vessel; and with a sense of discomfiture, he left the office for home, and was soon dozing in a tramway-car. He had got half a mile on his way, when he was roused by an excited man jumping on to the rear platform of the vehicle and conversing in rather incoherent fashion with the conductor. Catching a word here and there, the now wide-awake editor concluded that a man named Burns had escaped from the wreck of the *Arctic*, and found his way to the St Nicholas Hotel, after visiting the office of a rival paper, the well-known *New York Herald*. Springing out of the car, the editor returned to the *Times* printing-room just as the foreman was putting on his coat to leave, and cried: 'Stop the press, and send Mr South up to me!'

When that employé appeared, the editor gave him to understand that the *Herald* had got hold of a story about the *Arctic*, which, according to compact, belonged to the whole press, but which the *Herald* people intended to keep to themselves, and he, South, must get a copy of it somehow or another. To hear was to obey. But South was back in a few minutes with the news, that the *Herald* office was all alight, its doors fast locked, and all newsboys and carriers shut out. Said the editor: 'Get the first copy of the *Herald* that comes off the press; buy it, beg it, steal it, anything so long as you get it, and you shall have fifty dollars

for your trouble.' Twenty minutes later, South returned to the *Times* printing-room, where the whole force of compositors stood ready at their cases, with a copy of the *Herald* containing Burns's narrative of the loss of the *Arctic*. In a twinkling it was cut up into four-line 'takes' or lengths, and in an hour the whole story was in type. All unconscious of the trick they had been served, the *Herald* people took things easy, and kept back their city circulation until nine o'clock; while the *Times* was in its subscribers' hands at seven, and on every news-stand in New York an hour later. 'Smart' work, this!

In the days of President Jackson, the city of Washington counted among its citizens John J. Mumford, 'an odd combination of a good business man, a smart writer, a sound Democrat, and a hard drinker,' who was besides part proprietor of a newspaper. He was an enthusiastic supporter of Jackson, and had worked hard in his behalf. Calling at the White House to pay his respects, the President inquired if he could serve him in any way; to which Mumford replied that he would very much like to get the Presidential Message ahead of the other papers. 'I will give you a copy now,' said the President. 'Don't show it to anybody; don't say anything about it, on honour; but go straight to New York, have it set up by your printers; and then, as soon as I have sent the message to Congress, out with it, and beat every paper in the land; only they must never know how you have beaten 'em.'

As soon as the precious copy was in his possession, Mumford took the stage for New York *via* Baltimore and Philadelphia, and got as far as the last-named without having touched a drop of liquor. Then he made a night of it, such a night that he had not shaken off its effects when he stepped, next morning, into a barber's shop to be shaved. While waiting his turn, he must needs get talking politics; and upon some one asking his opinion respecting the probable contents of the forthcoming Message, Mumford pulled his copy out of his pocket and read it to the barber's customers, until that worthy exclaimed: 'He's making it up as he goes along. Imagine the President writing such nonsense as that! Mumford's been drinking again.' This brought him to his senses; he pocketed the document, got shaved, and lost no time in proceeding on his journey, reaching New York in due time. All went then as he hoped; and he had the satisfaction of bringing out his 'extra' with the President's Message far in advance of all his rivals, who wondered how the thing had been done, and not content with wondering, set inquiries afoot, and so learned all about Mumford's performance in the barber's shop; and knowing that he had visited Washington, they put this and that together, and brought the thing suspiciously near home to the President himself; who thereupon vowed that he would never speak to Mumford again. He kept his word.

In the papers, a few years ago, a story went round of an original feat by an American reporter in the way of 'interviewing.' A distinguished General had arrived in New York, and as a consequence, the representatives of the different newspapers were competing with each other to obtain an audience of the great man. But he was invulnerable. He would speak with none of them. At length, after being worried out of all patience by

their importunity, he sent notice to the news-offices that the first 'interviewer' who again appeared in his presence should be kicked down-stairs. This notice being handed into the staff of one of the leading papers, a reporter, noted for his effrontery and 'push,' thought the matter over. He soon came to a decision. Going to a district of the town where he knew he could easily pick up a scientific pugilist, he engaged one of the most skilful of the fraternity to accompany him in the business he had in hand. Along with his strong-listed companion, therefore, he went straight to the General's hotel, got access to him, and presented his card, which sufficiently indicated to the officer what his visitor was; whereupon he rose, and in great anger proceeded to carry out his purpose of kicking the unfortunate interviewer down-stairs. This, however, was the interviewer's opportunity. Giving the preconcerted signal, the pugilist promptly stepped from his station outside the door, and in another minute had closed with the infuriated General. The fight was long and hotly contested. The interviewer meanwhile sat quietly on a chair, pencil in hand, taking notes of the engagement in its various stages; and in a few hours thereafter, his paper appeared with three columns descriptive of the fight, to the amusement of everybody but the unfortunate General.

Enterprise of a more legitimate kind is also occasionally evinced in odd ways. When the Prince of Wales visited Niagara, the *New York Herald* had pre-engaged all the telegraphic wires, so that that paper might have a monopoly of the intelligence for that day. But it so happened that His Royal Highness was some hours behind time, and this threw the *Herald* staff somewhat out of their calculations. Mr House, their chief reporter on the spot, wired to the editor: 'What is to be done to keep the wires in our hands?' 'Telegraph the Book of Genesis,' was Mr Bennett's reply. It was done—at a cost of seven hundred dollars—and still the Prince was not come. 'What now?' again wired Mr House. 'Book of Revelation,' replied Mr Bennett. This was instantly begun; but happily, in the course of its transmission the Prince arrived, and the *Herald's* triumph was secured.

In *The Americans at Home*, we have a graphic account of the 'fighting editors' of Richmond—men who did their work with a revolver lying on the table side by side with the exchanges; but whose shots, however, when they did take to using their firearms, seem generally to have been more numerous than deadly. It was said in those days that it was the custom in the larger establishments to keep one individual on the editorial staff whose duty it was to undertake all the fighting which the exigencies of their situation rendered necessary. The writer of the above book, when he visited the office of the *Mobile Tribune*, found the following notice adhibited to the door of the editorial sanctum: 'Positively no admittance until after two o'clock, except to whip the Editors.'

A certain 'smartness' runs through the American press, which we do not find in the papers of this country. When Dickens was lecturing in New York in 1863, it was reported in Boston that he was not attending church; whereupon one paper suggested that he might not be interested in American politics! The authorship of the

poem *Beautiful Snow* has been claimed on the part of more than one individual, and is not perhaps settled yet. At anyrate it was reported recently in a transatlantic journal that 'a meeting has been held in Chicago of the author of *Beautiful Snow*. There were seven hundred and fifty of him present, and several hundreds more sent letters of apology.' They sometimes also give an oddly practical turn to their sentiments. The *Christian Index*, for instance, in noticing the death of a clergyman, said: 'He was a father in the church; he supported our distinctive principles warmly; was a faithful reader of the *Index*, and for several years paid for three copies in advance.'

But if English journals do not attempt to compete with their American contemporaries in serio-comic announcements, they are none the less estimable on that account. On the contrary, in this country no respectable newspaper would for a moment allow a purely personal reflection upon any one to appear in its columns. Whatever bitterness may occasionally characterise political and other discussions, the feeling ends where it begins, and no disputant would think of adding to the weight of his argument by slandering the name of his opponent. It is this elevation of feeling which has maintained the purity and influence of the English press, and has likewise done much to soften the asperities of debate, even in those popular gatherings where personal feeling is apt to be evoked.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

IN my young days, I was an enthusiastic entomologist, and one summer vacation I was delighted to receive an invitation from a bachelor cousin, Fred Vernon, to spend a week or two with him in a distant county. Fred was agent to Squire Althorpe, who owned pretty nearly the whole of the parish in which he lived; and as the Squire spent a good part of his time away from home, I knew I should be able to roam about the place very much as I liked, and should therefore have ample opportunities of adding to my collection of butterflies and other insects. Fred and I had been at school together, and were much more intimate than is usually the case with relations; but we had somehow lost sight of each other since, and on my part I was very glad of an opportunity of renewing the old friendship.

At the time of my visit to Blankshire, the Squire was away on the continent; and on the morning after my arrival, Fred, having some leisure time at his disposal, proposed that we should take a ramble round the Park, and finish up by visiting the Squire's kennels. The Park was a magnificent place, fully six hundred acres in extent, and well wooded. Grand old oaks, graceful limes, and handsome chestnuts were dotted here and there with picturesque irregularity; while on each side of the Hall were clumps of the finest elm-trees I had ever seen, on which, for ages past, vast numbers of rooks had built their nests. A certain portion of the Park itself, about a third of the whole extent, was surrounded with high iron railings, put down to keep in the

deer, of which there were about one hundred. Within the Park was a small lake, about twenty or thirty acres in extent, teeming with fish, surrounded on all sides by giant trees, and fringed with beds of waving reeds; while farther out into the water were patches of lilies, yellow and white, whose blossoms floated placidly on the unruffled surface.

On the other side of the Park, stretching far away inland, was an extensive heath, gently undulating, and covered here and there with patches of gorse and rough grass, which afforded covert for numerous partridges and hares and rabbits. Altogether, the estate was a perfect sportsman's Paradise; while for the naturalist it offered unusual attractions, as being the home of many different kinds of plants and flowers, and supplying food and shelter to insects of every kind.

As for the dogs I saw at the kennel, I have never forgotten them. Each breed had its own special department, and an assistant to see after it. Much as the spaniels and setters interested me—for I was a bit of a sportsman as well as a naturalist—I must confess that a pack of splendid bloodhounds struck me most of all. Their wise, solemn-looking faces, with their gracefully pendulous ears, as fine and as soft as silk, were indeed a study. This pack, I was told, was not only celebrated for its appearance, but also for its work. They were trained to follow a trail, of biped as well as quadruped, with the most undeviating certainty; and their presence in the Squire's kennels did more to check poaching than an army of gamekeepers. While we were admiring the hounds, the kennelman told us several tales in illustration of this fact.

A few mornings after our visit to the kennels, Fred told me, as we sat at breakfast, that he had some estate business to transact at the town a few miles off, which would require him to be from home nearly the whole day. I could come with him, he said, if I chose; but once at the town, he must leave me to my own devices; and he opined that I should find it rather dull. With thanks for his offer, I assured him that I would much prefer an entomological expedition by myself on the heath to hanging about the town; but at the same time I suggested that, if my services would render him any help, I would gladly sacrifice my own comfort to his. With a laugh, he said that I should only be in the way if I came with him; and we settled the matter there and then.

After breakfast, Fred's horse was brought round to the door; and with parting injunctions to me to go where I liked, he rode off.

Shortly after his departure, armed with my butterfly-net, and with a goodly store of collecting-boxes for the reception of my spoils, I too started for a long solitary ramble across the heath. I had been gone, I suppose, rather more than a couple of hours, and had been wandering about here and there in an apparently aimless fashion in pursuit

of specimens, visiting two or three old pits, and the various hollows in the heath as I came to them, when, on mounting some rising ground, the deep notes of a bloodhound were borne faintly to me by the gentle breeze that was blowing from the direction of the kennels. As I listened, the sound appeared to grow a trifle more distinct, and then entirely died away. Thinking that the pack was out after an escaped deer, I did not pay much attention to what I heard, but proceeded on my way to the next bit of high ground, which from its elevation would give me an opportunity of observing in the distance the movements of the dogs. A brisk walk sufficed to bring me to the top of this spot, and here the deep mellow voices of the hounds were heard more distinctly, and, as it seemed to me, sounded much nearer than on the previous occasion. They are coming this way, I thought to myself; and straining my eyes in the direction from which the sounds came, I tried to distinguish the pack. This was no easy matter, for the hounds were of a colour not readily visible in the distance and on the burnt grass of the heath. However, I at last succeeded in making them out, and perceived that they were alone. This surprised me, for Fred had mentioned that the kennelman always accompanied them when they were out for exercise, or when they were being used to drive back any deer that had succeeded in getting over the high railings that surrounded this part of the Park.

As I watched them, they appeared to be slowly approaching in my direction, and to my astonishment, they seemed, as nearly as I could tell, to be taking exactly the same course, which was a very erratic one, as I had done. Spellbound, I watched them disappear in one of the pits I had visited; and as they vanished from my sight, the music of their voices ceased, the sound-waves being intercepted by the intervening ground. In a very short time they emerged from the pit, scrambling up the side just where I had come, and then hunting on in a compact body, led by one hound, which being slightly larger than the others, was on that account more conspicuous. Slowly they made for the next pit, giving tongue as they came on. Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind—"They have broken loose, and are hunting me."

What was to be done? Here was I, a stranger to the hounds, alone and unarmed in the middle of a vast heath. No house or shelter of any kind was near. For a moment I was paralysed; but collecting my thoughts, I began to turn about for some way of escape. That the hounds, if once they came up with me, would attack me, I well knew; and all thoughts of attempting to resist them were out of the question. Hastily throwing off the satchel which, full of boxes and cases, was slung across my shoulders, I buttoned up my coat and started off at a steady trot. My net, which was a strong serviceable one, I kept in my hand, thinking it might be of use.

Scanning the very limited horizon eagerly to catch sight of any shelter that might be visible, I

saw nothing that could help me. It was clear that my best chance of safety lay in my being able to foil the hounds by making them lose the trail. The tales I had read in my boyhood of the hair-breadth escapes of runaway slaves in Cuba flashed across my mind, and I suddenly recollected that in these stories water almost always played a prominent part. To cast my eyes round in search of a stream was the work of a moment; but, as may be imagined, on the high ground where I was, no stream was possible. No time was to be lost, for already the notes of my pursuers sounded clearer and clearer, showing that they were gaining on me. I dare not run at too great a speed, for I knew I should soon become exhausted. The undulating nature of the ground made it very hard work for me; but for all that, it was not an un-mixed evil, as it prevented the hounds, which now gained steadily on me, from quitting the trail to run by sight. On descending a slope, I was delighted to behold a long and somewhat winding pool of water. Here, thought I, is my chance; and I immediately made for it. The run was beginning to tell upon me, and I knew well that the reduction in my speed, rendered necessary by my having to wade almost knee-deep in water, would enable me to recover my breath somewhat. Fortunately, the water was not very deep—little more than a foot—and after the first few steps, the bottom was fairly firm and hard. My progress now was not only slow, but very fatiguing; and nearer and nearer came the hounds. After wading about a hundred yards, a stronger gust of wind than usual wafted the deep tones of my pursuers even more clearly to my ears; and the fear that my ruse might not be successful, compelled me to quit the water once more, and toil wearily up the sloping side of the miniature glen in which the pool was situated. Once on the summit of the slope, I paused, and looked behind, to catch, if possible, a hurried glimpse of my pursuers. To my horror, I saw them stream over the side of the hill, and make straight for the spot where I entered the water. Here, as I had hoped, the hounds were puzzled, but only for a little.

I was rapidly becoming exhausted with my long run, and more than once I was tempted to stop and collect a heap of stones and try to keep the hounds at bay until help should arrive. Reflecting, however, that it might be an hour or two before the kennelman discovered the whereabouts of his lost pack, I gave up the idea for the present, and moved on with all the speed I could muster. Since losing my trail, the hounds had been silent, and I began to flatter myself that they had lost the track, when suddenly the recommencement of their cries told me that they had lit off the scent again.

On, on I tottered, my head reeling, and my eyes swimming with the unwonted exertion. Thoughts of the home I might never see again floated across my brain, and renewed my failing strength. My pursuers were gaining fast now, and already no more than a couple of hundred yards intervened between us. Presently, a sudden increase in the music behind—which just then was anything but music to me—caused me to look round, when I saw that the hounds had viewed their quarry, and with heads in the air, were racing on at well nigh double their former speed. Increasing my pace

without even looking where I ran, I caught my foot in a tuft of grass, and nearly fell, turning half round in my efforts to save myself.

It was a fortunate trip for me; for at a short distance off, on my right, I saw a stunted oak, nearly dead, it is true, but high enough from the ground to afford me a safe resting-place, if only I could climb up into the branches before the dogs reached me. If I had not tripped, I should have passed this tree without seeing it until it was too late to be of service to me, for it was hidden by some higher ground from my view until I reached the spot where I nearly fell, and then I was past it.

With the little strength I had left I dashed for the tree; but, to my dismay, I saw that the lower branches were beyond my reach. No time was to be lost, for already the hounds were close at hand. Suddenly, I remembered that I had my butterfly-net, which, providentially, was strong and serviceable, in my hand; and on reaching the foot of the tree, I hooked the ring of the net over the broken stump of a bough, and by dint of almost superhuman exertion, I managed, I hardly know how, to scale the rough bark and drag myself into the polled head of the tree. I was only just in time, for, as I reached this place of safety, the hounds were round the foot of the tree, baying furiously.

Feeling a deadly faintness creeping over me, I had enough presence of mind left to undo the stout leathern belt I wore round my waist, and fasten myself by it to one of the branches. Then the baying of the hounds, the rustling of the leaves, and, as I fancied, the blowing of a horn, were mingled together in a confused murmur, and I swooned.

When I recovered consciousness, I was stretched on the ground, my head supported on the knees of the old kennelman; while one of his assistants was attempting to pour a little brandy through my clenched teeth. My old pursuers were lying on the ground close by, watching the proceedings with solemn indifference; and a couple of horses were cropping the grass a few paces away. I was soon sufficiently restored to mount one of the horses; and as we walked slowly home, the old man told me how it happened that the hounds had broken loose. He had taken them out for a run on the heath as usual, he said, when suddenly they appeared to hit off a trail of some kind. Thinking, as I did when I first heard them, that one of the deer had escaped from the Park, he encouraged them to follow up the scent; and as he was riding over some rough ground, his horse put its foot in a rabbit's burrow and fell, throwing him heavily. The old man was somewhat stunned by the fall; and when he came to himself, he found that the hounds were away, and the horse had evidently gone back to the stables. Thither he also hastened, and found his horse; and taking one of his 'helps' with him, he set off in search of the hounds. Meanwhile, these had followed up the trail by themselves, with the results mentioned above. The two men rode after them as well as they could, having only the sound, and that at times very faint, to guide them. The nature of the ground over which they were riding obliged them to proceed slowly; and it was some time, probably, after I had fainted that, instead of the deer they expected to find, they had come upon me hanging by my belt in the tree.

'Would the hounds have killed me if I had not been able to find shelter?' I presently asked.

'Yes; most certainly they would,' was the old man's reply, 'if they had been left to themselves.'

What a narrow escape I felt I had had! But for the refuge of that solitary tree, my life would most certainly have been sacrificed. When at length I reached my cousin's house, the reaction consequent upon the intense excitement of the past few hours had begun, and I had to betake myself to bed, where a raging fever detained me for a few weeks. During all that period my thoughts were occupied with the fearful experiences of that day on the moor; and even now, though restored to my former health and vigour, it is not without a shudder that I am able to think of that Run for my Life.

EFFECTS OF FROSTS AND THAWS UPON PLANTS.

Some observations were made at Giessen last winter by Herr Hoffmann which throw light on the way in which plants are injured in time of hard frost. It is well known that plants and trees situated in the bottom of a valley suffer much more from cold and frost than these in a higher situation. This is due to the fact that the valley, if surrounded by hills and high grounds, not only retains its own cold of radiation, but also serves as a reservoir for the cold heavy air which pours down into it from the neighbouring heights. It is thus that the higher grounds in Switzerland are warmer than the valleys or gorges, as in these the cold collects as in so many basins. It is also found in this country that plants and shrubs which survive the severity of winter on ground raised above the level of the valley, perish where grown in the valley itself. The great advantage of a hilly position is thus apparent, and has been amply proved by Herr Hoffmann's observations at Giessen. Here he found that the plants so situated took little or no harm from the intense cold; while quite near, in the valley, there was extensive injury. The injury, too, decreased in proportion to elevation above the valley. As to the immediate effect of temperature upon plants, the author is of opinion that it is not a particular degree of cold that kills a plant, but the amount of *quick thawing*. This was illustrated in one case by the curious fact that one and the same bush—a species of box—was killed in its foliage on the south side, while on the north the foliage remained green. The sudden change of temperature produced by quick thawing, was considered to be some degrees less for the plants in a high situation and for the shady sides of the half-killed shrubs. The higher situations are in this respect also favourable to plant-life; because, while the frost is not so severe as in the valley, the effect of thawing winds is found to be the same for both. The plants on the higher grounds are therefore subjected to less strain by sudden variations from a low to a high temperature, and the reverse, than their congeners in the valleys.

These facts are of importance in determining questions as to the sites of country-houses and gardens, and the more or less hardy character of the plants and shrubs most likely in the particular situation to survive the frosts of winter.

MICHAEL SMITH'S LETTER.

[After the Seaham Colliery explosion, in September 1880, the following letter was found in the pit, scratched on a tin water-bottle: 'DEAR MARGARET—There were forty of us altogether at seven A.M. Some were singing hymns; but my thoughts were on my little Michael. I thought that him and I would meet in heaven at the same time. Oh! dear wife, God save you and the children, and pray for myself. Dear wife, farewell! My last thoughts are about you and the children. Be sure and learn the children to pray for me. Oh, what a terrible position we are in!'—Little Michael died almost at the same moment this missive was being scratched.]

In deepest darkness of the deadly mine

Many were lying dead, and others knew

They never more should feel the warm sunshine,

Or breathe the sweet air under skies of blue.

Sudden the death-blast came with fearful sound,

And shut them in, there, in that living tomb,

In those dim passages far underground—

Some slain at once, and some to wait their doom.

How did they meet it? They were noble men!

No frantic madness seized them in its grasp,

Though the choke-damp was drawing them even then

Within the circle of its fatal clasp.

They were but pitmen, lowly in their birth,

Stained with their toil, yet full of inward light;

Though fate was frowning, still they felt His worth

Whose presence cheered them in their depth of night.

Oh! hard it was, thus far from wife and child,

To part from life, and meet relentless Death;

But this dread thought their faith ne'er once beguiled,

Nor woke one murmur on their fleeting breath.

They grasped each other's hands, spoke words of cheer,

With tenderest blessing and with faltering tongue:

And who dare call that an unmanly tear,

Which thoughts of others from its sources wrung?

Then all at once uprose the sacred hymn,

Deep-chanted, 'Jesu, lover of my soul!'

Oh, with what depth of hope they turned to Him,

Whilst through that darkest gloom their voices roll!

What burst of light is this, what gleam divine,

That breaks the gloom, and bids the darkness fly?

Blest inward light! that in each soul doth shine,

And bids them humbly live or calmly die!

And die they must!—for so 'tis now ordained:

The anguished throbbings of their pulses cease:

And one by one, heart-sore, and travel-stained,

They pass the port of Death, to where is Peace.

But one was there whom ties of kin held strong—

Who left faint message in that darksome hour:

We cannot think that Michael Smith was wrong—

Parental love is full of wondrous power.

Whilst others sang, his thoughts would homeward turn:

'My thoughts were on my little Michael,' wrote

This son of toil. Yes; earth-born love may burn,

And when thus pure, with heavenly love may float,

Upon the wings of Prayer, up to the Throne:

All self was gone; it was but purest love.

The soul of his sick child went not alone;

Both left the earth, and soared to realms above.

He wrote: 'I thought that he and I would meet

At the same time in heaven.' The self-same hour

Father and child in heaven each other greet.

Celestial love and earthly do him dower

With blessings: he both child and Father found;

The one from earth held his parental heart:

The Father, He who fills vast space around,

Received them both, no more again to part. s. j.

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THIRTY YEARS' SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN.

THE recent discovery by Lieutenant Schwatka, in the frost-bound Arctic regions, of the miserable remains of some of the companions of the lamented Sir John Franklin, offers an opportunity for presenting a rapid notice of the Search Expeditions, which have now lasted for upwards of thirty years. If the reader has a map of the Polar regions before him, the following narrative may prove doubly interesting.

In 1815, Franklin started to endeavour to solve the problem of a north-west passage round the Arctic coast of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He was provided with two auxiliary screw ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with Captains Crozier and Fitzstephen as commanders. Three years' provisions and stores for about one hundred and thirty men were supplied; and the expedition started with a 'God speed' from all friends at home. After crossing the Atlantic, the ships went through Davis Straits, Baffin Bay, Lancaster Sound, and along the west coast of Cornwallis Island, near which they wintered at Beechey Island. In the summer of 1846, they sailed to King William Island, where they were iced up when winter came on, in seventy degrees north latitude, ninety-eight degrees west longitude. What became of them afterwards was not known in England till years afterwards, as we shall presently show.

In 1847, rendered anxious by the non-receipt of news from Franklin, the government began to plan Search Expeditions. Sappers and miners went from the Hudson Bay Territories down the Mackenzie River with supplies of various kinds. In the following year, Captains Kellett and Moore, in the *Herald* and *Plover*, went round the immense circuit of the Atlantic, Cape Horn, and the Pacific, to Behring Straits, one of the entrances to the Arctic Seas; depositing stores at various spots, and remaining there some time in the hope of obtaining news of Franklin. Richardson and Rae, two resolute officers of the

Hudson's Bay Company, about the same time descended the Coppermine River, and deposited large supplies of stores along the Arctic coast from the mouth of that river to the mouth of the Mackenzie. From another quarter, Sir James Ross and Captain Bird, in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, were sent to follow in the track which had been laid down for Franklin, in hopes of picking up news of him; they went by way of Lancaster Sound, Regent Inlet, Fury Beach, and wintered at Port Leopold; but failed in their search.

1849 arrived, and with it very gloomy fears concerning Franklin and his crews, whose three years' supplies of food and stores must by that time have been exhausted. Kindred expeditions were organised and sent out, to search and to deposit supplies here and there. The *North Star* took the route of Wolstoneholm Island and Pond's Bay. The *Prince Albert* (chartered for the purpose by Lady Franklin) was the first to discover any indication whatever of Sir John: simply fragmentary remains of his first encampment, at Cape Riley on Beechey Island; but welcome nevertheless. On the darker side of the picture, whalers brought home news that some Eskimo had shown by signs that they had seen two ships iced up three years before on the west side of Regent's Inlet.

It was in 1850 that the well-planned Search Expeditions mostly set out. The greatest consisted of no fewer than four ships, the *Resolute*, *Assistance*, *Pioneer*, and *Intrepid*; Captain Austin held the command, and under him were Ommaney, McClintock, and Sherard Osborne. They took the route of Lancaster Sound and Cornwallis Island; but simply found a few relics of Franklin's camp. Thereupon, Captain Austin decided to give up the search and return to England, insisting on all his officers doing the like. This they did most unwillingly, as one and all were desirous of making another year's search. The government, too, were much disappointed with such barren results.

Still in 1850, Captains Penny and Steward, in the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, sailed for Lancaster Sound, Victoria Channel, and Wellington Channel; and found a few relics of one of Sir John's

camps, but too few to be of much importance—a similar result attending an Expedition under Sir John Ross.

In another quarter, Captain McClure had a terrible time of it with the *Enterprise* and the *Investigator*, Collinson returning in 1851 in the last-named vessel, while McClure pushed on through Behring Straits to Banks Land. He intended to have gone from thence to Melville Island, a spot already well known to Arctic explorers, and would thereby have virtually solved the problem of the North-west Passage. But the ice—king frustrating his plans, the gallant commander had to winter at Banks Land, where the *Enterprise* was hopelessly locked in by impenetrable ice—and where the hapless ship may still be at the present moment, so far as any news of her has been heard! In 1852, McClure sent a sledge-party over the ice to Melville Island—the first who were ever at both islands in the same Expedition; and there they deposited despatches and letters in a sort of Arctic letter-box known to our adventurous men in those parts, in the hopes that they might fall into friendly hands. Notwithstanding his numerous trials and disappointments, he and his crew had been preserved from actual wreck or starvation; and on this account, in a grateful spirit of thankfulness, McClure gave the name of Mercy Bay to that part of the coast of Banks Land where his ship was locked in. In 1853, Captain Kellett was at Melville Island, and there he found the letters and despatches from McClure.

And now took place one of the most romantic episodes of the whole series. McClure standing one day on the ice near his ship, saw a man coming towards him, and waving his arms to attract attention. When they met, McClure eagerly asked: 'Who are you?'

'Lieutenant Pim.'

'What, the last person with whom I shook hands at Behring Straits three years ago!'

This was really the case. Pim had since then been almost round the world, while McClure was ice-bound at Banks Land. Hearty indeed was the hand-shaking between them now. A decision was speedily arrived at; McClure resolved to abandon his poor ship altogether, and sledge across the ice with all his men, and as many stores as he deemed it worth while to bring away. He never saw the ship again, but returned to England under circumstances connected with Austin's proceedings. Captain McClure was thus the first who crossed from ocean to ocean on water and on ice, a feat for which parliament voted him ten thousand pounds; while the government conferred upon him honours which raised him to the rank of Sir Robert McClure, K.C.B. The friends of Sir John Franklin demurred at this, contending that he had been the first to virtually show that a water (or ice) passage exists from ocean to ocean, close to the mainland of America. Scientific men and Arctic explorers have well appraised the relative services of the two commanders; and though reward came to the friends of Sir John, the world has taken care that he himself shall not be forgotten.

In 1851, Rae made another journey by way of the Coppermine River to the Arctic seas, and thence to Wollaston Land. Part of this Expedition was made in a remarkably bold way. Accom-

panied by only two men, Rae travelled on foot many hundreds of miles, without any tents; they carried thirty-three days' supply of provisions, such as flour, pemmican, tea, chocolate, and sugar. In the same year, Kennedy and Bellot, in the *Prince Albert* (chartered by Lady Franklin), went to Regent Inlet, Bellot Straits, and Prince of Wales Island, their only reward being a piece of rope that had belonged to one of Franklin's ships! Another Expedition was made soon after under Inglefield, in command of the *Isabel*, one more of the many vessels chartered by the still-hopeful Lady Franklin, who could not rest in peace until she had learned all that she could learn concerning the real fate of her estimable and much-beloved husband. Inglefield failed to discover any relics. Other minor Expeditions were made by Frederick, Maguire, Fawcner, and Elliott; but with no definite results.

The year 1852 was marked by the fitting-out of an Expedition on the largest scale, which cost an ungrudging nation a vast sum of money. It comprised the good ships *Assistance*, *Resolute*, *Pioneer*, *Intrepid*, and *North Star*; under Sir Edward Belcher (as commander), Kellett, Sherard Osborne, McClintock, and Pullen. They took the route of Wellington Channel, Victoria Channel, Melville Island, Beechey Island, and Prince Arthur Island—evidently with a view to the possibility that Sir John had met with his fate somewhere in that region. The result of this Expedition was as unsatisfactory as that under Captain Austin had been. Sir Edward Belcher ordered all the ships to return to England in 1853; or rather three of them, seeing that the *Resolute* and the *Pioneer* were iced up. The crews of these two ships, and of the other three, came home, bringing with them Captain McClure and his rescued men. Bitter disappointment to nearly all the officers; and dissatisfaction of the government at such a barren result.

One of the many romantic incidents in these remarkable Search Expeditions was the fate of Captain Kellett's ship, the *Resolute*. The forlorn ship, unable to extricate itself from the ice, floated with the ice-floe itself in the following summer; the two together got into a current which gradually drifted them along, from Melville Island, through numerous channels and straits, to Lancaster Sound; thence by Baffin Bay into Davis Straits close to the open Atlantic. There the ship was espied by Captain Buddington, in the *George Henry*, American whaler—after the doughty *Resolute* had been drifting derelict no fewer than *four hundred and seventy-four days*. Taking the ship in tow, the American captain safely reached New York, where the United States government purchased it of him, and caused the ship to be completely repaired and refitted, and restored as nearly as could be guessed to the condition it was in when Captain Kellett was compelled by his superior to abandon it. Impelled by a further spirit of generosity, the American government then placed the restored vessel under the charge of Captain Hartshorn, who navigated it to England, a present to her *Britannic Majesty*. He was graciously received by the Queen at Osborne; and Hartshorn returned to America in another ship, well satisfied with his work and reception. But what did our own Admiralty do? Instead of preserving the *Resolute* as a memento of a

friendly act of the Americans, they dismantled the vessel, and converted it into a mere hulk. This requires no comment.

Reverting to 1852, Rae made another boat and sledge journey to Wollaston Land and Victoria Straits. It was a fortunate journey to him; for having learned from some Eskimo that they had seen four white men, relics of whom they sold to Rae, parliament voted him a reward of ten thousand pounds for having obtained what was considered to be evidence of the fate of poor Franklin and his crew. Besides some minor Expeditions in 1853, Mr Grinnell and Mr Peabody provided the means for sending out Kane in the American ship *Advance*. Kane wintered in Rensselaer Harbour. In the next spring many sledging and walking journeys were made; during which Morton, an under-officer, saw what he conceived to be an Open Polar Sea, denoting water instead of ice near the North Pole. Hayes and about half the crew quitted the ship in August in open boats for the Danish settlements in Greenland. In April 1855, the ship was abandoned ice-locked, and all the officers and men returned to the United States by sledge and whalers.—No traces of Franklin.

After one or two minor proceedings, the year 1857 was really an important one in connection with the Search Expeditions. Captain (now Admiral Sir Leopold) McClintock, with Mr Allan Young and a small crew, started in the *Fox*—another of the vessels chartered and fitted out by Lady Franklin. Taking the route of Peel Sound, Regent Inlet, Bellot Straits, King William Island, and Montreal Island, McClintock reached the mouth of the Great Fish River on the American mainland, partly by ship and partly by sledge. During this journey he was iced up more than two hundred and forty days, and drifted with the ice-pack nearly twelve hundred miles. Wintering near Bellot Straits, he started again by sledge in 1859. Sad were the discoveries he made. Boats and sledges containing human remains, and despatches written by some of the officers of Franklin's expedition. The Eskimo told him of two ships that sank some years before, after being deserted. On various portions of the coast, dead bodies were found, with relics, which McClintock carefully collected and brought away with him.

Come we now to 1860, when our American friends again sent an Expedition to the north with Hayes, who went to look for Morton's supposed Open Polar Sea. Wintering in 1860-1 at Port Faulkner, he, in the following spring, sent out sledge-parties, who reached the high latitude of eighty-two and a half degrees, where he planted the United States flag at the nearest point to the North Pole that had been reached up to that time. He searched for Franklin relics as he passed up Baffin Bay, but found none.

Men's minds had now begun almost to despair of ever hearing more of the ill-fated Franklin Expedition; and it was not until ten years afterwards, in 1871, that further efforts were made. But these, like those of the other Americans, De Hansen, Kane, and Hayes, were directed to the attainment of a very high northern latitude, rather than to undivided efforts in behalf of Franklin. Hall, who had previously spent five years with the Eskimo, went out in the *Polaris*, taking Morton with him. Proceeding by way of Baffin Bay, Smith Sound, Kane Basin, Kennedy Channel,

and Polaris Bay, he reached Robinson Straits in eighty-two and a fourth degrees north latitude. Hall himself died on board during a long and dreary ice-bound winter. In the following autumn, the *Polaris* loosened, but left ten of the crew and three Eskimo accidentally on an ice-floe just at hand! Hence arose two remarkable journeys. The floe-party, as we may for convenience designate them, drifted till April 1873, when they were rescued by a passing vessel. Meanwhile, the *Polaris* party, after wintering at Lyttelton Island in 1872-3, gave up the hope of getting the ship loose till their food would be quite exhausted. They constructed two boats out of some of the timbers of their ill-starred ship, and made a voyage to Cape York, where they were picked up by the whalers *Racensraig* and *Arctic* (the latter having Clement Markham on board). They reached England late in 1873, and thence in another vessel returned to their American home.

Thirty years having now elapsed since the gallant but ill-fated Franklin sailed from our shores, nought remained but a faint hope that some further relics might yet turn up. With this strong unabated hope, an Arctic Committee of the Royal Society was appointed in 1874 to consider whether it was desirable to recommend to the government the fitting-out of one more expedition at the expense of the English nation. The members of this Committee took so favourable a view of the matter, that the Admiralty appointed a Committee of their own soon afterwards, to settle the details more definitely. McClintock, Sherard Osborne, and Richards, all right trustworthy advisers, held twenty meetings, at which every part of the subject was well sifted. This resulted in the framing of a very complete scheme, which the government at once accepted, and obtained from parliament a readily sanctioned grant of a noble sum of money to give it effect. Depôts were arranged to be securely placed at various well-defined spots, and everything was done towards avoiding such mishaps as could be avoided. The *Alert* and the *Discovery*, screw steamers, were strengthened in every way, and laden to their full capacity. On June 1, 1875, the Expedition left our shores, with good wishes from all. Captain (now Sir George) Nares took the command, and hoisted his flag in the *Alert*; Captain Stephenson commanding the *Discovery*; while both ships contained officers and savants who rendered admirable services and made many important geographical discoveries. We long to go into this matter, and notice the remarkable incidents of the Nares Expedition, with the noble courage and fortitude of Markham, Parr, Aldrich, Beaumont, and other officers. But we refrain. The subject is not unknown to the readers of this *Journal*; our limited available space is well-nigh exhausted; and the proceedings had only a slight connection with the Search for Franklin.

Incidents, however, had occurred which rendered many persons pretty certain that further interesting evidence might be obtained, not perhaps of any survivals among the hapless crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, but of something that may have belonged to them. Seven or eight years ago, Captain Potter, in an American whaler, met with some Eskimo a little to the south of Repulse Bay who told him that many years ago white men were seen near the Gulf of Boothia, where they

died. The Eskimo showed Potter some silver and other relics of Franklin. Again, in 1876, Captain Berry, in the *Houghton* whaler, met, near the entrance to Sir Thomas Koe's Welcome, some Eskimo, who gave him a spoon, and told some such story as had been told by Potter. Elderly men among them remembered having seen the white men thirty years previously; and they also called to mind that many of the white men built a cairn, and put some things into it like books. He had not time to go and search for this cairn himself. The Eskimo, however, showed him by signs on a map a spot in Boothia Felix, near Hecla and Fury Strait, as the locality.

When these various narratives and reports reached the United States, Judge Daly resolved to sift them. He had an interview with Captain Berry, and was satisfied of his truthfulness. The Judge gave the results in 1878, in an Annual Address to the American Geological Society, of which he was President. Daly's theory concerning the fate of Franklin, formed after a comparison of the narratives and reports, was this: That in April 1848 the *Erabus* and *Terror* were abandoned; that some of the crews succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Great Fish River; that others fell by the way; that a detachment of them, when all were getting short of provisions, returned to the ships, leaving one corpse on the way; and that they started again, probably taking a route to Felix Harbour in Boothia Felix, which is nearly two hundred and fifty miles from the Great Fish River.

It was principally in connection with this view, and the circumstances that suggested it, that Lieutenant Schwatka took the journey from which he returned in 1880, and concerning which we have recently been told by the newspapers. He unquestionably found some relics, including what is believed to be the remains of Lieutenant Irving, one of Franklin's officers, and which were brought to Edinburgh at the beginning of this year, and interred with full naval honours. The circumstances attending the discovery of these remains have been thus described by a correspondent connected with the *New York Herald's* Search Expedition: 'The next day we lay over at Cape Jane Franklin, to make a preliminary search of the vicinity. Lieutenant Schwatka and I went up Collinson Inlet, but saw no traces of white men. Henry and Frank, who had been sent up the coast, were more fortunate. About a mile and a half above camp, they came upon the camp made by Captain Crozier with his entire command from the two ships after abandoning the vessels. There were several cooking-stoves with their accompanying copper kettles, besides clothing, blankets, canvas, iron and brass instruments, and an opened grave, where was found a quantity of blue cloth, part of which seemed to have been a heavy overcoat, and a part probably wrapped around the body. There was also a large quantity of canvas in and around the grave, with coarse stitching through it and the clothes, as if the body had been incased for burial at sea. Several gilt buttons were found among the rotting cloth and mould in the bottom of the grave; and a lens, apparently the object-glass of a marine telescope. Upon one of the stones at the foot of the grave, Henry found a medal, which was thickly covered with grime, and was so much the colour

of the claystone on which it rested, as to nearly escape detection. It proved to be a silver medal, two and a half inches in diameter, with a bas-relief portrait of George IV., surrounded with the words, "Georgius III., D.G., Britanniarum Rex, 1820" on the obverse; and on the reverse, "Second Mathematical Prize, Royal Naval College," inclosing the words, "Award to John Irving, midsummer, 1830." This at once identified the grave as that of Lieutenant John Irving, third officer of the *Terror*. Under the head was found a figured silk pocket-handkerchief, neatly folded, the colours and pattern in a remarkable state of preservation. The skull and a few other bones only were found in and near by the grave. They were carefully gathered together, with a few pieces of cloth and the other articles, to be brought away for interment where they may hereafter rest undisturbed.'

Here we must close. We much wish to notice the praiseworthy exertions of the Austrians, the Swedes, and the Dutch, in Arctic exploration towards the north and north-east, resulting in the discovery of Franz Josef Land and the navigable passage round the entire northern coast of Europe and Asia. More also it would be pleasant to say touching the American explorations in various directions. But enough, we trust, has been said to show the exact nature, interesting character, and important though mournful results of the

THIRTY YEARS' SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XII.—THE HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.

FITFUL gleams of gold, arrowy, swift, piercing through the tawny mist like fiery darts from the quiver of Smintheus Apollo, told that the sun was doing brave battle against the sullen fog that had lorded it over London so long. Nowhere, within Metropolitan precincts, perhaps, did the welcome sunbeams fall more cheerfully than on the pretty house, in the royal suburb of Kensington, where Mr Walter Denham, surrounded by his artistic Lares and Penates, sat trifling with his late breakfast. An elaborate breakfast it was, of what might be called the eclectic continental type, and such as no ordinary Londoner would have dreamed of ordering for his private refection. There was honey; and there was hothouse fruit nestling in fresh vine-leaves; the eggs were dressed in strange modes, Greek or Spanish; there were nice little dishes of something hot and palatable lurking beneath silver covers. Chocolate simmered beside the cool wine-flask; tiny decanters of rare liqueurs lay in ambush behind toast-racks and firm Dutch butter. But he for whom all these delicacies were provided had but a fickle appetite, and scarcely touched the good things that spread the board before him.

Yet Uncle Walter, as he toyed with a morsel of dry toast, or sipped his choice Russian tea, warranted 'caravan,' and in which a floating slice of lemon did duty for London milk, did not seem unhappy. He was not hungry; but there are other pleasures than those of the palate; and his eye roved contentedly over the well-appointed breakfast-table, dwelling lovingly upon the crisp slice of golden honeycomb, caressing, so to speak, the bloom of the peaches and the glow of the

grapes, and bestowing a critical approval upon snowy cloth, bright crystal, and unsmelted silver, and the few fresh flowers that filled a slender vase. It was a large and handsome room, richly furnished, and so filled and crowded with dumb prettiness in every shape, that it might easily have been mistaken for the Roman studio of one of those exceptional artists on whom Fashion smiles, and who can afford to dwell in the centre of a fragile world of costly trifles. Pictures, statues, ancient armour, Oriental tissues, rare porcelain, dainty weapons, wondrous medieval lace, gorgeous missals, carved ivory, were crowded into the room, yet so well had the miscellaneous units been arranged, and with such skill had the grouping been managed, that all seemed the component parts of one harmonious whole. Even the great white Persian cat, asleep upon the blue Arabian praying-carpet that did duty for a hearth-rug, and with the ruddy firelight falling on her sleek fur and crimson collar, appeared to match with the marbles and the gold mosaic, the ruby glass from Irague, the fairy filigree-work from Genoa or Malta. The stamp of a cultured mind and patient care was set upon the minutest details of the well-arranged apartment.

The master of the house, calm, handsome, and self-possessed, with his white hands glistening with rings, his trim beard, and unwrinkled brow, did no discredit to his household gods. Even his dark dressing-gown of velvet, olive green—even his Turkish slippers, of dark purple velvet and dull gold, were in tune with the well-blended mass of soft colours and brilliant hues and shapely luxuriance that enveloped him, the owner of all. With a lazy thoughtfulness, Uncle Walter looked around him. No doubt but that, to his retentive memory and well-stored mind, every object at which he glanced was capable of evoking some skein of thought that might be long and pleasantly spun out. That armour, damascened with gold, had been worn by a Prince at one of the tournaments of the sixteenth century, when gunpowder was already in the ascendant, chivalry a sham, and tilting a half-obsolete parody on the past. Yonder bas-relief of ivory, a German carver had put his heart and life into its delicate intricacies—to die of hunger, after all. That lace—how many bright-eyed nuns had toiled, like human lace-spinning spiders, to compose that massive flimsiness, dearer than diamonds to buy, that came long years ago out of the slow, patient convent-hive of sequestered industry! Mr Walter Denham, as he looked for an instant at the rare old lace, yellowed, matchless, smiled approval and shook his head, as though in posthumous pity for wasted time and wasted lives, and turned his eyes to the window.

The broad window was worth looking at. For, just then, the victorious sun had pierced, as knowledge breaches the crass ramparts of Ignorance, a yawning chasm through the thick mantle of the clinging fog; and through the storied panes of old stained glass of which it was composed there rained down on the pale Tournay carpet a shower of rich tints, ruby here, topaz there, the pure sapphire, the soft turquoise, the tender amethyst, the steady emerald, changing, varying, as the mist without, golden now, changed and flickered in the sunshine.

'Very good effects! Very good effects, indeed,' muttered Uncle Walter, very genuine admiration

in his look and tone. 'This beats Venice, absolutely beats—What's this?' For, as he spoke, a tall human figure, that looked taller through the delusive medium of the mist without, came with a quick tread up the door-steps, and a sharp peal at the door-bell followed. 'A gentleman so early!' soliloquised Uncle Walter, putting down his teaspoon. 'But then he rang the bell. I wish,' he added, half peevishly, 'that people would knock, when they are about it. I should know who they were, then.'

And indeed, a London knocker, to a practised ear, tells tales. There are some stereotyped performances, such as the dun's single knock, the imperative rat-tat of the hurrying postman, the blatant thunder of the instructed footman that has just jumped down from behind his mistress's carriage. But there are scores of evolutions, timid here, swaggering there, blunt, downright, uncompromising in other cases, of which the knocker becomes capable in amateur hands.

Bertram Oakley, after some delay and some demur, was eventually ushered in.

'Be seated, I beg,' said Uncle Walter, half rising, with a gracious wave of his jewelled hand. 'But be careful, pray! You had nearly touched that Nymph's elbow, and the merest push would turn those white limbs and that faultless profile, into—' Not there, Mr Bertram.—Excuse an old connoisseur's anxiety about his Spanish lace of the fifteenth century.—Thanks! that will do. And now, Mr Bertram, breakfast?' And Uncle Walter indicated the lavishly supplied table with a courteous outburst of frank hospitality that would have graced Amphitryon. But Bertram's frugal breakfast had been partaken hours ago.

'Then what *can* I do for you, my young friend?' said urbane Uncle Walter, pouring a little more of the fragrant overland tea into his cup, and slowly sipping the lemon-scented beverage.

'For me, sir, personally, nothing,' began Bertram; 'but'—

'Then, upon my honour, young gentleman, you must be a Phoenix of good-luck, or a St Simeon Stylites of stoicism, among the sons of men,' interrupted Uncle Walter, polite incredulity eloquently expressed by his arching eyebrows. 'A *rara avis*, I say, compared with which Juvenal's black swan, when Australia was unheard of, would have been quite a common fowl. I have known young men of every degree, from Highnesses to Parisian *gamins*, but never one who wanted nothing.—What, by the way, Mr Bertram, may be your plans? Because, I have a certain influence I am vain enough to think, and a wide acquaintance I am sure, among painters and sculptors; and I could procure you an opening in life, and—shall we say—two or three diurnal half-crowns—as a model, if'—

It was Bertram's turn to interrupt now. 'You are kind, Mr Walter Denham, to think of me,' he said civilly, but with a slight flush, for his entertainer's manner had been, as usual, but half serious, and banter, in his present mood, jarred upon all that was working most strongly in his heart and brain. 'I can labour, as is indeed right and fitting. Those for whom I come to speak cannot, unfortunately, supply their need by their own toil, gently nurtured and helpless as they are. I speak of your own kith and kin, your orphaned nieces, Mr Denham.'

'Have they deputed you to—address me, shall we call it? on their behalf?' asked Uncle Walter languidly, as he drew a tiny glass nearer to him and slowly filled it from one of the miniature decanters.

'No indeed, sir,' replied Bertram eagerly, and with heightened colour. 'I have come here unprompted, unsent, to make an appeal, that I trust will not be wholly in vain, to your better nature.'

'Prettily spoken,' answered his travelled entertainer, pausing, with the decanter in his hand.—'But I must seem sadly inhospitable, Mr Oakley. This is Marschino—an old-fashioned liqueur, I grant; but I am an old-fashioned man—the other bottles contain Curaçao, Chartreuse, and Elixir de Spa, more fashionable, all, than my favourite drink from the alembics of Zara. Help yourself!—You don't touch liqueurs in the morning? Well, at your age, perhaps, you are right.'

Bertram began to find his errand even more awkward than he had anticipated. This slippery, polished nature seemed to evade him. There seemed to be about Walter Denham no standpoint, nothing to grasp, nothing to hold by. It was like trying conclusions with an iceberg.

Bertram resolved to be bold. 'You speak lightly, sir; it is your habit; but I am sure you have a heart. May I?—'

'Excuse me! we all have, I believe,' cheerfully interrupted Uncle Walter. 'For anatomical reasons it is, I am told, indispensable. But I have always preferred to ignore, as far as I could, the clockwork machinery of our inward mechanism. You don't object to smoking?—Thanks! If I did not smoke after a meal, I should suffer. At Blackston—well, well! it was a concession to British prejudice.' And Uncle Walter lit his cigarette, relishing with evident enjoyment the flavour of the amber-tinted Cuban tobacco it contained.

Bertram Oakley kept his temper. Respect for age and station, mill-hand though he had been, and subversive as had been the opinions which had buzzed about his ears, was so natural to him, that he could keep his patience, when his very blood was on fire with the quick sense of injustice which is strongest with the young.

'Mr Walter Denham,' he said gently, 'to me, personally, you have been invariably kind. When you and I have talked together at Blackston, you never made me feel the difference between ourselves—between the educated gentleman and the foundling of the beach, the poor boy who worked in a woollen mill for weekly wage—and now I hope that you will listen to me when I speak on behalf of the motherless children of your brother who is now lying dead, of your brother at whose funeral, to-morrow, we shall meet.' Here Bertram's voice faltered; and Uncle Walter, after a glance at the lad's mourning garb and the crape round his hat, murmured: 'Very proper,' and stooped to caress the huge Persian cat, which had now opened its drowsy blue eyes, and purred sleepily in the pleasant warmth of the fire. 'What you say, my youthful friend,' said Uncle Walter, with his superior smile, 'does equal credit to your head and heart; and I will try to facilitate a task which is evidently an arduous, but must, I fear, be an unfruitful one. You wish, I gather from the hints you have let

fall, that I—should give—money—to my nieces—to dear Louisa and dear Rose.'

Bertram scarcely dared to draw breath, but his eyes were eager.

'You young people, in your quick, impulsive way,' indulgently pursued Uncle Walter, as he watched the thin white wreaths float upward from his cigarette, 'would hand over the wealth of Cræsus, or, what is better, that of the Bank of England itself, on a question of sentiment. At your age, I might have caught the infection. But I have bought my experience, and at a great price. Friends have deceived me. Speculations that seemed sound have turned to Dead-Sea apples, full of dust and ashes. The tugs at my purse have been many. I do not mind telling you, in confidence, that I am far from rich. Even the pretty things'—he looked at them lovingly as he spoke—'which in my continental tours I collect about me, do not find, as I could wish, a permanent home with me. High prices tempt me, and I sell. The Holbein yonder'—pointing to a picture on the wall—'is no longer mine. Senator Shoddy, U.S., whose acquaintance I made at Rome, is to take it back with him to Washington, and leave me a cheque instead. Another brutally rich man—I use the term advisedly, for the person I speak of is Mr Diggs, of Australia—who was stockman, gold-seeker, grog-seller, and speculator by turns, and can barely read and write—is to rob me of that Poussin, and to carry off the Cyp that hangs below. It costs me a pang, I can assure you,' said Uncle Walter in conclusion, and with the air of a deeply injured man.

Then Bertram spoke his mind, with a modest courage that became him well, and with an utter forgetfulness of self, such as single-minded teachers of the Right, patriot leaders of an elder day, sainted preachers whose words shook thrones as they were uttered, were wont to exhibit. The stripling's noble heart seemed to lend eloquence to his language, as he painted the deep sorrow and heavy care that had fallen upon the sisters whose cause he pleaded—on Louisa in especial, whose duty it had long been to be as a mother to the fair young girl over whom she alone was left to watch. He drew a strong contrast between their late life of easy comfort and the straitened fortunes that lay before them. Then he spoke, and with genuine pathos and regretful admiration, of him who was gone, of good Dr Denham, whose love for his younger brother had remained unaffected by his father's cruel injustice or motiveless caprice, unsoured by poverty, genial, gentle, brave—the softest spot in his kind heart being that in which the images of his darlings—now left desolate—were enshrined. And his final appeal to Uncle Walter, on his nieces' behalf, was one of passionate eloquence, though the speaker knew it not.

Uncle Walter, a lazy good-humour in his half-closed eyes, listened to what the lad had to say without contradiction, but also without any sign of softening. 'Have you quite finished?' he asked politely.

Bertram had quite finished. He began to think that he must have spoken ill, so slight was the effect produced. And his youthful hopes, sanguine for a moment, began to sink to freezing-point.

'Upon my word, you are a clever young fellow, Mr Bertram,' said Uncle Walter, with a sincere

admiration in his modulated voice. 'I should advise you, in moderation, to cultivate your declamatory powers. Personally, I always liked you. But with respect to my dear nieces—ah, well! you are young and enthusiastic; but we will not quarrel because of the divergence of our views. Louisa is prudent, sensible, economical. It will be a positive pleasure now, when the first plunge is over, to see how nicely she can manage on—what is it?—fifty pounds a year. Ladies, you know, need so little. Domestic management, which I have never understood, alas! is their native element. My poor brother—so rash, so impetuous! Sowerby and French assured me, only yesterday, that in advancing the sum I did, I sacrificed my own interests, and became a martyr, really a martyr, on the altar of family affection.'

After this, there was not much to be said. Sadly and sorrowfully, Bertram took his leave, and went down the steps of Mr Walter Denham's pretty Kensington villa; while the master of the house eyed his retreating figure with a sort of amused smile, and then skimmed the columns of his morning paper with unabated interest.

(To be continued.)

'JANE WELSH CARLYLE'

TOWARDS the end of last year (October 16) we published in this *Journal* a brief memoir of Thomas Carlyle, whose death took place at Chelsea on the 5th February of the present year, while in his eighty-sixth year. We have now the pleasure of offering to our readers a few interesting traits in connection with Mrs Carlyle, who, to quote the epitaph on her tombstone at Haddington, 'for forty years was the true and loving helpmate of her husband.'

Our contributor, to whom we are mainly indebted for the following sketch, writes as follows: Jane Welsh Carlyle was the most genial, charming, and affectionate woman I ever had the happiness to meet. Retaining in her warm heart the most tender recollections of her childhood's home, and always clinging fondly to past memories and the friends of her youth, she was even in her declining years a most deeply interesting and delightful being.

It was in the summer of 1857 that I had the pleasure of seeing her for the first time. She was the only child of Dr Welsh, a medical man in Haddington, and was deeply attached to the place of her birth, which was also that of her celebrated ancestor John Knox the great Reformer; and delighted to look back upon that joyous, girlish period of her existence. She had come to that town to visit some kindly old ladies at Sunnybank (as it was then called); and knowing how she prized anything belonging to her old home, which was now ours, I sent her a basket of pears from the tree where, no doubt, she had often gathered them in bygone days, and encircled them with the prettiest flowers I could find. She was much pleased with the little offering, and sent with the empty basket the following gracious note:

MY DEAR WOMAN—You don't know how the sight of that fruit and those flowers gathered from the dear old garden, affected me. Thank you, thank you so much! I love the 'Auld House' so dearly, that I know you will pardon me if I do not come to see it and you; the sight of the familiar rooms would be too much for me. But come to Sunnybank, dear, and see me. And believe me, ever yours affectionately.—JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

To Sunnybank I repaired, and in a few moments was talking to her as if she had been an old friend. There was such a charm in her voice and manner, that I did not study her appearance much; I only know that before I had been three minutes in her presence, I was fascinated exceedingly, and could now understand why all her old friends valued her so much and spoke of her so warmly. She had never been exactly pretty in her youth, though her mother was a beautiful woman; but in those days she had been so lively, witty, and full of fun, her complexion was so lovely, and her eyes so bright, that she had ever been most attractive, especially to men, who found in her conversation something always sensible and winning. In her school-days, her flow of spirits was remarkable, and she was ever ready to take part in any piece of innocent fun that went on among her playmates, who were very often boys.

Mrs Oliphant in her *Life of Edward Irving* gives several pleasant pictures of her early training. When a child, Jane's father and mother were accustomed to talk of her education with deep interest; Dr Welsh was determined to have her educated like a boy, while his wife hoped for nothing higher in her little girl than that she should grow up a congenial companion for herself. Meanwhile, Jane was no inattentive listener during these discussions, and having made up her own mind that she would be educated like a boy, took lessons in the Latin *Rudiments* from a student in the neighbourhood, without saying anything to any one. One day after dinner, the parents were surprised to hear a voice, which proceeded from a little figure concealed under the crimson folds of the table-cover, repeat, *Penna, penna, pennum*. The doctor was delighted, and smothered his little girl with kisses. It was at once decided that she should be taught those branches generally thought suitable only for boys in those days. Edward Irving, at that time a teacher in Haddington, became her earliest instructor, and their hours of study were from six to eight in the morning, and after school-hours in the evening. Readers of Mrs Oliphant's interesting book will recollect how admirably they worked together, and how it was that his friend Thomas Carlyle came from Edinburgh and taught her German, a language not at all common in those days among students of any kind, not to speak of ladies. It will also be remembered that it was during these lessons that the mutual attachment of two deeply earnest minds grew and ripened.

Jane sometimes objected to be disturbed by casual visitors; and on one occasion, when she was sent for by her mother to come in and see some callers, she avoided the interview in the following curious way. The window of her bedroom, which was up-stairs, looked into a pretty

wide passage, beyond which was an outside stair, with a door on the same level as her window—both being a considerable height from the ground. Hearing herself called, but not caring to appear, Jane tossed up her window, made a flying leap across the passage, and alighted safely on the landing, which was nearly but not quite opposite—thus rendering the jump a very dangerous one. It was an achievement which might have been performed by a boy, but was not easy for a young girl. However, she was usually quite able to accomplish whatever could be done by a boy; she climbed trees, ran with the best of runners, and was ever welcome among the young school-boys at their games.

Although, in her very girlish years, she seemed to have much more of the nature of a clever, jubilant boy than of a girl, no one, either lady or gentleman, ever spoke of Jane Carlyle but with respect and good-will. She was an accomplished letter-writer; and there was something in her style at once easy, affectionate, and pleasing. She kept up a regular correspondence with her old friends; and scarcely ever let a new year or a birthday pass without sending them some newly published book, either amusing or instructive. I had one or two exceedingly pleasant letters from her after our brief acquaintance. At that time, seeing that I was devoted to Tennyson, she sent me his likeness, giving me some curious literary information, and remarking, concerning *Maud*—which had, I think, just come out at that time—that before it was printed, Tennyson used to come and read it aloud to her, and ask her what she thought of it. Her reply the first time was: 'I think it is perfect stuff!' Slightly discouraged by this remark, the Laureate read it once more; upon which Mrs Carlyle remarked: 'It sounds better this time;' and on being read to her the third time, she was obliged to confess that she liked it very much. This little incident shows how Tennyson must have valued her clear judgment and excellent taste.

She was a helpmate to Carlyle in every way—shared his studies, entered into his literary ambitions, and often wrote his manuscripts. Her calligraphy was good; it was a clear hand; I always found it easy to read; and whether she recorded trivial matters or serious ones, she always managed to make herself deeply interesting. Her very sudden death threw a deep gloom over the hearts of her old friends in Haddington, her native town; and it was to the house of one of these that her remains were brought from London and kept for a night till the funeral took place. The epitaph on her gravestone, which was published in *Chambers's Journal* in October of last year, is in every respect a true one. Some years after her death, her husband made a journey to Haddington that he might revisit her tomb; and when every one was wrapped in sleep, he came and walked round the old house where his wife was born, and which had been so dear to her own loving heart.

Mrs Carlyle's sudden death had something singularly pathetic about it. A friend who had occasion to leave London for some time, confided to Mrs Carlyle her pet dog. Driving one day in Hyde Park about four o'clock, she was greatly alarmed to see the little creature, which had been following alongside the brougham, run over by a

carriage. It was lifted in beside her, little the worse for the accident, and the driver again moved on. The latter, however, receiving no call or directions from his mistress, as was usual, stopped to discover the reason, and was alarmed to find Mrs Carlyle, as he thought, in a fit. He drove at once to St George's Hospital, when it was discovered she had been dead for some time. Her last act had been an impulse of tenderness towards a dumb animal. This sad event took place on 21st April 1866, while Mr Carlyle was in Scotland, whither he had gone to deliver his rectorial address to the Edinburgh students. He returned immediately to London after the receipt of the dreadful news, and we can picture to ourselves the wild desolation of her husband's stricken spirit as he looked upon all that was mortal of his beloved wife. The quick, impulsive heart that made her so lovable, stilled for ever—'the light of his life gone out,' never to be kindled again.

Writing from London to the late Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, in April of the following year, Carlyle made a passing allusion to this, the master sorrow of his life: 'Yesterday gone a twelvemonth (31st March 1866, Saturday by the day of the week) was the day I arrived at your door in Edinburgh, and was met by that friendliest of hostesses and you; three days before, I had left at the door of this room one dearer and kinder than all the earth to me, whom I was not to behold again: what a change for you since then; what a change for me! . . . It is the saddest feature of old age, that the old man has to see himself daily grow more lonely; reduced to commune with the inarticulate Eternities, and the loved ones now unresponsive who have preceded him thither. . . . Courage, my friend; let us endure patiently and act piously to the end.'

Charles Dickens held Mrs Carlyle in high esteem. His last interview with her was only a few weeks before her death. It was at the house of Mr John Forster, and she came in flourishing a telegram in her hand, which she had just received from Professor Tyndall, telling her in a couple of ardent words of her husband's success in the delivery of his rectorial address at Edinburgh. In the course of the evening, she communicated to Dickens the outline of what she considered might be made the subject of a novel, from what she had herself observed at the outside of a house in her street in Chelsea; of which the various incidents were drawn from the condition of its blinds and curtains, the costumes visible at its windows, the cabs at its door, and such like; and the subtle serious humour of it all, the truth in trilling bits of character, and the gradual progress into a half-romantic interest, enchanted, says Mr Forster, the skilled novelist. This ideal plot was to be completed when they met again; but this never took place.

Talking about Mrs Carlyle, an old friend said to me: 'Jane was a creature of such keen, warm feelings, that they were absolutely agonising to herself. Old memories connected with her father and mother—little incidents belonging to childish years—a leaf from an old and well-remembered bush or tree: all these were food for an almost morbid sensitiveness, which yet did not hinder her from being the dearest, most charming woman I ever knew.'

Mrs Carlyle, as I have already hinted, could

never be called good-looking; but she possessed that rare attraction without which mere beauty is nothing—an expression full of heart, and a grace peculiarly her own.

SINGULAR CONNECTION BETWEEN DUST AND FOGS.

WHAT seems at first sight a very startling and paradoxical scientific theory, has been laid before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Mr John Aitken. This theory, briefly stated, is that, were it not for *dust*, we should have no fogs or clouds. In other words, the particles of water-vapour in the air will not combine with each other to form a cloud-particle, unless the vapour have a solid nucleus on which to condense. Every drop, therefore, however small, which goes to form the mass of a fog or cloud, has been formerly represented in the atmosphere by a dust-particle, which the vapour condensing upon it has made visible. Strange as this theory at first appears, Mr Aitken's experiments are clearly in the direction of proving its truth. In one of these experiments, steam was mixed with air in two large glass receivers. One of these receivers was filled with common air; the other, with air which had been carefully passed through a cotton-wool filter, and all dust removed from it. In the unfiltered air, the steam gave the usual and well-known cloudy form of condensation; while in the filtered air, no cloudiness whatever appeared.

Other experiments were made with the same result, warranting Mr Aitken to draw the following conclusions: (1) That whenever water-vapour condenses in the atmosphere, it always does so on some solid nucleus; (2) that dust-particles in the air form the nuclei on which the vapour condenses; (3) that if there was no dust, there would be no fogs, no clouds, no mists, and probably no rain, and that the supersaturated air would convert every object on the surface of the earth into a condenser on which it would deposit; (4) our breath, when it becomes visible on a cold morning, and every puff of steam as it escapes into the air, show the impure and dusty condition of our atmosphere.

As to the existence of this atmospheric dust, there can be little doubt. Every one knows that there are myriads of microscopic creatures in existence, and that these must from their nature have a supply of food in microscopic particles. The fine, invisible dust, therefore, which pervades our atmosphere must, whatever its source, contain within it not only particles of inorganic matter, but many germs of living substances—a fact which has been proved repeatedly in connection with the experiments bearing on the fallacy of spontaneous generation. Any substance, whether mineral, vegetable, or animal, which breaks up into minute parts, contributes to the supply of this atmospheric dust. Even the spray from the ocean, when dried and converted into fine dust, has been shown by experiment to be an important source. Mr Aitken also showed that by simply heating any substance, such as a piece of glass, iron, brass, &c., a cloud of dust was driven off, which, carried along with pure air into the experimental receiver, gave rise to a dense fog when mixed with steam. 'So delicate is this test for dust, that if we heat the one-hundredth of a grain

of iron wire, the dust driven off from it will give a distinct cloudiness in the experimental receiver; and if we take the wire out of the apparatus, and so much as touch it with our fingers and again replace it, it will again be active as a cloud-producer.'

As to the dust-producing capacity of the different substances experimented upon, common salt was found to be one of the most active. When burned in a fire or in alcohol flame, it gave an intensely fog-producing atmosphere. But salt, again, was quite outdone by sulphur, which was the most active substance experimented upon. It gave rise to a fog so dense that it was impossible to see through a thickness of two inches of it.

The dust-particles which form the nuclei of fog and cloud, must not be confounded with the minute dust-motes which are revealed to us by a beam of sunlight when shining into a darkened room; because these dust-motes can be entirely removed by heat, and yet the air remain active as a cloud-producer. The heat would seem to break up the larger motes which reflect the light, into smaller and invisible ones. When dust-particles are spoken of, therefore, it must be understood that reference is not made to such motes as the sunlight reveals, and which are comparatively large, but to those infinitesimally small particles which are quite invisible.

This theory of Mr Aitken's is not unlikely to lead to some discussion in its relation to the question of city fogs, such as those that darken and defile London. Deductions, however, must not be allowed to weigh against facts which are ascertainable by experiment; and although, in the larger field of Nature outside the laboratory of the physicist, agencies may be called into play to modify in some respects the conclusions based upon these experiments, yet, looking at the matter as a simple discovery in the domain of meteorological science, the facts ascertained by Mr Aitken in this connection are of immense value. Among other things, they prove the beneficial service of cotton-wool respirators to persons who suffer from asthmatic or pulmonary affections, or even to healthy persons who reside in districts liable to be invaded by fogs or mists. As we have seen, it was impossible to raise any fog in a receiver containing air which had been filtered through cotton-wool, the air being absolutely pure, and uncontaminated by those microscopic particles which not unfrequently contain in them the germs of disease and death. This discovery of the connection between fogs and dust seems to us to be one of the most useful, as it is one of the most curious, scientific achievements of the century.

THE FIRM OF AH-WHY & CO.

A BANKER'S STORY.

WHEN I was sent up to Hankow as manager of the Anglo-Oriental Bank branch there, the *comprador*, or head of the native department, was one Hai-ling. Like most *compradors*—men whose position demands that they should be thoroughly trustworthy, well educated, and completely *au fait* with all sorts of business—he was a man of no little importance. His robes were of the finest silk; he smoked the choicest Manila cigars; drank the finest brands of champagne; his nails were of the longest; and his palanquin one of the

best turn-outs in the Settlement or, as it is termed, Concession. Such a man was not to be treated as a servant, or even as a clerk, for his extensive acquaintance amongst the native merchants, his long experience of business, brought him in contact with me rather as a confidant and adviser. I soon found out that he was a thorough man of business, keen and far-sighted, as are most Chinamen who have mixed much with Europeans and who have added to their natural aptitude the civilising polish of the West. I congratulated myself upon the possession of so able an interpreter of my plans and wishes. Hai-ling, a Macao Portuguese named Manero, and a tribe of *shruffs* and coolies, formed the foreign contingent of our staff; whilst I and a young Englishman named Heygate occupied the European department.

Matters progressed smoothly and well for some months, until I happened to take exception to the habit Hai-ling indulged in of introducing parties of Chinese friends to inspect our new treasury, which as being the latest and most perfect construction of its kind in Hankow, was looked upon as a sort of show affair. I did not care about our boxes of sycee silver, our dollar-bags, and our safes being exposed too much to public gaze, although I knew that Hai-ling was the impersonation of all that was honest. So I spoke to him on the subject, quietly. From that day his manner towards me changed; he evidently resented my interference as implying a want of trust in him; and although he was calmly civil after the manner of the imperturbable Mongol race, there was a reserve and a hauteur in his attitude which I as his superior officer felt little inclined to put up with. One morning he came into my private room, and asked me to allow a great mandarin from Wu-chang to inspect the treasury. At first, I rather resented Hai-ling's impertinence in touching upon a sore subject; but he explained that the Wu-chang mandarin was really a distinguished person, and that it might lead to business; so I granted the permission. The party stayed a long time—so Heygate told me—and were loud in their expressions of wonder and admiration at the strength and ingenuity with which our treasury was built. The *comprador* entertained them at his rooms, and they went away with much hilarity, gesticulation, and chattering.

By granting this permission, I imagined that matters would perhaps assume a more cordial aspect between the *comprador* and myself; for although one may have even a contempt for a man, if the daily course of one's life runs much in the same groove as his, it is always disagreeable for it not to run smooth. My astonishment, then, may be imagined, when, the very next morning, Hai-ling tendered his resignation with many expressions of sorrow and distress, and still further when the Portuguese clerk Manero followed suit, and stated his desire to quit our service. I thought it strange; paid them their salaries together with the customary leave-taking 'kum-shaw,' and set to work to replace them. Applicants for the vacant post of *comprador* arrived in crowds—men who could do everything, who could speak every known language, who possessed every necessary qualification; and it was with some difficulty that I made my selection. Finally, I pitched upon a benevolent-looking old gentleman, who had served, so he said—and so, curiously enough

amongst other great men, said the mandarin from Wu-chang—for many years as *comprador* in a European Bank which had broken up. And so, again settled, I forgot Hai-ling and Manero and the past altogether.

The new *comprador*, who might have passed for an archbishop, so bland and benignant was his demeanour, so majestic and deliberate his movements, was an excellent man of business, and we got on capitally together. So well and smoothly in fact did matters work, that I felt myself quite justified in taking a fortnight's trip to Shanghai. So I left, spent a jovial time in the gay capital and in the country adjoining, and returned to Hankow early in December. Talking to Heygate, who had been in charge during my absence, I asked him about the new *comprador*.

'Well,' said Heygate, 'he seems a good sort of a fellow, understands his work and all that, and apparently has a lot of influence over the Chinese merchants here; but latterly he has been drifting into Hai-ling's old habit of asking his kith and kin and his mandarin friends to see our treasury. I told him about Hai-ling, and he seemed much surprised, saying that we ought to be proud of being able to attract such notice, and that if we knew what delight it gave to his simple rustic friends, we would not be so particular. However, I gave him to understand that we didn't like it; so now he is all right again.'

Somehow or other, I did not think it was all right, and told Heygate to keep a sharp look-out.

Not many days after, a very stylish native gentleman was dropped at our door by his chair, and desired to see me. He said that he was a partner in a great native firm, styling itself Ah-why & Co., and made overtures for business on rather an extensive scale. His house, he said, had connections at all the China coast ports, and he had been recommended to our Bank; in support of which statements he produced from the voluminous folds of his silken garments letters of introduction and testimonials as to integrity and soundness, from large English firms and banks, which I deemed sufficient, for we had been especially cautioned by the head office in London to be very careful in the opening of new business, and not to entertain proposals of any kind unless thoroughly assured of the goodness of the parties initiating them. To the unaccustomed eye of Europeans, all Chinamen seem to resemble each other, but after a while one learns to discern faces as easily as at home. In this Chinaman, there was some trait, some feature, some peculiarity of manner, which reminded me of some one I had seen before. The more I looked at him the more forcibly was I impressed with this idea, but I racked my memory in vain to identify the resemblance. However, he was so open-spoken, and his references were so undeniable, that I expressed myself willing to enter into business relations with him, and as a preliminary requested that he should pay a certain sum in hard sycee silver into our treasury, merely in guarantee of good faith. We shook hands cordially on parting; and in the course of the afternoon the first instalment of the guarantee silver arrived at the Bank, was weighed, counted, and found to be correct. The rest of the silver, said the partner of Ah-why & Co., would arrive before the closing of the Bank at five o'clock; which it did, and as it was impos-

sible to weigh and count every box, was placed in the treasury with the first instalment without further to do.

Most satisfactory were the relations existing between us and Ah-why & Co., and I wrote home glowing accounts of the lucrative branch of business established. It is true that at times we advanced them rather large sums, larger indeed than the Inspector would have approved of had he been on the spot, but they were punctually repaid, and the security given was undeniable. Ah-why & Co. seemed to do an enormous business. Every day messengers passed between us; every day carts of bullion arrived at or departed from our doors; every day rolls of notes amounting to many thousand dollars were exchanged for the hard metal. The advances, however, developed to so great an extent, that, satisfied as I was with the soundness and probity of Ah-why & Co., I began to feel a little nervous in the event of such accidents as from time to time startle the commercial world, more especially as once or twice lately I had heard from brokers and other retailers of local gossip, one or two little things which did not seem to show Ah-why & Co. in so brilliant a light as that in which I had invested them.

I was talking to the *comprador* in my room upon this subject one afternoon, and giving it as my opinion that we should draw in our horns a little, when I heard a tremendous row outside. Opening the door, I beheld our *shroffs* engaged in violent altercation with a Chinaman. All were talking as loud as they could, and rattling out the uncouth gutturals of the 'Flowery Language' with flashing eyes, flushed cheeks, and gesticulations which almost amounted to blow-giving. I inquired the reason. All parties turned on me, and showered on me in 'pidgin English' their versions of the case.

'Let's have the *shroff* first,' I said.

So the *shroff* said: 'This man talkee this no belong good note,' showing me a piece of paper-money. 'I talkee he that it belong number one good, and that we no makey pay bad notes this side.'

'And I say, sir,' put in the affronted Chinaman, 'that it belong bad note. No can makey pass in that native town. 'Spouse I wanthee hundred dollars, that Chinaman in native town talkee: "No can—belong bad note."'

'Well, my friend,' said I, 'if you think it is a bad note, take another, and don't let us have any more disturbance.'

The *comprador* gave him another note from a different box, and he went away, not without turning it over and over, however, as if he suspected further foul-play on our part. After a few minutes, another Chinaman came in, and there was further altercation; then another and another, until the little vestibule of the Bank was filled with an angry, clamouring mob. This was more than an accident, so I rushed into the *comprador's* department and seized the note-boxes. 'Who presented these notes for payment?' I asked.

'The messenger from Ah-why & Co.,' was the answer.

I started back and repeated: 'Ah-why & Co! I examined every note. They appeared genuine, and I could not detect the slightest flaw in them; but I knew that what my little practised eye failed to see, the keen glance of a native, ever on

the alert for deception and foul-play, would detect in a minute.

'Couldn't you see that they were not good?' I asked the *comprador*.

'No, sir,' he replied with unruffled dignity. 'Spouse man pay in large lot of notes, no can see if each one belong proper.'

'Well,' I said, 'we must pay these fellows, and keep every note.'

Full of wrath and disgust, I retired to my room and called in Heygate. We consulted for a long time together, and finally resolved to send for the European sergeant of police.

Sergeant Thomas Orthwaite, a huge Yorkshireman, appeared in due course of time.

'Look here, Orthwaite,' I said, when the big man had settled himself on to the extreme edge of the smallest chair in the room. 'We've rather a nasty business on hand here. I want you to go down to the office of Ah-why & Co. in the native town, keep your eyes about you, and report if anything unusual is going on there. Don't show yourself too much, but dodge amongst the crowd in ordinary clothes.'

'All right, sir,' said Orthwaite.

'And,' said I, 'if you should see one of the partners—you know the man I mean—ask him politely but firmly to step up here and see me—in fact, bring him with you.'

The worthy sergeant saluted and left the room.

'Meanwhile,' I said to Heygate, 'tell the *comprador* I want to see him.'

Heygate went out, and reappeared the next minute with a face expressive of the blankest astonishment. 'The *comprador* can't be found,' said he.

'Can't be found!' I echoed. 'Nonsense. Shut up every door, and don't let a soul in or out.'

None of the *shroffs* who sat cowering in a corner, impassive, unenergetic, and irritatingly calm, could tell us anything about him, except that he had left the office about ten minutes before, taking his keys with him. We examined the silver in the treasury—especially the last instalment of Ah-why & Co.'s deposit money. Every box weighed correctly; the top 'shoes' of silver were there; but underneath them, in every one of twenty boxes, were bars of iron and lead! Against this so-called silver, and in payment of notes tendered to us, accepted by us, paid out by us and returned as forgeries, Messrs Ah-why & Co. had received in all about fifty thousand dollars. I had never felt before, and I hope shall never feel again, the shame and humiliation which I experienced when I discovered that I had walked deliberately and calmly into a trap. I could have thrown myself into the great yellow river in my mortification, and was wandering up and down the passage with my hands pressed tight to my brows, meditating some desperate move or other, when there came a loud knock at the outer door, and I let in Sergeant Orthwaite.

'Well, Sergeant,' I said, 'what news?'

'There ain't been such a firm as Ah-why & Co. at the house you mentioned to me, not for a week,' replied Orthwaite. 'The shutters be up, and noabody don't know nothing about them. But I tell you who I did see, though, and that was that ere young Portygoose you used to have in the Bank.'

I saw it all. My two *compradors* and Manero were Ah-why & Co. The mandarin of Wu-chang

was party to the game, and so were the latches of friends who were so fond of looking at my treasury. Now that I was pretty sure as to the identity of my foes—of all but the respectable gentleman who called upon me in the first instance on the part of Ah-why & Co.—I might get hold of them, but to regain the lost treasure was another matter. I knew, however, that they had been paid in hard dollars and sycee silver, which they could hardly as yet have had time to get rid of, so I instructed Orthwaite to have his men on the look-out at every possible point of exit, and sent a messenger to the captain of Her Majesty's gunboat *Crasher* lying in the river, asking him to keep his eye on the waterside movements.

Then Heygate dined with me at the senior hong, and we talked over matters together. Heygate was a thoroughly good fellow, and had been an old chum of mine at Haileybury. We had stuck to each other through our Eastern careers, and I felt towards him as a confidant and an equal, rather than as a subordinate. After dinner, we lit our cigars and strolled down to the Bund, seeing that the watchmen were at their posts, and that all was shut up securely; for we had enjoined the strictest secrecy upon all connected with the Bank, and were pretty sure that as yet Ah-why & Co. could not have heard of the discovery of their little game.

Hankow Bund cuts but a poor figure when compared with that which rears its magnificent front to the river at Shanghai. One end is bounded by the offices and wharves of the various shipping companies, whilst the British Consulate terminates the other extremity. Between these two points Heygate and I walked, talking over the event of the day, and making plans for immediate action. It was a calm, clear winter's night, extremely cold, but without wind. Every sound from the ships moored in mid-stream, from the brilliantly lighted rooms of the houses facing the Bund, and from the coolie dens of the native city, rang out clearly and distinctly; the stars shone as they only shine in the far Eastern sky, and a cold, thin moon threw a ray over the turbid waters of the mighty river rolling on to the sea.

We had walked up and down more than an hour, and were turning to go home at the Consulate end of the Bund, when we heard voices close by us. We listened, and the words 'Bank,' 'Heygate,' and my own name were distinct. We could not see the speakers, but from the sound of their voices guessed that they were on the mud-beach under the Bund wall. Clinging to a sort of instinctive hope that we were on the point of discovering something new about our Bank affair, we crouched down and worked ourselves gradually to the Bund wall. Heygate, as the smaller man, looked over. He waited about five minutes, beckoned to me, and pointed to a sampan, or small boat, grounded on the mud, and to the three figures of Hai-ling, his successor, and the partner of Ah-why & Co. They were talking in 'pidgin English,' as do natives of distant parts of China to each other, and so animated and absorbing was their conversation that they did not notice a slip of mine which very nearly precipitated me on to their heads. We listened with breathless interest, and learned that Hai-ling's successor had been telling them of the scene at the Bank when

the forged notes were discovered, and that they were concocting a plan of escape. We heard much about a certain large junk which was lying off Wu-chang, and of which the movements were to be ruled by signals from the Hankow shore. Was it not very possible, I thought, that this junk, which probably had our dollars on board, was to convey them down the river out of reach of justice?

Every minute was of value to us, so I whispered to Heygate to slip off to the Bank, about which I knew Orthwaite was lurking, to tell him of our suspicions, and to bring him to us. As Heygate crept away, the clock on the Bund struck eleven: the moon was down, and thick darkness settled over the scene. I waited, watched, and listened. The partner of Ah-why & Co.—or as I shall call him for greater convenience, Ah-why—produced what seemed to be a map, and over this, with the aid of a small paper lantern, the three men pored and argued for several minutes. Finally, they seemed to agree upon a plan; the map was shut up, and they made a move towards the sampan. It was an anxious minute for me, as I was alone, and imagined that they were about to slip out of my grasp; but, unarmed as I was, I made up my mind to prevent their embarkation at any cost. So I raised myself on one knee, ready to spring out. To my intense relief they hauled the sampan higher out of the mud, made it fast to a ring in the Bund wall, and slowly passed along the shore towards some steps by which they would ascend to the Bund.

Directly they were out of hearing, I jumped down, cut the rope, and sent the sampan drifting down the rapid stream. This done, I was scrambling up to the Bund again, when my eye caught sight of a white paper on the ground; striking a match, I saw that it was a letter written in Chinese characters, and, although it was Hebrew to me, I folded it up, and put it in my pocket. Scarcely had I reached the Bund, when Heygate returned, bringing with him Orthwaite.

The lantern still betrayed the whereabouts of the three Chinamen, so after them we went, the darkness favouring our movements. As we went, I told the sergeant all that we had seen, and what I had done. Not a man of many words, he expressed complete approval and delight, by sundry grunts and tremendous slaps on the chest.

'Now,' said he, when I had finished, 'them three chaps is going into Ah-loo's grog-shop. If you gentlemen don't mind just keeping your eyes on them and staying under this joss-house gate, I'll step off and get some of my best men'—by which the worthy sergeant intimated that he would return with the whole police force of Hankow, mustering in full, half-a-dozen.

'Just before you go, Sergeant,' I said, pulling out the piece of paper I had picked up, 'tell me if this is of any value. I can't translate it, and I know you can read a little Chinese.'

Orthwaite took the paper, and examining it under a lamp, expressed the most complete satisfaction. 'We've got 'em beautiful,' he almost shouted. 'This ere's a letter from the skipper of that junk off Wu-chang. He says if our friends here in the grog-shop don't look alive, the Wu-chang customs folk will be after the dollars they've got aboard—your dollars, gentlemen, as sure as my name's John Orthwaite. Now, please stop here; I

won't be long, and I know that if them chaps have gone into Ah-loo's, it's to get a little courage into them, which they'll be some time doing, I'm thinking.'

In a quarter of an hour the sergeant returned with three European constables—Yorkshiremen like himself—and three smart-looking Chinamen. All were armed, and the sergeant gave us a revolver each, retaining a huge navy cutlass for himself. 'Not that we shall want 'em gentlemen, but the sight of them may cool you chaps' pluck. Besides, the crew of the junk are just as likely to be armed as not.'

We felt uncommonly like a band of smugglers or preventive men, as we stood there in the darkness, stowing away our pistols, and talking in whispers, and rather prayed for a brush than otherwise. John Orthwaite was completely in his element: he had been many years in Her Majesty's navy; and the police duties of dull, respectable Hankow were monotonous in the extreme to a man who had served at the Greenhill battery before Sebastopol, and who had been third man into the breach of the Taku forts.

'Now, lads,' said he to his men, 'run out silently the four-oared galley, and steer to that junk with the red light, dodge about between the ships, and don't let yourselves be seen. I'll be after you in the pair-oar.'

The men replied with an 'Ay, ay, Sergeant;' and in a very few minutes we saw them pulling up against an eight-knot tide.

Very soon after, the three Chinamen issued from the grog-shop—not exactly intoxicated, but well fortified, and talking with more vociferation than discretion. We jumped back into the obscurity of the temple porch, and allowed them to proceed down the Bund, following them under the shadow of the trees. Arrived at the spot where they had tied up the sampan, they found nothing but a bit of tattered rope hanging to the ring, and their surprise and disgust took the form of tremendous execrations and violent gesticulation. Back they turned, evidently with the intention of getting a craft from the quays, and we followed them, resolved not to lose sight of them for a moment. We watched them descend to the water's side, and heard them wake up the owner of a sampan and haggle with him. Then we jumped into our pair-oar—Heygate and I pulling, whilst the sergeant took the rudder-lines.

'Wait a bit, gentlemen,' said he; 'I want to see them start, and then up with the boat!'

Very soon a sampan glided out from the mass of vessels lying alongside the quay, and proceeded up-stream. Dodging amongst the ships, we fetched the Wu-chang shore unobserved, and some time before the Chinamen; the galley lay snugly hanging on by its boat-hook to the side of a big junk, and we were soon by her side. We waited, saw the sampan drift silently down towards the junk with the red light, heard voices as in challenge and reply, and observed the three Chinamen climb on board. Then came the rattle of the windlass, and we knew that our opportunity had arrived.

We dropped alongside, made the boats fast, and jumped on to the junk. At first we thought there would be a shindy, for several very ugly looking fellows, armed to the teeth, ran towards us; but the apparition of the big sergeant with his cutlass, and of our revolver barrels, checked

their ardour. We caught Mr Hai-ling and his successor just as they were slipping over the side of the junk into the sampan. Mr Ah-why tried the same dodge also; but I caught him with one hand by the arm, and with the other by the pigtail, which, coming off in my hand, enabled me to recognise in the disguised Chinaman our late clerk Manero! No wonder, when he first appeared in my private room at the Bank, to open the business connection on behalf of the great firm of Ah-why & Co., that I was struck by his resemblance to some one I could not recall.

The agony of the three men at thus being checkmated was at once pitiable and ludicrous. We tied them together in a corner, and put an English constable over them, and there they sat, writhing and moaning and crying like whipped children. The crew of the junk, seeing us in such indisputable possession, yielded without any further bother. Heygate went ashore to lodge information at the British Consul's office, whilst I with the others remained on board.

At daybreak we commenced the operation of searching the junk. Beneath a cleverly contrived layer of wine-tubs and tea-chests, we found the dollars and sycee silver, just as they had been taken from us, save that clumsy attempts had been made to erase the Bank's marks and numbers.

To cut a long story short, Hai-ling and his companions were turned over to the 'mercy' of the Chinese court of justice, and would certainly never have seen another sun rise but for the intercession of the British Consul and ourselves. John Orthwaite received a very substantial reward for his services, and only regrets one fact in the business—that there was no fighting. Heygate and I still pull together, and are often called upon to tell the story of Hai-ling.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers have recently issued, along with their annual Report, a list of subjects for papers for which premiums or prizes will be given. These premiums represent the interest upon certain trust funds held by the Council for the furtherance of Engineering knowledge, and amount collectively to nearly five hundred pounds per annum. The selected subjects are no fewer than forty-seven in number, and cover, as may be imagined, a very wide field of knowledge. It is interesting to note that the first thirteen are devoted to matters more or less connected with railway engineering; and as we read them through, one cannot help feeling that they have been in a great measure suggested by the Tay Bridge calamity. Thus, No. 1 deals with the Frictional Resistance of Various Soils on Piers and Piles; Nos. 2 to 6 with the Strength and other Qualities of Steel and Iron for Structural Purposes; No. 7 with the Methods for Protecting Metal-work exposed to Corrosion; No. 8 with the Strain Caused by Dead and Live Loads upon Structures; Nos. 9 to 12 with Bridges; and lastly, No. 13 with the Action of High Winds on lofty and Exposed Structures. The Society is prosecuting a work of great usefulness in directing attention to such important questions; and such work.

must bear good fruit in time to come. Further particulars as to these premiums, and the communications for which they are offered, can be obtained from the Secretary of the Institution, at 25 Great George Street, Westminster.

Wooden pipes are now being used in Switzerland to convey the waters of a thermal mineral spring between Pfeffer and Ragaz. They are constructed of fir-wood made into staves, and bound together by means of iron hoops. After being carefully tarred both inside and out, they are perfectly water-tight, and possess many advantages over metal piping. They are of course much lighter, and are insensible to changes of temperature, whilst their cost is only about eight shillings per metre. It is interesting to note that the New River water was first brought to London by means of wooden pipes formed by boring out tree-trunks and joining them length by length. Such pipes have been extensively used in America, and they are, under the best conditions, estimated to last thirty years.

An interesting Report upon the Artificial Propagation of Sponges has, at the request of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, been prepared by Professor Ray Lankester. It chiefly deals with the results obtained in some experiments initiated by Professor Oscar Schmidt in the waters of the Adriatic during the period 1863-72. From these experiments, it has been proved that a sponge cut into small pieces will form independent masses of growth. Each piece was fixed to a movable support, and sunk in a suitable locality in salt water, when it was found that it grew into a well-formed sponge, of marketable size in about seven years. One condition of success was, that the cuttings must be left in open unprotected beds, where the natural food of the sponge is not withheld from them. This condition unfortunately led to the abandonment of the experiments in 1872; for the regular fishers were so hostile to the scheme—considering that it might in time to come endanger their trade—that they continually robbed the experimental beds, and finally brought the trials to an end. The results obtained are nevertheless valuable, as pointing to the possibility of growing sponges in localities at present free from them. It seems but yesterday when the sponge was regarded as a vegetable product; we now not only recognise it as an animal, but are considering schemes for its artificial nurture. Human knowledge indeed makes rapid strides; but how much there is still to learn about the embryology of a bit of sponge, those who have studied the subject most, alone can guess.

Mr A. A. Nesbit has proposed what seems to be a very hopeful plan for rendering a forged cheque an impossibility. He suggests the application to the paper of a dye which is sensitive to both acids and alkalies, and which will change colour on being brought into contact with either one or the other. He would then have the necessary printing executed upon such prepared paper in two operations—in one case using an alkaline, and in the other case an acid, ink. This would render the task of altering the written words or figures an impossible one, for it is a well-known fact that all ink-removers are of an acid or alkaline character. The attempted application of any solution of the kind would at once become apparent, and the forger would be successfully baffled.

With splendid liberality, a well-known firm of

engineers, the Messrs Tangye of Birmingham, some months ago offered the sum of ten thousand pounds towards the foundation of an Art Gallery and Industrial Museum in that city, on the condition that half as much again were contributed by public subscription. It has recently been announced by the town-council that they have received six thousand five hundred pounds towards this worthy object, besides numerous promises relating to gifts and loans of valuable works of art. All honour to the Messrs Tangye, who have inaugurated a work which must prove so beneficial to their fellow-townsmen in this and succeeding generations.

A South African paper gives the following simple remedy for curing that distressing and commonly fatal malady diphtheria. It is vouched for as being efficient in the most obstinate cases, provided that it is applied in time. A spoonful of flowers of sulphur is well stirred in a wine-glassful of water. This mixture is used as a gargle, and afterwards swallowed. Brimstone is known to be abhorred by every kind of fungoid growth, and this remedy, which it may here be added has been long known to medical men in Great Britain, may have something in it.

From recent experiments made in France, it is believed that the curious sounds obtained by Professor Bell from different substances in connection with his photophone researches, to which we have recently alluded, are due to *heat*, and not to light. The same effects are said to have been obtained from similar substances by means of a gas jet without the intervention of a lens. In one case, a metal plate was employed which was silvered on the side next the gas jet, when the sounds were very feeble; owing, presumably, to the circumstance that the heat was reflected back to its source. When coated with lampblack—which would of course absorb the heat—the sounds from the same plate were very strong. In another case, a plate of copper gave distinct sounds whilst at a red-heat; but they gradually ceased as the metal slowly cooled.

The heels of boots and shoes are now being made of coir—that is, the outside fibre of the cocoa-nut. The fibre is incorporated with some glutinous cement under heavy pressure, and is afterwards stamped into form. The resulting substance is said to be a fair substitute for leather, and to be highly resistant to moisture and other causes of wear and tear. The utilisation of such a cheap and readily obtained material is, if reports of its efficiency be true, a most useful and promising discovery.

It is reported that an electric watch has been produced by a clockmaker at Copenhagen. It is especially suitable for persons of irregular habits, for it requires no winding up. The sole attention necessary must be devoted to the battery which accompanies it, and which needs replenishing once in six months. We are curious to know the dimensions of this battery. Most things of the kind with which we are acquainted are of the size of an ordinary flower-pot, and would be decidedly inconvenient for the waistcoat pocket.

A new explosive Dyna-magnite is said to give remarkable results, whilst at the same time it will resist every effort to ignite it by simple percussion. It is composed of seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and twenty-five per cent. of carbonate of

magnesia. It will be seen, therefore, that it differs only from ordinary dynamite in the character of the porous earth used as a vehicle for the glycerine. Hitherto, the monopoly of this class of explosives has, by means of patent rights, been secured to one firm. But as the patent under which these benefits are secured has nearly expired, competition will step in and reduce the price of these destructive compounds. This will be a matter for congratulation to the mining interest, if not particularly so to the public at large.

An ingenious method of testing milk by optical means has been devised by a gentleman at Magdeburg. The apparatus employed consists of a vessel with a glass bottom. The lid of this vessel is furnished with an orifice, in which slides a tube having a graduated scale. This tube is also closed at its lower end by glass. In use, the vessel is filled with the milk to be tested; while the eye is applied to the tube which is drawn out until the liquid appears quite opaque. The figure on the scale is then read off; and a very accurate analysis of the quantity of fat in the milk can be arrived at.

The extensive use of the heliograph in the Zulu and Afghan campaigns has given a wonderful impetus to the art of signalling by means of flashes of light. The heliograph itself as now perfected leaves little to improve upon; but it is of course only applicable so long as the sun is above the horizon. Hence, the attention of inventors is chiefly concentrated upon improvements in lamps for signalling at night. As our readers are aware, the alphabet used is a combination of short and long flashes, corresponding to but not exactly identical with the dots and dashes of the Morse telegraphic system. The most obvious plan for signalling at night is to use a lamp with a movable diaphragm, which will shut off the light for long or short periods as may be required. Captain Colomb some time since contrived a lamp, in which a jet of pyrotechnic mixture, consisting largely of powdered magnesium, was propelled into a spirit-flame by means of bellows. This arrangement gives long or short flashes of intense light, which would be visible for many miles. M. Mercadier has lately proposed a cheaper, and at the same time an efficient form of apparatus for the same purposes. It consists of an argand burner for oil or gas, to which is supplied on pressure of a key (like a Morse key) a stream of oxygen. This gas of course at once intensifies the light; and signalling can be carried on without difficulty.

In this connection, we may note the invention of a new kind of fog-horn for use on shipboard, which is due to Captain Barker. It is mounted upon a metal table marked like a compass, and so contrived that definite combinations of short and long sounds answer to the different bearings. By this means the captain of a ship is enabled to acquaint others in proximity with the course he is steering. An invention of this character is most important, as bearing upon the prevention of those collisions at sea which are so common in foggy weather.

The Prussians, who were the first to demonstrate in actual warfare the superiority of breechloading firearms over those loaded from the muzzle, are again to the fore with a repeating rifle, which is likely to be adopted by the German army. In

recent trials of its efficiency, when columns of the enemy were represented by targets six hundred metres distant, no less than ninety-nine per cent. of the shots fired reached their destination. With the marksmen dispersed in skirmishing order, and with the targets separated so as to represent individual soldiers, eighty-five per cent. of the bullets took effect. Further trials showed that the mechanism was not liable to derangement by contact with earth or other accidents. We trust that it may be a long time before this new weapon is brought to bear upon any but dummy soldiers.

Herr Wickersheimer has recently patented a method of preserving meat by means of a heated solution, consisting mainly of potash, alum, salt, salicylic acid, and alcohol, injected immediately after the animals are slaughtered. For some subjects, the proportions of the mixture are modified. It is said that the flesh of animals treated in this way will be fit for food, wholesome and free from taint, and will remain so for some weeks.

Dr Carnelly lately brought before the Chemical Society of London some curious experiments relating to the melting-point of solids, and the effect of pressure in raising that point. He suspended a cylinder of ice in a vacuum, and succeeded in raising it to a temperature of one hundred and eighty degrees centigrade. In other words, he exhibited to his audience a scientific marvel in the shape of a lump of burning hot ice.

In the matter of ice, the Americans have got far ahead of us in the use of the ice-plane, by which the frozen mass, instead of being pounded into fragments by a hammer, is converted, as need may arise, into sparkling splinters, for the fragrant, cooling cup. The ice which is gathered during winter from suburban ponds cannot be fit for purposes to which, five or six months afterwards, it may be largely applied. Its only use should be that of outward application; but, instead of keeping his aerated waters in chests well supplied with ice of this quality, the restaurant-keeper adopts the inefficient plan of keeping the ice and the wired bottles separate, and plunging a piece or two in the draught when it has been poured into a tumbler. In the United States the officers of health maintain a sharp watch upon ice-dealers suspected of obtaining their supply from malaria-breeding ponds. No check of the kind is provided in England; and an impression seems to prevail that water, in freezing, purifies itself. This may be the case to some extent, but not wholly. If the dissolution of rough or common pond ice be carefully observed, it will be seen that the result is but dirty water; and science has demonstrated that the evil vitality of certain germs therein has by no means been destroyed by frost.

The telephone seems to be coming into active use, and from all parts we constantly hear of fresh applications of it. It is said that since the action taken by the government against the United Telephone Company has been settled in favour of the former, the Post-office authorities have, in response to their circular, been flooded with applications for telephonic communication. The instrument which the Post-office seems to be adopting is the Gower-Bell form. We may explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that this telephone represents Gower's modification of Professor Bell's original model. The sounds emitted are loud enough to be heard some distance away from

the instrument, and although not half so loud as the telephonic of Edison, are perhaps more distinct. This form of instrument requires no battery, for it owes its current to a powerful magnet contained within it. This fact is without doubt a great advantage in its favour; for all who have had to do with batteries must own that they are uncertain and troublesome things to deal with. The city of Glasgow seems to be taking the lead in matters telephonic. Messrs D. and G. Graham have obtained a license from the Gower-Bell Company, with the recognition of the Post-office department, which will enable them to throw a network of wires over an area of thirty miles round Glasgow. Many firms in that city are already in communication. In London, the United Telephone Company has upwards of a thousand clients, who can talk with one another through the medium of the Telephone Exchange.

L'Electricité states that M. Dohrn has introduced the telephone in connection with his scientific explorations of the bed of the Bay of Naples. By its use the diver and the boatmen overhead are able to communicate with each other quickly and intelligibly, a hint which might be taken advantage of by British divers.

Professor Minchin has hit upon a strange discovery in connection with electricity. He has found that a cell consisting of plates of tinfoil in water containing acid carbonate of lime, is intensely sensitive to light. In other words, such a cell behaves much in the same manner as the selenium cell used in Professor Bell's photophone. Experiments tend to show that its action is not quick enough to enable it to replace the selenium in the photophone; still, it generates a powerful current; and looking to the simple means employed, the discovery is one of a most interesting nature.

A clever application of the property which selenium possesses of altering its conductivity by the access of light, has just been devised for regulating the heat of the 'muffle' furnace employed in baking stained glass. The selenium is so arranged in the focus of a parabolic reflector placed at some distance from the muffle, that a telescope pointed towards the furnace is in a line with it. In circuit with the selenium is a thermopile and an electric bell; but this bell cannot give any alarm until the resistance of the selenium is lowered by the access of light. When the muffle reaches a cherry-red heat, its light is conveyed by the telescope to the selenium; its resistance is altered, and the bell rings. By a system of levers, the fuel is so diverted from the furnace that the baking process comes to an end.

Broadway, New York, is shortly to be lighted by twenty-two electric lights upon the 'Brush' system. These lights are to be placed on poles twenty feet high, and are estimated to afford a light equal each to a hundred gas-lamps. Two generators will be required for the current, and a twenty-five horse-power engine will be employed to drive them. Another district in New York is to be given up to Mr Edison, who will illuminate it by means of his vacuum lamps. So that we shall shortly have some reliable data by which the merits of the two systems may be gauged.

Some improvements have lately been carried out in Paris with relation to the employment of solar heat for the purposes of steam-boilers. It

is now found possible to bring eighty-eight gallons of water to the boiling-point in forty minutes, the sole condition being that the sky is clear. These experiments are very valuable, as pointing to the economy of using natural forces for industrial purposes; but we fear that to be of any practical benefit, we must first learn how to get our fogs and smoke under control.

In a previous number of this *Journal* (October 16, 1880), reference was made to the theory of M. Colladon that lightning descends in much the same manner as a shower of rain, and that when it falls upon a tree the different streams are drawn by the converging branches to the trunk, which is hence frequently found in such cases to have been split from top to bottom. In the same connection, the learned Professor has recently pointed out that a poplar or other tall tree may, if its roots strike into damp soil, serve as a lightning-conductor to protect a house; and he thinks he has verified this conjecture by examination of a number of individual cases of lightning-stroke. Where the house, however, stands between the poplar and a piece of water, the danger of the situation may be increased, as he fears that in such a case the shortest path for the lightning from the tree to the wet conductor may be through the house.

It is now well known that one of the lowest forms of animal life is the *Amoeba*, a small gelatinous mass of matter, or protoplasm as it has been termed, which has the power of shooting out limb-like processes and withdrawing them again. At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Dr Havercraft communicated an explanation of the amoeboid motions of masses of protoplasm. By a simple mechanical contrivance, he illustrated these motions with remarkable success. An india-rubber ball, perforated with several small apertures, was filled with coloured white of egg, and immersed in a solution of sugar of about the same density as the albumen. When a gentle pressure was applied, the albumen was forced out in long continuous strings or processes; and when the pressure was relaxed, the processes at once retracted inside the ball. This curious result was thought to be in virtue of the action of the viscosity and surface-tension of the gelatinous matter, and was illustrative of the manner in which the amoeboid processes, after being expelled by contraction of the internal muscular structure, are again withdrawn.

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THE FENLAND OF THE PAST.

THE Fens! How varied are the thoughts and associations which these words suggest! To some—familiar only with the broad level plains to right and left, as they whirl along the iron road-way—there is a wearisome monotony in the very sound. As the rain-cloud sweeps over the black peat-land, blurring the horizon with driving mist, that hangs over the dikes and wraps the sodden pasture-grounds in gray—then, without doubt, the Fenland is a dreary sight. To some, these solitary tracts, with all their wealth of animal and insect life still haunting the lingering sedge-patches and the few undrained broads, have not entirely lost that fascination which ever surrounds the wild chaotic grandeur of the primeval Fen. Of the Fenland in these prehistoric times we can but accept what geologists tell us, and they tell us this—that where those broad fields stretch to-day, lay a wide wilderness of woods and thickets, of broad meres and reed-choked streams, where the reindeer, elk, and roebuck wandered at will among the shallow pools, crashing through the rushes from island to island—where ash and willow grew high and thick—dense jungles where the wild-boar had its lair, and the bittern boomed. Then slowly through the spongy soil, year by year these forests sank, and left a vast plain of reeds and water—an expanse unbroken, save here and there by a solitary island, as at Ely, or Croyland, or Peterborough.

The Fenland is rich in mediæval legend and romance. The toils of its first settlers, the holy lives of its saints, the exploits of its heroes, are all surrounded by a mystical halo of beauty. Their history is their own. Shut out from the world around, each island was, as it were, a tiny government in itself; the troubles without, little disturbed those peaceful hierarchies; and within, perfect concord seems to have reigned.

When we turn to historic times, there is a beauty in the opening scene strangely at variance with the wild solitude of those unpeopled regions.

It is given by the old Chronicler in only a few words; but we can picture it for ourselves. There are not many figures to crowd the canvas, and the background is but a level line of sedge and water. It was August in the year of our Lord 699. It is sunset on the mere, such a sunset as the Fenland can but show. A long straight path of blinding light stretches to the horizon, and mingles with the sky, where the rising mists, in clouds of purple and gray, wrap all the distance in a mysterious gloom. There is a dead silence in that lonely spot. The twilight deepens: the sedge-bird warbles from the reeds, its tiny song carried far along the water; and one by one great moths flit from flower to flower. Slowly the nocturnal life awakes, and the stillness of the Fen is broken by the mysterious voices of these unseen wanderers of the night. A tiny boat draws near, leaving a long ripple of light on the gleaming water. Its occupants are two. The splash and gurgle of the oars jar strangely in that lone solitude. The bows crash through the reeds; the tall sedge rustles; and high in air rise, screaming and clamouring, countless wildfowl. High overhead they wheel, and in long arrowy flight, make for the distant broads. Then as the clamour dies away, and silence reigns once more, we turn to the intruders. One stands alone upon the shore, and the light craft glides noiselessly away, until lost to sight amid the gloom out of which it came.

Thus opens to us the story of St Guthlac. Of his solitary life in his island home—of the wild tales of fiend and goblin who frequented the morass—of the gentler legends, how the wild-birds of the Fen nestled round the holy man, and the ravens did his bidding, we can only refer to in passing. It is the work of the saint that we would notice—no less a labour than the attempt to transform waste and water into rich corn-land. Slowly, very slowly through after-centuries, the strife between Nature and Man dragged on. Fever, ague, mighty floods and bitter frosts on the one side; dogged perseverance, an iron will, and an iron frame on the other; for

none but the strongest could exist in the Fens of those days. Soon after the death of Guthlac, arose the first of the famous Abbeys of Croyland, built on huge piles of oak and hazel, driven into the Fen.

Years passed on, years of prosperity and peace; orchards and gardens rose around the island monasteries; and on the lower ground, green reed-beds gave place to fields of golden corn. Draining, tilling, banking, patiently they laboured on through summer's heat and winter's cold. Some fell before fever and ague; others struggled on right manfully. It was a hard fight with the mists and the water.

At the end of the ninth century, the thunder-cloud of war burst suddenly over these happy islands. Not even their defences of marsh and mere could protect them from the ravages of the wild Northmen. The wealth accumulated during years of peace excited the avarice of the Danish armies; and now for the first time the clang of battle rang over the silent broads.

It was in the summer of the year 870 that the allied Danish armies, returning from Northumbria, swept over the Fens from north to south, burning, slaying, plundering in their course. Croyland was the first to fall before the fury of the host. Ingulph tells of the consternation and dismay which fell upon the Brotherhood; how some took boats, and fled over the wide waters, seeking refuge in the mazes of the reeds; while others remained behind to conceal the treasures of the monastery. He tells how they took the great golden altar, a royal gift, with the chalices and other vessels, and sunk them in the Abbey well, while distant shouts heralded the approach of the advancing host. Then, as the enemy drew near, the Abbot gathered around him the boys and Brothers of the house, and they stood together in the choir by the high-altar to await their death. The Danes burst in; the resistless band were massacred; then church and monastery were plundered, and given to the flames; and that which but a few hours before rose from the waste as a thing of beauty, now lay in ashes, and the work of centuries was all undone.

One by one the fugitive monks returned to Croyland, some from Medeshamstead (Peterborough), eight miles across the mere. It would seem that despair had taken possession of this little remnant. No work of restoration was attempted; and there they dwelt among the ruins of their former home; and for more than half a century the isle lay desolate. Turketul, in the next century, founded as it were the monastery anew. He raised the church again; the tower he built strongly with 'beams of remarkable length'; the hall for guests, and the infirmary, were 'wonderfully constructed with beams and planed planks, and covered with lead'; the stables and other offices of the monastery were renewed. All these, we are told, were of wood, except the chapel and almshouse by the gateway, which were of stone. He made, too, the famous seven bells of Croyland; 'nor was there such a peal of bells in those days in all England.' So, under his care and the Abbot that succeeded him, Croyland rose again to the first rank among monastic establishments. Before the altar lay the twelve white bear-skins, the gift of Canute's royal self; and in later times the martyred Waltheof found a resting-

place by the high-altar in the choir which his own beneficence had helped to raise.

After Croyland, the interest of Fen history shifts to the Isle of Ely. The royal foundation of Etheldreda had shared the same terrible fate as the neighbouring houses. After its destruction, a monastery of secular clergy rose over the ruins of the former nunnery. Among the benefactors to this new foundation stands conspicuous Brightnoth, the Earl of the East Saxons, whose patriotism and piety, and above all his noble death at Maldon, endeared his name to all Englishmen. Ulfcytel was no unworthy successor of Brightnoth to the Earldom of the East Saxons. Under him, the Fenmen proved their valour at Ringmere, where the whole army took to flight save the men of Cambridgeshire, who fought to the last. We are all familiar with the story of Canute's visit to the island—how, as he rowed by, the chant of the Brothers from the distant minster was borne across the water.

Merrily sang the monks within Ely
When Caut King rowed thereby.
'Row, knights, near the land,
And hear we these monks sing.'

But the brightest laurels won by this tiny city of the Fenland belong to later years, when it formed the camp of refuge, and resisted the great William and all his armies—when the island, with its natural defences of marsh and mere, became the rallying-place of the English still unconquered. Thither came from all parts the scattered patriots—Earls Edwin and Morkere from the North; Ethelwine, deposed from his bishopric at Durham; and many another, gathered round their leader Hereward. Earl or churl, a halo of romance surrounds this mystical hero. He comes like a god, no one knows whence. Even his enemies believed they fought a warrior more than human. No wonder, then, that the Fenmen who flocked to his standard—he who had ever led to victory—believed their chief to be of no mortal race. The elaborate plan of attack on the lonely island was conducted under William from Cambridge. Of the struggle, lengthened and heroic, and the fall, we must refer our readers to Froissart's *Chronicles* and the stirring romance of Kingsley's *Hereward*. Earl Morkere with Ethelwine were among the prisoners. After this, Hereward vanishes, and we hear no more concerning him except from the legends of a later time, and we search in vain over city and cathedral for some memorial of the lost Englishman.

When the iron frosts of winter transformed the fen-lakes into a vast expanse of ice and snow, a monotonous landscape broken only by dark lines and patches of withered sedge—when the bitter north wind, keen from the German Ocean, swept the silent wastes, whirling the scattered flakes in clouds before it, the Fenland was dreary indeed. Away as far as the eye can reach, league beyond league to the horizon, stretches the dazzling snow. A deathly silence enues over the vast plain, save ever and anon for the loud crackling of the ice-bound mere. Then old and young, Brother and layman, took opportunity of traversing the frozen wastes. Visits were paid from one monastery to another. From Ely in the southern Fens to Spalding in the north, stretched the icy road—sheer forty miles across the Fens by mere and creek, by

Ramsey, Peterborough, Croyland, Deeping, from island to island, where all found a welcome after the day's journey. Then as the sun sank low in the red frosty horizon, and all was calm without, within the great wood-fires blazed in the refectory, where ten-cher of fish and fowl was served, and the Abbot's wine from the vaults below, the vintage of a southern land, was passed merrily round. We speak of the days when the Benedictine rule had relaxed its severity.

But of these islands beneath a summer sun, we can draw a fairer picture. Green reed-beds fringed the margin of the water, and border the long corn-fields that stretched away on every side; vineyards too—so the old Chroniclers tell—mingled with the corn; and over the low lands beyond were scattered the little cottages of wood and clay that clustered round the settlement—here half-hidden among clumps of gray willows, or nestling in the shade of the brighter foliage of ash or hazel. Higher up, the walls of the monastery appear, built with wrought stone from the far-famed quarries of Barnack; a picturesque group of gables and turrets, with steep red-tiled roofs peeping here and there between the branches of the trees below, and the long walls of the convent garden stretching out on the southern side. Then high above all, the crowning glory, the minster, perhaps with its three gorgeous spires, as Lincoln in the olden time; or a more irregular pile, as Ely, with tower and lantern—a landmark for miles and miles, from which, as darkness shrouded the great Fen around, the cresset blazed, or the great bells tolled, to guide the traveller through the reedy labyrinth.

Following the general arrangement of a Benedictine monastery, to which order the great Fen houses belonged, we can gain some idea of the internal life. Embarking at the tiny wooden quay, or approaching by a rude causeway over the morass, we pass through the huts of herdmen and fowlers and labourers of the Abbey, and ascend the rising ground to the Abbey gate. Entering, we find ourselves in the cloister-court. Three sides are surrounded by the covered ways or alleys; on the fourth, rises the towering bulk of the minster nave. Across the open square, the swallows dart, twittering in the sun, which streams over the low buildings on the south, flooding the central garth with warmth and light. All is silent, save the swallows below, and the daws clamouring about the towers above. The alleys are allotted each to separate uses; the western to the novices; the northern to the monks in time of study. In the south-east corner, a narrow passage or *slupe* leads from the cloister to the convent garden, which supplies the monastery with fruit and vegetables. Nor were the flowers forgotten—real old-fashioned flowers—roses and lilies, marigolds, Jacob's ladders, Solomon's seals, stars of Bethlehem, monkshood, and many others, the names of which are nearly forgotten now; and lastly, in later times brought over by the Jesuits, the passion-flower.

This sketch would be incomplete without some notice of good Bishop Hugh, the gentleness and beauty of whose character are displayed in many a legend; and yet beneath that kind face and those winning words there lay an indomitable will, fearless alike in rebuking courtier or king. There is a story told of the issue of a quarrel with King Richard, which illustrates one of the many victories gained by

Hugh through his gentle pertinacity. 'Hugh opposed the raising of a subvention for the prosecution of war in France, when demanded by the king. He refused to have it levied in his diocese. Cœur-de-Lion was furious when he heard of this, and sent some men to Lincoln to arrest and eject the Bishop. Hugh had all the bells rung as they arrived, and they were solemnly excommunicated. When Richard came to England, Hugh went to meet him. The king was angry with the Bishop, and refused at first, though he at length consented, to salute him.

"If all the Bishops in my realm were like that man," said Richard when he left, "kings and princes would be powerless against them."

Hugh's name still lives in his glorious choir and transept, one of the finest examples of mediæval art in England, and a work characteristic of the completeness of his own life. Every detail, every ornament is exquisitely wrought, whether concealed or in full view. It seems to have been—as doubtless it was—a labour of love. Like St Guthlac too, he taught the wild-birds of the Fen to trust him. He had one special favourite, a swan, which accompanied him whenever he walked by his moat. When breeding-time drew near in early spring, the swan flew off to its native reed-beds; and its master lived secluded during the Lenten fast. Then, as the long summer days approached, the bird returned; and the people regarded its reappearance, in that superstitious age, as a sign that their Bishop too would be among them soon.

With Hugh, the last but not the least worthy of mediæval Fen heroes, we close our sketch. These heroes form a glorious roll—saints and warriors, priests and builders, and all the nameless noble ones whose toil gave life and beauty to those old pestilential swamps—Guthlac and Etheldreda, Ulfcytel and Brightnoth—Hereward, the darling of the Fennmen; and Hugh, whose gentle love touched their wild lives with a softer light. All, though different may have been their callings, have left some memory of their work behind. It may be in the long rolling corn-lands of to-day; it may be in the gray-towered minster, or in the poet's and historian's page.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XIII.—MR STUDGE.

AT this period, the stately business premises of Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge, in Westminster, should, if localities have a memory, have come to know Bertram Oakley pretty well, so frequent were the young man's visits to the place which he had hoped to enter as of right, and with the promise of an assured future. Those hopes had been blighted by his benefactor's sudden death; but still Bertram strove to gain an audience of one of the partners in this great firm, well knowing, even after his brief experience of that roaring London world where every face is hardened, and every door closed against an unvouched-for fellow-creature, the value of an introduction. An articulated pupil, of course he could no more aspire to be, now that the premium could not be forthcoming, than he could have dreamed of wearing the gold and scarlet of an officer in Her

Majesty's Grards; but, he yet longed to obtain some employment which should serve to keep the wolf from the door.

Alas! Bertram was not the first, by some thousands, of those who have learned the bitterness of hope deferred in a great man's antechamber, be that waiting-room that of Prince or Minister, or of any potentate, financial or political. Surly porters growled at him in mastiff fashion; pert underlings snubbed or twitted him, according to the mood of the moment. Eager men of business elbowed him roughly as they went past; and minor satellites of Groby, Sleather, and Studge, with whom his importunity sometimes procured for him the chance of a word or two, were as obscure as the Delphic Oracle as to his prospects of being admitted into the presence of a member of the engineering firm. But Davis and Brooks, good fellows to the backbone, would linger when they dared, to speak a word of friendly encouragement to the clever lad whom they had recognised as a promising recruit to their own privileged ranks, and often pledged themselves, in a timid way, to 'speak a word,' when the dreaded and tyrannous Studge should be in a good humour. But apparently such glimpses of serene temper on the part of the energetic Studge were, like proverbial angels' visits; or, possibly, the hearts of Bertram's sympathetic friends failed them when the word should be spoken, for the weary waiting seemed to have no end to it. No written application, no verbal request, seemed to produce the slightest result; and Bertram began to envy the very crossing-sweeper who plied a broom before the door, and who, at anyrate, made a living by his own abject industry. It was almost with incredulity, yet with a sudden bound of the heart and tingling of the pulse, that Bertram found himself one day accosted by a hurried messenger with the words: 'Mr Studge will see you. Look sharp! This way!'

Up some stairs, down some stairs, along corridors, past obtrusive fire-buckets garish with paint, past acoustic tubes, through the midst of jostling people of various nationality, Bertram was whisked, huddled, hustled into a recess, and in front of a door. Loud voices—or, more correctly, one loud voice, resounded from within, contrasting with the subdued tones of several voices that were not loud at all, but meekly assentive or mildly remonstrant.

'He's there,' said the perennially panting messenger, jerking his thumb towards the door.

'Who?' asked Bertram.

'Mr Studge,' answered the messenger drily, as he tapped with deferential knuckles at the door.

'Come in!' bawled the Stentor on the other side; and then went on to shout, as Parthians plied a flying enemy with their arrows: 'Young fools—fools, I say!' as one door opened, and another which bore above it, in black letters, the words 'Pupils' Room,' was slowly closed. The messenger peeped in, muttered some slipshod sort of announcement, thrust Bertram into the room—a mere closet of a place, papered with maps and honeycombed with cupboards—and retired.

'Name—Oakley, hey? And what, young shaver, d'ye want of us?' inquired Mr Studge, with pug-nacious vehemence of address.

'Work,' answered Bertram simply.

Something in the answer, or in the bearing and tone of the answerer, seemed to impress Mr Studge, who stood still—he had been fidgeting about the room—and looked at Bertram with the expression of a bellicose bull disturbed in a meadow, and who has not quite made up his mind whether or not to toss the intruder on his pastures.

'You're a queer sort, my chap,' said Mr Studge, in his native Shropshire accent.

Bertram, had it been in his nature to make a pert and trite reply, might have retorted with effect. Mr Studge himself emphatically deserved to be styled a queer sort. It was only on the eternal principle of the division of labour that so rough a diamond as Samuel Studge came to figure in the same setting with his bland partners, the gold-compelling Sir Joshua Groby and the oily Sleather. It was a cardinal article of faith among the subordinates of the wealthy firm that Studge, the terrible, had been a navvy. But there was exaggeration here. Mr Studge, the son of a decent farmer near the Wrekin, had never been a navvy. A gauger, or sub-contractor on the railway, he had been, and, since then, overseer on a Demerara sugar estate, and owner of a cotton plantation in Fiji, after which there had come the great promotion of his life. But his manners were not much softened since his earliest days of driving human beings.

'You're the young un, Dr—what's his name?—Denham brought here, to be one of our hard bargains, hey?' said Mr Studge, surveying Bertram with a disparaging scrutiny. 'But *that's* at an end, my boy, as you can guess, when the cash is not ready.'

Bertram bent his head in sad acknowledgment of the fact. 'For all that, sir,' he said, 'I would serve you faithfully, if you would let me, in any work you deemed me fit for.'

'Can you swing a pick?' asked Mr Studge jeeringly, as he stuck his two broad thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and brought his restless blue eyes to bear on Bertram's well-knit but not fully developed figure.

'I could try, if necessary,' answered the young man, less disconcerted than Mr Studge had hoped.

In person, no two men could well have been more unlike. Mr Studge was a short, thickset man, bluff and bullying, with quick blue eyes that never rested long on the same spot, fair hair that was getting thin, and a beard but slightly flecked with gray. He was very strong, shrewd, and bold, impudent too; and it was said of him that nobody ever knew better how to get the last ounce of labour out of man or horse under his orders. Bertram, as we know, was tall and dark and handsome of feature, with a frank face, and a bearing that was naturally gentle.

'You're a queer one, my lad. Mustn't waste my time, though. Time's cash! What d'ye know?' demanded Mr Studge.

The question thus abruptly put was one which many a one of us, far better educated than was this self-taught lad, might have found perplexing. Bertram, however, was too straightforward of soul and purpose to be disconcerted, and in a few simple words he revealed to the civil-engineer the modest extent of his attainments.

'Umph!' grumbled Mr Studge, as with a blunt pencil he made jottings in a bulky pocket-book.

'Soon told! A bit of French, and a bit of German, reading, writing, 'rithmetic, and a smattering of mathematics and mechanics and so forth. 'Tain't much, my chap.'

'Indeed, sir, it is not,' answered Bertram sadly, but promptly and with perfect frankness, whereat Mr Studge stared at him again.

'Don't you suppose, my shaver,' said Mr Studge, puffing out his chubby cheeks so as to bear an odd resemblance to a tombstone cherub that by some whim of the stone-cutter had been depicted with a beard and a billycock hat—'don't you suppose that we can go out into the labour market—or just beckon, we haven't need to go—to find scores who are practised hands at what you merely dabble in, and can do well what you can do in a so-so style, hey?'

Bertram had not a doubt of the circumstance, and he said so, honestly enough, but his hopes sank to zero. Had he known the world better than at his age was possible, he would have seen that the very duration of the interview was a favourable sign, and that Mr Studge eyed him with the eyes of an intending purchaser who disparages because he means to buy—if only he can buy cheap.

'What's your figure?' demanded, or rather snapped Mr Studge, with startling suddenness. 'Don't you understand, young man? How much a week d'ye expect on Saturday nights, hey?'

Bertram was quite willing to leave the fixing of his salary to Mr Studge himself.

'Oh, all right then I'll put your name down among the extra hands, and pay by results—by the piece, you know,' explained his future employer. 'Here's your first job,' he added, undoing a huge portfolio, and taking out a bundle of plans, sketches, and manuscript, all in the rough, and tied together with black tape. 'You can draw, you say, and write, I know. Copy these, as neat and as quick as you're able, only don't scamp your work. You can bring 'em when done to Mr Tomkins, Room E, next door but one, on this flight. He'll give you an order for the pay office.'

Bertram saw that he was expected to go, yet he ventured on a mild inquiry as to the probable amount of remuneration in prospect.

'Oh, well,' returned Mr Studge impatiently, and rattling the half-crowns in his pocket, 'you musn't look to keep a coach-and-six, nor yet live on turtle and venison, on what you'll get out of us. But it depends on yourself, I reckon, whether it's ten shillings, or twelve, or fifteen you pouch at the week's end. And we'll keep our eye upon you, if you behave yourself, in case something better turns up, one of these days. Is it worth your while, that's the question?'

It was worth Bertram's while; and warmly, and with kindling cheeks and brightened eyes, he thanked Mr Studge for his preference.

'That'll do—leave your address with Tomkins, Room E!' was the civil-engineer's not over-gracious rejoinder; and Bertram found himself outside the study door, and trudging along the passage, with the papers with which he had been intrusted tucked under his arm, and a lighter heart by far than he had felt since the sad day of the good doctor's death. Already his foot, so he felt, was planted on the first round of the proverbial ladder; while above him, at an awful distance

it is true, but still to be scaled, rose up the glittering pinnacles and golden battlements of Fortune's citadel. Nor were his hopes wholly selfish. There were others, his benefactor's family, to whom he hoped ere so very long—for youth is pardonably sanguine—to repay the debt of gratitude that he owed to their dead father.

'Studge is a brute—between ourselves—and a driver, and a grinder,' exclaimed good-natured young Mr Brooks the pupil, who waylaid Bertram on his outward course, and extracted from him the particulars of his recent interview. 'He has ground you down, Oakley, pretty sharply, as to terms. But he *does* take a fancy, now and then, and puts a man into a berth where he can earn living wages, anyhow. I'm glad, old fellow, you are coming to our "shop," after all.'

MONKEYS AT FREEDOM.

THE manners and customs of monkeys are too commonly judged from those of their kind retained in confinement. Imprisonment in one case may break the spirit of the creature, and cause a naturally haughty temperament to become sulky or morose; and in another instance may call forth vices or engender bad habits that in a state of liberty would not have been contracted. Nor can there be a greater fallacy than to deduce laws, and apply them to the whole race, from observations founded upon the actions of isolated individuals. Monkeys are as different in their characters and dispositions as men themselves, each one possessing its own idiosyncrasies; and in their natural condition are often quite unlike what they are in confinement. To do justice to this interesting tribe of creatures, we propose to trace the career of a monkey living in a state of freedom, from its birth to its actual burial, by a series of illustrative anecdotes and observations derived from acknowledged authorities.

Monkeys are born in almost as helpless a condition as are human beings. For the first fortnight after birth, they pass their time in being nursed, in sleeping, and looking about them. During the whole of this time, the care and attention of the mother are most exemplary; the slightest sound or movement excites her immediate notice; and with her baby in her arms, she skillfully evades any approaching danger by the most adroit manœuvres. At the end of the first fortnight, the little one begins to get about by itself, but always under its mother's watchful care. She frequently attempts to teach it to do for itself; but never forgets her solicitude for its safety, and at the earliest intimation of danger, seizes it in her arms and seeks a place of refuge.

When about six weeks old, the baby begins to need more substantial nutriment than milk, and is taught to provide for itself. Its powers are speedily developed; and in a few weeks its agility is most surprising. The mother's fondness for her offspring continues; she devotes all her care to its comfort and education; and should it meet with an untimely end, her grief is so intense as frequently to cause her own death. 'The care which the females bestow upon their offspring,' says Duvancel, 'is so tender and even refined, that one would be almost tempted to attribute the sentiment to a rational rather than an instinctive process. It is a curious and interesting spectacle,

which a little precaution has sometimes enabled me to witness, to see these females carry their young to the river, wash their faces in spite of their childish outcries, and altogether bestow upon their cleanliness a time and attention that in many cases the children of our own species might well envy. The Malays indeed related a fact to me, which I doubted at first, but which I believe to be in a great measure confirmed by my own subsequent observations: it is, that the young *siamangs*, whilst yet too weak to go alone, are always carried by individuals of their own sex; by their fathers if they are males, by their mothers if females.' M. d'Osborne states that the parents exercise their parental authority over their children in a sort of judicial and strictly impartial form. 'The young ones were seen to sport and gambol with one another in the presence of their mother, who sat ready to give judgment, and punish misdemeanours. When any one was found guilty of foul-play or malicious conduct towards another of the family, the parent interfered by seizing the young criminal by the tail, which she held fast with one of her paws till she boxed his ears with the other.'

In dealing with the progress of education among monkeys, Forbes, in his *Oriental Memoirs*, remarks that they have often diverted him with 'their parental affection for their young offspring, by teaching them to select food, to exert themselves in jumping from bough to bough, and then in taking more extensive leaps from tree to tree; encouraging them by carresses when timorous; and menacing and even beating them when refractory. Knowing by instinct the malignity of the snakes, they are most vigilant in their destruction; they seize them when asleep by the neck, and running to the nearest flat stone, grind the head by a strong friction on the surface, frequently looking at it and grinning at their progress. When convinced that the venomous fangs are destroyed, they toss the reptile to their young ones to play with.'

In the case of the approach of human enemies, an alarm is given by one of the tribe that danger is at hand. In an instant the youngster springs on to its mother's body, and grasps it, to cite Mr Garratt's *Marvels of Instinct*, 'with such tenacity, that no jerk can possibly loosen its hold; for the female parent, notwithstanding her burden, makes her usual and often surprising leaps of twenty or thirty feet from branch to branch and from tree to tree, without finding it necessary to give any assistance to her offspring by way of supporting it upon her own body. The little one holds fast, quite fearless of a fall, and doubtless without knowing anything as to the cause of its being carried off in such a hasty manner, or as to the consequences of insecurity or of a tumble.' Should the mother lose her life in protecting her young one, the latter has been known to be adopted and carefully guarded by other monkeys, both male and female. Rescued from its dangerous position, the little orphan is carried off by the tribe. Its educational and other wants are carefully looked to, the male and female adopters taking their turn alternately, handing the little creature from one to the other as occasion or convenience requires.

A few months may be supposed to have elapsed, when the tribe to which the little orphan belongs

is once more attacked by human foes, who on this occasion are in considerable numbers and accompanied by dogs. These canine auxiliaries are sent in pursuit of the monkeys; but are met with such a gallant resistance, that they retreat in confusion. 'These are again encouraged to the attack,' says Brehm in his *Thierleben*; 'but by this time all the baboons had reascended the heights excepting a young one about six months old, who, loudly calling for aid, climbed on a block of rock, and was surrounded by the dogs. Now, one of the largest males, a true hero, came down again from the mountain, slowly went to the young one, coaxed him, and triumphantly led him away—the dogs being too much astonished to make an attack.' Other instances are given of the readiness of the older monkeys to help the young. A little one was seized one day by an eagle; but, says Brehm, 'it saved itself from being carried off at once by clinging to a branch. It cried loudly for assistance; upon which the other members of the troop, with much uproar, rushed to the rescue, surrounded the eagle, and pulled out so many of his feathers, that he no longer thought of his prey, but only how to escape.'

According to numerous accounts, the larger species of monkeys, in their native forests, construct huts for themselves and families nearly similar in form to those of certain Africans; or else they take possession of those abandoned by the natives. They also make beds of leaves; but, according to some accounts, these are only for the females and young, the males sleeping outside. It is asserted that these African monkeys maintain among themselves a republican form of government, in which the strictest order and subordination are enforced. When they travel from place to place, they are under the command of particular chieftains, which are always the oldest and most powerful of the tribe, and maintain a severe kind of discipline upon the march. The females, when they have but one child, carry it in front of them; but should there happen to be twins, one of them is mounted upon its mother's back. During the march, the females and young always travel in the centre; a troop of the old males leading the van, and another bringing up the rear of the party. Hemprich and Ehrenberg, speaking of such troops of migrating monkeys, remark that 'they did not appear to pay the slightest attention to the Gallas and Abyssinians; but when the European travellers approached, whom they probably mistrusted from the appearance of their firearms, the old males abandoned their station in the rear, and placed themselves between the troop and the travellers; so that it was found extremely difficult to procure specimens of either the females or young. When they first observed the travellers approaching, they all stood erect, for the purpose of examining them. The old males, having driven away the females and young animals, remained in this position till the near approach of the party compelled them also to retire, when the whole troop scampered up the sides of the mountains, making them resound with their shrill clamour.' But travellers in search of 'specimens' do not always get off so easily. Brehm relates how when he formed one of the Duke of Coburg-Gotha's party, they attacked a troop of baboons in the pass of Menas,

but were utterly routed and put to flight, although provided with firearms; and in many instances, where the men have been unarmed, or unable to get these defenders of their native fastnesses within range, they have paid the penalty of their attack by suffering severe wounds, and even death, from the stones and other articles flung at them. In the neighbourhood of inhabited localities, monkeys turn the tables on their human foes by also seeking for 'specimens,' but of fruit and grain only. 'Where they are likely to meet with resistance,' we are told, 'their predatory expeditions are usually made during the night; but where the thinness of the population and the want of firearms place them on some degree of equality with the inhabitants, they make their forays in the open day, and dispute with the husbandman the fruits of his labour.'

When they are engaged upon any very daring raid, monkeys place sentinels upon the neighbouring trees and heights, to give them timely warning of approaching danger; and should they be surprised through any fault of these sentinels, the luckless individual is either severely punished, or in some cases, it is declared, is put to death for his neglect of the public safety. According to some accounts, these raiders will form a long chain, extending from the field or garden they are plundering, towards their own place of abode; and toss the fruits of their robbery from one to the other, till collected together and deposited in a place of safety. By this co-operative system they are enabled to carry off a much larger booty than they could if each one only took sufficient for himself. When leaving the scene of their plunder, however, each takes off with him as much as he can carry. Fruit and eggs are their chief food; in a state of nature, it is believed, they will not touch the flesh of warm-blooded animals; nor in a state of captivity, unless cooked.

Some monkeys are pre-eminently a silvan race, and never abandon their native forests. 'Each tribe or family has its own particular district, into which individuals of other tribes or species are never allowed to intrude, the whole community uniting promptly to repel any aggression of this nature, either upon their territory or their individual rights. They are highly gregarious, never leave the recesses of the forest, generally take up their quarters in the vicinity of a running stream, and seldom approach the habitations of men. It is this spirit of union and mutual defence which prompts the monkeys to collect round travellers, and by their chattering, grimaces, and every other means in their power, endeavour to prevent them from intruding into the little territory which they regard as their especial property.' Sometimes, indeed, regular pitched battles take place between two tribes, such as those between the Geladas and the Hamadryads described by Schimper, the well-known traveller, when sticks and stones are freely used. Most monkey tribes, however, appear quite satisfied if permitted to remain in peaceable possession of their own localities, there to carry on their customary occupations. Some idea of their mode of life may be gleaned from such scenes as those portrayed by Margrave, in his account of a species Buffon termed *ouarinas*. 'Every day, both morning and evening,' says the traveller, 'they assemble in the woods to receive instruction. When all come together, one among the number

takes the highest place on a tree, and makes a signal with his hand to the rest to sit round, in order to hearken. As soon as he sees them placed, he begins his discourse with so loud a voice, and yet in a manner so precipitate, that to hear him at a distance, one would think the whole company were crying out at the same time; however, during that time one only is speaking, and all the rest observe the most profound silence. When this is done, he makes a sign with the hand for the rest to reply; and at that instant they raise their voices together, until, by another signal of the hand, they are enjoined silence. This they as readily obey; till at last the whole assembly break up.' What the nature of this discourse is, not knowing the speaker's language, we have no means of ascertaining. Whether he expounds the laws of the community, or preaches morality to his hearers, cannot even be guessed at; but it may be noted that in many manners and customs, some tribes of monkeys are far better behaved, according to European ideas, than many tribes of men. Among the higher types of monkeys, domestic morality appears to be well preserved. 'Several kinds,' says Darwin, 'are strictly monogamous, and associate all the year round with their wives;' and this same authority quotes the anecdote of an intelligent Kandyan chief, of course a polygamist, who 'was perfectly scandalised at the utter barbarianism of living with only one wife, and never parting until separated by death. "It was," he cynically observed, "just like the Wanderoo monkeys."'

Although each family lives separate, it appears to be on social terms with the other families of the tribe; and when they remove their habitations, all travel together in large bands. Let us suppose that the little orphan previously mentioned, now grown up and become one of the leaders of the tribe, has taken unto himself a wife from among the most attractive females of his species. Let us suppose that they are a happy couple, living in the social freedom of their native wood, and knowing nothing of the doings of the outer world, when suddenly a party of travellers appear upon the scene, and ruthlessly despatch the young bride. The sequel, to quote Forbes in his *Oriental Memoirs*, was as follows: 'On a shooting-party, one of my friends killed a female monkey, and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and in a menacing posture advanced towards it. On his presenting his fowling-piece, they retreated; but one stood his ground, chattering and menacing in a furious manner. He at length came close to the tent door, and finding that his threatenings were of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by every expression of grief and supplication seemed to beg the body of the deceased. On this it was given to him. He took it up in his arms, eagerly pressed it to his bosom, and carried it off in a sort of triumph to his expecting companions. The artless behaviour of this poor animal wrought so powerfully on the sportsmen, that they resolved never more to level a gun at one of the monkey tribe.'

According to their custom of carrying away their dead and wounded, it may be presumed that our hero bore off his murdered bride and buried her, in accordance with the habits of his tribe, beneath a cairn of leaves. These creatures, as we know,

feel the most intense and overpowering sorrow for their deceased, and something closely approaching to human intelligence mingles with their sense of the ravages of death.

DUST TO DUST.

'I do wish William were come; surely he ought to be here before this. —What is the time, Aunt Betsy?'

'Never mind the time,' dear; your husband will be here soon; you may depend upon it, he will not stay away a minute longer than he can help. But they are always busy when putting on a new mine; you can never tell what may turn up to keep the men overtime.'

'Yes; I know that. But he ought to have been home at six o'clock, and I am sure it is a lot past that. I do wish he were come; and I am so weak;' and as she spoke thus, Mrs Pollarrack could not restrain the tears which soon filled her eyes.

'Now, don't give way so, there's a dear,' said Aunt Betsy. 'Think of your child. What a mercy it is that the little thing is sound and strong, and that you have got through your trouble so nicely. How proud William will be when he comes home, to find himself the father of a fine boy!'

A glow of motherly pride lighted up the young mother's face as she thought of the pleasure her husband would feel on taking his first-born in his arms, and she looked down on the babe, that lay safe by her side.

William and Mary Pollarrack were a young married couple; he, a strong active miner of twenty-four, skilful about pit-work; she, a farmer's daughter barely twenty, as pretty a girl as could be seen in the west of Cornwall. Hers was not a delicate beauty, but that strong healthy sweetness peculiar to a simple country girl. Though they had been engaged for three or four years, they did not cease to be lovers after marriage; their wedded life, which was now of some twelve months' duration, had been a continuation of their courtship. Theirs was a true union—a union of kindred spirits. The arrival of their first baby had been looked forward to with some anxiety by William; but in the morning of the day in which the event took place, he had gone to his work at a tin mine called Wheal Splendour, satisfied that his wife would be taken care of by his father's sister, Aunt Betsy, who came to them the night before, to stay a few days.

Wheal Splendour had recently been restarted, or rather a Company had been formed to rework it. It was an old mine, near C—, that had lain idle for thirty years. The engine-shaft was down eighty fathoms below the adit, which was forty fathoms from surface. A band of men, of whom William Pollarrack was one, were engaged clearing and securing this shaft; and at this time they were about half-way down to the adit.

But to return to the young mother. Aunt Betsy's advice was acted upon with good effect. Mary *did* think of her child; wondered all sorts of things about it; whom it would be like; whether it would be dark or fair; what they should call it after all; for William had always

said if they had a son, he should like it to be called John after his father; whilst Mary herself thought there was no name like William for a boy; and then she remembered one occasion, when the subject was up between them, how her husband had laughingly said: 'All Williams are not alike; you must not think if we had a son called William, he would grow up as fine a man as his father;' and how she had answered: 'I don't know that; I suppose there are men as fine as you in the world—ah! and a deal finer too, for that part of it, indeed.' They had had other quiet jokes and word-play; and Mary went through many of them over again as she lay still in bed, and thus a good half-hour went by without a sound escaping her; while Aunt Betsy, dear old soul, of great experience in cases of this description, wisely forbore to disturb her, and sat by the bedside without speaking a word, putting in practice her oft-repeated injunction to 'let well be.'

It was a beautiful evening, early in August; the sun had set, but the crimson clouds in the west reflected his glory through the window of the room. The old-fashioned clock down-stairs struck eight in measured tones. The sound roused Mary from her reverie; she turned and looked at Aunt Betsy, and was just going to speak, when they heard some one outside the front-door.

'There; he has come at last!' Aunt Betsy exclaimed.

'No; it's some one knocking at the door. I trust nothing is the matter. Run down and see who it is,' said Mary.

And Betsy did as she was bid, prudently shutting the bedroom door after her. On opening the front-door, she saw, to her surprise, not one, but four men waiting admittance, the foremost of whom, a respectably dressed man, inquired if Mrs Pollarrack was at home.

'Yes, sir; but she cannot see you just now. Will you come inside and sit down a minute? The fact is, sir, Mrs Pollarrack has got a baby; and a fine boy it is,' said Aunt Betsy, as she dusted a chair with her apron.

'Heaven help her, poor thing!' exclaimed the stranger.

'Good gracious, whatever is the matter?' asked Aunt Betsy.

But for a few moments, no one answered her; and she felt a giddy sensation creep over her as the other three men glanced significantly at one another.

At length the one who first addressed her began again, with an evident effort to keep calm: 'My name is Captain Woody; I am agent at Wheal Splendour. Mrs Pollarrack's husband worked there.'

'Go on,' said Aunt Betsy, leaning against the table for support; 'I know what is coming.'

'Poor William!' resumed the Captain; 'I would not have had it happen for a hundred pounds. The men were just leaving work; his comrades had already climbed by the chain to the collar or upper gallery, where the ladder-road commenced, when they heard a noise below; it was a run in the shaft. The planks on which they had been standing had fallen away with Pollarrack. They shouted down; but there was no response; and as the ground was constantly breaking away from the sides, they saw the necessity of getting up as quickly as

they could. It was fortunate they started when they did, for before they reached the surface, the run became general, and the bottom sollar and ladder were carried away.

'Whatever shall we do!' cried Aunt Betsy. 'Is there any chance that William is not killed?'

'None, I'm afraid,' the Captain replied. 'When the run had stopped, and we thought it safe for a man to descend, we let one down in a kibble; but he could not go far. The shaft is choked for several fathoms; some timber must have lodged across the shaft, and the stuff accumulated over it. Now, the chances are a hundred to one against the poor fellow's having fallen into the adit plat, and that too without being killed; he is more likely to have fallen into the water in the shaft. I fear it will take weeks to clear the shaft and get down to him.'

Just then, they heard Mrs Pollarrack knocking with a chair against the floor in the room above.

'The poor darling,' sobbed Aunt Betsy; 'I must go to her. And what *can* I say to her?'

'Is anything the matter, Aunt Betsy? Who are those people down-stairs, and why isn't William come?'

'Hush, dear; don't be disappointed; William is not coming home to-night.'

'Oh! *why* did he go away at this time?' said Mary reproachfully.

'He did not know you were so soon to have baby; and besides, he was obliged to go where his master sent him. But come now; try and sleep a bit, there's a dear,' was the reply.

Mary answered with a sigh. The thought of seeing her husband in the morning brought comfort, and she fell into a pleasant sleep.

The next morning, a great number of visitors came to the house. Aunt Betsy, however, was up early, and thoughtfully engaged a neighbour to intercept them in the garden, that the noise might not arouse unpleasant surmises in Mary's mind. Captain Woolly called again at the same time as the doctor and the clergyman. Aunt Betsy consulted with them as to what she should tell the patient. The doctor said that if the sad intelligence were conveyed to her in her present condition, the consequences would probably be fatal, adding: 'She will know it soon enough.'

The Captain informed the party that he had received orders from London that morning to stop the mine; that as it was the general opinion that William must have been killed by the fall or drowned in the shaft, he did not think the adventurers would attempt to recover the body, especially as weeks must elapse before they could get down to the adit. The only thing he could think of was to recommend the Company to offer a substantial sum by way of compensation to the widow.

'I will try to keep her quiet; but it will be a hard job,' said Aunt Betsy. 'She will be asking all sorts of questions; and how to conceal the truth, I don't know. I could not think of telling her a downright lie about it.'

Aunt Betsy was right in her conjecture. It was no easy task to induce Mrs Pollarrack to rest satisfied. Every few minutes she would restlessly inquire if William had returned yet; and she would want to know where he was sent, and on what business.

'My dear,' Aunt Betsy would reply, 'I cannot tell you more than I have told you already. Your husband has gone on a journey; nothing is said as to when he will return.'

As time wore on, the difficulty of pacifying the young mother increased. The suspense and anxiety told upon her seriously. The doctor, who was unremitting in his attendance, visiting her two or three times a day, told Aunt Betsy she was in a critical state. The brain was over-taxed, and there were dangerous symptoms of fever.

The third night after the accident, Aunt Betsy was keeping watch by Mary's bedside. The tallow candle was giving a dim light, its long wick not having been snuffed for some minutes; for Aunt Betsy had put on her spectacles to read a few verses, which exercise at such an unusual hour caused her to feel drowsy; and unconsciously letting the Bible sink gently in her lap, she closed her eyes. But she was not permitted to sleep long. Suddenly the invalid awoke, and sat bolt upright in bed; a wild light was in her eyes.

'Aunt Betsy, Aunt Betsy!' she cried, 'I've been dreaming about William. But look! there he is. Don't you see him sitting in that chair? See! he is covered with blood! He is turning his head round this way. Oh, what a look! Why, he is dying. My darling, I'm coming.' With a shrill cry, Mary sprang forward, and fell with her face on the coverlet.

Aunt Betsy gently lifted her back to her place without resistance on her part. The sudden outburst of energy was followed by a reaction. Mary remained in a stupor, from which she had not awakened when the doctor came next day.

Aunt Betsy told him what had occurred. The doctor listened attentively to every word, after which he looked at the young mother lying so calm and still; the colour was gone from her cheeks, her breathing was so low as to be hardly perceptible; then he said slowly: 'She will awake again—probably in the evening. Be in readiness.'

The sun was sinking in the golden west when Mary opened her eyes. 'Aunt Betsy!' she whispered.

'Here I am, dear. You have had a long sleep.'

'Where is my baby? Hold him before me, please. My William,' Mary continued when the child was disposed so as she could get a full view of it, 'has gone on a long journey—don't look surprised, Aunt Betsy—he has gone on a long journey, and I am going too, very soon. Take care of baby, Aunt Betsy, and call him William, please. He will never remember his father and mother; but he will see his father's form one day; and mind you tell him to lay his father in my grave. Kiss me, Aunt Betsy; I feel so tired.'

Before night threw its mantle over the earth, Mary Pollarrack's spirit had fled.

No further attempt was made to recover the body of William Pollarrack. Everybody admitted it would have been of no use. The adventurers had already decided to abandon the mine; and it was the general opinion that it would not be worth while to clear the run, which could not be done except at great expense, to find a corpse. Better

to devote a part of the money it would cost to the maintenance of the unfortunate miner's orphan. This was accordingly done. The sum of two hundred and fifty pounds was voted by the Company to be invested in the name of trustees for the use of the child, who remained in the care of his great-aunt Betsy. She lived to see her charge grow up to man's estate. It was her desire that he should be taught some trade, anything rather than mining; but young William's predilection in favour of his father's calling was so strong, that it was useless to think of opposing him. He was allowed to follow the bent of his mind. Beginning about the slime-pits, he passed through the several initiatory stages at surface; then he was allowed to go underground as a boy at thirty shillings a month, and in due time he was admitted on equal terms with the men. All this while, he was not neglecting the improvement of his mind; following the judicious advice of Aunt Betsy, he attended, when able, the night classes held in connection with the C— Institute.

His steady conduct attracted the attention of an influential mine-captain under whom he worked, and who, finding the young fellow more intelligent and better educated than miners generally, promoted him from time to time, and eventually procured him a situation as under-agent at a mine in Devonshire.

William lost Aunt Betsy before receiving this good appointment; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that she felt amply repaid for the pains she had taken with him; she had seen enough to be satisfied that her trouble was not thrown away. It was not until she was near her end that she told him his mother's last words. The general circumstances of his father's fate had been early made known to him; and in common with other boys of his own age he used to experience a certain terror when passing by the shaft where his father had met his fearful doom. This feeling wore off as he grew older, yet he could not but think at times of his father, whom he had never seen, lying so many hundreds of feet down in the earth. And when Aunt Betsy related the manner of his mother's death, and the words she had uttered just before, he promised faithfully to carry out her dying wish, if ever his father's remains should be brought to light.

Some months after William's taking his post at the Devonshire mine, one of the men there died underground, which circumstance greatly affected him. The man had been working with a boy in a branch shaft when, saying that he felt unwell, he left his comrade to go to the surface. On the boy subsequently making inquiries for him, he could not learn that he had been seen at surface since he first went down to work; nor had he gone straight home, as the lad found on calling there. His wife being alarmed, hurried back to the mine with the youth, and persuaded two miners to go down and search for the missing man. They found him in a corner of a plat about half-way up from the place where he worked, sitting on a piece of timber, dead.

The excitement attendant upon this incident kept William, or Captain William, as we must now call him, awake for a long time after he retired for the night. Scenes of peril in which he had been placed himself, stories of accidents that he had heard, rushed upon his mind, and when

he did at last fall asleep, they mixed themselves in wild confusion in his dreams. Towards morning his mind became more settled and less extravagant; and in the last dream of all, he was in a level gazing at a man sitting on a piece of rock, leaning forward, with his face buried in his hands, his elbows resting on his knees. The man had no hat on, and his hair was thick with clotted blood. As the dreamer stood and looked, not with astonishment or fear, but as it were spellbound, he heard Aunt Betsy's voice saying in his ear: 'Remember your mother's last words.' He went forward and touched the man on the shoulder; when the whole scene immediately faded away, and he awoke.

William was not accustomed to attach much importance to dreams, and seeing sufficient in what had occurred the previous day, to account for the troubled state of his brain in the night, he soon dismissed the subject of his dreams from his thoughts. An advertisement in the local paper, however, which met his eye in the course of the morning, brought it all up again. The advertisement ran thus: 'Wanted, a resident agent for Wheal Splendour. Apply to Captain Benny, C—.'

A rise in tin had again taken place; enterprising mining men were again looking out for suitable ventures to recommend to their clients; and once more Wheal Splendour, after being neglected for twenty-five years, found advocates who could speak confidently of its chances of success with tin at sixty pounds a ton. And some gentlemen being willing, and that not unreasonably, to believe this, a Company was formed as before to give the mine a trial. Hence the advertisement which William saw, and resolved to answer.

In applying for the situation, he mentioned, as a circumstance that would be sure to stimulate him to use every exertion in superintending the clearing the shaft, that he trusted to find some relic of his father, who had been lost there twenty-five years ago. His application was granted; and William soon found himself established as agent at Wheal Splendour.

In due time the adit was reached. They had found nothing so far among the debris in the shaft; and the young Captain concluded that when his father fell away, he must have dropped straight into the water in the shaft, and have been borne down by the falling mass. After a careful examination of the plat, he turned aside into the adit level; but he had not gone far before he saw something which made him stop short, and tremble from head to foot. It was his dream come back to him! There, a few feet off, was an object that one might at first have taken for a human being, in exactly the same posture as the man he had seen in his dream.

'Look!' he exclaimed to the men behind. 'Isn't that the figure of a man? It is my dead father!' And beckoning them to follow gently, he approached the figure. It was like clay in appearance, smooth all over. Resting on a stone and bending forwards, the general outline of the head and trunk was preserved, and the two legs reaching to the ground were quite distinct.

A solemn pause ensued. The men looked at each other, but knew not what to say. At last William stretched out his hand and touched the

figure; it immediately collapsed, and fell a little pile of dust at his feet.

And William laid his father's dust in his mother's grave.

A FEW WORDS FROM A SETTLER IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

THE writer of the following notes on the district called Riverina, in New South Wales, Australia, is a young Scotchman, who emigrated a few years ago, with the hope of obtaining a clerkship, or some position of that kind. But such appointments being scarce in the New World, he turned his attention in other directions; and at last accepted a 'billet' on a 'run' up the country—the 'Greenwood' of the following notes, which we have no doubt will interest many readers.

'Riverina,' he says, 'or the riverine district of New South Wales, is the central southern district of that colony. It is bounded on the south by the river Murray; and on the north by the Murrumbidgee; those two rivers joining, also form its western boundary; and is about three hundred and ten miles long, by about one hundred miles broad. It is watered by the Edvard or Kyalite River, and by numerous creeks. The surface is almost an entire level, except in the eastern part, where the hills commence. Along the banks of some of the creeks there are ranges of sandhills, none of them, I think, exceeding fifty feet in height, the rest of the country being just one vast plain, only broken by creeks, swamps, and ranges of forest. The soil is chiefly sand, in many places quite loose, and only kept from shifting by the grass roots. There is also a good quantity of clayey soil. One feature is, that one cannot find a stone the size of a boy's marble in the whole district, unless among the hills. Although the soil is mere sand, it is very fertile; and with a good supply of rain, grows first-rate grass, good grain-crops, and garden produce. The eastern portion has immense vineyards, from which large quantities of excellent wine are produced.

'Water is preserved, in the first place, by building dams across the creeks; and secondly, by excavating tanks. Wells are also sunk; but the water in the majority of cases is brackish, and only fit for stock. A creek such as the Billabong—which is perhaps about six hundred miles long, and at the present time almost dry, except for the dams and a few of the deepest holes—is dammed in several places at every station or selection it passes through. The fall in the land is so slight, that a dam about five feet high will send the water back about a couple of miles. Tanks are as a rule square excavations, and vary in size from a thousand cubic yards to twelve thousand cubic yards, or even more.

'The animals of Riverina are the kangaroo, wallaby, paddimelon, wombat, dingo, opossum, and porcupine. Of the kangaroo, I need not speak; there are hundreds in this run, and they are very destructive to the grass; one kangaroo, it is said, eating more than two sheep. Besides these "native" wild animals, there are wild-horses, a few wild-cattle, plenty of cats; and alas!

rabbits are appearing on our borders, though none have invaded Greenwood as yet. The birds of Riverina are extremely numerous; among them are the emu, black swan, bustard, hawk, crow, magpie, laughing-jackass, white crane, blue crane, ibis, ducks of various kinds, cockatoo and parrot, shepherd's-companion, jay, and many small birds. The eagle-hawk is a large bird, with an enormous stretch of wing. He is destructive to lambs. The crow is the curse of the country, destroying great numbers of lambs; and gathering about sick cattle and sheep, he picks out their eyes when they get too weak to move. The jackass is a merry bird, and his laughter is heard the first thing in the morning, and the last at night. It is contagious; I can never hear it without smiling. None of the birds whistle or sing like home-birds; but a few of them have pleasant notes.

'In some parts of Riverina, snakes are pretty numerous; but it is now over twelve months since I came here, and I have not seen one. One of the men here recently killed one, however, a brown snake, nine feet four inches long. The tiger-snake is the most deadly, as it is the liveliest. I read in the papers of a horse dying twenty minutes after being bitten by one. One of the boundary riders once came on a "tiger" away out on the plains; and as he could not get near on account of its quickness, he made balls of mud and threw them at it. It was so vicious, that it bit every ball that came near; till at last it was blinded by one; and then the man killed it. The insects are in nowise interesting, though some of them make strong claims upon our individual attention. The mosquito, for example, only ceases his courtesies on meeting with a violent death, or after being allowed to suck to repletion. It is said that in the Urana Swamp the mosquitos are so big that two of them can lift a sheep over a seven-wire fence; but I never saw this myself! As for ants, their name is legion. The bull-dog ant is most to be shunned; and my experience of him is, that I should prefer stroking his four-legged namesake to taking the same liberty with him. There are also winged ants, hornets, spiders, sand-flies, glow-worms; and I must not forget to mention dragon-flies, crickets, and grasshoppers. The last are sometimes very numerous, and eat up all the young grass.

'The trees of the district are red-gum, box, willow, peppermint, pine, she-oak, honeysuckle, and some others. All those trees are evergreen, new leaves forming as the old ones drop off. The herbs and weeds are pretty numerous; mallow and sow-thistle being sometimes used as bush vegetables, when better cannot be had. The first-named often grows to a height of ten or twelve feet. It makes a capital poultice for wounds, and bushmen have great faith in its healing qualities. The Bathurst bur is the pest of the "run," and sticks to the sheep's wool, and thus deteriorates the value of the article.

'The principal townships of the district are—Deniliquin, Moama, Albury, Cowwa, Wagga-wagga, Adelong, Tumut, Jundagali. It does not take much to constitute a township in this country; as blocks are surveyed here and there for towns, the number of houses being no object. Coree, the township nearest here, rejoices in one house; Conargo, fifteen miles in the other direction, is composed of three hotels, two stores, and a smithy.

Deniliquin is a thriving town, being in direct communication with Melbourne by rail; and thus the imports and exports of a good part of Riverina pass through it. Wagga is joined to Sydney by rail, and has besides a good deal of river-traffic, being on the Murrumbidgee. Albury is in the midst of the wine district, and has also a railway to Melbourne.*

'In this colony, each adult may select six hundred and forty acres—a square mile—and each minor three hundred and twenty acres of land, provided such land be unimproved crown land—that is, land without any fences, tanks, dams, houses, or anything else on it by way of improvement; and also provided such six hundred and forty acres be all together, not scattered in blocks all over the country. In this part of Riverina, where soil and remoteness from markets render sheep-breeding the only payable industry, a selector must have three or four thousand acres, if he intends to earn a livelihood; and this quantity of land is obtained by a family of six or eight members taking up selections in their own names. One of the terms of selection is—that a selector must reside on his land (minors excepted, of course); and thus, if several adults of a family select together, they must live in separate houses, or else render their land liable to forfeiture. One pound per acre is the price, payable at the rate of five shillings per annum. After a three years' residence on his land, a selector may select again, anywhere he chooses.

'There are several kinds of selectors—namely, *bond fide* selectors, black-mail, and dummy. A *bond fide* is one who selects with the intention of making a home and earning a living from his land. A "black-mailer" is one who, when he selects on a run, makes himself disagreeable to the squatter, and gives him as much trouble as possible, by letting his sheep or cattle pasture on the run, and by annoying him in various ways, in hopes that the squatter, in disgust, will give him a big price for his land, to get rid of him. A "dummy" is usually a station hand, whom the squatter intrusts to select—advancing the money, of course—so as to prevent an outsider from getting in. He pays his five shillings per acre, and thinks no more about it. In time, the government inspector comes round, finds no improvements and no residence. The land is forfeited, then sold by auction; the squatter buys it, and that is how it is done. The five shillings of course goes to the government. To render his run exempt from selection, a squatter must improve it at the rate of a pound per acre; thus he makes a tank, value three hundred pounds, and gets three hundred acres surveyed for it, which no selector can touch. Of course, all the best land is improved first, and any likely place gets a hut built on it, or a tank sunk. Improvements consist principally of tanks, dams, huts, bridges—if on creeks—fencing, cultivation, drafting-yards, scrub-cutting, and "ringing" the timber. The last-named is of two kinds, bark-ringing and sap-ringing. In bark-ringing, two circles are cut round the trunk of the tree, eighteen inches apart; and then with the back of the axe the bark is knocked off. In sap-ringing, a piece is chopped out all round, right through the bark, and a little way into the wood. By the

last process, the tree dies in a month; by the first, it sometimes takes three years. It is of great advantage in thickly timbered country, where no grass can grow on account of the nourishment the roots take. But directly the trees are ringed, the grass springs up luxuriantly. When a squatter improves a piece of land in such a way, he sends in an application to the Land Office for said land; and if the application is approved of, he is permitted to buy it. This being the case, if the improvement consists of an iron hut, he straightway removes it, and improves another block of land with it, and so on indefinitely.

'The weather of Riverina may generally be called magnificent; although in summer the heat is sometimes dreadful, and in winter the cold is pretty severe. This morning (May 4), for instance, the thermometer was at thirty-nine degrees, while three months ago (February) it was as high as a hundred and eighteen degrees in the shade. The usual thing is a bright sun and a clear sky, with generally a few light clouds. It is usually very calm; and I don't think there have been a dozen boisterous days since I came. The rain generally commences with a shower or two in March and April, after which the showers become more frequent till August, finishing off in September. From October to February may be called droughty, as I suppose rain seldom or never falls then, except from a passing thunder-storm.

'The run of Greenwood is about twenty-five miles long, with a breadth of from seven to ten miles. It contains, roughly speaking, one hundred and thirty thousand acres, of which I should say the selectors have about ten thousand, leaving one hundred and twenty thousand to the station. This is divided into twelve large paddocks, and about twice that number of smaller ones; all are well watered, either by tanks, or by the creeks which go through them. The country about here is usually estimated to carry one sheep to three acres, good seasons and bad. Of course, in some seasons it would carry far more; but there is great danger in overstocking a run, as of course no one can tell what next season will be like. Last shearing there were fifty thousand sheep and lambs shorn here; but immediately after shearing, about nine thousand were sold, thus easing off for the summer months.

'There are four boundary riders on the run (three of them married), the farthest out living fifteen miles away. The married men are allowed double rations, and get per month, sixty-four pounds flour, sixteen pounds sugar, three pounds tea, salt when required; and about twenty-four pounds meat per week. Single men when working away from the station get eight pounds flour, two pounds sugar, six ounces tea, twelve pounds meat, per week. At the Home Station there is a "men's-cook," who gets a supply when he wants it; notice, however, being taken that he keeps within bounds. All hands get one pound per week; although, I believe, on some stations experienced stockmen sometimes get twenty-five or thirty shillings. There is never any lack of men, as scarcely an evening passes that does not see three or four travellers at the station, asking for work and some rations. These travellers, or "sundowners" as they are called, are an institution in the colony. Some of them are regular practitioners travelling from one year's end to another;

* This article was written a twelvemonth ago.—Ed.

perhaps working for a week or two to get a pound or so, and then setting off again, tramping hundreds of miles with their "swag" on their back, and sleeping at night under a tree, or if fortune smiles on them, getting into a hut. Of course, all travellers are not like the above: many men have to go long distances, who are honestly in search of work; so when a man is wanted on a station, there is seldom much time lost in getting one.

The number of men working on any single station depends on the time of year. Just now there are with us: men's-cook, gardener (a Chinaman), bullock-driver, ploughman, carpenter, stable-boy, and three general hands; also five men who are working the saw-mill with the carpenter. Sometimes more are required, often fewer. Of course there is no "striking" among station hands, as their places could be filled in a day or two. The working hours are usually—in summer, six A.M. till seven P.M.; and when the days shorten, within these hours, from sunrise till sunset; but if the work is pressing, hours are not considered at all. When at home, the men generally have an hour for dinner; but when working out, as is perhaps the case five days in the week, they carry their dinner with them; in which case they just take time to eat it and have a smoke, and then to work. The drink used on the stations here is tea; but, I believe, in Victoria and Tasmania, cider and hop-beer are used largely. We drink rain-water at the station; but when out on the run, think nothing of swigging a pint of thick, muddy water, such as you may see on a country-road after rain.

The capital required by a squatter is difficult to estimate, as it depends entirely on the district. If in a selector's district, the squatter has to secure it by improvement which has cost him at the rate of a pound per acre, and then it costs another pound to buy it. In the back-country, however, such as the northern and interior districts, large tracts of country are taken up at nominal rents, and only sufficient improvements put on as required for the working of the station. There are stations now right up to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and all along the telegraph line from Adelaide to Port Darwin.

Travelling-sheep are another of the institutions of the colony. In a pastoral country like this, there must of necessity always be numbers of "stock" changing hands; thus, sheep and cattle may be met almost every day passing from one station to another. By law, sheep are compelled to travel six miles per day; cattle, nine miles; and horses, twenty. Sheep are often met with travelling for "feed," that is, the owners thereof having over-stocked their runs, find the grass failing; so they send a large mob of sheep off to some imaginary buyer, some hundreds of miles off, choosing, of course, the route by which they will pick up most grass. After sauntering along for a month or two, perhaps the rain has come; and there being now plenty of grass, the sheep are brought home by a roundabout way. Sheep of that style are known as "loafers;" because the drovers try to go as short a distance as possible each day. All kinds of stock are branded for identification.

During shearing, which lasts about six weeks, there are thirty-six hands employed on Green-

wood, together with about the same number of "Rouseabouts;" these being men and boys who pen the sheep, pick up the fleeces as they are shorn, sort and pack the wool, &c. The shearers are paid at the rate of seventeen shillings and sixpence per hundred; but if they shear well, it is at the option of the person in charge of the shed to let them have eighteen, nineteen, or twenty shillings per hundred. They pay a cook of their own, and find their own rations. The Rouseabouts get from fifteen to twenty shillings per week, and rations. Five hundred and sixty-nine bales of wool was the result of last year's shearing. These are forwarded by bullock-teams to Deniliquin; thence by train to Melbourne, and thence to London.

As to emigration, as far as I am able to judge, I do not think this is a good time for coming out here, as owing to certain matters connected with the late government of Victoria, numbers of men in different grades of society were thrown out of employment; and even with better legislation, it must take some time for trade to return to its former prosperity; and till that happens, I am afraid there will be a good deal of unemployed labour in the colonies, without an influx of more from the old country. Concerning the outfit of the emigrant, he need not, unless he chooses, provide more than will suffice for the voyage, as he can buy all he wants on landing, at comparatively little over home prices. The assisted passage for an adult under fifty years of age costs, I believe, two pounds. If a man comes out on "spec," and does not know what work he may have to do on landing, it is the greatest possible mistake to hamper himself with a quantity of clothes. If, for instance, he travels up-country and goes from station to station seeking work, all he wants is a swag, which he can carry easily over his shoulder. Said swag may consist of a pair of moleskin trousers, a flannel shirt, a pair of boots, and perhaps a handkerchief or two, all rolled up in a coloured blanket, and secured with a couple of straps. Add a "billy" for boiling the tea, and the equipment is complete. (A billy is what is known as a tin "milk-can" in Glasgow.) In the pastoral districts, bread is seldom obtainable by the traveller; but flour, tea, sugar, and meat may be bought at most stations. He should therefore provide himself with three small linen bags for flour, tea, and sugar respectively, also a smaller one for salt. The flour is simply baked with a little salt and water on a piece of bark, or sometimes a piece of oilskin; made into a cake, and thrown on the ashes, where it remains till done. Wheat is likewise grilled on the ashes. If the traveller's money runs short, he may obtain at most stations in New South Wales, rations, consisting generally of a pound of flour and two pounds of meat.

As regards those who would purpose going to a situation in town, or on to a station as book-keeper or storekeeper, or to gain "colonial experience," it would be rather difficult to advise concerning outfit, Australia having as many climates as there are between Algeria and John o' Groats. Any one coming out on chance, is better, I fancy, to wait till he obtains a "billet," and then provide suitably for the locality he is going to. In the bush, there are generally plenty of hawkers travelling with a variety of goods, so that he

is generally able to get some sort of decent clothing.

'I may just say in conclusion, that as a rule, billets on stations are very difficult to obtain; and I have known several experienced men try hard for months before they could get a situation.'

MRS BROWN SMITH.

A SUGGESTIVE SOCIAL SKETCH.

'WELL, my dear, really some retrenchment must be made, you know. When a man finds his income reduced five-and-twenty per cent, and he's been living up to it, and something over, why, there's only one way out of it—the expenses must come down. The—expenses—must—come—down.' And Mr Brown Smith emphasised each word of the last sentence by thrusting his hands deeper and deeper into his trousers-pockets, without meeting with any serious obstruction.

'Well, my love, I really don't know where the retrenchment is to begin. The household expenses are already upon about as low a level as is in any way consistent with decent respectability. There's the Mugginses'—

'Oh, bother the Mugginses!'

'Of course. It is quite impossible to make a comparison, or even a remark, without being met with some coarse expletive or another.' And Mrs Brown Smith, who prided herself upon the correctness of her diction, and never allowed herself to be surprised into cutting a sentence short, or not properly rounding it, runs her hands down her smooth morning-dress, and arranges the rings upon her well-preserved fingers.

'Well, but look here, my love. Surely something might be done. There's Mary. I've often thought it's been more than we could afford to keep a couple of servants; and besides, Edith's getting a big girl now, and ought to be useful.'

'Useful! Well, if you have no objection to seeing your child doing menial work, I have. Rather than she should be obliged to do the work of a scullery-maid, I—I would do it myself.' Mrs Brown Smith didn't look much like doing it; but Mr Brown Smith didn't say so.

'Oh, that's out of the question. I don't see the necessity of her doing scullery-work; but she might help a bit in the kitchen, and she might make herself useful about the house.'

'Will you be good enough, my dear, to be a little more precise. Kitchen-work may mean anything, from cooking a dinner to cleaning out a sink; and as to helping up-stairs, she does that already. She always assists *me* to dust the drawing and dining rooms and arrange the furniture.'

'Well, that's not a *very* heavy job. If you wouldn't mind—if you think you could manage it without assistance, it would leave her free to help in other ways; don't you see?'

Mrs Brown Smith looked remarkably hard at her husband, and said: 'But in what other ways?'

'Well, she might help to make the beds, and see to the preparation for dinner—potatoes, pie-crust, vegetables, gravy, and so on.' And Mr Brown Smith waved his hands about, being rather at a loss for power of description.

'Potatoes, pie-crust, vegetables, gravy, and so on. Well, I suppose it is quite impossible to

make a *man* understand the work of a house—quite impossible. But at least there is one thing I should have thought you would not have failed to recollect. You know the cook's temper. Do you suppose that she would allow Edith to interfere with her? Why, I don't suppose she would allow *me*.' Mrs Brown Smith omitted to say that she had no intention of making the attempt.

'Well, I think you're wrong there. I have a somewhat different opinion of Sarah. She has been with us some time, and I believe the best plan would be to take her into our confidence—of course, only to a certain extent'—

'Really, William, if you have so little regard for what is due to yourself and me as to think seriously of intrusting a servant with a statement of your pecuniary position, I think it is quite time we did without servants altogether. The Mugginses'—

'Oh, good gracious!—Here's my 'bus.—Good-bye, my dear; good-bye, girls.' And Mr Brown Smith shouts up-stairs to his daughters, rushes out of the house, and mounts to his accustomed seat upon the knifeboard of that social police-van which takes so many of us every morning to the treadmill of our daily lives.

Mrs Brown Smith watches the omnibus out of sight, arranges the damask window-curtains, looks well over the india-rubber plant, and comes back to the fireside. She shakes up the cushions of her own particular chair, settles herself comfortably down into it, crosses a pair of very well-shaped and very well-slipped feet upon the fender, and rings the bell. 'You can take away the breakfast things, Mary. Are the young ladies ready for school?'

'Very nigh, mum. They've put their hats on.'

'Where is Miss Edy?'

'She's in the garden a-cutting the grass.'

'Has she got her gloves on?'

'Yes, mum.'

'Tell her I shall go up to dress in about an hour. We had better start before twelve. Has the man brought the paper?'

'Here it is, mum.'

Mrs Brown Smith takes it, gives herself an extra settling down, and opens her paper. The immortal Sam Weller, when he ordered that memorable pint of porter and the newspaper, turned at once to the police intelligence. Mrs Brown Smith was the very antipodes of Sam Weller, and yet she began at the law reports, and that is next door to it. She soon became interested, so much so, that it was a rather vacant kind of kiss she gave her two girls who came in to say good-bye before starting for school. I am not going to tell you what Mrs Brown Smith was so much interested in—whether it was the Cape war or the Afghanistan campaign, or a Royal marriage, or—never mind what it was; it wasn't the leading article. The hands upon the mantel-piece clock turned round to half-past eleven, when she is interrupted by a good-sized, almost-done-growing—what a terrible description of a young lady—counterpart of herself, who makes her appearance in a pair of garden-gloves and a good deal of grass about her, and wants to know if mamma isn't going to get ready.

'Of course, my love. I had no idea it was so late; but a little extra exertion will soon rectify that.'

Mrs Brown Smith makes it and her toilet at

the same time; and if she is a very personable-looking woman in her morning-wrapper, she is really a very good-looking one in her walking-dress. It is all very well to talk, but the difference between a well-dressed woman and a shabbily dressed one is no joke to get over by those æsthetic people who will have it that a woman's charms are not enhanced by her clothes, which is not the least of the mistakes made by æsthetic people. She is at the street-door, and Mary is standing ready with her mistress's umbrella upon one side, and Miss Edith with her bag upon the other, when a good-looking, although rather grimy face appears at the top of the staircase leading to the lower regions of the house.

'About the dinner, please, mum?'

'Oh, of course, Sarah. Really, it had almost escaped my memory. Let me see. What have we in the house? We had veal for dinner, I think, yesterday?'

'Yes, mamma,' said her daughter, 'and bacon.'

'Exactly. Cold veal is rather insipid.'

'Better mince it, I think, mum,' said the servant.

'I think so, Sarah. And if you can get a bit of fish—Mr Brown Smith is very fond of fish—and a tart.'

'What fish, mum?'

'Oh, anything. I really don't care. I seldom eat it. Mackerel, or soles, or'—

'Mackerel is out of season, and the man says soles is scarce.'

'Well, anything that may happen to be plentiful, and'—

'Boiled whiting and parsley sauce?'

'I think so, Sarah. Yes; that will do nicely.'

'Anythink in the way of a marmalade tart, mum?'

'Yes; I think so. The children are fond of marmalade tart.'

And Mrs Brown Smith having thus ordered the principal meal of the day, and arranged its details, starts upon a shopping expedition and a couple of morning calls. The quiet of the house is only interrupted by occasional murmurs from the kitchen, and the going up and down stairs of pails and water-cans. The baker comes, and the butcher comes, and the greengrocer, and the tax-gatherer; and the girls come home to their early dinner; and at last Mrs Brown Smith and Miss Edith. Mrs Brown Smith makes at once for her own particular chair, into which she sinks with a sigh of relief. 'Really, I think those trams are almost more fatiguing than walking. Have you the parcels quite safe, Edith?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'I wish you would unbutton my boots for me, and take my bonnet up-stairs. And before you go, Edy, just take my keys, and give me a glass of sherry, my love, will you? I feel quite faint.'

Mrs Brown Smith has her glass of sherry and a biscuit, which appear to revive her considerably. After half an hour's rest, she washes her hands, makes some slight alteration in her dress, and again seeks the haven of her faithful chair. The bell is rung, or one of her daughters despatched, to make inquiries about dinner, and she superintends, without getting up, the arrangement of the table. Six o'clock comes, and Mr Brown Smith's well-known knock. His daughters run to open the door, and there is that pleasant five minutes of

domestic intercourse, which has furnished a theme for so many pictures both in words and colours.

The dinner is served, and Mrs Brown Smith—who has lunched heartily at a pastrycook's—manages to eat a very good meal, and to look very pleasant over it. Her work for the day is done. If Mr Brown Smith is agreeable, and conversational, willing to discuss the domestic economy of their friends and neighbours, Mrs Brown Smith will be to the fore; and if, on the other hand, Mr Brown Smith is distrustful and not communicative, why, then, there is always some music, or the girls or a novel, to fall back upon. Mrs Brown Smith is equal to either fortune. If Mr Brown Smith succeeds in squaring the circle, why, then, the even tenor of Mrs Brown Smith's way will not be interfered with. She will go on rounding her sentences and her finger-nails until the natural end comes. But if Mr Brown Smith fails to square the circle—and it is a difficult operation—why, then—well, then, perhaps, who knows?—Mrs Brown Smith may develop some of the virtues which lie in the hearts of most women, hidden, dwarfed, and stultified as they too often are by the action or want of action of their purposeless lives. She may learn the lesson of self-denial and of duty from adversity, and become a wiser woman and a worthier wife. It is the better history of many human souls.

POPULAR MEDICINE IN RUSSIA.

A VERY interesting paper on 'Popular Medicine in Russia' is to be found in *Old and New Russia*, by Mr Minorsky. It seems difficult to believe that such gross superstitions and almost barbaric customs can exist in the nineteenth century in a country even such as that of the Muscovite. The Russian peasant has a great dislike to doctors, and will rather suffer anything from a village quack, than put himself under the treatment of a medical man. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we know that of the regularly qualified doctors who take up their abode in small provincial towns, there are but few who will consent to travel for many miles on bad roads to visit a patient from whom they can in most cases expect no larger remuneration than a loaf of new bread or half-a-dozen eggs. If the patient is not too ill to be moved, and can be brought either to the doctor's house or the hospital, something will be done for him, and he may recover; but if he cannot leave his village, it is his own look-out, not the doctor's. There are of course many exceptions to this; and the Russian papers frequently recorded examples of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of medical men during the late epidemics of diphtheria and typhoid fever.

Among the labouring class, the treatment of diseases and affections of all kinds is confined chiefly to old women, who not infrequently are looked upon as witches, and, as a recent terrible example has shown, are occasionally treated as such. It cannot be denied that these old crones possess a certain knowledge of the virtues of herbs, drugs, &c.; and many cases are on record where they succeeded in curing inveterate affections that for years had resisted the doctor's skill. Fevers of all kind, ague and malaria, are among the most prevalent diseases in Russia—diseases which it is currently believed haunt the country in the shape

of invisible women, who go from village to village and from house to house in search of some human being, in whom they may conveniently take up their abode. There are said to be twelve such women, or Sisters as they are sometimes called—that is, kinds of fever—who visit the patient separately. The first visitors are as a rule, only troublesome, not dangerous; but those that come later weaken him considerably, and the 'Twelfth Sister' almost invariably takes the patient's life. By the latter name the peasants call the fever and night-sweats which are the usual symptoms of advanced consumption. Each of these twelve Sisters is supposed to have a great dislike to some special mode of treatment, and will at once leave the patient if it should be resorted to. Thus, for example, Sister No. 1 is afraid of cutting-instruments and sharp tools; and it is strongly recommended to surround the patient's bed with knives, axes, scythes, spades, saws, &c., which must be laid with their sharp edges turned towards the door. A specific against Sister No. 2 is an alcoholic extract of twelve kinds of wood; and Sister No. 3 can be expelled by swallowing a large dose of gunpowder. The ninth Sister dreads cold water above all things, and will immediately leave a patient who takes a cold bath.

There are several other remedies against fever; but they lose their power if employed by the uninitiated. The following is rather a curious specimen. The village wizard or witch takes the patient by the hand and leads him into the open fields. Here they look about for an ash-tree which must be a little taller than the patient. The wizard then produces his knife, and cleaves the tree in two from the top to the root. Both halves of the top are then tied together with the patient's belt; and the quack holds the two lower parts of the trunk apart, so as to form an opening, through which the patient creeps, having meanwhile divested himself of his clothing. His clothes are then handed to him one by one through the same opening; he dresses himself, and is now considered to be cured from his ague. During the whole operation, the wizard mutters certain mysterious words, which are supposed to possess some miraculous power. Other popular remedies against fever and malaria are tobacco, tar and verdigris; and of late years the peasants have taken largely to use quinine.

Sharp pains in the chest are attributed to the sprouting of wings in that peculiar region. They can only be cured by breaking the said wings. This is done in the following way: the patient lies flat on his face while the old woman who acts as surgeon pinches the skin of the back, beginning at the shoulder-blades and going gradually lower down. The pain is intense, and the patient groans and screams during the operation, which leaves his back covered with black and purple marks. But he bears the pain, and invariably professes to have been cured of his pains and troubles. Continuous headaches, pains in the limbs, scrofula, eczema, chronic colds, &c. are treated with alcoholic extract of sarsaparilla. This is prepared as follows. A quarter of a gallon of brandy is poured over a quarter of a pound of sarsaparilla. The vessel is then well covered with a linen cloth, and put in a dark warm place, where it must remain undisturbed for twelve days. After this time it is ready for use, and known among the

peasants by the name of *decop* (decoction). The greatest cleanliness both in body and dress must be observed by the patients while they take it, and nobody is allowed ever to approach it with unwashed hands. The dose of this *decop* is one wine-glassful three times a day, to be taken at least two hours before each meal; and salt, acid or bitter food is strictly prohibited while the cure lasts. Half a gallon of this *decop* is said to be sufficient to 'drive the bad pain not only out of the body, but also out of the bones.'

Very bad cases of dyspepsia are said to be caused by a snake in the stomach, the reptile having probably crawled in while the patient was asleep in the fields with his mouth wide open! It is currently believed that snakes are partial to raspberries, and will leave their hiding-places whenever they see or smell them. Some one is immediately despatched to gather the berries, and the bathroom is well heated. The fruit is then brought into the latter, and strewed on hot stones, over which the sufferer bends with open mouth, to facilitate the egress of the reptile. Should no snake make its appearance, charms or incantations are resorted to, and continued till the patient feels better, when the snake is supposed to have left his abode unobserved. Such are a few of the popular recipes for disease still prevalent in many parts of the Russian empire.

WITHERED ROSES.

WITHERED rose-leaves in an urn—
Everywhere our glances turn,
Time old graves uncovers.
Many a dainty, perfumed note,
Hands long cold once warily wrote,
Hidden here by lovers.

Ah! the manly hearts, now cold,
Ah! the memories, sweet and old,
This quaint room discloses.
All the warmth is chill to-day;
All the life has passed away;
Nought is left but roses.

Roses, withered now and dead,
All their ancient sweetness fled
With their ancient splendour.
As I bend above, I feel
A vague fragrance from them steal,
Like a memory tender

Of their olden pleasant days,
When the sun's rich golden blaze
Kissed their cheeks to glory.
Ah! the pain these memories give!
Ah! the pain that one must live
When our life's sweet story

Holds no more the olden joy!
Of what use a valued toy,
When its charm is broken?
Of our life when Youth is o'er—
Of the Past which comes no more,
Are these flowers the token.

When the sun has lost his light,
When the fall of Winter's night
Our Autumn-tide o'ercloses—
Call we then the memories sweet
Of those vanished moments fleet—
Ashes of Youth's roses.

C. R. CRESPI.

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WHAT GIRLS CAN DO.

HERE is a very useful book 'for mothers and daughters,' by Phillis Browne, entitled, *What Girls can Do* (London: Cassells). It deals with a question of great importance in the social and domestic economy of the middle classes of this country. The children of the working classes are much better provided for as regards occupation, than the children of those classes immediately above them. The former have all the range of domestic service open to them, in which they have the opportunity of earning a sufficient and comfortable livelihood in a respectable and womanly way. They have also equally honourable means of providing for themselves in those great departments of art and manufacture which admit of the employment of large numbers of women and girls for the performance of work that requires skill and dexterity of hand, without involving any very severe physical exertion—at least not such a degree of exertion as is beyond a girl's or woman's strength. But for those families whose position in society makes it necessary that their daughters should receive a higher kind of education, but who yet cannot fairly afford to allow them to spend the years that may elapse between school and marriage, in idleness, or in a condition that is unlucrative, many serious difficulties arise as to how their daughters may be employed in a manner consistent with the position which their parents or guardians may wish them to occupy in society, and with the expensive education which they have struggled to give them. The facts, also, that marriage is not a condition of life which can be confidently or immediately anticipated for the whole of those daughters, and that it may be necessary that some of them should be able to maintain themselves throughout the greater part of their lives chiefly by their own exertions, render the consideration of 'What girls can do' a very important and anxious one in many a family.

Then, again, there is still another class to whom this problem is a difficult one, and that is those who

occupy the higher stratum of the middle classes. 'No one,' says the author, 'who has gone through the world with eyes open, can have failed to see that a great many girls lead idle and useless lives, and that a great many mothers permit them to do so. I believe, however, that nobody is more painfully conscious of this condition of things than the girls and the mothers themselves, and that they would be very glad to listen to any one who would point out to them a way of escape from the misery of it, provided only that the "way" indicated was possible and within their reach. The problem of to-day with both mothers and daughters is not "Shall I work?" but "What can I do?" It is with the desire of helping them in this difficulty that I have written this little book. I have endeavoured to show both mothers and daughters some of the directions in which girls who do not need to work for a livelihood may do good service for others, and engage in pleasurable work on their own account. I have tried also to give a few hints to those who wish to work for a living.'

The object which our author has thus placed before herself has been, we think, accomplished by her with no small success; and it is impossible that any daughter or mother can read the book without obtaining therefrom many wise and practical suggestions, and much good advice. She divides her book into three sections: (1) Work for Duty; (2) Work for Pleasure; and (3) Work for Necessity. In the first section are included household work, laundry-work, cookery, dress-making and millinery, governess-work, nursing, &c., also various kinds of charitable work. In the second section—'Work for Pleasure'—the book treats of painting on china and in water-colours, reading, gardening, floral decorations, work for bazaars, &c.. And in the third section—'Work for Necessity'—are embraced the subjects of working at home, teaching, literary and artistic work for publishers, clerks, lady-doctors, paid nurses, and the like. It is only in our power to give the merest outline of what is here set down under a few of those headings, and we shall leave the author as far as possible to speak for herself.

On the subject of how many girls pass the time after leaving school for home-life, she has some sensible and needful remarks. 'The day,' she says, 'that a girl leaves school—finishes her education,' as it is called—is one of the greatest importance to her. It is the dividing-line between two periods: the one in which she has been guided by others, and the one in which she is to a great extent to be a guide to herself. Her character for life will be largely determined by the course she pursues during the next few years. Many hundreds of girls at the present time are being ruined simply for the want of something to do. This is by no means entirely their own fault. They have not been put to anything by their friends, and they have not sufficient energy and determination to make a beginning for themselves, and so their lives are wasted. They work hard enough when they are at school; but when they leave it, they have no particular object in life. They dawdle through the mornings, dress themselves up and go out in the afternoon, and either visit or go to some place of amusement in the evenings, and so get through the months and years. Of course their characters suffer. They grow selfish, and small, and narrow-minded. They delight in gossip, care for nothing but show and admiration, and look upon marriage as the crowning object of life. Sensible people of both sexes despise them; good people mourn over them. They are said to do nothing, but really they do incalculable harm. They degrade the name of woman, which ought to be a refining and elevating influence, and make it a by-word and a scorn.' Earnest work for others acts on the character like a talisman. 'It has power to convert the thoughtless, foolish trifler into the earnest, reliable woman. When once a girl comes to feel that others are dependent upon her for happiness or comfort, that she is doing good work no one else can do so well, she begins instantly to respect herself, and to act as if she did. The powers grow with the use of them, her nature expands, that which is small and frivolous becomes uninteresting to her, while that which is useful and real takes its right place.'

The author hopes no one will turn away from the book because at the very beginning she encourages 'Household Work.' To her it seems natural and right that a girl should understand and engage practically in work connected with making home bright, cheerful, and well-ordered, and she regards it as a sad sign when a girl considers such work as beneath her notice. After advising as to habits of orderliness and neatness in dress, and the necessity of being able to do good useful needlework, she proceeds to speak more particularly of household work. She complains that many think this kind of work quite out of the question for girls whose parents can afford to keep servants. 'I wish,' she says, 'girls could be got to discard this notion. Half the domestic difficulties of the present day would disappear if mistresses were conversant with the details of

household work. Theoretical knowledge is seldom of much real use. Practical knowledge is never gained so easily or so thoroughly as in youth. If mothers would allow their daughters to do a portion of housework regularly, they would be much more likely to manage their own houses well, if ever they should have them, than they would if they had to begin straight away without any previous experience.' One reason why she would recommend domestic work for girls (and in domestic work she includes home dressmaking and millinery, as well as household work) is, that the actual doing of work of this kind 'is more likely than anything else I know to give practical common-sense to a girl. It makes her able to use her own hands and her own wits, and gives her an idea of the thousand-and-one details connected with a woman's work that can never be learned except from experience. The advantage to the girl herself will be incalculable.'

At the same time, while the author is most desirous to put domestic work in its rightful place, she should be sorry to see a girl's attention devoted exclusively to the family circle. We all belong to the great human family, and we owe a duty to the brothers and sisters outside our home as well as to those within it. 'In every age, the best women have been quick to feel for others, and earnest in helping the suffering and needy. These women have done a glorious work. It would be impossible to over-estimate the good they have effected, or to give a definite account of the work they have been doing and are doing at the present time in England.' She is also careful to guard those who are benevolently inclined, against indiscriminate charity, which has done much evil, by encouraging the improvident and vicious. It is better that girls who wish to engage in works of charity should ally themselves with others of experience, and work systematically on a tried and regulated plan, and above all connect themselves with a Charity Organisation Society. Such societies are not free from objectionable features; but on the other hand they are a means of preventing imposture, and that unguarded squandering of money upon persons whose characters or habits a private individual might not have the means of ascertaining.

Under 'Work for Pleasure,' the author speaks of the 'between-times,' when serious work does not call for attention, or when it may have become wearisome, and when some light employment or recreation may be necessary, not only for the sake of health but of happiness. 'There are a thousand-and-one ways in which a girl may employ the leisure moments of life. Taken separately, none of these occupations amounts to very much; altogether, the results make a wonderful difference in the look and comfort of a house. Skilled fingers constantly busy, will produce at a very small expense a quantity of bright, pretty ornaments, which will give a "home"-like elegance to a room, and proclaim at once in most pleasing language that girls have been at work. One can tell, five

minutes after entering a house, whether the upholsterer has been left to furnish by himself, or whether his work has been completed and beautified by the tasteful industry of the occupants. I always think it is a very bad sign when girls living at home do not "imprint their mark" in refinement on their surroundings.

In her notice of the different characters and tendencies of the class of girls to whom she refers in this connection, the author does not forget the 'girl of the period,' nor does she spare her. 'This young lady,' she says, 'is supposed by a great many people to be a type of the average girl of to-day. The characteristics are, that she cares nothing at all for any one but herself; has no idea of the value of time, but spends her days in studying the fashions and adorning her person, her desire being to make the opposite sex admire her, and her own friends envious of her. She possesses none of the qualities that for long years have been supposed to distinguish good women—namely, purity, tenderness, helpfulness, and sweet charity; but is idle, vain, selfish, and silly, finds her pleasure in tittle-tattle and gossip, and expends the energy that is not devoted to dress in useless fancy-work. The picture is repulsive enough. If there are such girls, I should think we scarcely could scorn them, we should be so lost in sorrow for them. For my own part, however, I feel inclined to question their existence altogether. If there are girls of the kind amongst us, I must have been particularly fortunate in my experience, for I never made the personal acquaintance of one of them, and I never knew any one who did. I know many a girl who is a joy to her father, and a help and comfort to her mother, a friend to her brothers and sisters; who makes home bright and friends happy; who when called upon to do any special work, is ready, willing, and eager to do what she can; who is modest, refined, and sensible; but the typical "girl of the period" I never saw.' Our authoress does not deny that there are girls who are no particular joy to any one; who think more than they should of dress and appearance, fritter away their time over trifles, and go to an extreme in following the fashions. But it would be unjust to set these down among the above objectionable class. They are simply asleep and dreaming; in a little while something or other will waken them. 'Some unusual experience comes—a joy, or a trouble, or a bright example, or a warning which shows us where we are. And when the time comes, the girls we speak of will shake themselves from the fetters that bind them down, and prove themselves good, true women.'

In the portion of her work that has to do with 'Work for Necessity,' there are many useful counsels given. She acknowledges that it is hard work for a girl to make her own living; but not hard to make a little pocket-money, for that is a very different thing. There are many more openings now than formerly for female employment, but there are more than enough of candidates for all vacant situations; hence the difficulty educated girls have in finding something profitable to do. She is also afraid that the power of determined persevering work is not common among girls; that they are too much disposed to work by fits and starts. 'The girl who wishes to excel, and to be able to do work that shall be valued, must acquire the power of keeping on, whether she is in the

humour or not. She must patiently practise detail until she is quite familiar with it, and it is easy to her; practise not only on the days when she feels bright and energetic, but on the days when she is dull and low-spirited.' She rightly thinks it would be a good thing if it were more usual than it is for girls to be brought up to think that they must work and make their own way; they would be both better and happier for it. 'I am glad to know,' she says, 'that opinion is broadening on this point, and that workers are looked upon with more respect than they used to be. A few years ago, a girl who worked for money was regarded with a certain scorn by the majority of people, and spoken of as a "young person;" while the girl who remained at home doing nothing particular, but waiting for some young man to be kind enough to come and marry her, was regarded as a "young lady." Things are not so bad as that now. Girls themselves look, I am sure, with respect and even with envy upon those of their companions who are busy, independent, and self-supporting. And they have cause to do so. Next to the pleasure of working to help others, comes the satisfaction of feeling that we work that we may not be a burden to others.'

For the details of the work that may be thus resorted to, we must refer the reader to the book itself. The author is careful to warn the young and inexperienced against thinking that anything of this kind can be acquired without trouble or self-culture, and this especially in the department of doing literary or artistic work for publishers. The fact that many women are successful, if not all distinguished, as writers or artists, is no reason for running away with the notion that any one can be so. 'Unfortunately, when a girl can do nothing else, she thinks she can write a book or a magazine article; and why should she not, seeing that in her opinion and that of her friends, there is nothing so easy as to write a thrilling story, or a short graphic paper full of wit, and knowledge of life and character. The consequence is, that unfortunate editors are deluged with manuscripts which they cannot use, containing papers which no one would read if they were printed. And the senders of these manuscripts wait day after day, hoping and fearing, and hoping again, that the editor will be kind and read their story, and be appreciative and jubilant concerning it, and will hasten to offer unheard-of wealth to the writer of such profound remarks and eloquently turned sentences; while all the time the manuscript in question is destined to form one of a huge heap of rolls, all of which are to be "declined with thanks." It is quite necessary that some one should say a word of the kind, because such numbers of girls are trying for what they never will obtain—literary work.'

This caution, which is very similar to that which we ourselves recently indicated in our article on *Literary Beginners*, is well-timed. There are many other departments of human skill and labour in which girls might engage with more hope of success, such as teaching, nursing, clerkships, &c.; though these may be at first sight more prosaic employments. In any case, the girl who is anxious and willing, and who is not averse to doing the work which she is most capable of doing well, need not despair of a fair ranking in the candi-

dature for office. Earnestness and efficiency must go hand in hand; the first is at the call of every one, the second within the reach of almost all who apply themselves with diligence and determination.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN THE SANCTUARY.

It behoved Bertram now to look for lodgings. His term of occupation at Cambridge Chambers was not yet finished, and his rent—thanks to his dead benefactor's thoughtful prudence—had been paid in advance. But to live on in such a place as Cambridge Chambers, relatively expensive, would never do. Bertram felt that he must set his face resolutely towards more meagre and poorer surroundings, and address himself resolutely to the task of driving back the gaunt wolf from the ill-guarded door. He owed nothing, not a sixpence. There was some comfort in that. He had paid his way, punctually and thriftily, from the first day when prosperity had seemed to dawn upon him. Now, he was poor again; but there was no millstone of debt to hang round his neck and warp or clog his conscience. He could leave Cambridge Chambers and its vicinity with the respect and the good word of the few to whom his name was known.

But whither was the youth to betake him now? He had very little money left. Some sovereigns, Dr Denham's gift, had been eked out to the last; but even then the purchase of the mourning garb that he wore had necessitated an inroad on the five-pound note which his Blackston employer, Mr Burbridge, had bestowed on him at parting. He counted his scanty store of coin. Three golden sovereigns were left. So were sixteen silver shillings and some halfpence. It was a small capital wherewith to face the world, in that England which expects every man to do his duty as a solvent member of the commonweal; but then to be sure there was the stipend, small but certain, to be earned by working for Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge. Tossing restlessly on his pillow by night, or in sober daylight with paper and pencil at hand, Bertram made many of those dreary calculations the root of which always is—'What can I give up? With how little can I do? Is it in sheer necessities, or in the conventionalities of life, that I can best effect a saving? For a saving, somehow, there must be.'

Naturally, the first idea of a healthy, honest-hearted young man, such as Bertram was, when thrown on his own resources and pressed for means, all ideas of amusement or luxury having been pruned away at the first, is to economise on the rent of his lodgings. 'I am young and strong, and care not for show'—his instinct seems to prompt the words that spring so readily to his lips—'and I can scramble on anywhere.' Unfortunately, Bertram, in feeling thus, found with disappointment that he had reckoned without his host. He had been unaware of the exceeding squalor of the very cheap London lodgings, and ignorant of the fact that, in overcrowded rookeries such as those which he now visited, honest poverty is compelled to rub shoulders with drunkenness and vice, from absolute lack of elbow-room to keep the goats apart from the sheep. The lad's very soul

sickened as he dived into court after court, each so like the other in its foul air, and neglected children and slatternly women, and men sodden with drink at one time, brawling at another, the ceaseless noise, disorder, and coarse curiosity. The neat, tidy, little back-streets of decorous if unfashionable quarters, were all too dear. It seemed as though the superior workmen, the married clerks, and all who cared for comfort yet were sparingly provided with money; must dwell in outlying suburbs and journey to and from their work, and as if decent accommodation were of all commodities the hardest for a needy London resident to compass. But it would never do for Bertram to live far away from the scene of his work, or, more correctly, from the palatial business premises of his imperious employers, Groby, Sleather, and Studge. His well-wishers, Davis and Brooks, the articulated pupils, had cautioned him as to this; and Mr Tomkins, principal clerk in Room E, had warned him not to keep that impersonal entity, 'the firm,' waiting, in case he should be called upon at a moment's notice for some sudden and severe exertion.

At last, in a quaint dingy part of Westminster, Bertram found a garret that he thought would suit him tolerably well. It was in a queer three-cornered nook, which tradition averred to have been once a portion of the old Sanctuary, where thief and coiner, and outlaw and rebel, once got a little breathing-time from scourge, pillory, and gibbet. But there were no thieves there now—so Bertram's landlord, a cobbler by trade, but by predilection a bird-fancier, cheerfully, and perhaps boastfully, assured him.

'No, no; thank ye, says I; such were the landlord's words, when he found that Bertram and he were likely to come to terms, and that the former was able to supply that cynosure of the suspicious householder, a 'respectable reference.' 'No, no; thank ye, when customers of that sort comes my way, saying: "Mr Browse, haven't you a room to suit me at present?" Not at no price, is in my thoughts; but of course I have to put 'em off with civil words than that, 'cause it don't do to get quarrelling—too many cross coves about for that. But all my lodgers get a living, honest, sure as my name is Ephraim Browse.'

And indeed, so it seemed, since two printers, a mother and daughter who lived by clear-starching, and a maker of picture-frames, with his careworn wife and numerous small family, were all the occupants of the gaunt, narrow tenement, until the vacant attic was assigned to Bertram.

'One thing we've got,' said the proprietor of the mansion, after the bargain had been struck, and with an ineffable chuckle of satisfaction—'facing due south as we do, we've got the sun.' And as he spoke, he pointed with the lapstone he carried towards a ruddy ball of lurid light struggling with mist and cloud overhead. 'To-day,' he added apologetically, 'he's not much to boast of; but in fine weather he does brighten up the old place wonderful. My birds know the difference as well as Christians could, for they sing here, to do your heart good, while others mope.'

Mr Browse, who was a gruff old bachelor, who wore, summer and winter, a fur-cap and a shirt of brick-red flannel, and whose short black pipe, like the sacred fires of the Persians, seemed to be

eternally alight, had a soft spot in his heart. He was tender towards his birds. With the unfeathered lodgers under his grimy and crazy roof, he was peremptory enough, exacting as a rule weekly payment. One week's credit for a tenant of some standing, the sturdy cobbler was willing to make, as a concession to the fallibility of poor imperfect human nature. After that, 'Out you go!' was Mr Browse's summary sentence. The oldest denizens of the place, the clear-starchers, would not have got a fortnight's grace, had their exchequer suddenly run dry. But Mr Browse was indulgent with his birds. They knew him, and chirped to him quite confidentially, and sometimes tried to rub their little yellow or brownish heads against his gritty thumb, when he came to refill their seed-boxes and replenish the tiny glass cisterns wherein their water was kept. He was the kindest of jailers, nurse rather than jailer, where winged creatures, born in captivity, and who never knew that a cage meant a prison, yet had vague longings for the infinite, were concerned. He was not a bad man, Mr Browse.

It was a queer place into which Bertram, having agreed to terms, and paid, according to Sanctuary canons of morality with respect to an incoming tenant, his week's rent in advance, presently transferred his clothes, his books, and mathematical instruments.

'Lots of light here,' was his landlord's laudatory remark, as he flourished his awl and pointed out the merits of the apartment; 'saves candles.'

And for a poor student, a liberal allowance of Sol's radiance, of which the starveling Neapolitan gets so much, and we Northerners so little, is no despicable advantage. Bertram, when he was left to the enjoyment of his hired room, leaned meditatively out of the rickety casement, and took stock, so to speak, of the situation. It was a court, or at least what was called a court, in which the Post-office Directory chronicled as a householder the uncompromising name of Ephraim Browse. But it was not one of those darkling dens of which London contains too many. It was three-cornered, as has been said, and let in the sun, and some allowance of such fresh air as the rising tide brought with it up the swelling Thames. Perhaps some great building, a barn, a prison, a laundry, of the monks who once were lords of all thereabouts, had formerly filled up the vacant side of the irregular square, and had fallen down, or been demolished.

Yes, it was a queer place. Beneath the window from which Bertram looked down, a great old vine—it was but a gnarled stump now—had struck its mighty roots into the London soil, and there it stood defiant, though lopped, truncated, mutilated. Once, perhaps, when beauty of foliage and tendril was in more request, the twining limbs and green leaves of the vine had clung caressingly to the whole frontage. Even now, late in the spring-tide, the maimed thing, tenacious of life, put forth a timid leaflet or so from dwarfish shoots and suckers, soon to be plucked by children's fingers, and there was an end for that year of the vine's feeble protest of a latent vitality. All over the house, in dry weather, hung bird-cages of different shapes, from the wicker abode of the thrush and blackbird—the mavis and merle of old ballads—to the wirework dwelling of the canary and piping bullfinch, and the wired box wherein a lark trod

his prison floor of green, turf. By the aid of a ladder, Mr Browse provided for the comfort of his feathered pensioners. He had pet names for them, whistled airs, very indifferently well, for the education of such birds as were of musical attainments, and sold even a redpole or a linnet with regret, inasmuch that he was reported to make money by his leather, but to lose by his living wares. There were pigeons too, whose soft liquid notes—that *roucoulement* for which we have no English word—and the sound of whose fluttering wings, reached Bertram through the roof that was so near to his cramped quarters, and above which, in a quaint contrivance like an exaggerated meat-safe, dwelt tumbler and pouter and carrier, fantail and horse-man.

But Bertram had other occupations to fill up his time than the purely meditative one of gazing from his high window over a wilderness of chimney-stacks and gables, or of speculating as to the probable aspect of the place when dress was more picturesque, and contrasts more vivid than at present, and when gay hoods and plumed caps and jingling spurs, bright colours and flashing laces of gold and silver, alternated with such rags and barbaric squalor as we now never see; and society seemed at once much finer and much nastier than it does in our time. Oddly enough, the cobbler-landlord had picked up some scraps of antiquarian lore, more or less accurate, and was boastfully talkative as to the time when 'My lord, the old Abbot' bore sway over the little flock of black-sheep that had crowded into the privileged spot within reach of his gilded crook ecclesiastical, and 'the king himself durstn't, not he, touch e'er a one of 'em, for fear of the old monks.' Perhaps Mr Browse did not often get the opportunity of descanting on his favourite archaeological topic to so intelligent a listener as Bertram Oakley, for the poor, as a rule, are too busied with the present and anxious for the future to care much about the past. But, as has been mentioned, Bertram's leisure was not extensive, since he found that, labour as he might, it was impossible for him to earn a maintenance without drawing, slowly but surely, on his scanty hoard of coin to eke out the deficiency.

Groby, Sleather, and Studge were hard task-masters and not very liberal paymasters, at least to the ill-starred class of 'extras' to which Bertram now belonged. To procure the maximum of work for the minimum of wage is, of course, in strict accordance with the severest ethics of politico-social economy; but then there is generally an under-current of demand as well as of supply which, roughly speaking, make up the factors of the market price. But, save for specialists, there is no market price. The bricklayer, the cabinet-maker, the smith, know to a nicety how many weekly shillings and pence represent the value of their toil. But then, they are trained mechanics, drilled soldiers of the great army of Industry. Unbred to a trade, it goes hard with the clever handy lad, or with the clever handy man, in the complex system of an old country like our own.

Bertram had thrown himself, from the first, heart and soul into his work. It was his nature to be zealous; and he was careful, patient, untiring in the performance of the task allotted to him. Never before, since the civil-engineers opened

their sumptuous premises, had work so delicately exact been done so promptly and unfailingly for such poor pay. The drawings were faultless. The manuscript was a model of legible precision. Mr Tomkins, the bustling head-clerk of Room E, who had many cares and a short temper, took in Bertram's contribution to the great hive with a grunt of satisfaction; but no praise and no promotion fell to Bertram's lot, as week after week went by, nothing but the bare pay-ticket to be given in at the cashier's office on Saturday night. And then, again according to the severest creed of politico-social economy, he and Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge were quits. He got from the mighty firm for whom he toiled no smile of approbation, no kind word, not one of those tokens of human sympathy that, to the poor and young, are more valuable than gold itself, as cheering them along the rugged roads that bruise the feet which tread them.

What was worst of all was that there was no relying on the presence of the Saturday pay-ticket or on its amount. There was no certainty of work. The work arrived when it suited the great firm, and was arranged with no more consideration for those who did it than if they had been so many machines, standing unemployed indeed, but exempt from the pangs of hunger, as steel and brass and iron are. There were long intervals of unwelcome idleness, and then a messenger would come panting and stumbling up the steep staircase of Mr Browse's house; and in hot haste, Bertram would begin his new job, never sparing himself, faithful, eager, hurrying slowly, as the Latin proverb bids us do, denying himself rest and sleep and air until he had done all he could for his employers. But he grew very weary sometimes, and the colour rose to his cheek more rarely, as he ground on in the back-breaking and heart-breaking mill of Groby, Sleather, and Studge.

THOMAS TOD STODDART,

THE SCOTTISH ANGLER.

To produce a first-rate book on the art and practice of angling, the writer must of necessity be himself a good angler. He must know from experience the best lures for the different months of the angling season—whether those be artificial flies, or the natural stonefly, creeper, caddis-worm, minnow, parr-tail, or other baits. He must also know from experience which rivers are most suitable for each or all of those lures, and when each river is, as to size and colour, most conditionable. Salmon and trout move from place to place as the rivers rise or fall; and as trout especially shift from pool to stream as the seasons change, the observant angler knows pretty nearly the places or spots in the rivers where they are to be found at the different seasons. In the summer months, when rivers are low and clear, he can pick out to a nicety the very spot where a trout is likely to lie on the outlook for food—a knowledge gained only by long and observant experience.

The subject of this notice, the late Thomas Tod Stoddart of Kelso, whose works on Angling have given pleasure and instruction to many a votary of the gentle art, was one whose experience taught him what he in turn taught so pleasantly to others. This veteran angler and author was one

of the few writers on angling who have devoted the best part of a lifetime to that pleasant pastime. Shortly after he left college and was called to the Scotch Bar as an advocate in 1833, he gave up his profession, and took, heart and hand, to rod and reel for the rest of his long life—passing most of his non-angling time in the pleasant fields of literature. The excellence of his prose and, to a certain degree, his verse in connection with angling, and the accuracy of his observations on natural history—for he was a close and shrewd observer—have been long patent to a wide circle of readers on both sides of Tweed.

Mr Stoddart was born in Edinburgh in February 1810, and shortly after his marriage, which took place in 1836, he took up his residence in the pretty Border town of Kelso, which was his home for the remainder of his life. Living there, he was within easy access of many excellent trout-streams—the Kale, the Bowmont, the Glen, and the Eden; as also of the salmon and trout streams of the Tweed and Teviot, which were almost at his door. But though his home was in Kelso, he almost every summer during many years of his life paid visits elsewhere in Scotland, where he met many genial angling and literary friends, and also found suitably quiet and unquiet waters into which to cast his deadly fly or minnow. By movements of this nature he, after a course of years, could register the fishable qualities of almost every lake and stream in Scotland; and no other writer has produced so much thoroughly reliable information on its streams and lochs for the use of the angler. Of the Tweed, nearly one hundred miles in length, and its many tributaries he knew every stream and bend; and as every good piscator will readily believe, of the rivers in which he angled most he knew every shelving bank or stone, the haunt of salmon or trout. His soul was in his work; and he therefore, almost by intuition, readily learned much that ordinary observers would have overlooked or neglected. To see him run a salmon was a treat to remember; and he only expresses his own experience when he writes:

Hark to the music of the reel!

We listen with devotion;

There's something in that circling wheel

That wakes the heart's emotion!

He was possessed of excellent conversational powers, which he, however, used with modesty, unless, perhaps, when among some old and valued angling or literary friends, on which occasions he would keep them in roars of laughter by lively sallies and spurts of peculiar and original humour. Thus, his kindness of disposition made his company a pleasure to a wide circle of friends. In matters of controversy connected with natural history, he was a bold speaker and writer; and as he was a close observer, he was generally correct in his arguments and deductions.

At the social board he was delightful, and could, moreover, do some things by way of giving amusement which were quite unique. Some old friends when they read these lines will recall with pleasure his mode of preaching a Gaelic sermon, a sermon with scarce a Gaelic word or a word of any known language in it! Living so much in the Highlands, when angling there, he had so fairly caught the intonations of their language, that ignorant Highlanders in the north imagined that

he preached in south-west Gaelic, and *vice versâ* ! He could also electrify his friends by his imitation of the performance of an opera. Many years ago, when he was at college, the name of Abercrombie became for a short time familiar as a household word in Edinburgh. Mr Stoddart took that name therefore as the sole 'libretto' of his burlesque performance ; and with no instrument but his voice, which rung all imaginable changes on the word, he so humorously and ludicrously performed the operatic music as to elicit the heartiest laughter.

But it was as an angler and writer on angling subjects that his name was generally known. Having early devoted himself to the study of the gentle art, he for a long course of years—indeed almost to the very close of his life—was in the habit of contributing copiously to periodicals and magazines on subjects of angling and natural history. His first effort in literature—a poem published in 1831—cannot be said to have been successful, and is now practically forgotten. The first production of his pen which brought him into notice was his work entitled *The Art of Angling*, published in 1835, and which he had originally contributed to the pages of *Chambers's Journal* in a series of articles. Since then, many other works in prose and verse came from his pen ; but of all these, that known as *The Angler's Companion* takes decidedly the highest place. It has for many years been a standard work. The inexperienced angler finds in it a faithful guide and friend, and lovers of river-side scenery read it with pleasure. It is even relished by practical anglers who themselves know the many artful and delicate ways of bringing salmon and trout to the creel.

The early spring is the time when the genuine angler feels the first fond impulses of the heart. It is then he begins to pant after the water-brooks, and to long for the sight of a leaping trout. In the winter months he sorts his tackle, secures a supply of the new season's gut, assort his newly made flies, and has some of them tied into 'casts ;' so that whenever trout begin in spring to rise to the natural fly, he seizes his rod, shoulders his basket, and in ecstasy of spirit repairs to some favourite stream, beside whose banks a thrill of indefinable joy runs through his veins as the first trout of the season seizes his fly. It was quite exhilarating to hear Mr Stoddart in the winter months talking with enthusiasm of the coming joys of spring. On fresh days in February, or in early March, before his trout-rod was stretched for the season, he would wander by the sweetly secluded and sheltered waters of the Teviot near the ruins of Roxburgh Castle ; and there his heart would be cheered by the appearance of the coming spring flowers, the early celandine, the primrose and eye-bright. A sight of the colts-foot pushing its bloomy head up through the river-side shingle, and bearing on it perhaps a small cluster of newly awakened humble-bees, never failed to stir his pulses. He knew that fuller beauties and the enjoyment of his beloved pastime were at hand, and he rejoiced in heart. His own elegiac lines on an angler may well be applied to himself :

There he sleeps, whose heart was twined
With the wild stream and wandering burn :
Wooer of the western wind !
Watcher of the April morn !

Some clever books on trout-angling have been published which point out no river-side beauty, and ignore all sentiment in connection with the gentle art. The instructions laid down simply culminate in letting the reader know the surest and speediest modes of capturing fish. But Mr Stoddart wrote in a different strain. Along with clear and concise instructions on all matters pertaining to salmon and trout angling, he yet discourses here and there delightfully on the beauty and spirit of river scenery ; and draws attention to many interesting matters connected with wood and field, with bird and insect life. However busy with his rod, his eyes were always open to the beautiful ; and after a tough run with either salmon or trout, the minute or two of rest which followed, very frequently called up some good wholesome sentiment. After one of his lively accounts of the capture of a trout, he thus finishes the chapter : 'And now, in their turn, content and thankfulness reign in the heart, and develop themselves on the countenance of the angler ; now happily he is impressed with feelings of adoring solemnity, stirred up by some scene of unlooked-for grandeur, or the transit of some sublime phenomenon.' Hence it is from the very variety of emotions which successfully occupy the mind, from their blendings and transitions, that angling derives its pleasures ; hence it holds precedence as a sport with men of thoughtful and ideal temperament ; hence, poets, sculptors and philosophers—the sons of genius—have entered heart and hand into its pursuit. Therefore it was that Thomson, Burns, Scott and Hogg, and in a later day, Wilson and Wordsworth, exchanged eagerly the gray-goose quill and the companionship of books for the taper wand and the discourse, older than Homer's measures, of streams and cataracts.'

The records which he gives here and there in his works of his angling exploits in the Teviot, are always racy, and exuberant with poetic and appropriate sentiment, so that the reader feels he is in the hands of a poet as well as of an expert angler. He also delighted to fish such waters as the Kale and the Bowmont. The pastoral aspect of the latter stream a few miles above the picturesque gipsy village of Yetholm, with the smooth greenness of the Cheviots, possessed a strong charm for him. Peace too, or rather 'pastoral melancholy,' pervades all that part of the glen ; and these combined with the loveliness of the clear dancing stream, shaded by an occasional overhanging silver birch or moss-grizzled alder, and the green hills dotted with snowy sheep, so delighted him, that he used to declare the scene to be 'simply Paradise regained.' But the shepherd's goodwife at Mowhaugh checked him one day by saying : 'Deed sir, I dinna think trouts or burns were ever thought o' in Paradise.'

On Tweed about Kelso, his form was nearly as familiar to the public as the river itself. It was the river of rivers to him. Indeed, it may be said that he literally spent some years of his life in it. He has repeatedly apostrophised it both in prose and verse, for his 'heart was twined' with it. Justly held in respect by the proprietors of the salmon-fishings in the neighbourhood, he was periodically invited by many of them to fish for salmon in their respective waters. Then, again, his wandering propensities would lure him away to the higher reaches of the Tweed, or to

St Mary's Loch, with Ettrick and Yarrow, or to the wild glens and lakes in the north of Scotland, or to Oban, a favourite resort of his for many years. His writings teem with allusions to these places; and in conversation he often got eloquent on the fishing-raids in these districts, and concerning the men of note whom he met on those occasions. For a long course of years he angled successfully in the Tweed in the Innerleithen (St Ronan's) district; and upwards of forty years ago he used so to time each visit to the locality as to be there when the St Ronan's athletic games were held, on which occasions he met his illustrious friends Christopher North, the Ettrick Shepherd, and other kindred spirits. He enjoyed greatly the pastoral valley of the Leithen, a stream which has always been in request by the patient angler. This valley seems closed in by high pastoral hills, over which the sunlight and fleecy clouds throw a sort of halo; and the quiet seclusion of this spot, which would be silence itself but for the sweet prattle of the tiny stream, or the occasional wail of the curlew or the golden plover, still continues to yield a joy dear to the heart of the true angler.

In Upper Tweeddale the Tweed has always given fine sport to the angler. Trout are still plentiful in it, although basket-loads such as Mr Stoddart used to kill there many years ago are not so often caught nowadays. Living at the Crook Inn—now a fine hotel—he used to hold high holiday there in summer, and angle to his heart's content in 'the lanesome Tala and the Lyne.' As he himself writes:

There's no a hole abune the Crook,
Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,
Nor drumlie rill, nor faery brook,
That daunders through the flowery heath,
But ye may find a subtle trout,
A' gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead;
An' mony a sawmon soonies about
Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

But no place is described in his writings with such enthusiasm as the district of St Mary's Loch. Summer after summer he regularly resided there for a few weeks, under the humble but cosy roof of Tibbie Shiels, a name and a memory cherished by multitudes of anglers. Such feats of angling have been talked over and sung over in Tibbie's little hostelry as were never known to be performed in any other part of the kingdom. Here Stoddart regularly met his old friends the Ettrick Shepherd, John Wilson, Professor Aytoun, and Henry Glassford Bell—now all dead—and others celebrated as writers and anglers. In this classic region, fishing was then excellent, and is still good, the angler having his choice of Ettrick, Yarrow, Meggat and their tributaries, or of St Mary's Loch, the Loch of the Lowes, and 'dark Loch Skene,' which last Stoddart describes as the 'most weird and desolate loch in Scotland.' Our author and his friend Mr Wilson often started from Tibbie's at early dawn on long fishing excursions; and their united baskets at times quite overreached that worthy's resources—for no less a vessel than a washing-tub could in those rare times hold the daily spoil! Here is an extract from memoranda by Stoddart as to sport in St Mary's Loch: May 12, 1829, one salmon kelt, 51 trout, weighing 27 lbs.; May 15, 1830, 36 trout,

24 lbs.; May 19, 1830, 47 trout, 23 lbs.; May 7, 1832, 60 trout, 21 lbs.; May 4, 1833, 79 trout, 36 lbs.

Writing of his associations with St Mary's Loch and the illustrious friends he frequently met there, he thus expresses himself: 'Of those who took part in them along with me, not a few—it is a curious fact, illustrative of the sympathy which obtains betwixt angling and the nobler pursuits of life—have presented themselves before the public as candidates for literary renown. I could name eight or nine speculators in rhyme, more than one philosopher, scholars and lawyers of considerable eminence, along with the occupants of three or four professorial chairs, in whose company, below Tibbie's roof, I have spent evenings of great delight.' He had a strong personal regard for the Ettrick Shepherd, as well as a deep admiration for the poetry of that remarkable man. Of their frequent intercourse together, he writes: 'Times without number have we traversed the Yarrow's banks together, our slender wands bending alternately with the weight of a struggling trout; and on St Mary's too, and Loch Skene and Meggat Water, have we twain fashioned our thoughts and converse to the wild, mystic, unviolated scenery around us.'

Like the Ettrick Shepherd and other cronies, Thomas Stoddart himself has now passed for ever from the haunts he loved so well.

By his loved Tweed at last he calmly sleeps,

And nevermore will hail the dawning spring—

The season most he loved—when greenness creeps

Along the brimming brooks that dance and sing.

Possessor of a warm and guileless heart,

And gifted with 'the faculty divine,'

To those who knew and loved the gentle art

That ever charmed his soul, he could out-twine

Such sparkling thoughts as only genius yields,

On themes romantic, or the heavenly gleam

Of moonlit lake and fairy-haunted stream;

For all the glory of the woods and fields

And wordless songs the prattling streams impart,

By Nature's kindly hand were written on his heart.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

A STORY OF THE YORKSHIRE FISHERIES.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I AM an old and solitary woman. Most of my life has been spent in this place, and I shall never leave it until the end come. There are those who love me well, and who would fain have me with them, out in the busy world; but I cannot leave the old fishing-town where my dead ones toiled, and sorrowed, and sinned, and now lie sleeping within sound of the sea they loved so well. I am too old to see far, yet I know that out yonder lie the same blue waves they knew for many a year—the same, ah, woe is me, that drew to death my bonnie fisher-lad. There lies Colburn Nab, with the shadows stealing over it; and yonder, at the foot of the tall cliffs, glides the tiny stream from among the boulders. The men are singing as they mend their nets on the shingle; the children paddle with naked feet along the strand; and the women croon to their wee ones, as they stand at their doors, and watch the scene below. I know it all, and can see the sun glint on the far sails of the fishing-fleet, as they pass the narrow cove, and

hold away to the north. The boat I have watched full many a day is not with them; but still I love to gaze at them, as they vanish into the dim distance.

My name is Joan Carew. I was mistress of the old school at Staithes when Phil Carew married me. He was a rough, true-hearted fisherman; he loved me well, and was ever kind and good to me. No shadow ever came between us, until that took place which I am about to tell you. John was our eldest born. He was two years older than Hal, and a comelier lad could not be found in all the fishing-fleet. Hal was aye weakly; but John was tall and lithe and sinewy, brave of heart and dauntless of soul, but tender and true as a woman. How proud Phil was of his brave fisher-lad! None could manage a boat like him; and among all the daring folk of this wild coast, he was the most reckless. Wet or dry, calm or stormy, fair wind or foul, he cared not; with his gallant craft beneath him, he was at home in the roughest sea. When he was only a boy, a schooner lay out and away there beyond the Nab. The waves were leaping over her and dashing in foam among the breakers, and never a boat dare put off to her rescue; but my boy John swam with a rope through that white seething surf, and every soul on board was saved. Ay, and his father was ever talking about him, and filling the boy's soul with mad longings to do some wild and daring deed.

Many and many a night I have lain awake, when he and his father were out at the 'Silver Pits' with the boat, and prayed while the storms were raging; and then in the morning watched with aching eyes, my heart full of a boding fear, lest mishap should have overtaken them. Yet, with all my love for John the brave-hearted, I clung most to my youngest born—he was so weak and womanish, too tender to live that reckless life; he would stay at home with me, and I should be able to cherish and protect him. And John petted my frail laddie too, and would carry him on his strong broad shoulders down to the beck, or take him aboard his boat, and sail away beyond the Nab to Kettleiness and Runswick Cove to gather seabirds' eggs. He loved him well then, however bitter he grew towards him in after years.

I remember well the year that Hal went away from home to learn to become a great painter. Mr Burton—his old schoolmaster, who was a painter too—would often take my boy with him in his wanderings along the coast. Hal would trudge along by his master's side, carrying his colours and sketching stool, and then would sit and watch him at his work, and hold his brushes, or help him in any little way. So, little by little, the boy's soul became filled with a great yearning to paint pictures like those of Mr Burton, and he worked with this end ever in view. In the evening when he came home, he would toil hour after hour, copying the work he had seen done in the day. John had brought him a box of colours from Whitby, and whenever he went there he always returned with some little trifle to help his brother in his studies. At last I showed his sketches to Mr Burton, who was astonished at the boy's quickness, and offered to give him lessons, and to help him in every way. From that time the two worked on diligently together, and Hal seemed to make rapid progress.

As I write, I have beside me a picture of my boy John standing by his boat in the warm light of an autumn day, waving a last farewell before he goes to his labour in the deep seas. It is a brave, true, honest face, with not a trace of shame in it, though God knows it came after. This is my boy as I remember him, and as Hal painted him. I can well remember the day that picture was first shown, and how Mr Burton came into the cottage just as John and his father had returned from the fishing, and were admiring the boy's work. John had praised the painting, until Hal's cheeks were glowing with pride and excitement.

'See thee, Mr Burton,' said John to the old man, 'I've gotten into a picture now an' no mistake;' and he held up the canvas for inspection. 'I hardly know myself in all these gran' colours; but it must be me, I suppose. Ay, but t' lad's clever. Did ever ye see t' likes o' that now?'

'So, so, Master Hal, this accounts for your idleness of late,' said Mr Burton. 'It is rather too bad though, to be working on the sly in this way, without even consulting your old master. Fancied you could do without his help, eh, my boy?' But seeing a pained look on Hal's face, he added: 'Well, well, you had your reasons, and I ought not to grumble.'

'It is for John's birthday, Mr Burton; and I wanted it to be my own work,' replied Hal with a blush.

'I am eighteen to-morrow, an' t' lad's been doin' this for a keepsake. It's nobbut t' bairn's shyness, or thou wouldst ha' seen it before;' and John strove to make peace between the two.

'I understand, John,' replied the schoolmaster—'a labour of love?'

'Thou's right, Mr Burton; an' it's miraculous to me how t' lad could do it. I'm fair capped; so there.'

Mr Burton took the work from John's hand, and placed it where the evening light threw out all the bright tints on the canvas. 'It seems to be a very good subject,' said he, 'and exceedingly well treated.'

'I'm just beat with it;' and John surveyed the whole with a critical air. 'Here is our owd boat, every shred o' canvas, rope an' timber, just as I've seen it every day. There stands Billy Todd's owd donkey an' rickety cart, an' yonder is Billy hisself puttin' a cask o' water aboard. Dang me, but I see t' black patch on his trousers sewed wi' white thread; an' his wooden leg is natur' itself. There is Barton Verity in t' bows, an' father at t' tiller. I've seen picters before, but never one to come up to this.'

Mr Burton looked long and earnestly at the work, pointing out its merits in words I cannot repeat, and only half understood. At last he laid his hand on Hal's shoulder, and said: 'Yes, my boy; you were right. There is no further need of help from me: the pupil has surpassed his master.'

'Oh, Mr Burton, that is not true. You are unjust to yourself;' and the colour in Hal's face deepened as he spoke.

'No, boy; it is the truth. This is the work of genius such as is given to few—never to Ned Burton. Only persevere, and you will make a name in the world.'

The boy's father had stood quietly listening

to all that was said, but apparently taking little interest in it. At these last words he turned toward the speaker, and said, as he pointed to Hal's work: 'I've no doubt but t' picter's right enough; but what's t' use o' fillin' my bairn's head wi' sic fond stuff as this? He mun learn to earn his bread, an' sic work as this will never do it.'

'Not at present, perhaps,' replied Mr Burton; 'but by-and-by he will work himself into notice; and paintings like this will always command a market.'

'I've no notions o' such flummery. T' lad's fair dazed wi' all thou says to him about his cleverness: he thinks o' nothin' but saunterin' about, an' loiterin' his time away wi' paintin' an' book-learnin', instead of workin' to help me an' his mother.'

Mr Burton seemed to be taken aback at this opposition; but he did not give in without a struggle. 'The boy's future is of course in your hands,' he replied, 'and I would not advise him to act in any degree contray to your wishes; but I say again, the youth of sixteen who can do work like this is not born for common uses—he is meant for something better than the rough life of a fisherman.'

'It's neighbourly of ye, Mr Burton, to take so much pains with t' lad, an' I'm obliged to ye; but I cannot have my bairn's head turned wi' all this fool's talk. T' lad's biddable enough, an' his paintin' an' learnin' is right enough; but he's only one of ourselves, an' he must live an' work like ourselves.'

'But what will you do with him?' questioned Mr Burton. 'You will not put a boy like this to the fishing? He is far too weak.'

'Weak or not weak, to t' fishin' he must go. My mind's made up, an' what I've said, I mean. I'm fair sick o' these fond, lubberly ways.'

'O Phil, you cannot mean this?' I said, for the first time joining in the dispute. 'It would kill the boy, and me too.'

'Would ye have t' bairn grow up a conceited jackanape? He is fair burstin' wi' pride an' high notions. T' fishin' will make a man of him. Thou is always hankerin' after t' better sort of folks, an' should never ha' married a rough fisherman like me. But don't set t' lad against me an' his brother, for I wunnot have it.' Then, turning to John, who had been trying to cheer Hal, he said: 'Come, my lad, we must go an' look after t' coble before t' tide comes in.'

'But, Mr Carew'—pleaded the old school-master.

'Whist, man, whist!' said Phil, interrupting him. 'I've said my say, an' to t' fishin' he must go;' and he strode off to his boat.

He left two sad hearts behind him. Mr Burton spoke some cheering words to Hal, who was almost heart-broken at what had occurred: 'Never despond, my lad. I will see what can be done for you. In a day or two I hope your father will change his mind, and all will yet be well.'

You may perhaps think from this that my husband Phil was a hard man; but he misunderstood the character and work of the lad—that was all. My heart was full of a great dread for my boy's future. I could not give him up to such a wild life of reckless hardihood and danger. Every day

I feared lest his father should call him to the fishing; but nothing more was said for some time. After a week Mr Burton called again, bearing a letter from his brother. It contained a proposal that Hal should be sent to York to work with him in his studio. He had seen some of the lad's work, and as it gave rare promise, he was willing, for the sake of his brother, to help him.

Phil was at last won over to give his consent. It was a sad parting; but I knew that it must be this or the fishing, and I dared not complain. In a few days he went with John in the boat to Whitby, and thence by coach to York. His soul was full of high thoughts for the future, but my own was sad for many a weary day.

For five long years my boy did not return, and I yearned in vain for one look into his dear face. God only knows how lonely I felt, and how sorely I missed him when Phil and John were away at the fishing. I was tempted oftentime to call him home; still I held out, and bore up bravely before my husband. We had occasionally long letters from him, full of hopeful confidence and brave endeavour. From York, after two years, he went to London, in the hope of getting his pictures into the Academy. I cannot tell you the history of that cruel time. Throughout it all he never once wavered, but struggled manfully on. The hill of fame was hard for a poor, almost friendless lad to climb; but he steadily persevered, feeling confident of success at last. It was three years more before the long-coveted honour was won, and his fame as a painter established.

I remember well how we received the news of Hal's home-coming. It was a summer's evening, and I was seated at the cottage door, watching the men unlade the boats, when John and Teenie Granger came down the steep path from the town. Teenie had lately come to live at Staithees with her uncle, Mr Burton; and, when John was not at the fishing, they were aye together. No one thought of ill, for she was but a child, with all a child's merry ways—a sweet, winsome bairn, wild and careless as a bird. How handsome she looked as she came tripping by my boy's side, now and anon glancing laughingly into his face! No wonder he had grown to love her—though I knew it not then—to the very depths of his strong, manly soul; and so came all the sorrow and pain of the after-time. Well, she came up the path that July evening with John; and when they were near, John held up to view my boy's letter, his face beaming with joy. 'See, mother, I've gotten a letter for ye; Billy Poad brought it fra Whitby. Shall I read it for ye?'

So at last my boy was coming back to the old home! He had won success, and his name was in all men's mouths. In a week he would be with us again. The news seemed too good to be true. In a week he came. John went to Whitby to meet the coach, and thence they came together in the boat.

That was indeed a glad home-coming, and repaid me for the weary years of separation. Mr Burton and Teenie Granger came down to the cottage at Seaton Garth that evening, and together we watched for the boat rounding the Southern Nab. At last we heard a shout, and there up the cove glided the craft with my boy on board. Mr Burton and Teenie ran down to the

strand. I did not move, but sat still in the house, trembling for very joy. Every sound came up from below clear and distinct through the still night-air—the rustle of the sails, the creak of the mast and rigging, the low sad ripple of the waves as they met the boat's bow, the grating of the keel on the shingle, the shout of welcome, the confused hum of voices, the ring of hasty steps up the steep path and then I knew no more than that my boy was safe once more in my arms. In a few moments John and his father entered, and together we all sat down to the evening meal.

'Do you think he has altered much?' inquired Mr Burton, looking proudly at Hal.

'He's grown clean out o' my knowledgment,' said Phil. 'I should never ha' known him for one of ourselves. He were nought to him when he were only a bairn, but he's a rare an' handsome chap now, an' no mistake—a'most equal to my John; an' it must be a good un' to come up to him, eh, Teenie?'

'Five years is a long time, father,' said Hal with a laugh; 'at least it has seemed so to me.'

'Thou is right, my lad; an' time works wonders wi' us all.'

Indeed those years had made a wonderful change in the lad. All the old weakness had gone. I could hardly realise that this was the frail youth who had left us to fight his way alone in the world, for there had been developed in his whole form a look of conscious strength quite new to it.

'An' so thou has taken t' shine out of t' Lunnoners, eh, Hal?' said his father, 'an' sold thy picters for a mint o' money?'

'My last two works in the Academy sold for three hundred. I think I ought to be satisfied with that, father.'

'I should think thou did,' replied Phil. 'But however any man could give all that cash for a wee bit daub o' red, an' yellor, an' blue, I can't mak' out. There must be a heap o' fools i' Lunnon, I'm fain to think;' and he laughed heartily at the thought.

'They are over close-fisted i' Yorkshire for such wastery, eh, father?' said John.

'Thou is right, my lad. I allus believed in book-learnin', in spelderin' an' readin' an such like; but this paintin' fair caps me.'

So the talk went on, until Mr Burton and Teenie rose and left us; and the night of Hal's home-coming was over.

I said that all the sorrow of the after-time came through the wild love my John had for Teenie Granger: this is how it befell. Before Hal came home, John had been Teenie's constant companion. Teenie's father had lived in one of the great trading towns in the west, so that all her life had been spent in crowded streets, among smoke and gloom. When she came to Staithes, she was like a bird escaped from its cage. John would take her in his boat to every place within easy distance along the coast, or join her in long wanderings across the moors. There were no companions for her among the fisher-lasses, and Mr Burton knew that she would be safe under John's protection. No one dreamed of love between the two; but it showed itself at last, and I saw that John was bewitched by Teenie's sweet face and merry ways. She was blind to his love, but I saw and knew, that for weal or woe, his

heart was hers for ever. It was no boyish fancy with him, lightly born and lightly thrown away, but the deep, passionate devotion of a strong man, that would hold true whatever might betide.

I think Teenie must at last have discovered that John loved her, and, knowing that she could never return his passion, avoided being thrown into his company; for so it was, that after Hal's home-coming, all the old friendship seemed to have come to an end. Teenie grew quiet, and thoughtful, and reserved; and John appeared sullen and ill at ease.

Much of Hal's time now was spent with Mr Burton. Very frequently they went together on painting excursions along the coast, and Teenie sometimes accompanied them. In the evenings, after they returned, the little party would sit in the room facing the bay, while Teenie sang ballads, or chatted on in her merry, artless way. John sometimes joined them, but he always returned looking sullen and angry. There was a wild light in his eyes quite new to them, that made me tremble for very fear.

MORE GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

It is undeniable that there are many sober-minded people, not in general disposed to be credulous or superstitious, who yet entertain a firm conviction that they have come across the supernatural in some shape or other, and that under circumstances in which they had as little reason to doubt the evidence of their senses as in the most common occurrences of life. On more than one occasion we have given instances of ghost-stories *unveiled*, with a view to allaying the fears of those who are in the habit of giving credence to what is termed the supernatural; and as we have reason to believe that our efforts have been attended by good results in various quarters, we present no apology for again taking up the subject. A well-known witty English divine once remarked that the best and most reasonable—because most convincing—way of combating the foolish fancy commonly known as a 'belief in ghosts,' is to make public all well-authenticated instances where such stories have been '*unveiled*.' The following narratives, communicated by various contributors, may serve as further illustrations of the truth, that nothing of the apparently supernatural should be received which has not been submitted to the test of absolute demonstration.

One splendid afternoon of a glorious summer, I set out on a walk from Eythorne to Deal, a distance of some six miles. I took particular note as I went along—the route being entirely strange to me—of all the landmarks, such as churches, farmhouses, the bendings of the road, &c., thinking that I should probably have to make at least part of my return walk after dark, though sure of a sufficiency of light if the moon were only shining. I reached Deal, and was beguiled by the beauty of the afternoon and evening to stay longer than I had intended. Sea and land lay bathed

in the warm golden sunshine, the sky of the blightest blue, unflecked by a cloud, and the sea almost equally blue. I lingered by the shore, until the lengthening shadows began to warn me that I should find the night drawing on almost before I got far from the precincts of Deal. Hastening along, then, without any doubt of my way, and mounting the rising land at the back of the town, I found the moon was already shielding its light over the scene, and I looked forward to a delightful walk home; when suddenly a dense sea-fog rolled in from the bay, which soon enveloped the land, obscuring every object, and even obliterating the light of the moon, save for occasional rifts in the fog as it rolled rapidly inland. I soon became very doubtful of my way, as the notes I had carefully taken of landmarks were now useless. But I trudged along, knowing I was pursuing at least an onward course, till I emerged upon much higher ground, and was thankful to find that the fog was losing its density and the moon recovering its light. Inquiring at a cottage where I saw a light in the bedroom, I found that I had come right, and should soon strike the high-road from Sandwich to Dover. After this the fog seemed to lift, the moon shone out brightly, a light haze only remaining over the lower-lying country, and I soon found myself comfortably nearing Eythorne.

The road into Eythorne from the Dover Road turns at right angles, and is straight and rather descending, so that during the day, or on a fine moonlight night, objects can be seen for a long distance. The moon had now risen considerably, and the whole country lay clearly revealed—the road to Eythorne, into which I had now turned, especially so, being chalky. I had not gone many paces when I saw, some distance on before me, a gigantic figure in white, apparently at least ten feet high. I could see too that it was moving, not towards me, but from me. I watched it narrowly for a few minutes, to satisfy myself that it was no momentary impression; but there assuredly it was, white, spectral, gigantic—and moving.

My first thought was to beat a retreat, take the Dover Road again, and return into Eythorne through Waldershare Park; but as this would have greatly lengthened the time at which I wished to be home, and as I had already proved the park at night to be a difficult route, and had had some unpleasant experiences therein, I made up my mind rapidly that there was nothing for it but to face the spectre, or whatever it might be, 'for better, for worse.' Now, I thought, is all my vaunted unbelief in the supernatural to be put to the test, and perhaps to be shaken down in some dreadfully unpleasant manner. I confess I felt many a qualm as the tall figure stalked on before me; but as I had now fully made up my mind to find out what it was, if I could, I quickened my pace, almost running under the excitement. As I neared and was evidently overtaking it, I noticed that it seemed rather to lessen in its proportions, and this continued as I got nearer and nearer. It was still, however, out of all human proportion;

but at this point, as I more leisurely looked about me, I began to observe that the more familiar objects known to me, the cottages by the roadside, the park gates, &c., looked unusually large also, and as I passed them, resumed their natural size. This at once became a clue to me, and I determined not to lose the chance of unravelling the mystery of the white figure, still some distance before me. As I got rapidly near it, it as rapidly decreased in size, till at length—I must say much to my relief—I found it to be nothing more than a country girl in a light dress quietly pursuing her way homewards!

Thus, then, I discovered that the gigantic spectre of my walk was an effect due in some way to the combined action of the moonbeams and the haze in magnifying all objects looked at, at a certain distance or angle, and in this resembling the mist spectres of the Brocken and other mountains.

Now, it is evident, if I had not been compelled to face and investigate the matter, I should have continued to believe to this day—despite my unwillingness to do so—that I had certainly seen a spectre upon such evidence of my own senses as I could not doubt. The occurrence has served me in good stead ever since, as a useful lesson, inducing me to pause in accepting apparently inexplicable phenomena without the most rigid investigation.

I was passing the Christmas holidays a few years ago at a pretty village in the country, in the comfortable and well-appointed house of a medical gentleman, a near connection and great friend. One evening it happened that the family had all gone out to a Christmas junketing; and as I was left at home alone, I at once determined to retire to the snug little study—a very favourite resort of mine, for it was well filled with books. Like most old-fashioned country houses, the sitting-rooms were all on the ground-floor. The study had one window, the sill of which was about five feet from a gravel walk, which ran all along that side of the house, so that any one could readily have touched the window in passing.

Having requested the maid to light the lamp for me, I was just following her to the study, when I was somewhat surprised by the girl running back into the drawing-room in a state of great perturbation, and declaring that some one had knocked sharply four times at the study window; but that, on looking out, she saw no one right or left on the gravel walk; adding, that she was much frightened and quite put out in consequence. Thinking it some joke by a possible admirer, I merely smiled at the girl's agitation, and betook myself to the study for a comfortable read.

It was a bright clear moonlight night now; but a heavy fall of snow during the afternoon had covered every field, road, and path with its beautiful mantle of spotless white; and a sharp breeze was springing up which seemed likely to increase to a gale. I had been reading barely half an hour, when I was rather surprised to hear four or five sharp taps at the outside of the window, such as might have been given with the end of a stick. Jumping up, I instantly threw open the window and looked all around. Nothing was to be seen but the bright frosty moonlight and the clean

white snow; and what I also noticed was that the snow under and near the window was perfectly smooth, untouched and untrodden; clearly indicating that neither man nor beast had passed that spot, or even near it.

I confess I felt completely puzzled; and not knowing exactly what to think, I sat down again to read. I had not, however, got through a score of pages, when tap, tap, tap again carried me to the window, with exactly the same unsatisfactory result—nothing to be seen—nothing to be discovered. These tappings occurred three different times in the following hour and a half, and defied my utmost endeavours to find out the cause. I examined the window—which was surrounded outside by ivy and creeping plants—most carefully, but found nothing. I went outside to each end of the house, and again observed that the snow was still untrodden and untouched. I confess I was both surprised, puzzled, and annoyed. Here was an undoubted mystery, a series of tappings, the cause of which I had, after close and careful investigation, totally failed to discover. It was a mystery certainly, and one which ought to be explained; but how?

In due time the family returned home; and after the ladies had retired, I took the doctor into the study and told him of my mysterious experiences. He laughed, and wagged his head incredulously; adding, with a merry twinkle of his keen gray eye, that he hoped, as the night was so cold, I had taken a glass of grog, and had enjoyed a comfortable sleep in the cosy arm-chair; mildly suggesting the possibility of my dreams running in the direction of supernatural sights and sounds; politely intimating, in fact, that I had been asleep and had dreamed the whole thing! This I at once refuted by reference to the maid, who proved a very willing witness indeed. The doctor seemed puzzled, sniffed sharply two or three times, took an enormous pinch of snuff, and then stood looking intently into the fire; when suddenly tap, tap, tap, tap, loud and sharp at the window, caused us both to run forward, throw it open, and look out; but, I need hardly say, with the usual result. I drew the doctor's special attention to the smooth untrodden snow, and told him I had again and again examined the window and wall both inside and out, but without effect.

'Well, Jack, it is certainly very odd,' said the doctor; 'but as I am convinced the taps arise from some perfectly natural cause, I'll stop here till I find it out, if I should stay all night.'

We discussed the probable causes—tricks, cats, birds pecking, &c., but abandoned our theories almost as soon as started, until our deliberations were cut short by the tapping being again renewed louder and sharper than ever. The doctor now nearly lost his temper, and throwing open both halves of the window (it was a French, not a sash window), fetched our overcoats and hats, and proposed to extinguish the lamp, and to sit down opposite the open window, and there carefully watch. This we accordingly both did, with an amount of patience and exemplary perseverance never, perhaps, before exhibited by the most determined ghost-hunters, until, in spite of the blazing fire behind us, we were nearly half-frozen by the keen biting air and the wind, which had now increased to a complete gale. At length, temper and patience alike gave way, and as no

taps or manifestations of any kind had occurred, vexed and annoyed beyond expression—for his open, honest nature hated mystery and incertitude of any kind—the doctor reluctantly closed the window, and had just slowly pulled down the blind, when the tapping was again heard as vigorously as ever.

'So, so!' cried the doctor; 'one thing at least is clear—the taps, I find, are given at the top of the window. Run, Jack, and fetch the bull's-eye lantern—the wind is too high for a candle—whilst I get the steps.'

Armed with the lantern, the doctor mounted the steps, and closely examined the whole top of the window both outside and in, but still could discover nothing. Much irritated, he was about to give up the search, when, as he projected his head through the open window, he was suddenly aware of two or three sharp taps on his forehead; and raising the bull's-eye, he then discovered a thick bit of stick hanging amongst, but concealed by a bunch of ivy leaves which drooped over the top of the window.

'Here's the ghost—here he is—I've caught him!' exclaimed the doctor, now in high glee; 'but, to make doubly sure, let's give him another chance;' and closing the half of the window and still standing on the steps, lantern in hand, he waited for the next 'manifestation.' This, thanks to the high wind, followed almost immediately, in the usual form of four or five sharp taps on the glass; which the doctor now distinctly saw were produced by the action of the wind on the loose branch of ivy in which the piece of wood just mentioned was sticking.

So here was the whole mystery elucidated; and the reason why we had heard nothing during our long cold watch was also readily explained—the window being open, there was simply nothing for the wood to strike against.

Pulling the wood out of the ivy, and throwing it down to me, the doctor said: 'There, Jack, there's a real ghost for you; and one that might, but for our patience and determination, have caused this house to have been reported as "haunted," and made an object of horror and fear to the simple country-folk round about. Depend upon it, if people would only master their foolish fears of the supernatural, and cease to believe in so-called "ghost-stories," and boldly face the "ghost" with the weapons of patience, reason, and common-sense, we should hear much oftener than we do of many such another "ghost story—unveiled!"'

At a social gathering of friends one evening a few years ago, the much-vexed question of supernatural appearances came under discussion. As might have been expected in these days of scientific experiment and inductive philosophy, the tone of the conversation was of a decidedly sceptical tinge. The lady of the house, anxious apparently that ghostly claims should be fairly represented, appealed to her sister-in-law, who had lived for several years in a haunted house, and begged her to say what the results of her experience had been.

'Our house,' replied the sister, 'was in a bleak and lonely situation; and many years before we entered its walls, some disagreeable associations had been woven into its history. In spite of these,

the place did us no harm; though I am bound to say that during our sojourn in it we heard sounds which superstitiously inclined folks might have regarded with dread. Perhaps we were not a family likely to suffer from imaginative terrors, because we were more accustomed to examine an unwonted object than to run away from it, nor did we conclude that every phenomenon not clearly understood by us must be due to supernatural causes. Often at night we heard noises in uninhabited rooms, as if articles of furniture were being moved or dragged across the floor; but these we became used to, and assigned them to such simple causes as mice, or possibly rats. But once I recollect that the clanking of a chain at midnight awakened me from a half-dreaming state to full consciousness.

'I thought I must have been mistaken, and went quietly to sleep again; but the next night at the same hour the noise was distinctly repeated. My sister, who slept in the same room, heard it also, and was as puzzled as myself. It recurred from that time so often that we became accustomed to it also, and were almost ceasing to speculate on its cause, when one day, standing in my own room in broad daylight, I heard the clanking noise loudly repeated. A thought struck me. I ran down-stairs out of the hall door, and through a garden-path to the stable-yard, whose wall formed an angle with our side of the house. As I looked into the stable, the horse shook his chain! This was the very noise we had heard so often—the same thing which had happened night after night, when the horse wakening out of his sleep, got up, shook himself, and stamped in his stall, before composing himself for another nap. If I had not thus tracked the sound and verified it for myself, I could never have believed that it could have been so clearly heard through thick walls at such a distance.'

'Ah!' said a clergyman, who had listened to this account with much amusement, 'I am persuaded that if people would take the trouble of examining such mysterious occurrences, the number of "authenticated ghost-stories" on record would be sensibly diminished. A curious circumstance happened to my father when he was a very young man. He lived at some distance from the dwelling of the girl who afterwards became his wife and my mother. He had to work and wait for her for several years, and as for her sake he applied very closely to his business, they seldom met. But occasionally, after his day's work was over, he took a very long walk into the next county, to get a glimpse of her fair face, and perchance the treat of a quiet talk. On one of these rare occasions he bethought himself of a short cut through a village churchyard. It was not very easy of access, for the gate was locked, and a brook of some depth swept round part of the outer wall; but he was young and active, and eager to gain time; so, after a somewhat stiff climb, he found himself within the limits of the consecrated ground.'

'It was a clear moonlight night, and the tombstones stood around him in close and venerable array. Suddenly he saw something which made him start and pause. From beneath the shadow of the church wall, a tall white figure glided stealthily out into the light. My father quietly retreated behind a tombstone and watched. The figure advanced; he scanned it carefully; and

beneath the white robes fluttering in the night-air, he beheld a very substantial pair of boots!

'Said he to himself: "Do ghosts wear boots? I wonder who makes them;" and he decided on having a closer inspection of this mysterious churchyard apparition. The figure moved on; my father quietly followed, keeping well in the shadow of the tombstones. After some little time spent in this kind of dodging, the ghost advanced to a part of the wall overlooking the road and the stream, and took up its position on the top of it. In a second my father came behind, and with a strong and sudden push, tipped the unlucky ghost into the stream which rippled below. He heard a plunge and a shout, waited a few moments to see that the fellow had struggled safely to the other side, minus his white sheet, then turned and sped on his way, rejoicing at having hit on so novel and expeditious a method of "laying a ghost!"

'Years passed away. My father married the lady of his choice, and they shared the usual course of life's vicissitudes together. Long after her death, he took me to visit the scene of his early wooing and the home of her girlhood. On our way from the railway station we drove through a village from which a funeral procession was issuing in solemn pomp to the churchyard. As we returned, we stopped for an hour at the inn and ordered luncheon. Like most of his class, our host was chatty and communicative, and at once entered into conversation. "Pleasant weather, gentlemen. We have had a large funeral here to-day; the largest known in these parts for many a year. We all wished to show respect to our oldest inhabitant, William Dawkins. A very civil fellow was Bill. Many a story of the good old times he used to tell. And he had some queer adventures of his own too to talk about. You'll scarce credit me, gentlemen, but 'tis a fact that that man had seen a ghost."

"A ghost!" exclaimed my father, whose natural scepticism on that subject had been long since strengthened by the incident I have related. "He dreamed of one, I suppose, or an extra glass of ale had gone to his head."

"Nothing of the kind, sir," replied the landlord with great seriousness. "Bill not only saw a ghost, but felt it, and that pretty sharply, I can tell you. The way he fell in with it was this. Some of our lads had gone to a fair that was held a few miles away, and Bill wanted to frighten the young fellows on their way home; so he just climbed into the churchyard, wrapped a sheet about him, and waited about till he thought they were close at hand. He was standing on a bit of wall just above the road, when he heard a stealthy tread coming up behind him. He turned round quickly, and there was a dark figure at his back; but before he could move, it made one rush at him and knocked him clean over into the stream that runs below. The fall and the fright took away his breath; and between the terror and the wetting, he got such a scare that he never ventured near that churchyard again after nightfall. He said it was a dangerous thing to play at ghosts, for no one knew how near the ghosts themselves might be, nor how angry with any one who dared to play pranks in haunted places."

"It was a strange story," we said; but our host thought it stranger still when my father related

his share in the adventure. The coincidence was certainly a curious one, and affords a specimen of the kind of foundation on which many a popular and "well-authenticated" ghost-story may be built.

KIDNAPPING IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

MANY a good and interesting narrative of experiences of an extraordinary nature in various parts of the world is lost to the general public through diffidence on the part of the actors therein, or from the want of having some one at hand to commit the incidents to paper. The following startling account of an atrocious crime was related to the writer of these lines by a messmate on board one of Her Majesty's ships, while lying off the port of Buenos Ayres, in the river Plate, during the comparatively recent blockade of that city by the Argentine national forces.

'About six years ago,' said my messmate, 'when the traffic in human beings—happily long since put a stop to on the West African coast by the vigilance of British cruisers—was still at its height among the South Sea islands and other unfrequented places in the Pacific Ocean, a thriving trade was carried on by some unscrupulous individuals in the nefarious kidnapping of the unfortunate inhabitants of these islands, who were decoyed on board small coasting-vessels by the owners and crew, in whose integrity of purpose they trusted but too confidently. They were then secured, and carried off wholesale from their island homes, and conveyed to places where labour was scarce, and where a large sum of money could always be realised for them. Here they were afterwards employed by their respective purchasers in different kinds of labour, but their real condition was neither more nor less than that of slavery.'

'At the time of which I am speaking, I was serving in one of Her Majesty's ships, employed cruising in search of these slave-traders; and whenever we succeeded in capturing one of them, it was our duty to send the vessel in charge of a prize crew to Sydney, where she was usually confiscated, and the captain and crew handed over to the rigour of those laws which they had so ruthlessly violated. As a rule, this service had nothing more attractive to recommend it than the routine of an ordinary cruise; and we were content to put up with the irksome nature of the duty in a philosophical spirit, knowing that good results must follow, and that the work of humanity must be performed by somebody. It did not even possess the excitement of a prospective brush with the enemy, as these inhuman monsters knew only too well that any attempt at resistance would be hopeless when once they were within reach of the guns of a British man-of-war. Knowing all this, it is by no means easy to realise our feelings when the following shocking discovery burst upon us.

'About two P.M. on the 20th December 1874—midsummer time in southern latitudes—we were sailing quietly along with a light wind abeam, the watch lying about the fore-castle listless and overcome with the sultry weather, when a schooner was sighted ahead with all sail set, going before the wind. She was to all appearance badly

steered, for every now and again she would yaw and fly up in the wind, then with just as little apparent reason would fall off and run before it. We thought this an unusually strange coincidence as the performance was several times repeated. It was therefore decided to overhaul the stranger, and see whether she was the veritable Phantom Ship of Van der Decken, or if her crew were all drunk and incapable, which latter seemed the most likely solution of the problem.

'It took us about an hour to range near enough to make a close inspection of the phenomenon; but though every glass in our ship was levelled at the stranger, and every eye strained eagerly to observe the most minute circumstance connected with her, yet no sign of life or of any movement about her deck could be detected. We thereupon came to the conclusion that our suspicions as to the inebriate condition of her crew were fully justified; for here was an apparently well-found schooner thousands of miles from the nearest land, with all sail set, drifting helplessly about upon the pathless ocean, with no other guide than the fickle elements. What other inference could suggest itself?

'Our captain made a final inspection through his glass; then ordered a boat to be immediately manned and armed, for the purpose of boarding the schooner; and to me was given the duty of carrying out the service. We soon quitted the ship, and rowed quickly to the stranger. As we approached her, no movement could be observed on board; and I therefore naturally anticipated that some surprise in the shape of an ambuscade was in store for us, and that our first step on the deck would be the signal to call forth from their hiding the lurking demons who were thirsting for our blood. With this not very comforting idea in my mind, and having heard of a trap of this sort being laid on a former occasion for an unsuspecting boat's crew, I inwardly congratulated myself on being provided with my trusty sword, and upon being accompanied by a crew who could be depended upon in an emergency. Now, just as our boat rounded the schooner's stern, the cockswain silently drew my attention to what looked suspiciously like the barrel of a gun pointed at us over her quarter. Momentarily expecting a shot, I took hold of a Snider rifle which lay ready loaded within reach of my hand, still keeping my eye on the gun-barrel. As I watched, a dark woolly head appeared behind it, with an eye belonging to the head steadily keeping the "sight" on for our boat. No doubt a finger belonging to the same individual was also somewhere near the trigger; but being inside and below the schooner's taffrail, this was not certain.

'I must confess to feeling at this time a peculiar prompting to take the initiative, and send a bullet to discover whether it was a real head or a dummy; but fortunately I restrained myself, feeling that, after all, a single shot at us, moving as we were, could not do much harm. No shot, however, was fired at us; and as we moved alongside, I at once clambered over the vessel's bulwarks and reached the deck, followed closely by the cockswain and boat's crew; when a scene presented itself which is as vivid to my memory now as if I had beheld it yesterday, and of which I can hardly speak, even at this distance of time, without a renewal of the

terrible thrill which then ran through me, and which I can scarcely find language to describe.

'The deck was covered by the dead and mutilated remains of what had once been eleven human beings—natives of one of these very islands which we were endeavouring to protect from the horrors of slavery. There the bodies lay in every conceivable attitude, showing that all of them had died a violent death; while every part of the deck and sides of the vessel betokened the fearful struggle which must have taken place—that the very demon of Destruction himself had been let loose amongst them.

'I turned away from the sickening spectacle, in the hope of finding some survivor who could explain it. The hatches were closed; the only boat the vessel carried had disappeared; and it seemed impossible to gain any clue to the mystery. At length, when passing the cook's cabin on the fore-castle, I discovered three poor emaciated wretches crouching on the deck within, apparently trying to screen themselves from observation. I spoke kindly to them, and endeavoured to coax them out; but they only clung the closer to their shelter and to each other. Observing their half-starved look, sunken cheeks, and glaring eyeballs, I made one of my men bring up some food, which fortunately was in the boat; and the sight of this at once had a magic effect, and induced them to crawl out of their hiding-place. They were so weak and emaciated that they could not stand. While they were greedily consuming the food we gave them, I recognised the eye that I had seen glancing along the gun-barrel over the stern while we were approaching the vessel, from its having a peculiar cast in it, and could not help wondering how the emaciated being before me could have found strength to hold the gun; but seeing the weapon still lying pointing outwards, I concluded that he had dragged himself there for the purpose of reconnoitring us, and returned in the same manner to his den forward.

('It became immediately necessary to remove these three survivors to Her Majesty's ship; but one of them expired before we could get him into the boat. The other two were duly taken on board; when they were found, on examination by the doctor, to be hopelessly insane; so that little prospect was entertained of being able to extract any useful information from them which might lead to an explanation of what had led to such a scene as we had witnessed.)

'Having satisfied ourselves that no more survivors remained on the deck, I next determined to examine the vessel below; and upon opening the companion-hatch for this purpose, the odour that saluted our senses defies description. We had to force open the other hatches on deck and allow sufficient time for the fresh air to circulate below, before the strongest-nerved amongst us could face the dreadfully vitiated atmosphere of the cabin. When at length I was able to descend, what was my horror to find the scene we had left on deck repeated, and even surpassed in degree by that which presented itself below. Here, in the cabin of the schooner, lay thirteen more dead bodies of natives, all having apparently met with a similar fate to those on the deck. A hatchet which lay on the deck bore strong marks of having been one at least of the weapons

used in the fray or massacre, whichever it was; but there was nothing to afford the slightest clue to the origin or motive of this wholesale slaughter. Not a vestige of papers or private effects of any sort could be discovered on board; and it therefore only remained to decently commit the bodies to the deep, and to cleanse the vessel as soon as possible.

'Returning to Her Majesty's ship, and making my report to the captain, he directed a party of men to be sent to the schooner for this purpose; and as soon as the duty was completed, the vessel was placed in charge of one of our officers with a prize crew, and sent to Sydney. Here the authorities knew little or nothing about the schooner; but she was recognised as the *Peri*, which had sailed some months previously on a "free-labour voyage," as the kidnapping trade was falsely called, in charge of five white men—let it be hoped, not English—and had not since been heard of. It leaked out some long time afterwards, that upon this very voyage the *Peri* had really shipped no fewer than fifty natives; in which case it was not improbable that the survivors of these black creatures, with the exception of the three whom we found, had made off in the boat after the fight; for fight there must have been, in which the white men for a time had been successful, as was shown by the number of dead bodies. But the black men being in overpowering numbers, the villainous crew must at length have been killed, every man of them, and their bodies thrown overboard. The survivors who had escaped in the ship's boat would in all probability find refuge on one of the islands of the South Sea group, though we never heard more of them. Such was one instance of revenge by the victims upon their white-skinned kidnappers.'

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A GRAVE sweet wonder in the baby face,
And look of mingled dignity and grace,
Such as a painter hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting innocent blue eyes,
That higher than the stained-glass window rise,
Into the fair and cloudless summer skies.

The people round her sing, 'Above the sky
There's rest for little children when they die'—
To her—thus gazing up—that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals: she must not look around,
Although with wonderment her pulses bound—
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,
She bows—as 'mother' does—her golden head;
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,
Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there too, by-and-by.

Pet, may He keep you in the faith alway,
And bring you to that home for which you pray,
Where all shall have their child-hearts back one day!
SOPHIE A. M. JAMES.

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SUNSHINE AND LEISURE.

THE late protracted and severe winter, with its biting frosts and storms of snow, its fogs and dismally depressing atmosphere, during which the only gleam of comfort for those in weak health was to be found at the fireside, will probably have suggested notions of escaping from a repetition of such dismal atmospheric conditions as have been just experienced throughout the British Islands. Many, of course, whatever be their complaints, must patiently submit to inflictions of this kind, their position almost precluding any prospective alleviation; others, more fortunately situated, will be free to consider the subject in all its bearings. For this latter class, to whom our remarks are more specially addressed, there is a double question which will require to be answered. Where to go to, and how to get away in the proper season?

Our own experience, like that of many health-seeking refugees, points in the first place to the Riviera, that beautiful and picturesque borderland of France and Italy along the margin of the Mediterranean for the space of a hundred and fifty miles or so, beginning with Hyères, Cannes, Nice, and Mentone, in France, and thereafter a few choice places in Italy. Over this ground we have been several times, and always with renewed pleasure and benefit. How often, in travelling from Lyons to Marseilles, and about midway entering ancient Provence, where the remains of Roman art begin to make their appearance, have we hailed with delight the sudden change of climate! The surly North is left behind, the pleasant South has begun to make its appearance. The clouds overhead disappear, leaving a clear blue sky with joyous sunshine, and of which change we have interesting tokens in the altered character of the vegetation; while the farther we go onwards, the change becomes more complete. No doubt, we shall be told by knowing ones that the climate of the Riviera is by no means unimpeachable. Certainly it has its drawbacks. At times, the mistral blows provokingly from the Pyrenees. There are

stretches of wet, plashy weather. Occasionally there is a frost with thin flakes of ice on the pools. Showers of hail are not unknown. There are days when you cannot comfortably sit in the open air, when even a fire in-doors would be acceptable, and when the windows at noon must be kept shut. All that is admitted, and yet we say that the Riviera, at properly chosen spots, is the best thing that you can get in the way of a winter health-resort within the compass of Europe. But why not go beyond Europe, and find a spot on the coast of Africa? Within the last few years, that has been done with less or more success. Algiers has been resorted to by numbers of persons from England, some of whom have given the world their experiences of the climate. All speak of the abundance of sunshine day after day for months, of the profusion of brilliant flowers, and of the amusingly Oriental character of the native inhabitants. The early and bright spring strikes with surprise. A friend of ours was astonished at finding fresh green peas on the table at the New Year. With this and some other attractions, however, there are serious disadvantages to be encountered. In the first place, there is a voyage by steamer of thirty-four hours from Marseilles. Post-letters to or from England take at least four days on the journey. The lower class of Arabs who are seen fluttering about are not noted for cleanliness. The drainage of some of the best houses is defective, the result being a tendency to typhoid. What also appears to us somewhat extraordinary, the persistence of sunshine is felt to be tiresome, or too much of a good thing. A cloudy day now and then, with an occasional shower, would be accepted as an agreeable change. If some of these objections may be thought fantastic, there is something more solid in the consideration that, notwithstanding many improvements in the place, there is a want of a good choice of houses and hotels to be obtained at reasonable charges.

The latest book we have seen on Algiers is that of Mr Alexander A. Knox, entitled 'The New Playground, or Wanderings in Algeria.' The writer,

with his wife, spent the winter season of 1879-80 at Algiers, or perhaps more correctly at 'Mustapha Supérieur,' a new suburb, situated on the high ground behind the town. He speaks favourably of the climate, yet hints at some things which can be found fault with. He refers to the terrible dust-storms, observing: 'I am reasonably confident that the combination of hot sun and cold, or cold wind laden with dust, which I have constantly met with here, must be trying to invalids with weak chests.' One day—the 27th of February—he says there was a blessed variety in the form of a fog worthy of England. On going to the bedroom window in the morning, he could not see five yards in front of him, the orange-trees and Moorish villas being all hidden under a veil of mist. This is a refreshing fact for those who adhere to the Riviera with all its European deficiencies. In concluding his interesting work, which we recommend to the attention of all who are looking about for a choice winter resort, he emphatically observes: 'The outcome of all I have to say, as far as residence in the town of Algiers itself and on Mustapha is concerned, just amounts to this. For brightness and sunshine, there is nothing like the climate within four days' post of London. There may be qualities in the air which render it unfit for some people; but as to the *brightness* of the place, there can be no manner of doubt. The heights of Mustapha are much the same thing as Torquay; but there is the wonderful sky above, and the background of mountains. Algiers is a beautiful place. As a set-off against this, the accommodation is sadly deficient. In the town, the two or three hotels are but of second-rate order. On Mustapha, there are a dozen or so villas fit for people with heavy purses; of a second-rate kind, not many, and these are not commendable; of makeshifts, not a few, but these are makeshifts indeed. The great want of the place is a good hotel on Mustapha, on the same scale as those to be found on the Riviera or the Italian lakes. Until this be forthcoming, let no one commit his family rashly to Algiers.'

Nothing need be added to this decisive opinion; and we do not think it necessary to refer to those more distant places, Cairo and Malta. We fall back, therefore, on the Riviera, not only on account of its accessibility, but other recommendations. One immense advantage is, that its health resorts are connected by the great line of railway from the British Channel to Paris. In travelling this way, we have usually stopped for the night at Lyons, where we found good accommodation at the *Hôtel de l'Univers*, close to the station; and next night we stopped at Marseilles. This was taking the journey leisurely. Many prefer to go straight on night and day, and for this class of travellers the French railway authorities provide carriages with sleeping accommodation, at a somewhat additional charge. These carriages, a species of Pullman cars, are of two kinds, named *wagons-lits* and *coupés-lits*. The *wagons-lits* are large

carriages, with one entrance into a passage, from which other doors open into the compartments, of which there are four, two to hold four people, and two for two. The compartment for two consists of one couch with sufficient room for three people sitting. At night, the conductor—who is always in attendance, and can be called at any moment by ringing the bell—comes in, and makes this couch into two beds, one above the other, like the berths of a ship. There are sheets and pillows; so, if one likes to undress, you may easily do so, provided you do not object to small space. At the end of the passage, there are two lavatories, one for ladies, the other for gentlemen, with every convenience. Food cannot be obtained in the carriages, though the conductor can supply wines, &c. Many take provisions with them, whilst others trust to getting supplies at stations on the way. The *coupés-lits* are of smaller dimensions, and more exclusive in character, but convenient for a party of two or three persons. By the means now described, the manner of travelling southwards is very comfortable, and enables invalids and delicate people to undergo the fatigues of a long journey without much difficulty. But it is necessary to engage places some days previously by writing to M. le Directeur de la Compagnie des *Wagons-lits*, 2 Rue Scribe, Paris; as there is an English clerk, it is unnecessary to write in French. Information is likewise to be obtained in connection with the through tickets of the South-eastern Railway, by applying at 25 Cockspur Street, London.

The railway runs right through Cannes, with a stopping-place at the middle of the town. Cannes, which was brought into notoriety by Lord Brougham, who went thither at the right time every season, cheating alike the winter and the gravedigger as long as flesh and blood could do so. Latterly, the town has been largely extended and improved in different ways. Villas have been built along the slopes facing the south. Promenades and drives have been opened up along the sea-shore; and the number of hotels has been considerably increased. In fact, since Brougham's time, Cannes has almost undergone a renewal. There are prettily clothed hills behind the town; but, as we fear, they do not afford a very effective shelter to the north and westerly winds. The pleasure of outdoor life is, therefore, perhaps not all that could be wished; but if any such defect is experienced, it is probably outweighed by the consideration that Cannes is appreciated as the most select and aristocratic of the continental winter resorts favoured by the English.

Next in order in travelling along the coast, with the broad and placid Mediterranean on our right, we arrive at Nice, which within our remembrance was a dull unimproved Italian town; but which, since coming into the possession of the French, has sprung up to be a gay and delightful city, and entitled to be called the Brighton of

France. If anything, Nice is perhaps too full of gaiety; for, as is alleged, it is crowded with visitors from all parts of Europe, who here take up their quarters with the view of being near the gaming-tables of Monte Carlo—distance three-quarters of an hour by train, and frequent trains to and fro from morning till late at night. A public remonstrance concerning the demoralising character of Monte Carlo and its visitors has, we see, lately been made by the inhabitants of Nice.

If liveliness be reckoned one of the recommendations of Nice, to that may be added a number of excellent hotels, good house accommodation, and English doctors and druggists, along with good shops such as are found in all large towns. There are likewise libraries and reading-rooms. The railway trains draw up at a spacious station outside the town; and on arrival, there will be found at least a dozen omnibuses, connected with as many hotels, besides a choice of other vehicles. Nice is particularly well provided with cabs, and carriages and horses of a superior order may be had on hire. As in the case of Cannes, low hills stretch up behind the town, some of them offering sites for handsome villas, with a good outlook southwards over the Mediterranean. The hills, unfortunately, are not sufficiently high for shelter against northern blasts, and this is the serious drawback as regards a certain class of invalids. It has been properly observed by Dr J. Henry Bennet, in his work, 'A Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean,' that latitude is not all in all that invalids have to consider. He says that 'five degrees of south latitude do not make up in climate-questions for want of protection from north winds.' This agrees with our own experience. In searching for a thoroughly well-sheltered health resort on the shores of the Mediterranean, we found Mentone excelled all other places. Such also is emphatically the conclusion to which Dr Bennet has arrived. It may be deemed a conclusive proof of his appreciation of Mentone, when we know, that among all the Mediterranean health resorts, he has chosen it for his habitual winter residence. Those who are not encumbered with expectations as to social intercourse may here with advantage pass the more dreary months of winter. It is not, however, what this or that one says of a place, but the unerring testimony of Nature, as demonstrated in the contour and vegetation of the district, which decides its character.

Situated close upon the margin of the sea, along which there are some pleasant drives and promenades, Mentone is backed by a range of lofty mountains, which attain the height of four thousand feet above the sea-level. We might compare its situation to that of a town basking in the sun, and screened from the north by an enormously lofty semicircular wall. The high grounds are skirted intermediately by low hills and valleys clothed in olive trees, vines,

groves of orange, citron, and lemon. Nowhere have we seen olive trees of such great age and gigantic size as those which grow on Cap Martin, a peninsula which projects into the sea at the western entrance to the town. Trains from Nice reach Mentone in an hour and six minutes, having passed Monaco and Monte Carlo by the way. Though a comparatively modern place of resort for invalids, Mentone is already well provided with hotels, *pensions*, and furnished villas offered for hire for the season. The visitors have hitherto formed a quiet community of different nationalities. There is a handsomely built English church, also a Scotch church which is open during the winter season.

Mentone, with the slip of country in which it is situated, formerly belonged to Monaco; but as the result of a rupture with that tyrannical and rapacious principality, it has been attached to France since 1861. It has, therefore, had barely twenty years to effect sundry improvements, and to lay itself out as an attractive healthy resort for visitors. The older part of the town still exists as a curious specimen of mediæval architecture. The modern additions stretch east and westward along the Corniche Road, the great highway to Italy. The Italian frontier is in the eastern environs of the town, so that Mentone is the last town in France in this direction. Visitors, at their pleasure, by crossing the Pont St Louis, can therefore take a walk or drive into Italy, in which they will have an opportunity of visiting Dr Bennet's charming and extensive flower-garden, situated among the cliffs of the Corniche, and thence enjoying a magnificent view over the Mediterranean. In all our visits to Mentone, we had occasion to observe the thrift, honesty, and good behaviour of the natives, who are said to be descendants of the ancient Ligurians, a brave people who did their best to stem the ambitious encroachments of the Romans. Their language is an Italian *patois*; but all with whom visitors come in contact speak French. We found the town to be ill provided with libraries and reading-rooms, and our chief reliance was on imported English books and newspapers. Possibly, there may now be improvements in this respect. The postage-system with England is well conducted, the mail-service to and from London being managed in two days—international postage on a letter twopence-halfpenny. So commodious was the postage system, that we were able to carry on a literary correspondence with England—transmission of proofs, &c., with almost as much ease and satisfaction as if within thirty miles of Edinburgh.

The winter season at Mentone begins on the 25th of October, and terminates on the 25th April, when the heat becomes inconvenient. Our recommendation to intending visitors is, to go early, so as to look about them and have a good choice of winter-quarters. They will be assisted, as we always have been, by Mr Thomas

Willoughby, an English grocer and house-agent, who may be considered to be a kind of adviser-general, and is ready on all occasions to help his countrymen. The seasons at Mentone, as elsewhere, do not uniformly consist of an unbroken stretch of fine weather. There are good and bad seasons. If the weather be fine, as it is more likely to be than otherwise, it is fine indeed. The great blue sky overhead, brilliant sunshine, and mild, tranquil air, which can be safely enjoyed in walks or in drives, from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, are all something which aged persons and invalids may well make an effort to secure. Much is done by health-seekers, by means of gentle rides on asses up the picturesque valleys which penetrate the mountain recesses, and where all that is beheld is simple and beautiful. Mentone is not a place for the racket of Swell-don, but for the revival of decaying or afflicted human nature, of all indeed who, in a rational manner, wish to spend their winters in the enjoyment of Sunshine and Leisure.

W. C.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XV.—AFTER THE FUNERAL.

THE two sisters, Louisa and Rose Denham, seemed very forlorn and very sad—alone, they two—in the great house that had been built for the large-handed hospitality of the eighteenth century. They felt too small for the house, these two poor girls, doubly orphaned. They had been a little afraid when first they entered this, so grand a residence; but then they had been ashamed of their feminine fears, for had they not their father's courage and self-reliance to support them. Dr Denham in his youth had been used to wealth, and to the soft and bright surroundings which Money, the magician, brings in his train; and after long years of laborious patience, he had justly deemed himself near the goal. His name, he knew, was known to the profession, if not to the public. He had bought the practice of his old master, whose baronetcy and fortune had been founded on fees; yet many a country doctor is as good a healer as old Sir Samuel Jeff's, Surgeon Extraordinary to Royalty. Dr Denham had been his best and brightest pupil; but having been unjustly disinherited by a father who had been proud of him, was poor. The doctor had done his ungrudging, humble work until this good chance had come in his way. The good chance that had lain in the doctor's way had proved to be a trap, a pitfall, ruin to his daughters. Who can get back money thus spent? Many a Colonel or Major, under the old purchase system, must have felt, as in battle he dropped before the enemy's shot or shell, and lay dying—as real soldiers do die—how sorely wife and children would miss the eight thousand pounds or so which was the price of his commission. As with an officer, so with a doctor. The money paid to old Sir Samuel would never be refunded. It would not have been fair to ask it. The old medical Baronet, with faculties much impaired and waning memory, was wintering at Mentone; and had a bevy of expensive sons and eager-eyed nieces

around him to clamour for a share of the fabulous fees he had pouched in the heyday of his prosperity. Nothing was to be expected from that quarter.

Nor was any bounty, any mercy to be expected from Uncle Walter. That lamb-like client of Messrs Sowerby and French referred his nieces, and his nieces' lawyer, to his solicitors, Messrs Sowerby and French; and those gentlemen, on thin blue paper, in colourless semi-legal language, damped the hopes of all who would claim consideration from their esteemed friend. No; nothing, it was pretty plain, was to be expected from the generosity, or extracted from the compassion, of the *virtuoso* of Kensington.

The funeral had taken place. There were few mourners to fill the black coaches that custom renders necessary. Two or three middle-aged men, who had been fellow-pupils of William Denham, and remembered the bright promise of his youth, and had kept up a fitful correspondence with him in after-life, came to follow him to the grave. Uncle Walter, the chief-mourner, was there of course, with a gentle forgiving air upon his handsome clearly chiselled countenance, and perhaps—such is the force of hypocrisy—almost sincere in the belief that he was a deeply wronged man, and that his dead brother had all but ruined him.

'Too impetuous—so sadly sanguine,' was all that Mr Walter Denham said, in answer to some words of condolence on the part of one of the non-kindred mourners; but imagination quickly fills up a blank; and perhaps nobody of that small company save Bertram Oakley, went away unimpressed by the conviction that the younger brother had been a sufferer by the over-speculative tendencies of his departed senior.

It was all over presently. The only one of those who followed the good doctor's coffin to its last resting-place really sorrowing, was the young mill-hand of Blackston, the sickly student, whose acquaintance the physician had made in the airy wards of the Knights' Hospital of St John. There was the usual routine which habit dictates—the plumes, the scarfs, the gloves, the black horses, and human mummers feigning decorum, if not woe, and the heavy bill to pay; and gentle Dr Denham was buried out of sight of the world for which, living, he had done his brave best. The true mourners in these cases are the women that stay at home, behind lowered blinds, and invisible. Louisa and her sister were down-stairs again now; but the house seemed very empty and big and sad, and they were as cheerless and forlorn as any two good girls in all London.

'What are we to do?' asked pretty Rose, with a scared white face, after the truth had leaked out as to a peremptory visit paid by the confidential clerk of Messrs Sowerby and French, her uncle's lawyers, in company with an over-dressed young gentleman with a boathouse flower in his button-hole, and who represented a well-known firm of advertising house-agents. There was a favourable, or, as the young house-agent preferred to say, in the jargon of his craft, an eligible opportunity of reletting the Harley Street mansion, the lease of which, as well as the furniture, now appertained to Mr Walter Denham. That gentleman, in the words of the confidential clerk of his solicitors, 'would be acting as his own enemy' by

letting slip the chance, and therefore, per proxy of Messrs Sowerby and French, delicately inquired when it would be quite convenient to the ladies to vacate the premises.

The ladies were quite willing to go. It was irksome to Louisa Denham's proud yet gentle spirit to be indebted to her grasping kinsman for even the niggardly hospitality of a few days' houseroom. But the world's wheels and cogs and driving-gear are often slow to set in motion at the first; and Miss Denham, who had not been able to complete her arrangements, such as they were, was fain, for Rose's sake, to solicit the grace of a brief delay. The petty boon was granted, not too willingly; and then came consultations, long and frequent, but not over-satisfactory. What were they to do? Poor young Rose, with the best will in the world to be useful, was practically helpless. She ran over the little bead-roll of her feminine arts—the neat needlework, the crocheting and tatting and Berlin woolwork, and all sorts of pretty ways of employing bright eyes and deft fingers. But sage Louisa knew that such dainty inutilities, hawked about for sale, are not worth the price of the materials and the time and shoe-leather that go to the vending of them, appealing as they do to a glutted market and to a heedless public.

No; Louisa herself must be the bread-winner of the family, or, if not bread-winner exactly, since fifty pounds a year, the pittance which the girls inherited from their mother, insured bread and shelter, at anyrate the provider of the other necessities of life. She was fit to teach. Rose could sing with a sweet low voice that was rich with feeling and expression; but the plain-looking elder sister was a skilled musician, and as patient in teaching as she had been apt to learn. She knew, too, all that was expected from a governess at that time, when graduates of Girton College were not universally expected to be ready to communicate the accumulated erudition of a laborious girlhood, and her only dread was that she should find no pupils. She had written—it cost her a distinct effort to crave aid—to such of her former friends and acquaintances at Blackston as appeared most likely to be able to recommend her in London, and both the sisters were anxiously awaiting the result of this application.

Meanwhile, after much deliberation and many a painful search among the by-streets and back-streets to which genteel poverty shrinks, as by instinct, a lodging was engaged. It consisted but of two tiny rooms, the parlour floor, so called, of a contracted little bandbox of a lodging-house, in a side-street so meagre and humble that if the Chairman of the Board of Works, that mighty calf who makes shorter work, officially, with London brick and mortar than ever did Haroun Alraschid with the abuses of Bagdad, ordered it to be carted away before nightfall, its neighbours would hardly have noticed the gap its disappearance would leave. But it was cheap, that was the grand essential for these new tenants, to whom every weekly shilling made such a difference. And it was clean, was almost clean, for London—that is to say, where the atmosphere does its worst to set at nought painstaking housekeepers, with all that can be done with brush and broom and soap and flannel, against wind-borne pollution.

Then Rose and Louisa were fortunate in their

landlady. In these cases, and perhaps in all cases, the landlady is as well worth consideration as the lodging. Indeed, the airiest suite of rooms, in the best situation that well-to-do sojourners may select, would be spoiled by some landladies, tainted as it were by the vicinity of lurid-eyed harpies, sharp-clawed, venomous of tongue. But Mrs Conkling, of Lower Minden Street, No. 3, was a good specimen of her class, a worthy soul, hard-working, pinched, courageous, as some of her caste are, and although a widow, not one of those portentous relicts in horrid cap and rusty bombazeen who levy black-mail, emphatically so called, on the strength of their desolate state and the better days which all widows have seen. Into what the French call the enjoyment of these rooms on Mrs Conkling's parlour floor, Rose and Louisa were to enter so soon as the letters from Blackston should arrive.

TEA AND SILK FARMING IN NEW ZEALAND.

It may probably seem strange, if portions of New Zealand, as we shall endeavour to show, are really suitable for the production of tea and silk, that these valuable commodities have not long ago been numbered amongst its exports. A very little reflection, however, should account for the apparent anomaly. This interesting colony is situated at a vast distance from the mother-country; and its participation in the advantages of settled government and regular steam-communication has been of comparatively recent date, as contrasted with some other British colonies and settlements. It seems, indeed, almost like yesterday since the whole country was terrorised by a fierce, active, and warlike race, whose daring courage and aptitude for military adventure taxed for years the skill of some of our ablest soldiers. Thus, with a turbulent native population, and more or less war up to the year 1870, and later, it is scarcely surprising that even among the European settlers, only the more ordinary grades of agriculture and manufacture have, until of late years, been attempted, and that the more scientific industries of tea and silk farming are still reserved for the future.

We have coupled tea and silk together for reasons which will be obvious presently; but as the latter valuable article has already been successfully produced in New Zealand, as well as in Australia, we shall allude to the silk-industry first. Through the courtesy of Dr Hector, Director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, we have recently received some interesting papers on silk-culture, copies of which were laid before the local parliament in 1870. From these documents, it appears that this industry had been brought before the notice of the government ten years ago by a colonist, who for seven years previously had been cultivating the Tuscan mulberry, and producing silk to a small extent, but who, from various causes, had not pursued the industry on a commercial scale. This gentleman had in several communications advocated the encouragement by the colonial authorities of silk-culture, and stated that four years' experience had convinced him that an annual yield of one hundred pounds sterling per acre would fall greatly short of the result he expected a few years later, when his trees had

grown older. However, beyond the usual polite acknowledgments from the officials, references for opinions to scientific men, and the appointment of a Royal Commission to collect information upon this and other topics, no steps appear then to have been taken.

Although thus apparently shelved for a time, the subject was not forgotten. The agitation of 1870 bore fruit; for we are informed, by a recently returned traveller from the colony, that he saw the mulberry growing luxuriantly in widely separated parts of the islands, and that some of the settlers as well as natives were turning their attention to, and doing a little in silk-production. Still later news announced the completion of the labours of the Colonial Industries Commission, and the publication of their Report, for a copy of which we are indebted to Sir Julius Vogel. Dipping into the Appendix, we find a letter addressed by Mr Richard Dignan to Mr Commissioner A. J. Burns, Auckland, of date 15th May 1880, in which Mr Dignan states that he had received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, who had an idea that New Zealand is a suitable place for carrying on the silk-industry. The writer stated that competent authorities were of opinion that, unless some effectual remedy is discovered soon, the silkworms of Europe and part of Asia run a risk—from worm diseases—of early extinction. It was to new countries, therefore, like Australia and New Zealand that the silk brokers, merchants, and spinners of the future would have to look for supplies. The writer also asked whether the government would give any encouragement to persons willing to embark in this industry; and if so, in what direction would such encouragement tend. Mr Dignan, in his letter to the Commissioner, goes on to say that 'in and around the city of Auckland there are many mulberry trees; and if it were thought advisable, from these trees could be made the nucleus of a grove sufficient to try experiments in silk-raising. The white mulberry grows readily from cuttings, and thrives well in the district. I have raised several hundred plants myself during the last few years.'

The Commission in their Report state that 'there is little doubt that mulberry cultivation for silkworms could be pursued with advantage in some parts of New Zealand; and they again direct public attention to the papers which they had already published on this industry, which in their opinion could be pursued profitably even by cottagers and without any costly appliances. For the encouragement of the silk-industry, the Commission also recommend that the bonus should be revived which was offered in 1871—namely, 'A bonus of fifty per cent. on the value realised is offered for the production of the first one thousand pounds-worth of the cocoons of the silkworm or eggs of the silkworm produced in the colony, to be paid on quantities of not less value than fifty, or more than one hundred pounds produced by any one person.' Nothing is said about tea; but no doubt that article would be likewise recognised as a future product among the local industries for which the Commission guarantee interest up to five per cent. on the outlay for a period of four, five, or six years, according to the nature of the undertaking.

The position, therefore, of silk-culture in New Zealand at the present moment is this: Ten years

ago, it was proved on an experimental scale to be a success; a government bonus was offered for its further encouragement, but unfortunately allowed to lapse; the revival of this bonus has lately been recommended by the Colonial Industries Commission; and meanwhile the industry is being prosecuted in a small way by both colonists and Maoris. The mulberry is reported to be growing luxuriantly in different parts of the islands; and we learn from the official Catalogue of the Sydney International Exhibition of 1879, that a gentleman in Auckland showed crude silk, the produce of one thousand silkworms reared by himself, and fed principally on mulberry, and occasionally on lettuce and fig leaves; and another in Christchurch exhibited cases of silk from worms fed in Canterbury.

These statements and quotations may be held as sufficient testimony of the suitability of parts of New Zealand for silk-culture; hence we shall now endeavour to explain how it is that this industry should be linked with tea-culture on the same farm, in order to achieve a financial success.

The silk-harvest in China usually embraces seven separate broods of worms, technically called *educations*, and is complete in about six weeks. In other parts of Asia it sometimes lasts longer; in Australia and California, longer still; and in New Zealand, owing to the magnificent climate, especially in the province of Auckland, the harvest is expected to exceed in duration, copiousness, and value the silk-crop obtained elsewhere. Some additional expansion of the harvest may, it is thought, be artificially effected by the judicious selection and cultivation of other silk-producing worms besides the mulberry-feeding *Bombyx mori*, such as the *Attacus ricini*, which eats the leaves of the castor-oil plant; the *Attacus atlas*, whose food grows on the terminalia and jujube trees—a worm which yields the celebrated, almost everlasting, gray Tusseh silk of China and India; the *Antheraea roylei*, which subsists upon the leaves of the common hill-oak; and the *Bombyx cynthia*, whose natural food is the alanthus.

But after every known variety and modification of silk-culture shall have been tried, long periods of every year must remain during which all indoor silk industry will necessarily cease from lack of material. At the utmost, so far as our present knowledge can aid us in forecasting the future, the New Zealand silk-harvest of the 'good time coming' may thus be spread over three months, instead of the short six weeks of China; but even this extension could scarcely be reckoned satisfactory, as the bulk of the manipulators, besides many of the outdoor labourers, would for the remainder of the year be almost unemployed, and so become a burden, if not a nuisance, to the farmer. In old and thoroughly settled countries with teeming populations, this objection could not be urged, as the employer there, in almost any department of human industry, can nearly always regulate the number of his workers according to the demands of the harvest or of commerce; but where, as at the antipodes, an expensive staff would require to be collected together from distant countries and organised at a considerable expenditure of patience and money, the discharge of even a single skilled *employé*, except for gross misconduct, would be altogether inadvisable. This difficulty of continuously and remuneratively

occupying the time of such a staff is indeed essentially the weak point connected with the commencement of silk-culture in any sparsely peopled country; and it is the rock upon which, we believe, every similar enterprise must split, should the farmer aim only at silk-production without some alternative means of filling up the time of his workers. In order to prove remunerative, therefore, silk-culture in New Zealand must be combined with some other kindred or allied industry; and we are acquainted with none so nearly related to it, and in every way so thoroughly fitted to form a twin enterprise on the same estate and under the same general management, as the cultivation and preparation of tea.

There is nothing utopian in the proposal to combine these industries, although tea-growing, except in some of the colonial botanic gardens, has not yet been attempted in New Zealand. Certain conditions are required for the germination of tea-seed and the production of plants; at the same time it does not follow as a matter of course that these conditions being fulfilled, the result must prove a commercial success. Tea of the hardy China type will grow almost anywhere, but not in every instance to pay. Plants of it were seen a few years ago by the writer growing perfectly well in the open air some twelve miles from London during a most inclement spring; groves of it are known to thrive uninjured amidst snow in the north of China, when, in order to protect the bark from the teeth of the white foxes which sometimes swarm in winter, straw bands are wound around the stems; in the Himalayas, tea-shrubs and trees flourish at a height of five and even seven thousand feet above the sea, where keen frost and storms of hail are not unknown; and in Ceylon, tea-harvests have been obtained at over five thousand feet. In none of these examples, however, can it be truly averred that, although the quality of the tea might be excellent, the copiousness of the return was satisfactory. A gratifying pecuniary issue from a tea-industry depends not so much upon the possession of one or two apparently well-marked advantages, as upon the presence and co-operation of a number of minor, and seemingly even trivial, circumstances.

Both the well-marked and the minor advantages of successful tea-raising are we think offered by New Zealand. If we institute inquiries, it will be found that the climate in the interior of Otago and that of all the beautiful province of Auckland closely resembles that of the tea and silk districts of China; that the thermometer indicates from ninety to a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit nearly every summer; that as high as one hundred and ten degrees have been noted at Alexandra, on the Molyneux River; that the mulberry, alanthus, and castor-oil plant grow luxuriantly, particularly in Auckland; and that the experience of tea and silk farmers in other parts of the world has led to the oriental apothegm, that 'wherever the mulberry grows in profusion, there Nature indicates a suitable spot for tea'. These inquiries would also ascertain that throughout the latter province snow is seldom seen, except upon the mountain tops; that even slight frosts are necessarily a rarity in a land where the forests are evergreen, and semi-tropical fruits grow with lavish prodigality in the open air; that moderate and

vivifying showers to the extent of forty-seven inches fall during about a hundred and eighty-six days of the year; that the mean of the coldest month is fifty-one degrees, and that of the warmest sixty-eight degrees; that the grape-vine and olive may in some districts be seen intermingled with the ordinary fences; and that the hot, blasting winds and sand-storms of Asia and Australia, so inimical to tea and mulberry culture, and so deadly to the silkworm, are unknown. Such are the natural attractions and advantages which invite the tea and silk farmer to New Zealand.

As regards China, there is, unfortunately, no trustworthy record of the temperature in the silk and tea producing districts; but at Shanghai, fairly careful observations were for some years made. By a comparison of the respective temperatures, rainfalls, &c., of China and New Zealand, a strong case seems to be made out in favour of the latter, and especially of the province of Auckland, for the culture of tea. It may not swelter in the intense heat of India, and for this very reason it does not require India's excessive rains to restore the equilibrium disturbed by profuse evaporation; but possessing, as it does in some respects, a climate superior to either China or India, Auckland would appear to be equally suited to produce the hardy and sweetly flavoured teas of the one country, as well as the less robust although more astringent growths of the other.

It has already been explained that, under even the most favourable circumstances, the silk-harvest in New Zealand can scarcely be expected to extend over more than three months, and that for the rest of the year most of the employees of a silk-farming Company would either roam about idle or have to be discharged. The tea-harvest, on the other hand, commencing later, and being usually protracted over six or eight months, a tea Company's servants could reckon upon longer engagements. Here, it may be urged that the tea department being evidently the more important employer of labour, why not farm tea by itself, and let silk-culture alone? The answer is decisive. Silk-culture promises to be by far the more remunerative industry of the two, but only if conducted in combination with tea-farming. From tea-farming alone, no profit of consequence need be expected until the fourth year; whereas the return from a mulberry acreage judiciously managed, would be almost immediate. Again, from the great demand for tea at the antipodes, which is annually increasing with rapid strides, it is believed that all the tea which could be produced would find a ready sale on the spot and in Australia; whilst most of the silk products would require, for some years at least, to be consigned to Europe, in order to secure a desirable market. Nothing further, surely, is required to corroborate our statement that the two industries must be conducted *together*, than the circumstance, that the same staff of labourers could be equally well employed for both industries, with a few persons specially skilled in the respective branches to act as overseers. In this way the combined strength of the workers could be made available for the separate harvests of tea and silk, as these occurred, and ample employment would thus be given to the whole establishment all the year round.

It is, unfortunately, quite uncertain how far the assistance of the natives is to be obtained for hire, notwithstanding the fact, already mentioned, that a few of them have taken to silk-culture in a small way. Some colonists of considerable experience are inclined to take a favourable view of the possibilities of the Maori character, and think that when it has had a little more time to develop, and habits of industry have been confirmed, especially in the rising generation, through the salutary influence of the schools which have been established, much useful labour may be had at reasonable wages. Others, whose opinions are quite as much entitled to respect, take a contrary view, and assert that the Maori, old or young, is a hopeless creature and utterly untrustworthy. Without committing ourselves to an opinion either way, we see an alternative labour-supply in the many hundreds of industrious Chinese already settled, particularly in the Middle Island, whose co-operation in congenial industries could no doubt be secured. Such workers, in some cases with experience acquired at the great centres of tea and silk production in China, would prove very valuable. It would always be open, too, to import labour and skill direct from the latter country, as we know that the offer of one shilling a day to the impecunious Asiatic who hitherto has been toiling at home for a wage of less than sixpence, is an inducement not likely to remain long neglected. The difficulty, indeed, connected with the sons of the yellow race has rarely been in persuading them to leave their native land for others where wages could be earned, but rather to prevent them swarming over like locusts, as in California, and monopolising the whole labour of the locality, to the exclusion and disgust of the workmen of other nationalities. At first, doubtless, the cost of labour in New Zealand would be greater than it would afterwards become—so great, perhaps, as to preclude private enterprise; but to a public Company with an adequate capital employed under skilful management, a large initial outlay in labour and plant would simply be the laying of a broad foundation upon which the future prosperity of the syndicate would be reared.

It would only be misleading at this the theoretical stage of a future New Zealand Tea and Silk Company, to pronounce authoritatively upon the question of financial results; but it is quite legitimate to quote the achievements of tea and silk farmers in other parts of the world. On some of the Indian gardens, we understand that recently as much as twenty-two and a half per cent. of net profit has been realised. In the Indian Tea Gazette of May 1879, a list of tea estates then in full operation was given, whence we learn that the cost of bringing eleven different estates into a condition of leaf-bearing was on an average about £71, 17s. 6d. per acre; that the average yield of marketable tea per acre was two hundred and eighty and a half pounds; that the average cost of production was one shilling and twopence farthing per pound; that the average price realised was one shilling and sixpence halfpenny; and that the average dividend paid the shareholders was about eight and a quarter per cent. In these examples, the actual dividends ranged from four up to twenty per cent., according to the ability with which the various gardens were managed. Colonel

Money—probably the best authority at present on tea-culture in India—calculates that after the eighth year, one hundred acres under tea-shrubs, judiciously managed, ought to yield a profit of at least two thousand pounds a year; and we learn that in Australia, with all its disadvantages for carrying on the silk-industry, a profit of over eighty-three pounds per acre has been shown from silk during the experimental stage in Victoria.

Having regard, therefore, to the foregoing remarks collectively; taking into account the unrivalled climate in which a New Zealand Tea and Silk Company's operations would be conducted; keeping in view the favourable report and recommendations of the New Zealand Colonial Industries Commission of 1880 on silk-culture; and referring again to the ample field for tea consumption at the antipodes—we leave it to our readers to consider for themselves the proposed enterprise.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

ONE day my husband and John returned with the boat earlier than was expected. Phil had hurt his foot at the fishing, and needed a few days' rest. In the evening I walked up to Mr Burton's house, and John accompanied me. Teenie met us at the door; she seemed glad to see me, but her greeting to John was cold and diffident. Mr Burton and Hal were seated at the window when we entered.

'This is indeed a pleasure, Mrs Carew,' said Mr Burton. 'You so rarely give us the pleasure of a visit.' Then, seeing John, he added: 'And John too!—back so soon from the fishing! Taken a great catch, I suppose?'

'No, Mr Burton,' said John; 't' herrin' is nought but poor yet. Father has hurt his foot.'

'Not seriously, I hope?' inquired Mr Burton.

'No, only a bit bruise; he'll maybe be all right t' morn.'

Hal had placed me in an easy-chair by the window. He now turned to John, as though struck by a sudden thought. 'It is a pity the men should lose the fishing; will you let me go with you to-morrow? I had intended making a trip some day, and this will be a good opportunity. You can take father's place, and I will give you all the help I can.'

John was seated in shadow, but I could see that his face darkened at the words. At last he said: 'Thou is better ashore in pleasanter company. Such rough chaps as us are best to ourselves. Thou is not wanted; so there.'

'Nonsense, John,' said Hal with a laugh. 'You must let me go with you this once, old fellow. I have a great wish to see the men at work, and I'll try not to be in the way.'

John did not answer; but Teenie, who was seated by my side, seemed to have noticed the sullen tone of John's voice, and said pleadingly to Hal: 'Would it not be better to wait until Mr Carew is better? He would willingly take you, Hal. We had arranged to go to Hinderwell to-morrow to sketch the old church. Believe me, it would be far better.'

John seemed stung by the words, and he spoke again more bitterly than before. 'Ay go with t'

lass ; she would be dull without ye. Thou is both gotten t' cut of t' quality ; like takes to like, an' thou seems to get on wi' one another. I'm not wanted with thou, I know, an' thou's not wanted wi' me.'

I sat trembling with fear lest John should further forget himself. Hal did not seem to notice the scorn in John's answer, but replied quietly : 'Hinderwell will wait for another day, Teenie. I have made up my mind to go to the fishing, and I am sure John will not refuse me.'

'Thou mun go then, if thou will ; but I tell ye again, thou is not wanted.'

Mr Burton put an end to the subject by asking Teenie to sing one of her ballads.

That night I saw the bitter truth only too plainly. The clouds lay heavy on John's brow, and he seemed in very agony of soul. I think Teenie knew this, for her voice trembled as she sang, and at last she burst into a flood of tears.

When she had somewhat recovered, Mr Burton suggested that they should walk home with us, as the night was so very fine, and the air might do Teenie good.

I took Hal's arm, and with Mr Burton by his side we walked slowly homewards. Teenie and John lingered behind us. After we had gone but a short distance John called out : 'Mr Burton, Teenie an' I are going round by t' cliffs, an' 'll meet ye at Seaton Garth.'

'All right,' said Mr Burton. 'You young people are quicker than we old ones ; Teenie will be all the better for a run.'

So together they went.

When we came to Seaton Garth, they were not in sight ; so we passed into the cottage. After a time they came. John's face, I could see, was dark with passion, and poor Teenie looked fearfully wan. For good or ill, the truth had been told ; but what had been the result, I could not know.

That night I spoke with Hal alone. When all was still I went to his room. I had made up my mind to tell him all, and to warn him against rousing further the jealous anger of his brother. He was standing at the little window overlooking the cove when I entered. There was a troubled expression in his face that was new to it. When he saw me, he turned quickly, and took my hand. 'Mother, I am so glad you have come,' he said. 'Something is wrong ; I knew by your face this evening, and see, you are trembling ! Is it something about John ? Listen how he paces to and fro ! Before you came, I heard him sobbing very bitterly. It can be no light trouble that has fallen upon him.'

Even while he spoke I heard a smothered cry from the next room, followed quickly by hasty steps descending the stairs. I looked through the door, and saw John step out into the night. He had gone to wrestle with his sorrow alone.

'Mother darling,' pleaded Hal, 'what does all this mean ? What trouble has fallen upon John ? Can I not go and help him ?'

'No, no ; he is far better alone,' I said. 'But can you not tell the cause, Hal ?'

'No, indeed, mother—unless it be the fishing. John seemed unwilling for me to go ; but that could not affect him so deeply.'

I laid my hand on Hal's shoulder, and looked him steadily in the face. 'You love Teenie Granger, do you not, my boy ?' I asked.

Without a trace of shame or hesitation he answered : 'Yes indeed, mother ; and Teenie is worthy of all the love I can give her. But what of this ? Why do you ask ?'

'Because your brother has loved her for many months, and loves her still !'

Hal gave a quick, low cry as he saw the bitter truth. It needed no other words ; he understood fully the cruel misery that had fallen upon his brother. 'Oh, mother darling !' he sobbed ; 'you do not think that I knew of this ? God knows, I had no thought of my brother loving Teenie too. I have wronged him very deeply, but I knew it not. Oh, if I had but known—if I had but known !'

We were silent for a while. Then I said : 'But Teenie herself knew. Did she not tell you ?'

'No indeed, mother, or this mischief would have been undone ; now, alas, I love her with my whole soul. What can be done for I know not !'

I scarcely knew what to answer, but said as quietly as I could : 'Does Mr Burton know of this ?'

'Of my love for Teenie he has heard ; but this bitter wrong he cannot know, or he would have spoken to me of it.'

'Then let all remain as it is until after the fishing,' I replied. 'Try to appease John, but say nothing of what has occurred. I will speak with Teenie, and after that we will decide as to the future.'

'It cannot be that she knew of his love,' said Hal. 'If she had but known, she would have returned that love ; he is so kind and tender and true. Let me speak with her, mother, and ask her this ; for if need be I will give her up, and—' and go away for ever.'

'No, my boy—this cannot be,' I replied. 'I can tell her this far better than you. You will go to the fishing to-morrow !'

'Yes, mother, if he will have me.'

'And now, good-night ;' and I kissed him very tenderly. 'I cannot but believe that you are my own true-hearted Hal, and had no thought of wrong. Ask guidance of Him who alone can lead you aright, and help you in this bitter need.'

In the morning when I arose, he had gone to the fishing with his brother.

Towards evening I went down to Mr Burton's house. Teenie was seated alone when I entered. Her uncle, she said, had gone to a meeting of the Methodists—with whom, like ourselves, he was connected—and would not return until late. I was glad to learn this, as there could be no disturbance to our talk, and I had much to say.

'You are in trouble, Teenie,' I said, 'and I have come to speak with you alone. Will you tell me all, child ?'

There was a brief look of alarm on Teenie's face at these words, but in a moment her old trusting confidence returned. 'Oh, Mrs Carew,' she cried, 'you are not angry with me, are you ? I have been very wicked and thoughtless, but believe me I did not think of sorrow like this ; indeed I did not.'

'A cruel wrong has been done to my boy,' I returned. 'There is hatred in his heart against his brother. Do you know the cause ?'

'Yes,' said Teenie in a low voice, and her lips

trembled as she spoke; 'I have known for some days, but not fully until last night. Oh, Mrs Carew, I am very miserable, and no one can help me! If my mother were living, I would tell her all about it, and she would show me what to do. She would not be angry with me for what I have done.'

I felt the rebuke her words implied; in my haste I had spoken harshly. 'I have not come to judge you, Teenie, but to guide you, and help you to do what is right. Speak to me freely as to your own dear mother. I love you well, darling, and ever shall.'

The deep blue eyes overflowed with tears; with a sob she put her arms around my neck, and her head sank upon my breast. And thus she told me her story in broken words.

'It was before Hal came home that all this sorrow began. John was with me a good deal, and he got to love me. I found it out only when Hal came home; before then I had no thought of it, or I should not have acted as I did. It was thoughtless of me to be with him so much; but indeed I did not try to win his love. He was kind to me, and I liked to be with him; that was how the mistake was made.'

'But did you not see that you had gained his love?' I asked. 'Were no words ever spoken by him to tell you this?'

'Never but once,' she answered; 'and that was just after Hal's return. I told him then that I could not allow him to speak such words to me; that I had not known him long enough to judge whether I cared for him or not; but that I did like him very much, and would love him if I could. It was wrong of me to give him even that hope; but he had been so kind and good to me, and I pitied him very much. Do you think it was very wrong, Mrs Carew?'

'It was certainly weak; but I dare not say that it was wrong. Perhaps if you had spoken out boldly, this after-misery might have been avoided.'

Then she continued with her story. 'After this I tried to avoid him, and he grew angry and sullen. He never spoke to me in the old free-hearted way, and I grew afraid, and dreaded to meet him. I was sorry for him; but I knew that I could not look upon him as he wished.'

'It is very unfortunate,' I said; 'for he loves you well—too well, indeed, ever to forget you.'

'I know it,' sobbed poor Teenie; 'and it has troubled me very much. Then, when I knew that I loved Hal, I was miserable indeed. He has told you of our love, dear Mrs Carew?'

'Yes, Teenie; he spoke to me of it last night.'

'And you are not angry with me? He is far above me, I know, and I am unworthy of love like his; but I will try to deserve it. If anything came between us, it would kill me, for my whole life is in his keeping.'

I pressed her closer to my heart, and gave her a mother's kiss. Love like hers was worthy of any man; and I knew that Hal would treasure and value it above all the world.

'If it were not for John,' she said, 'I should be so fully content; but his stricken, passionate face is ever in my sight. Last night he spoke cruel and bitter words to me; he had forgotten himself. My heart bled for him; but I could not give him the love he asked. I told him that my heart

had never been his; that even if Hal had not won my love, he could never have been more to me than a brother; that I was sorry if I had led him to think otherwise, but that I had done it quite innocently. Then in desperate, burning words—oh, Mrs Carew, they ring in my ears even now—he cursed me and the man who had come between us; he was no brother of his, he said; and he should hate him to his dying day.'

'Oh, my poor misguided boy!' and I strove to comfort her, for the telling of this story seemed to be cruelly painful to her. 'He said this,' I continued, 'in his anger—he could not mean it. This wild love has maddened him; God be with him in his bitter need.'

'I was afraid to look into his face,' pursued Teenie—'it was so fearfully changed. He saw that he had frightened me, and began to speak kindly; he used loving words, such words of passionate pleading, that my heart was wrung with pity; and to escape him I said hurriedly: "Let me go home, John; I am sorry for you—more than words can tell. In a day or two I will speak with you again." And so we came to Seaton Garth.'

'It is a cruel story, Teenie,' I said; 'and I know not how to act. No good can come of a passion like this; it is unworthy of my son, and will bring its own punishment.'

'But you will do something to help me, Mrs Carew,' pleaded Teenie. 'I have been sorely to blame; but I cannot give up my love for Hal. You would not ask me?'

'No, darling,' I answered tenderly; 'that would be a deeper wrong. Hal has the only claim upon you.'

'And you will speak with John,' urged Teenie; 'and plead with him to—forget me?'

'I will tell him all you have said. It may be that he has already become his old and better self.'

After a short time I bade Teenie good-night, and returned home.

The next night there was a fearful storm. Nothing like it had happened since the gale of 1815, when six of the Staithes yawls were lost with all hands, and the hamlet of Runswick suffered still more severely. The wind had suddenly changed from west to north-east, and the great waves broke full into the narrow bay, reaching the very walls of the cottage, and dashing in spray against the windows. Through the weary hours I could only pray that my boys out on the angry deep might be spared to return home in safety.

In the morning the storm had passed away, and by noon most of the boats had made the harbour. There were sad hearts in Staithes that day, for the sea had claimed many a loved one. One boat had lost the skipper and his three sons, and many others suffered heavily in men and gear. The place was full of sorrow for those who would never return. From the crew of the *Flying Jane* we received tidings of John and his brother. One of John's crew—Jemmy Stevens—was unwell, and wished to return home; and when the *Flying Jane* signalled that she intended going into port, John immediately replied that he had a message to send by her. A coble was put off from my son's boat containing Jemmy Stevens and Hal. Stevens came on shore with the *Flying Jane*,

and Hal went back to the fishing at the 'Silver Pits,' where they intended remaining for some days longer.

In the evening of that day, I saw a crowd gathered at the jetty round a boat which had just come in. I knew at a glance that it was my boys who had returned, and waited for them coming up to the house. The crowd grew thicker, and a great fear that something was wrong came upon me. In a few moments the crowd parted, and up the steep path came my boy John with the crew behind him. That something had happened, I could see by the faces of the men. My boy was staggering and reeling like a drunken man. His face was painfully stricken, not with passion, but as with a woe too deep for words; his eyes looked weird and glassy, fixed upon vacancy; and his whole form was bowed as with a heavy load. He stood for a moment with his trembling hand before his eyes, as though striving to shut out some fearful sight, and then sunk into a seat. When I took his hand and asked him what had happened, he spake no word, but shuddered from head to foot, and moaned most piteously. The men stood in a hushed group at the door. I spoke to Barton Verity, who stood nearest to me. 'What has happened, Verity? Where is my boy Hal? Why has he not come home?'

Verity turned to Seth Poad, who stood by his side. 'Thou mun tell her,' said he; 'for, woe is me, I cannot say t' words.'

'Cannot say what? For God's sake, where is the lad? Speak, man, speak!' and I seized him by the arm.

'He'll never come home to Seaton Garth again, for he lies drowned in t' deep seas.'

'Drowned in t' deep seas? Who is drowned in t' deep seas? Not my John?' and Phil entered among the group. He had heard voices, and had come down from his room to know the cause of the disturbance. For a moment he did not notice John; but when his eyes fell upon the lad's haggard face, he drew back, struck by its mute agony. 'God forgive us!' he murmured; 'but what is wrong?—Seth Poad, thou mun tell me the meaning of this.'

'Alas, that ever I should have to say t' words; but t' young master lies drowned in t' Silver Pits.'

The words rang their cruel echoes in my ears—'drowned in t' Silver Pits;' but I could not realise all their woeful meaning. 'John,' I pleaded, 'if you love me, in pity speak, and tell me all. This is false, is it not? Say it is false, my son, say it is false. O merciful heaven, it cannot be true, it cannot be true!'

'Ay, speak to us, bairn;' and Phil tried to rouse him. 'I cannot make out the meaning of this fool's tale. Where is thy brother?'

John had not spoken a word since he entered the cottage; but at last his lips moved, and in a low, hushed voice, like one in a dream, he said; 'Am I my brother's keeper? I told him to gan wi' t' lass, but he would not be said nay. His blood be on his ain head.'

'It's God A'mighty's will,' said Poad in the hope of giving some consolation, 'an' we mun just bear t' burden he puts upon us.'

'Who says it's God A'mighty's will?' and John raised his voice somewhat as he spoke; but the wild, weird, stricken look never once passed from

his face. 'God A'mighty had no hand in sik a foul deed. 'Twas t' devil's work, an' sik, as follow his biddance. But I told t' lad, I did, an' he wouldn't be bid; an' it's his ain work, an' t' work o' them as bred strife between him an' me.'

His words caused a great fear to arise in my heart; and yet I could not believe that John had wronged his brother. There might have been angry words, but I dared not think of sin. 'My poor boy,' I pleaded, 'in pity tell me how your brother died.'

'Ay, be manful, an' speak out thy heart,' urged Phil.

John trembled sorely as we spoke, and murmured in the same low voice, speaking rather to himself than to us: 'God knows, I loved t' lad; I allus loved him when he were a wee bit chap, an' had no thought of ill ever comin' between us. I would ha' given my life for him; but he wronged me, he did, an' I were bitter against t' lad—ay, as bitter as death.' The last words were spoken in a strange, hoarse whisper, and he shuddered like one in deadly fear.

Strive as I would, I could not drive away that cruel, haunting suspicion. Had there been violence? Was my bonnie, well-beloved lad his brother's murderer? The agony of that thought was more than I could bear, and I determined to know the truth.

'Barton Verity,' I exclaimed, 'I insist upon your telling the meaning of this? If my boy be dead, how did he meet his death? I cannot understand his brother's words.'

'I cannot tell t' lad's meaning, Mistress Carew,' said Verity; 'but I can speak of t' young master's death.' Then, in his own way, he told us the particulars of the sad story. The day previously Stevens was ill, and wished to go home. When the *Flying Jane* hoisted signals that she was bound for the port, John said that Stevens could go in the coble, if only Hal would take him and bring it back. So the two started, although Hal hesitated, and would fain have held back. John spake some taunting words, and so urged his brother to go against his will. The sun had set, and it was already growing dusk, before the coble was seen to put off again from the *Flying Jane*. In the meantime the wind had risen, and threatened to blow a gale, so that John gave orders to hoist sail and meet the lad. But even before they had got well underweigh, the storm was upon them, and the fishing craft almost heeled over as the blast struck her. But in a moment she righted herself, and went driving ahead towards the coble. In a few minutes they saw the latter plunging in the surf, but struggling bravely on. The only chance of saving Hal was to throw him a rope as he passed by on the leeward side. Verity steered straight toward the lad, and John stood in the bows with a rope in his hand ready to fling it to his brother. The night was growing rapidly dark, but there was still sufficient light to see the coble as it rushed by on the crest of a wave. All thought that Hal was saved; but in a moment a fearful cry was heard, and John staggered from the bows, and fell prone upon the deck. When they looked out astern, the little boat was driving rapidly away into the darkness. The sailing craft was put about, but nothing could be seen of my poor, lost boy. The next day they found the coble floating keel upward.

John had not moved during the telling of the story, only at times moaning piteously. Suddenly he rose and caught hold of his father's hand, and looked pleadingly in his face: 'I would ha' given my life to save t' lad. His loss were his ain work. There's no mark o' Cain on my brow; ye wunnot think it—say ye wunnot?'

'Not if all the world said it, my bairn; but nobody has sik a thought. Thou's mad wi' grief, an' mun go an' rest theeself. Ye'll happen be all right t' morn.'

I took him by the hand and led him from the room. When I kissed him at leaving, he laid his head upon the pillow, and sobbed aloud. His sorrow had struck me dumb: I could but leave him alone.

The men had gone when I returned to Phil. What followed I must pass over in silence. Hitherto I had restrained my sorrow, but now it gave way without hindrance. There could not be any doubt about my darling's death; he would never return to those who loved him so fondly, and sorrowed for him so deeply; never, until the sea gave up her dead.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

IN the life of William Lloyd Garrison we have a striking instance of what can be achieved by persistent, well-directed effort. This man, born in humble life in the state of Massachusetts, America, but endowed with great force of character and a latent store of literary power, became, as he grew up, impressed with the enormities of the slave-system as he saw it existing around him, and set himself with all his energy of nature and strength of will to have that system abolished. He was, after many years of a severe often disheartening struggle, at length successful, and became with others instrumental in conferring upon four millions of slaves the precious blessings of liberty.

Garrison was born in 1805. His father was a man of some literary culture and taste, but unfortunately had contracted dissolute habits, the support of his family becoming in consequence almost entirely dependent upon the exertions of his wife. After a brief service, first as an apprentice shoemaker, and then as a cabinetmaker, Garrison, at thirteen years of age became a printer. At sixteen, he began to contribute anonymous articles to the paper on which he was employed as an apprentice. Week after week, communications were received from 'the highly respected correspondent, A. O. B.' (An Old Bachelor), and some time elapsed before the respected correspondent and industrious apprentice were discovered to be identical. Garrison at this time was a reader of the anti-slavery paper published by Benjamin Lundy, a little Quaker hardly beyond a dwarf in stature, but whose journal went by the high-sounding name of *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*. It was, however, a vigorously conducted paper, and from it Garrison learned the enormity of the great national evil of slavery, and the outrage practised through it on humanity. A new aim

was thus given to his existence, and he at once set himself to do all in his power to remove the evil referred to.

After having honourably fulfilled his apprenticeship, he accepted of an editorship in Vermont; whence Lundy, far away in Baltimore, heard of him. The Quaker, after making his journey to Boston by stage, took staff in hand, and travelled on foot the long and weary way to the green mountains of Vermont, to see Garrison face to face. An arrangement was then come to, by which Garrison returned with Lundy to Baltimore, to become joint-editor of *The Genius*. But the youthful enthusiast and determined will of Garrison were not quite in keeping with the moderation and caution of Lundy, who advocated gradual emancipation, while his literary companion demanded that it should be immediate.

In the spring of 1830, it happened that a merchant sent one of his ships laden with slaves to Baltimore on its way to the southern market. The sight of this ship with eighty slaves on board incited Garrison to denounce in strong terms this shocking cruelty. For this offence, he was tried, and sentenced to pay fifty dollars or be sent to prison. He chose the latter alternative. Hearing of this, Arthur Tappan, a well-known philanthropist of New York, forwarded one hundred dollars, and the champion of emancipation was once more at liberty. On the 1st of January 1831, he published the first number of *The Liberator*, a journal started by himself to advocate the cause of immediate emancipation. The paper created the utmost exasperation among the slaveholders, and scarcely a day passed that Garrison did not receive letters offering to fight him, or making threats of assassination. The fear and hatred with which he was regarded by his opponents were almost equally strong; and to such a degree was opposition to him carried, that the state of Georgia actually offered through its legislature a reward of five thousand dollars to any who should prosecute and convict him according to the laws of that state.

In 1833, Garrison came to England for the purpose of enlightening the leading spirits in the anti-slavery cause as to the spuriousness and fallacies of what was then called the Colonisation Society. This Society advocated the sending of the slaves back to Africa, in order to free the states of their coloured men. During his stay in England, Garrison became the friend of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Brougham, Macaulay, O'Connell, and George Thompson. So much, indeed, had he become identified with the coloured men whose cause he advocated, that, on one occasion, when Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton had invited him to breakfast, the Baronet on Garrison's arrival held up his hands in astonishment. 'Why, my dear sir,' exclaimed Sir Thomas, 'I thought you were a black man, and have consequently invited this company of ladies and gentlemen to be present to welcome Mr Garrison, the black advocate of

emancipation, from the United States of America !' Garrison used to say that this was the greatest compliment he had ever received, as it was a testimony to his unqualified recognition of the humanity of the negro. While in London at this time, Garrison had also what must have been to him the intense satisfaction of hearing the debate in parliament on the Bill for abolishing slavery in the West Indies, and of sending a copy of Lord Brougham's speech on that occasion to America to be printed in *The Liberator*. Before leaving London, Garrison was present at the funeral of his fellow-emancipator Wilberforce, in Westminster Abbey.

The report of Garrison's labours in England had crossed the Atlantic before him ; and on his arrival in New York, he found placards posted throughout the city, inciting the people to attack him on his arrival. He escaped, however, at this time uninjured. But a better occasion for the display of the popular hatred shortly occurred, when a mob of many thousands presented themselves at a meeting held by him and George Thompson, who had arrived from London, and seizing Garrison, dragged him violently through the streets, under threats of immediate vengeance. It was only by the interposition of some persons of influence that he was saved from a horribly violent death. At last he was conveyed to the Mayor's house, and thence for safety to the prison. The next day, after an examination for form's sake, he was released from prison ; but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, quitted Boston for a time.

In 1840 and 1846, Garrison again visited England in connection with the anti-slavery agitation ; nor did he abate for one hour in his zeal till the beginning of 1865, when Congress passed the constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery in the United States of America. In an immense hall, crowded with coloured people, Mr Garrison was presented, amid acclamations, by one of their number with a wreath of flowers, in token of the love which they bore him as the champion of their rights. The warfare being thus ended and the victory won, Garrison in 1867, and again in 1877, visited England. On the former occasion, a public breakfast was given to him in London, and many speeches made in his honour. The Duke of Argyll aptly said 'that Garrison had been sailing in a stormy sea in a one-oared boat.' John Stuart Mill, in holding up Garrison's career to others, said : 'Aim at something great ; aim at the things which are difficult ; for if you aim at something noble, and succeed, you will generally find that you have not succeeded in it alone.' Professor Goldwin Smith presented him an address numerously signed, acknowledging the great work he had achieved ; and at Edinburgh, the freedom of the city was conferred upon him at an enthusiastic meeting when William Chambers, Lord Provost, was in the chair. In 1868, the sum of thirty thousand dollars was presented to him by the united contributions of friends in America and England ; and the last fourteen years of his life were spent in such philanthropic labours as his impaired health allowed him to perform. He

died in May 1879, having lived to see the full and honourable accomplishment of his work, and to leave behind him tens of thousands of his fellows who had been benefited by his labours.

THE AMERICAN PORK MARKET.

THICK-SKINNED animals of the hog tribe thrive well in the United States. The number now living, waiting to be killed in due time, is estimated at thirty-five millions. Maize or Indian corn is the food with which they are mostly supplied ; and the crops of this grain have been lately so abundant that swine-rearing is increasing in extent every year. The animals convert the corn, as well as oats obtainable at a shilling a bushel, and cheap bulky crops of grass and clover, into meat, which piggy himself carries to market in his own person. Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, and Kentucky are the chief states, all far inland beyond the Atlantic seaboard. The breeds mostly reared are the Berkshire hog, the Essex Fisher Hobbs, and a Chinese hog—possibly of the kind immortalised in Charles Lamb's *Essay on Roast Pig*. Abundance of room and exercise, with varied food while growing, develop size, and meat more lean than we are accustomed to in England. The price at market varies extremely in the different states, but the average is said to be barely sixteen shillings each. The ages at the time of sale vary from six to eighteen months, and the weights from one hundred to three hundred pounds.

It is in the slaughtering and curing, or what the Americans call 'packing,' that the gigantic nature of the trade shows itself. A few of the hogs are killed and salted by the farmers who rear them ; but nearly all are sold to the packers or curers. Formerly these enterprising firms slaughtered only during the winter ; but now, by abundant supplies of Wenham and other ice, nearly half the packing is begun and completed during the summer months, when vegetable food is cheap and abundant, and the fattening can go on rapidly. The lower the price at which the packers can purchase the live-stock, the more rapidly does the trade of packing increase, and the larger the size of the individual establishments. Three-fourths of this immense and peculiar branch of business is carried on in the six cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, St Louis, Milwaukee, Louisville, and Indianapolis. Chicago, so astonishingly great in many things, is assuredly great in this, for in 1879 there were seven million hogs assembled within its limits, of which five millions were slaughtered within the year. Messrs Armour & Co. are credited with being at the head of the trade ; two other great concerns being the Chicago Packing and Provision Company, and Messrs Fowler Brothers.

A well-informed correspondent of the *Times* wrote a capital account of the operations at Messrs Armour's, the result of personal observation. At their Chicago works ten thousand

gruntings are slaughtered daily during the summer, the winter number often rising to twenty thousand per day. The works cover fourteen acres; the buildings generally being four stories high. Lifts and hydrants are supplied in great abundance; and a trained fire-brigade is maintained among the workmen, whose number is upwards of two thousand—all paid by day-work, under an organisation that prevents any man from shirking his duty. Chicago is a famous place for great conflagrations; and we need not be surprised to learn that the premises are insured for one million dollars. The wages are liberal, ten to fifteen shillings for the slaughterers and skilled operatives, and six to eight shillings for ordinary labourers—per day of ten hours.

The animals are reared in the surrounding districts and selected for various markets and purposes; then furnished with food and water in large pens and yards, until the hour of their doom has nearly arrived. They are driven up an ascent to the third story of a building. Then, around the victim's hind-leg just above his dew-claw a piece of chain having a ring at each end is passed. From a roller overhead is lowered a chain, terminating with a hook which is dexterously passed into the ring on the leg, and the long chain steadily wound up by steam. When the pig's head is about five feet from the ground another hook, suspended from a wheel, is fixed into the ring round the limb, and he is sent down by his own gravity along a descending rail or tramway. 'The hog, astounded at being raised heels first, makes little resistance;' but his power of feeling astonishment is speedily brought to an end by the keen knife of the slaughterer.

The subsequent operations follow one another with great rapidity. Each animal, when dead, is unhooked and plunged into a vat of steam-heated water for three minutes. Then a kind of huge gridiron-rake lifts it up to a table or stand, which is carried along a railway to a very curious series of scrapers, consisting of seven revolving cylinders studded with nearly fifty blades each; and in the brief space of ten seconds piggy is scraped quite or nearly clean. After being freed from hairs and scurf by jets of water, the carcase is raised again by a hook in the nose, sent down an inclined railway, and eviscerated, each part being separated and cleansed. The lungs, heart, and liver are transferred to the sausage department; the stomach is set aside as a bag for sausage-meat; the intestines, stripped of fat and well cleansed, form the skins or cases for the sausages. Next the head is cut off; the eyes and brain are removed to the lard-tank; the tongue is set apart for potting; the dainty glutinous ears are similarly treated. And then the headless carcase passes on to the cooling-room. All these operations—catching and hooking the hog, killing, cleansing, anatomising, and conveying to the cooling-room—occupy only a quarter of an hour.

In the lofty cooling-room, kept in the autumn at a steady temperature of about forty degrees Fahrenheit by the aid of overhanging punkahs,

the victims are allowed to remain hanging five or six hours; then split down the back, and sent along a railway to the ice-chamber, a vast room four hundred feet long by two hundred in width, kept cold by a bed or stratum of ice twenty feet thick overhead. Here the hog-carcases remain thirty hours. So essential is this cooling to the success of the subsequent operations, that five thousand railway wagon-loads of ice, each containing fourteen tons, are used annually. Firm and dry, the carcase, still suspended from rails overhead, is run to another long room, and subjected to the tender mercies of cutting implements. Each half, separated from its fellow, is laid upon a stout bench; with one blow from a powerful chopper the ham is severed; the shoulder and underlying ribs are cut off; there is left a rectangular piece destined to become a side of bacon; and finally a gentler blow separates the feet. So skilful and expeditious are the men who wield these choppers, that they can earn fifteen shillings a day each, on an average of the whole year. The oblong pieces to make sides of bacon, weighing fifty or sixty pounds each, are transferred to the salting-house, where salt and a little saltpetre are well rubbed in. Then piled fifteen or twenty one on another in a dark cool room, in a week's time they are again rubbed with salt, which is allowed three to six weeks to do its wonted work, according as the bacon is intended for short or long keeping. Tested, washed, scraped, and dried, the bacon is ready for packing, which is done eight or ten sides in a box. It is astounding to hear of Messrs Armour turning out *eighty million pounds* of bacon, sides and shoulders, in a year; and that a hundred and fifty bores are occasionally packed and sent off in an hour to the dealers, wholesale and retail, when orders are pressing! 'In Liverpool and many other United Kingdom ports large quantities of this bacon, as well as of the barrelled pork, are purchased, washed, and disposed of at a handsome profit as "Prime Wiltshire," or "First-class Yorkshire." Although most of the bacon is only salted, some is singed to imitate British home-cured, by exposing it to burning straw and shavings; whereby the meat is said to be rendered more tender.

Special interest attaches to the hams, on account of the large sale found for them in England, under many *aliases*; 'they are found in Bond Street and other West-end fashionable shops, where their Chicago origin is not conspicuously set forth.' Messrs Armour send forth five million pounds of these hams annually; those that reach London are reckoned by hundreds of thousands, and are sold wholesale at about sixpence per pound, weighing twelve or thirteen pounds each. In curing them they are steeped for sixty or seventy days in a pickle of salt, sugar, and saltpetre; turned over three or four times; hung for three days in the smoking-house, amid the vapour of maple sawdust; scraped, brushed, sewn neatly in cotton, and stamped; packed thirty or forty each in boxes; and sent off to market. In summer they are packed in crates instead of boxes. The so-called 'breakfast bacon,' made of the light bellies from younger animals, in shapely pieces of eight or ten pounds-weight, is treated much in the same manner as the hams, rolled in gray paper and sewn in calico. For the American market the breakfast bacon is brushed over with chrome yellow

and rice-flour to avert the attacks of flies; but English buyers object to this addition.

Pickled or salt pork is among the produce which Messrs Armour compel the grunTERS to yield. The belly-pieces from smaller hogs are pickled in great vats; of which forty thousand casks, containing two to three hundred pounds each, are prepared and packed in a year. The meat is sent to the lumberers, the sugar and rice plantations, and the West India Islands; and a demand for it is growing in France and Belgium. With us, at four or five pence per pound wholesale, there is now a brisk demand for the pork to boil with Ostend rabbits.

Sausages—what about them? The ingredients and making of these often-suspicious comestibles are said to be here irreproachable. Steam-driven mincers in large vats grind into pulp portions of pork, trimmings from the sides and hams, with heart, liver, &c. Twenty thousand pounds of this mixture is packed into sausage-skins every day, and sold to the Chicago butchers, hotel-keepers, and others at about twopence-halfpenny per pound—a price at which a Londoner would stare indeed. Besides the ordinary kind, sausages are made to imitate in some degree the Frankfurt and Bologna varieties. Springing out of this manufacture, ingenuity has found a method of using the soft parts of pigs' heads, cleansed and minced, seasoned with salt, pepper, and spices, carefully cooked, and canned in two-pound and four-pound square tins; it will keep good for ten years, and is known as Chicago brawn.

Lard is another item in the list. Purchasing hogs above the average in condition, Messrs Armour obtain forty pounds of lard from each. Fat and other refuse, melted in large steam-heated vats and strained, yield lard of various qualities for different markets.

Nothing is wasted; piggy is made to yield useful products literally from every part. The best bristles are cleansed and set aside for the brushmaker and the cobbler; while the bulk of the hair is packed in large bales and sent principally to England, where, mixed with horse-hair, it is used for stuffing railway and other carriage cushions. The blood carefully collected during the killing is dried in revolving steam-heated cylinders, treated with a little ammonia, and sold to the manure manufacturers. The bones, after being crushed, are dried, pressed, and passed through a steam-heated cylinder, and constitute a valuable fertiliser.

A wonderful concern is this assuredly. 'Mr Armour,' we are told, 'rightly declares that he can work for a small profit. He says he has got rich by selling cheaply. He insists on ready-money transactions, and makes accordingly no bad debts. To use his own expression, his agents go with the goods in one hand and get the money in the other. England is not an uninterested party in the matter; for of all the vast production of this establishment, more than half is exported, to England more than to any other country—especially sugar-cured hams and what are termed fancy goods.'

The one great danger in connection with all consumption of pork is the chance of incurring the disease called *trichinosis*. The modern knowledge of trichinosis, says a recent writer in the *Times*, and the steps by which that knowledge

has been gained, form one of the most curious chapters in the annals of science. Many years ago, Sir James Paget, then a student, observed that the muscles of a human subject which he was dissecting were thickly beset by fine particles, like grains of white sand, and he applied himself to ascertain their nature. He found that each particle was a little cell or bag, covered by a calcareous envelope, and containing a tiny worm, curled up into a spiral twist. It consequently received the name of *Trichina spiralis*, and was described as a parasite inhabiting human muscles. It was not, however, till after a series of experiments had been made, that the natural history of the parasite was learned. It was then found that when once the parasite is enveloped in its calcareous covering, it remains in that condition in the muscle, and does no further harm to the individual. But if a piece of muscle charged with these capsules be eaten by any animal, the action of the digestive fluids of the stomach dissolves them, and the contained worms are set at liberty within the alimentary canal, where they speedily deposit myriads of ova. In the course of a few days these ova are hatched, and give exit to innumerable young *trichinæ*, each of which is furnished with a sharp extremity, by means of which it can perforate the soft tissues of the body. The brood thus set free, travel till they arrive at muscle, in which they become encapsuled, and remain in that condition until they happen to be swallowed again.

In the human being affected by trichinosis, strong febrile symptoms mark the first stage of the disease; but if the patient be strong enough to resist the malady till the worms enter on their encapsuled state in the muscles, he may recover, as in that condition the creatures are harmless. In France, the subject has been before the legislature, and the import of American pork has been meanwhile prohibited. The subject has also been mentioned in the English parliament, where it was stated that the government had resolved not to stop the supply from America or elsewhere. The responsible official who made this statement added that the annual importation of pork into this country exceeded nine and a half million hundredweight, or more than twenty pounds-weight per head of the entire population. The value of the meat so imported was nine and a half millions sterling. Such a considerable source of food-supply could not therefore be stopped unless for very strong and urgent reasons. He concluded by stating that a guarantee for safety from disease could be found only in the thorough cooking of the pork. And this we would also urge.

The prevalence of trichinosis in certain countries on the continent is evidently due to the practice of eating imperfectly cooked sausages, and pork that has been merely smoked. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the heads of families that pork, of all food, should be *thoroughly cooked*, a warning which applies also to sausages. Even where pork is loaded with *trichinæ*, thorough boiling or roasting effectually destroys them, and the meat may be eaten with perfect safety.

It would be a great misfortune to the poorer classes in this country were the importation of foreign meat-supplies to cease; and any chance of this as the result of alarm regarding the above disease, may be rendered nil by each cook

and housewife taking the matter into her own hands, and rendering, by a thorough preparation of the food, the existence of the disease impossible.

RALPH THE PEACEMAKER.

A COUNTRY IDYLL.

THE evening meal is finished, and my husband and I sit down before the fire to spend the most enjoyable part of the day. He, after the manner of his kind, unfolds the newspaper and buries his face behind it. My fingers are soon busy with bright-coloured fancy-work. Edward affects to despise this occupation, though he never fails to remind me when a new pair of slippers are wanted. For half an hour nothing is heard but the click of the needle and rustle of the newspaper. Ralph, a venerable retriever, stretched upon the hearth-rug, becoming weary of the monotony, rises and places his large intelligent head upon my lap, looking up with kind expressive brown eyes. He has come for a little petting, and gets it to his heart's content. Good old Ralph! though your curly black coat is sprinkled with gray, you are still a prime favourite in the household, and have easy times under an indulgent mistress. Reader, you will scarcely wonder that we regard him with such affection, when you learn what a valuable service he once rendered us.

It was some years ago, in the days of my maidenhood. My father's home was a pretty sheltered villa, outside the little town of G—. From the windows, we could see across a few meadows the clear water of the river; and beyond, through the distant trees, the delicate spire of a church. It formed a beautiful rural picture, the fresh green of the foliage undimmed by the smoke of factories. At the other end of the town lived Edward Drayton—the same individual who sits there silently reading his newspaper—who worked busily from morning to night in a musty office. We seldom met during the week; but with unflinching regularity he called for me every Sunday afternoon. In summer, when the bright sunshine invited every living creature to delight in the warm rays, we would stroll arm-in-arm through the meadows and wander by the side of the river. Ralph always accompanied us.

How the hours fled past as we sat and watched the martins skimming over the surface, or read what were to us the most interesting of love-stories in one another's eyes! This courtship had lasted several months, when a foolish quarrel threatened to break our engagement off altogether. The cause was trivial in itself, and I now wonder how we can ever have let such a thing trouble us; but unfortunately lovers are much given to misunderstanding one another. Each of us had a considerable share of pride, too much at all events to make the first overtures of peace. Gloomily we nursed our resentment during the week. Twice had we met in the street, and passed without a word.

Did his heart throb like mine, I wonder, and a plea for forgiveness rise to his lips? If it did, he allowed the opportunity to pass unimproved. Sunday came round again. Only one week had elapsed since the quarrel, but oh! how the days had dragged by; what a weary, weary time it had been! The afternoon was bright and sunny. A delicious south wind tempered the summer heat. No ring at the bell announced the welcome notice, 'Mr Drayton to see you, Miss.' Lonely and sick at heart, I strolled out into the meadows. I noticed not that the ground was carpeted with buttercups, and the air full of the hum of insects; the bitter reflections within excluded all else. The stile was reached, the smooth comfortable old stile near the river, where some one had always before been so ready to assist; but he was not here to-day, and the mere thought caused the pent-up tears to burst forth. Sitting down beneath a gnarled oak hard by, I laid my face in my hands and sobbed piteously. Presently, Ralph's joyous bark aroused me from the painful reverie. Looking up, I saw bending over me the dear object of my regrets, who said, as he gave a reconciling kiss: 'Ralph has brought me to you, and taught us both a wholesome lesson.'

True enough, the sagacious dog had played the part of peacemaker. I remembered seeing him follow me from the house, but had been too absorbed to notice his disappearance. Some reflection like this must have passed through his canine imagination: 'My mistress goes out alone, sad and unhappy; formerly, she had some one with her, and the result was different; let me run and fetch the third person, and doubtless we shall all three be glad together.'

Whether such were his thoughts or not, he trotted off to the other end of the town, and called at the Draytons' house. He found Edward sitting disconsolately in the garden, pretending to read. Ralph placed his forepaws on Edward's knees and gave a short inquiring kind of bark; then started off towards the gate, returned, and almost as plainly as words could have done, requested to be followed. Nothing loath to lay aside the book, and wondering what the dog could want, Edward rose, and started along the path. Ralph's joy knew no bounds; with barks of delight, he ran ahead, turning every now and then to wait for his companion. Thus had he brought the repentant lover to the field where his mistress sat sobbing beneath the oak-tree. And there Ralph now stood, holding forth eloquently with his tail, and something almost like a quiet smile lurking about the corners of his mouth.

In honour of the occasion, a little wren hopped out of her moss-roofed cottage on the bough above, and burst forth into a flood of high-pitched music. Her throat swelled, and her tiny lungs worked bravely, as the song grew into a passion of shrill melody. That song was the precursor of a peal of bells!

As some return for the gratitude we owe to Ralph, it is our delight to treat him as a worthy aged retainer. All his wants are supplied with affectionate care, the troubles of advanced years being smoothed away as far as possible.

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THE EUCALYPTUS IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

BY H. N. DRAPER, F.C.S., M.R.I.A.

So much has already been written by way of contribution to our knowledge of the different species of the Eucalyptus tree, that interesting as the subject is, it may well be considered to have received already a fair share of attention. There is one aspect of it, however, which cannot perhaps be dwelt upon too much, and that is the value of this genus of plants as drainers of the soil and purifiers of the atmosphere. This is probably the true reason why so many attempts, more or less successful, have been made to acclimatise the Eucalyptus in Southern Europe and even in Great Britain. No doubt, experiments have been stimulated by other causes. The foliage of these trees is, for example, unlike that of any other in our islands. It is pendulous, quivering, and evergreen; and the peculiar whitish appearance of one side of the leaves—due to a fatty or resinous secretion—is very characteristic. Till the tree is from three to five years old, the leaves grow horizontally; but afterwards they generally assume a pendent position. Instead of having one of their surfaces towards the sky, and the other towards the earth, they are often placed with their edges in these directions, so that each side is equally exposed to the light. This arrangement may have something to do with the extraordinary quantity of moisture these trees exhale into the atmosphere.

The Eucalyptus belongs to the natural order *Myrtaceæ*, and is indigenous to the temperate parts of Australia (where it goes by the name of stringy-bark or Gum Tree) and Tasmania—that is, where the mean temperature does not exceed a range of from fifty-two to seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit. The foliage is leathery, and almost always characterised by a certain metallic aspect. The leaves are as a rule narrow, and have either a very short and twisted petiole or foot-stalk, or none at all. In Australia, they commonly attain a height of two hundred feet; and

instances are given in which a height of three hundred and fifty feet has been attained. The flowers are usually pinkish or white, and in the latter case superficially resemble those of the myrtle. Unlike these, however, they are devoid of petals. The fruit contains the seeds—seeds so minute, it is said, that from one pound of those of the variety *Globulus* more than one hundred and sixty thousand plants could be raised.

I have always taken a great interest in the Eucalyptus, and have grown it near Dublin for several years with considerable success. I have had at one time as many as twenty fine healthy saplings of the species *Globulus*, of from ten to sixteen feet high; and one which reached to twenty-five feet, and had a stem of twenty-two inches circumference. These were all five years old. But cold is the deadly enemy of the gum-tree; and though I had kept mine during four ordinary Irish winters, I lost them all during the almost Arctic winter of 1878-79. I may say in passing, that I have not been quite discouraged, and that I have again several healthy plants making good progress. My interest in the subject has received a new stimulus from a recent experience of Eucalypt-culture in the wild plain known as the Campagna of Rome.

One lovely morning in last October we left our hotel hard by the Pantheon, and in a few minutes came to the Tiber. If we except the quaint and bright costumes of many classes of the people, and the ever-changing street scenes of Rome, there is nothing in the drive of very much interest until we reach the river. Here, looking back, we see the noble structure which crowns the Capitoline Hill. The fine building on the further bank of the river is the Hospital of St Michele. On this side, we are passing the small harbour of the steamboats which ply to Ostia. Presently, the *Marmorata* or landing-place of the beautiful marble of Carrara, is reached. From here, a drive of a few minutes brings us to the cypress-covered slope of the Protestant Cemetery, where, in the shadow of the pyramid of Cestius, lie the graves of Shelley

and Keats. Apart from the interest attached to these two lowly tombs and the memories aroused by their touching epitaphs, no Englishman can visit this secluded spot and look without deep feeling upon the last resting-places of his countrymen, who have died so many hundred miles from home and friends. The cemetery is kept in order and neatness, and flowers grow upon nearly all the graves.

Our route next lay along the base of that remarkable enigma the *Monte Testaccio*, a hill as high as the London Monument or the Vendôme Column at Paris, made entirely of broken Roman pots and tiles, as old perhaps as the time of Nero! Leaving behind this singular heap of earthenware, we thread long avenues of locust trees, and presently passing through the gate of St Paul, reach the magnificent basilica of that name. Nor can I pause here to dwell upon the marvels of this noble temple, or to tell of its glorious aisles and column-supported galleries; of its lake-like marble floor, or of the wealth of malachite, of lapis lazuli, of verde antique, of alabaster, and of gold, that have been lavished upon the decoration of its shrine. I must stop, however, to note, that nowhere has the presence of the dread *malaria* made itself so obvious to myself. We had scarcely entered the church, when we became conscious of an odour which recalled at once the retort-house of a gas-work, the bilge-water on board ship, and the atmosphere of a dissecting-room; and we were obliged to make a hasty retreat. There could be little doubt that the gaseous emanations which produced this intolerable odour were equally present in the Campagna outside, but that in the church they were pent up and concentrated.

Even did space admit, this is not the place to enter into any prolonged dissertation on the history or causes of this terrible scourge of the Roman Campagna, the fever-producing *malaria*. The name expresses the unquestionable truth, that it is a gaseous emanation from the soil; and all that is certainly known about it may be summed up in a very few lines. The vast undulating plain known as the Campagna, was ages ago overflowed by the sea, and owes its present aspect to volcanic agency. Of this the whole soil affords ample evidence. Not only are lava, peperino, and the volcanic pozzuolana abundant, but in many places—as at Bracciano and Baccano—are to be seen the remains of ancient craters. When the Campagna was in the earliest phase of its history, it was one fertile garden, interspersed with thriving towns and villages. It was also the theatre of events which terminated in making Rome the mistress of the world. This very supremacy was the final cause of its ruin and of its present desolation. While the land remained in the possession of small holders, every acre was assiduously tilled and drained; but when it passed into the hands of large landed proprietors, who held it from the mere lust of possession, it became uncared for and uncultivated.

Filtering into a soil loaded with easily decomposed sulphur compounds, the decomposing vegetable matter finds no exit through the underlying rock. The consequences may be imagined, but to those who have not experienced them, are not easily described. This once fertile land is now a horrid waste, untouched, except at rare intervals,

by the hand of the farmer, and untenanted save by the herdsmen. Even he, during the months of summer, when the malaria is at its worst, is compelled, if he will avoid the fever, to go with his flocks to the mountains.—It may be mentioned in passing, that the malaria fever, or 'Roman fever' as it has been called, has been the subject of recent investigation by Professor Tommassi-Crudelli of Rome, who attributes it to the presence of an organism, to which the specific name of *Bacillus malarie* has been given.

Leaving St Paul's, we pursued for a short time the Ostian Road; and at a poor *osteria*, where chestnuts, coarse bread, and wine were the only obtainable refreshments, our route turned to the left, along a road powdered with the reddish dust of the pozzuolana—the mineral which forms the basis of the original 'Roman cement'—large masses of which rock form the roadside fences. After a drive of perhaps half an hour, we found ourselves at the Monastery of Tre Fontane (three fountains). The Abbey of the Tre Fontane comprises within its precincts three churches, of which the earliest dates from the ninth century. One of these, *S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane*, gives its name to the Monastery. A monk, wearing the brown robe and sandals of the Trappist order, met us at the gate. The contrast now presented between the sterile semi-volcanic country around and the smiling oasis which faces us, is striking. Here are fields which have borne good grass; some sloping hills covered with vines; and directly in the foreground, almost a forest of Eucalypt trees.

We have come to learn about Eucalypts; and our guide takes quite kindly to the rôle of informant. What follows is derived from his *viva voce* teaching, from my own observation on the spot, and from a very interesting pamphlet, printed at Rome in 1879, and entitled *Culture de l'Eucalyptus aux Trois Fontaines*, by M. Auguste Vallée.

Before the year 1868, the Abbey was entirely deserted. It is true that a haggard-looking monk was to be found there, who acted as cicerone to visitors to the churches; but even he was obliged to sleep each night in Rome. The place attained so evil a reputation that it was locally known as 'The Tomb.' There are now twenty-nine Brothers attached to the Monastery, all of whom sleep there each night. This remarkable result, though no doubt to a great extent due to the drainage and alteration of the character of the soil by cultivation, is unquestionably mainly owing to the planting of the Eucalyptus. It would take long to tell of the heroic perseverance of these monks; of the frequent discouragements, of the labour interrupted by sickness, of the gaps made in their number by the fatal malaria, and the undaunted courage in overcoming obstacles which has culminated in the result now achieved. Let us pass to the consideration of the actual means by which so happy a change in their immediate surroundings has been brought about. At Tre Fontane are cultivated at least eleven varieties of Eucalyptus. Some of these, as *E. viminalis* and *E. botryoides*, flourish best where the ground is naturally humid; *E. resinifera* and *E. meliodora* love best a drier soil. The variety *Globulus* (Blue gum-tree) possesses a happy adaptability to nearly any possible condition of growth. At the Monastery, as in most elevated parts of the Campagna, the soil

is of volcanic origin, and there is not much even of that; often only eight, and rarely more than sixteen inches overlying the compact *tufa*. But with the aid of very simple machinery, the Trappists bore into the subsoil, blast it with dynamite, and find in the admixture of its *débris* with the arable earth, the most suitable soil for the reception of the young plants.

The seeds are sown in autumn in a mixture of ordinary garden-earth, the soil of the country, and a little thoroughly decomposed manure. This is done in wooden boxes, which, with the object of keeping the seeds damp, are lightly covered until germination has taken place. When the young plants have attained to about two inches, they are transferred to very small flower-pots, where they remain until the time arrives for their final transplantation. The best time for this operation is in spring, because the seedlings have then quite eight months in which to gather strength against the winter cold. One precaution taken in planting is worth notice. Each plant is placed in a hole of like depth and diameter. In this way, no individual rootlet is more favoured than its fellow, and as each absorbs its soil-nutrient equally, the regularity of growth and of the final form of the tree is assured. A space of three feet is left between each seedling; but so rapid is the growth, that in the following year it is found necessary to uproot nearly one half of the plants, which finally find themselves at a distance from each other of about five feet. From this time, much care is required in weeding and particularly in sheltering from the wind, for the stem of the *Eucalyptus* is particularly fragile, and violent storms sometimes rage in the Campagna. The other great enemy of the tree is cold, and this offers an almost insurmountable obstacle to its successful culture in Great Britain. It seems to be well proved that most of the species will survive a winter in which the temperature does not fall lower than 23 degrees Fahrenheit. How fortunately circumstanced is the culture of the tree at Rome, may be learned from the fact that the mean lowest temperature registered at the Observatory of the Roman College during the years 1863—1874 was 23.48 degrees. Once only in those years a cold of 20 degrees was registered, and even that does not seem to have injured the plants; but when, in 1875, the minimum temperature fell to 16 degrees, the result was the loss in a single night of nearly half the plantation of the year.

But when, as at Tre Fontane, the conditions of growth are on the whole favourable, the rapidity of that growth approaches the marvellous. The mean height, for example, of three trees chosen for measurement by M. Vallée in 1879, was twenty-six feet, and the mean circumference twenty-eight inches. These trees had been planted in 1875, or in other words were little more than four years old. Other trees of eight years' growth were fifty feet high and nearly three feet in circumference at their largest part. These figures refer to *Eucalyptus globulus*, which certainly grows faster than the other species; and it must be remembered that in warmer climates the growth is even still more rapid. I have seen, for example, trees of *Eucalyptus resinifera* at Blidah in Algeria which at only five years old were already quite sixty feet high.

The question of how and why the *Eucalypts* exercise sanitary changes so important as those

which have been effected at this little oasis in the Campagna, may be best answered when two remarkable properties which characterise many of the species, have been shortly considered. The first of these is the enormous quantity of water which the plant can absorb from the soil. It has been demonstrated that a square metre—which may roughly be taken as equal to a square yard—of the leaves of *Eucalyptus globulus* will exhale into the atmosphere, during twelve hours, four pints of water. Now, as this square metre of leaves—of course the calculation includes both surfaces—weighs two and three-quarter pounds, it will be easily seen that any given weight of *Eucalyptus* leaves can transfer from the soil to the atmosphere nearly twice that weight of water. M. Vallée does not hesitate to say that under the full breeze and sunshine—which could necessarily form no factor in such accurate experiments as those conducted by him—the evaporation of water would be equal to four or five times the weight of the leaves. One ceases to wonder at these figures, on learning that it has been found possible to count on a square millimetre of the under surface of a single leaf of *Eucalyptus globulus*, no less than three hundred and fifty stomata or breathing pores. And it now begins to be intelligible, that if such an enormous quantity of water can be transferred from earth to air, it may be possible that an atmosphere which without such aid would be laden with malarious exhalations, may be rendered pure by this process of leaf distillation: the putrescible constituents of the stagnant water are absorbed by the roots, and become part of the vegetable tissue of the tree.

But this is not all. Like those of the pine, the leaves of all species of *Eucalyptus* secrete large quantities of an aromatic essential oil. It has recently been shown—and the statement has been very impressively put by Mr Kingzett—that under the combined action of air and moisture, oils of the turpentine class are rapidly oxidised, and that as a result of this oxidation, large quantities of peroxide of hydrogen are produced. Now, peroxide of hydrogen is—being itself one of the most potent oxidisers known—a very active disinfectant; and as the leaves of some species of *Eucalyptus* contain in each hundred pounds from three to six pounds of essential oil, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that the oxygen-carrying property of the oil is an important element in the malaria-destroying power of the genus. Moreover, the oxidation of the oil is attended by the formation of large quantities of substances analogous in their properties to camphor, and the reputation of camphor as a hygienic agent seems sufficiently well founded to allow us to admit at least the possibility of these bodies playing some part in so beneficent a scheme.

Before closing this paper, it may be well to note that the Trappist monks of the Tre Fontane attach much importance to the regular use of an infusion of *Eucalyptus* leaves as a daily beverage. The tincture of *Eucalyptus* is said to be useful in intermittent fevers, though of course inferior to quinine. As we threaded the coast-line *via Civita Vecchia* to Leghorn, we could not help being struck by the fact that the precincts of all the railway stations were thickly planted with *Eucalypts*. Since our return, I learn with much gratification

that the Italian government have given a grant of land to the Trappists, and have also afforded them the aid of convict labour to a considerable extent for the establishment of a new plantation. And looking back not only at what has been actually accomplished during the past ten years, but to the important fund of information which has been accumulated, one can only look forward hopefully and with encouragement to the future of the Eucalyptus in the Roman Campagna.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE LETTERS.

THERE it was at last, long expected, early as the hour might be, the postman's sharp rat-tat, urgent, sharply marked, not to be mistaken among all the various sounds of busy London town. Louisa Denham herself, with a heart that beat quickly, ran down-stairs to take the letters from the gaping scullery-maid, the only servant, in their narrowed fortunes, whom the doctor's daughters had judged it expedient to keep with them until the last.

'There are seven of them, Rose, dear—really seven!' exclaimed the elder sister, flushed with the good news, as she ran up-stairs again and peeped into Rose's room. Miss Denham had written eight letters—just eight—to Blackston friends; and here were seven replies by return of post. This augured well. There lay the seven letters, outspread on the frugal breakfast-table; and as soon as the first cup of tea had been poured out, the first letter was opened, expectantly.

First, second, third, fourth; all from ladies of position and substance, all saying pretty much the same thing. In each was struck the same conventional keynote of hackneyed condolence. None conveyed a crumb of comfort. Mrs Adams was so sorry. So was Mrs Burbridge. So were two other wives of rich men at Blackston. They did hope that Miss Denham, in her praiseworthy endeavours, would succeed. Indeed, they were sure she would. They could not, personally, assist her; but then they trusted to hear from her again when she had better news to tell. And they should always remain, very sincerely hers. And they sent their love to her darling sister. It was as, with sympathisers of their calibre, it often is: in not even trying to help the lame dog over the stile, they were nevertheless fluent as to their comfortable conviction that the ugly stile would be scaled somehow. And that was all.

These four letters were laid aside one by one, and after the perusal of each of them in turn, the hopes of the sisters fell a few degrees, as the mercury in the thermometer sinks when the cold wind sets in steadily from the north. They were disappointing letters. Better things and more cordiality had been hoped for from those who penned them. Then another missive was opened. It was short, not sweet:

MRS Roach Hiscocks presents her compliments and best condolence on the melancholy decease of Dr Denham. At the same time, she feels it the truest kindness to discourage vain hopes with reference to any assistance to be expected from Mr and Mrs Roach Hiscocks. Their duty to their own family forbids them to saddle on themselves the additional burden of exerting themselves on

behalf of those who, however deserving, are strangers.

RHODODENDRON LODGE, BLACKSTON,
March 13, 18—.

Nor was the next epistle much pleasanter reading. Here it is:

LADY Hackett presents her compliments to Miss Denham. She regrets to hear that the sad death of her late medical attendant, Dr D., has been the cause of so much anxiety and distress, as Miss Denham's very properly worded letter informs her that it was. At the same time, Lady Hackett must add, and that with the full concurrence of Sir Griffin Hackett, that she really is unaware that any grounds exist to warrant the Misses Denham in considering that they have a claim on Lady Hackett. With respect to the position of a London daily governess, Lady Hackett can in no way forward Miss D.'s views. Should Miss Rose D. at any time seek a situation as companion or otherwise, reference to Lady Hackett will be permitted.

CHILLIANWALLAH HOUSE, BLACKSTON,
March 13, 18—.

Poor Laura! Poor Rose! It was their first real lesson in the heartless hardness that, with some women, and some men, can underlie a good deal of mock geniality and fair seeming. To them, hitherto, Mrs Roach Hiscocks, and the stiff wife of the grim old Indian General who was the one titled resident of Blackston, had seemed worthy dames enough, slightly ridiculous it may be, on account of petty vanities or hobbies of their own, but not capable of deliberate cruelty. Now, Louisa Denham, for her sister's sake, had laid her innocent heart bare before those callous eyes, and had got in return no soothing balm, but a brace of stabs, mere pin-pricks very likely, but that galled and smarted when first dealt.

'How could they—O Louisa!' said Rose, as her beautiful golden head and tearful eyes were buried between her arms, as she sat sadly, leaning on the table on which the harsh letters had been flung. And Louisa rose to her feet impatiently and paced the room, honest anger in her honest eyes.

'It is shameful, cruel, barbarous!' she said, half unconscious that she spoke aloud; and then, as Rose sobbed, she went up to her sister with tender, loving words and fond caresses. 'We two remain to one another, love!' she said. 'What matters it if the world be unjust? We asked but a kind word after all.' And with well-feigned cheerfulness, Louisa began to bustle about the duties of the yet untasted breakfast.

One letter remained yet unread. Louisa, her blood yet on fire with the unprovoked affronts she had sustained, was for burning it without examination. It seemed useless to expect a prize after four blanks, and two that were worse than blanks. But Rose persisted that the letter, in a quaint handwriting and in pale ink, should be read. It ran thus:

'MY DEARS'—so the letter began—'My dears, I am so very sorry. I felt grieved when first they told me of your great loss. That was for your poor father's own sake. I feel doubly grieved now, when I learn how lonely you are in the world. And all the more do I sympathise with your brave wish to keep yourselves in the station that belongs to you of right by your own industry. Had you

wanted a little money, Miss Denham—I speak to dear Louisa and dear Rose both—I would willingly have sent you what I could spare; and remember, if you are ever in any sudden difficulty, you have a friend in Berkeley Street. As it is, you want to be helped otherwise. An old woman like myself has not much influence, I know; but what trifle I can, I have done for you, since, as I said before, my dears, I have been feeling for you very much. I have written to four of my best friends in London—whose addresses you will find overleaf—and I think that if you will call on them, I may venture to be sure that they will be of real service to you, in recommending you to pupils, should their own children not require a teacher.—Kiss dear young Miss Rose for me; and believe, dear Miss Denham, in the friendship of, ever truly yours,

ELIZABETH MIDGHAM.

2 BERKELEY STREET, BLACKSTON,
March 13, 18—.

The one little nugget of sterling gold found at the bottom of the heap of epistolary dross that had been first sifted, brought tears again into the girls' eyes. But this time they were tears of grateful joy. 'Dear, good old Miss Midgham!' cried Rose, as she kissed the letter for the second time. 'I could walk all the way back to Blackston to thank her. There is some good in the world, Louisa dear, after all!'

There was great comfort in the letter of the kindly gentle old maiden lady, far away in her quiet West-country home; and comfort too, in the array of neatly written names and addresses overleaf, all evidently those of London residents of good position. On the strength of this stroke of prosperity, the flitting from the grand house in Harley Street to Mrs Conkling's parlour floor in Lower Minden Street, was cheerfully accomplished. Each vied with the other, as they unpacked and settled their few belongings in the new abode, in discovering fresh merits or conveniences in what were really as angular and low-ceiled a brace of little rooms as ever were rented in that district. And Rose ambitiously talked of a project for beautifying the narrow windows with flowers, so soon as Louisa's pupils—in quest of whom she was to start on the morrow—should be numerous enough to warrant so extravagant an outlay. Here, then, let us leave them for the present, wishing them the happiness and success that honest efforts deserve.

(To be continued.)

INCIDENTS OF A CONVICT PRISON.

ONE cold frosty morning a dozen or more years ago, I received a letter from my old friend and college chum Frank Markham, then surgeon in one of Her Majesty's convict prisons. The letter ran as follows:

DEAR VERNON—You have often expressed a wish to see the inside of a convict establishment, in order to find out for yourself how things are managed within these mysterious walls. If you are still of the same mind, I am now in a position to gratify your wish. If you can find it convenient to come here for a few days, it will afford much pleasure to yours faithfully, FRANK MARKHAM.

Nothing could have given me greater pleasure

than this offer of Markham's. I had, as Frank expressed it, a strong desire to see the inside of a convict prison, and to form my own opinions of convicts and of convict life as they really exist. I lost no time, therefore, in answering Markham's letter, thanking him for his kindness in thinking of me, and gladly accepting the proffered opportunity.

Next day, I arrived safely; and was met at the station by Frank, who at once led me through the cheerless-looking streets, and up the almost perpendicular road that leads from the town to the summit of the rock whereon the said prison is perched. The day was bitterly cold, and a keen north-east wind came swirling round the huge piled-up masses of limestone that flanked both sides of the road, and roared fiercely through the narrow gorges with which the cliffs are everywhere intersected, as if it meant to search its way into our very vitals, despite the heavy wraps which we wore, and which only partially shielded us from its fury. In the teeth of the biting tempest, conversation was impossible; and so we toiled on in enforced silence, climbing the hill till we arrived at a gigantic block of stone, in the lee of which we were glad to pause and recover our exhausted breath. We were separated from the edge of a tremendous precipice by little more than the breadth of the road; and as the fierce gusts caught our garments and almost lifted us off our feet, we were glad to cling closer to the jagged angles of the rock, for fear of being blown over the face of the cliff.

I availed myself of this rude halting-place to take a more leisurely survey of our surroundings. The spot was bleak and cheerless-looking. On our left stood a small mortuary chapel, surrounded by a cemetery, which occupied about two-thirds of the entire plateau. On one side of the chapel, the burying-place was decorated with a few stunted evergreens and weather-beaten tombstones; but the other side was destitute of all ornament, except a luxuriant growth of nettles and other weeds over row upon row of unmarked and nameless graves. Not a stone, or even a simple cross of wood, not a tree or shrub, was to be seen in that desolate city of the dead.

'Prison burying-ground,' growled my companion, giving a vigorous pull between each word to a somewhat refractory meerschaum.

'I thought so,' I replied. 'But is it used exclusively for the interment of prisoners?'

'Not quite,' said Frank. 'You may see that by those consumptive-looking evergreens, and the lichen-mottled tombstones yonder, that look as if they were afflicted with some new form of leprosy. We don't confer such sculptured honours on those who do their country the service of dying in prison.'

'Some of the neighbouring folks, then, I suppose, are buried in this reserved section. Is it not so?'

Frank shook his head. 'No! They would as soon think of being thrown into the sea, uncollined, as having their bones laid in the same earth with those of a convict. These have been erected by the prison authorities in memory of such warders as have died, or been murdered on the spot.'

'Murdered!' I exclaimed.

'Murdered is the word,' replied Frank. 'It's

no uncommon thing here, I assure you, to have an officer of the prison murdered, sometimes for simply doing his duty; sometimes—and who shall say how often—for exceeding his duty. You see, friend, the amiable individuals to whose health I have the honour to attend, sometimes tire of the rigorous seclusion to which, for their own and society's weal, they are condemned. They grow restive under restraint, and often seek to vary the monotony of their prison life by knocking the life out of some over-zealous warder. True, it is a risky kind of amusement; but from the frequency with which it is tried, and often, I am sorry to say, accomplished, I am convinced it must have its attractions. Do you see that stone there, away up at the right-hand corner of the ground? Well, that's poor Warder S——'s grave. He was reckoned, even by the convicts, whose tastes in that respect are somewhat hard to please, to be a very considerate officer. He had found it necessary, however, on one occasion to report a prisoner for some breach of regulations; and the man was punished. The latter endured his sentence of three days' bread and water in the dark cells with the silence and sullenness peculiar to men of his class; but the hunger that preyed upon him only fed and kept alive his revengeful spirit. The three days expired, and the convict returned to his work in the gang. His comrades noticed the scowl of hate that deepened on his face whenever the warder approached to inspect his work. Suddenly, he was seen to grasp the heavy hammer used for breaking up the undressed stones as they came from the quarries, stealthily creep up behind the unsuspecting warder, whose attention was just at the moment occupied by some other business, and then to deal him a heavy blow on the head, which sent him to the foot of the rough embankment, lifeless. Then leaving the corpse where it lay, he quietly sat down till some officers, who had witnessed the tragedy from a distance, arrived, and secured him. He was hanged at the county jail some weeks ago.

I listened with painful attention to the description which my friend gave of this terrible crime, which greatly stimulated my curiosity, and I longed to see and know more of that terrible class of beings.

'Have you had many such tragedies as the one you have just related?' I inquired.

'Not during my time,' replied Frank. 'The present Governor takes greater precautions against their recurrence than his predecessor did. Discipline now is much more stringent and severe than it was; and if a prisoner makes an attempt upon the life of an official, he does so at the immediate risk of his own. In most cases, the miscreants who make these murderous attacks upon their warders have given up all hopes of ever regaining their freedom. Hanging, with the notoriety which they thereby acquired, had at one time few or no terrors for them; but the death that is now meted out in the silence and solitude of the prison, acts as a deterrent upon many who would otherwise care nothing to commit the most serious crime.'

Just then, the solemn toll of a passing-bell smote upon our ear. He anticipated my question by exclaiming: 'To be sure. I forgot we had a burial to-day. You will now have the opportunity of witnessing a convict's funeral. Yonder's the grave; see!' and he pointed to a spot where the

dark earth had been upturned to receive a new occupant.

'Who and what was he?' I inquired.

'A poor fellow who got hurt in the quarries. We had to amputate a leg, and he never rallied after the operation. His sentence of five years would have expired to-morrow had he lived. But here comes the funeral.'

I looked in the direction indicated, and beheld one of the most mournful sights I ever witnessed. Wending its way slowly down the steep and rugged incline that led from the prison, came the scanty *cortège* that bore the dead convict to his last resting-place. First, were two warders with bayonets fixed and rifles loaded; then, some ten yards behind them, four gaunt-looking spectres, dressed in short jackets and knickerbockers, who bore the bier upon which was deposited the pall-less coffin of rough, black-painted deal boards; and bringing up the rear, two more warders, also armed with loaded rifles. The four spectres referred to were convicts, and never shall I forget the famished, wolf-like expression on their faces as, with tottering steps and eyes bent earthwards, they passed with their dishonoured burden into that dank and weed-encumbered abode of the dead.

Anxious to witness the whole of the melancholy proceedings, I quitted my companion's side, and followed the funeral. The poor shivering bearers carried the corpse into the little mortuary chapel, at the door of which it was met by a sleek young curate in white surplice and chasuble, who read over it, though not very impressively, part of the beautiful service of the dead; after which the body was lifted from the bier and hurried off to the hole prepared to receive it, preceded by the clergyman, who there committed 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust' with a degree of haste, for which both the excessive cold as well as the force of habit might partly account. When the last shovelful of earth had been heaped upon the new-made grave, and patted down so as to lie close on the kindred clay beneath, the convicts were ordered to 'fall in,' and forthwith marched back to the mortuary chapel, a place that looked as dim as a coal-cellar, and smelt like a Parisian *morgue*. Arrived there, two of the prisoners seized upon the bier, the other two 'fell in' behind, and, guarded as before, were marched back to the prison. I was afterwards informed that to attend a comrade's funeral is regarded as a special privilege by the convicts. They look upon it as a little outing, during which they may have the good fortune to see a stranger; for anything that wears the appearance of novelty is to these miserable creatures as a cheering blink of the outside world.

When I rejoined Markham, he said to me: 'Do you see that withered specimen of humanity there with the blue facings on his jacket, and but one ear?'

'That old man walking behind the bier?'

'Exactly. That "old man" as you call him, is still considerably on this side of forty. I don't wonder, however, at your mistaking his age, for he has lived half-a-dozen ordinary lives in his short term of existence.'

'Has he then lived so fast?' I inquired, taking a more attentive survey of the subject of our conversation.

'Fast is not the word,' answered Frank; 'a

locomotive at high pressure is nothing to the speed with which "Ching" must have dashed through life.'

'Ching!' I exclaimed. 'Why, what a queer name!'

'Oh, that's not his own name. Ching is only his slang appellation; a nickname derived from the fact that at one time he served as an officer in the Chinese army.—You look incredulous, but the statement is nevertheless true. The miserable wreck of a man you see yonder, once narrowly escaped the honour of being made a mandarin.'

'You astonish me,' I exclaimed; 'go on. I should much like to hear the life-history of so singular a personage.'

'I can only gratify your curiosity, then,' replied Frank, 'by relating a few of the leading incidents in his strange career. Fifteen years ago, Ching—or, as he was then called, "Captain Frolic," was an undergraduate at Oxford, more distinguished for his drinking, gaming, and fighting proclivities than for his devotion to Euclid and Euripides. "Frolic" was the *bête noire* of sober-sided Dons and staid Professors, but the life and soul of the rollicking spirits about him. He was the originator of every drinking party, the ringleader of every opposition to constituted authority, and the first in every brawl that disturbed the peace of Her Majesty's lieges in the classic city. To such an extent did his turbulence and dissipation lead him, that in the end he was expelled from the college, and disowned by his family, who felt their honour and good name compromised by his disgraceful conduct. After various adventures in China and other foreign parts, Frolic found his way back to London, where his peculiar talents were more likely to be appreciated, and his degrading tastes more likely to meet with the means of gratification. Once known, he became the chosen companion of every blackleg and gentleman-swindler who knew the value of a high spirit and ready wit. For a while, he was the tool, but ere long became the leader of a highly organised society of swell cracksmen, who carried on their depredations both in this country and on the continent after the most approved and scientific principles. To relate one half of Frolic's adventures during this exciting period, were to furnish material for half-a-dozen three-volume novels of the most sensational character. I will relate one of the best authenticated, which you may take as a sample of many others.'

'One night when "Frolic," alias the "Captain," was reconnoitring a certain district in Belgravia, he was attracted by a window opening on a balcony, the latter being of easy access from the garden by means of a tree, the lower branches of which overhung it. Extreme boldness, combined with perfect self-possession, were two qualities for which the Captain was distinguished; so it is not to be wondered at that he resolved to explore the interior of this mansion, more especially as both nature and art had combined to furnish persons like himself, of an inquiring turn of mind, with the readiest means of doing so. To mount the tree with the agility of a monkey, and to drop upon the balcony with the noiselessness of a cat, was easy work for the Captain. The window was open, and a glance convinced him that the room was untenanted, and that it was safe to enter. He did so; and immediately a low sweet voice

whispered: "Dear Augustus, I knew you would come," or words to that effect.

'I have said self-possession was one of the strong points in our hero's character; a ready and penetrating wit was another; and although the waiting-maid—for such she was who had spoken—was not long in discovering her mistake, yet so good a use did "Frolic" make of his time and opportunity, that an acquaintance sprung up, and continued between them, the natural result of which in the circumstances was, that the town was startled one morning by a great and mysterious theft of diamonds.

"Frolic" read the newspaper reports of the robbery, and chuckled with delight as he admired the costly gems, and remembered under what happy auspices they had been obtained. For a long time, he baffled every effort of the law to bring him to justice; and but for the gift of a bracelet which he unthinkingly made to a lady-friend, he might have eluded punishment till this day. Frolic was becoming rich, and had thoughts of retiring from his lucrative though risky vocation; but that unlucky bracelet spoilt all, and now you behold the miserable finale!'

Such were a few of the tales and incidents which fell under my notice during my short stay in the Convict Prison.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

I MUST pass over much of my story that might have interested you. The news of Hal's death was broken to Teenie as quickly as possible, lest some chance word should reach her from the village gossip. For a long time we despaired of her life, the blow was so unexpected and so crushing. When she had recovered somewhat, Mr Burton thought it wise to leave Staithes for a time, and go to York among some of his old friends. Teenie did not speak with John again. She would gladly have done so, but he could not be entreated to visit her; when I spoke of it, he was in bitter anguish, and pleaded to be left alone.

A great change had come over my boy from that woful day—a change to me even worse than death. His soul seemed haunted by some terrible remorse, and no pleasant words had power to chase the gloom from his brow. He grew sullen and morose, spoke very rarely, and never in the free, careless, glad-hearted way of old. We strove to make him forget all that had passed; but sorrow like his was beyond our power to soothe.

Things grew from bad to worse. I cannot tell you all the anguish that followed; but John fell deeper and deeper into sin. When I pleaded with him, he returned wild and angry words, such as I had thought could never have been spoken by a son of mine. His father was angered by his conduct; but we could not send him out into the world a fugitive and a vagabond. Phil loved him with a father's deep affection, and my heart yearned over the lad; he was our only son, once so good and kind, so tender and true. So we bore with him, because of the love we had for him, and for the sake of his brother asleep in the deep seas.

From the night of Hal's death John never went out with the fishers, but gained employment at Runswick in the alum-works. We thought his conduct strange, and strove in vain to learn the

cause. In time we hoped that he would conquer his love for Teenie, and forget the sad circumstances surrounding his brother's death, and return again to his old life; but we hoped in vain.

One Sunday evening, about two months after Hal's death, an earnest preacher was holding a service for the fishermen in Seaton Garth, just below our cottage. Methodism had only begun to make itself felt in Staithes, and Phil was one of its earliest and strongest supporters. The window of the cottage was open, and from where I sat I could hear and see distinctly all that passed in the crowd. You might not have called the sermon an eloquent one, but it was preached by a man terribly in earnest, who had a message to tell, and gave it in simple burning words that held his hearers enthralled. Close at hand stood the *Fisherman's Rest* public-house, and from the sounds that came ringing through the still air, it was evident that a party of rioters held revel within. Their shouts and hoarse merriment mingled strangely with the solemn service; but as the preacher's voice rose in the power of the fervid pathos that thrilled it, the unseemly sounds within the tavern ceased, and all could hear with distinctness his words as he drew a fearful and yet affecting picture of the blackness and the guilt of sin, of the sinner's remorse, and of the terrible consequences on a man's own soul of unconfessed, unacknowledged transgression. At that moment the door of the *Fisherman's Rest* was suddenly opened, and a tall form stepped forth with haggard face and wild gleaming eyes. It was my boy John, who had been one of the mad party within. He stood on the outskirts of the crowd, his gaze fixed upon the preacher, his whole soul drinking in the words which fell from his lips.

No sound escaped from my boy, but I could see that his frame was quivering with emotion. The shaft had sped. There was a look in his face I cannot describe—a weary, pleading, agonised look like that in the eyes of some poor hunted animal, standing at bay before the hunters. Then I heard a lamentable cry ring through the crowd, and the poor stricken soul turned and fled, I know not where, but he carried the arrow in his heart.

That evening a meeting for prayer was held in our cottage. It was just over, and the party had left, when the door opened, and a form stood on the threshold—a form I had thought the sea held for ever in its hidden depths, my own boy Hal! God, in His mercy, had saved him from the cruel sea, and restored him to those who loved him so well. With a great cry I clasped him in my arms; my joy was too deep for words. I only knew that the lad I loved and had mourned as dead, had come back, and would never be taken from me again.

You may imagine what a meeting that was. The remembrance of it even now stirs me most deeply. Hal soon explained his escape. An outward-bound vessel had picked him up, but allowed the boat to drift away as useless. He was landed at Rotterdam, whence he returned as quickly as possible.

When we three were alone, I told Hal all that had occurred in his absence—the return from the fishing, the strange conduct of John, the illness of poor Teenie, and their departure from Staithes

—and begged him, if he could, to explain the cause of his brother's anguish. Hal did not seem so much astonished at John's conduct as we had expected, but said that he must speak with him alone, for he had much to say to him. Even while he spoke a step was heard, and John reeled into the room. What a woful change had been wrought in my bonnie lad. All the beauty of his youth had gone for ever, burned up by the heat of the stormy passions raging within.

He walked slowly toward us as though in utter weariness, and spoke in a low, sad, dreary voice, his head bowed in deepest shame. 'There's no escaping from the hand o' God. I've come to hear my doom. Curse me quickly, and let me go.'

Phil and I were struck dumb by the words; we knew that we were in the presence of a great sorrow, if not of crime.

Calmly Hal answered: 'Hush, John, my lad. Who are we, that we should curse you? I have come home again. Have you no greeting for me?'

'What greeting can I give you after sic a foul partin'? Thou's come back to tell o' my sin, an' to publish my shame. Only be pitiful, an' dunnut mock me, an' torment me wi' scorn. I've borne enough, an' mun bear it to t' bitter end.'

'God forbid that I should add to your pain,' said Hal. 'You are mad, John, and know not what you say.'

'Ay, I've been mad'—and my boy shuddered as he spoke—'fair mad wi' anger and jealous thoughts; but I'm in my right mind now. I thought thou were dead, an' thy death were on my soul. It were a weary load—a weary load.'

Poor Phil's face grew wan and ghastly in the dim light. 'Do not say such cruel words, my bairn. Whose death is on thy soul? Thy brother is here, an' no shame can come to ye. There were anger in thy heart against t' lad; but he'll forgive an' forget it.'

'Father, mother!' cried Hal, 'take no heed of his words. Leave us alone, and he will then speak calmly.'

We both turned to go, but this was not to be. John raised his bowed head, and strode across the room. 'Do not leave me, for I've come to unburden my soul. Bide wi' me, an' hear me speak. My punishment is greater than I can bear.'

'O John, my brother,' said Hal as he took him by the hand, and strove to lead him to a seat.

'Stand from me, lad. Do not touch me. I'm no brother o' thine, but a false-hearted villain who sought thy life. Hold thy peace, man, for I will speak.'

'In pity, do not bring this woe upon others,' implored Hal. 'If I have come between you and Teenie, let me go away. I would give up my life for you; only let the past be buried for ever.'

'Thou's not wronged me, my lad, though I thought thou had. It were my own blindness. But I loved her so, I did, an' I could not give her up. But I'm not fit for sic an angel as she. Cain's ban is on my soul, an' I mun abide by his doom.'

With a bitter cry I sank into a seat, and buried my face in my hands. I could not bear to look at the awful agony of the man. Poor Phil stag-

gered and seemed ready to fall, but with an effort he placed his hands on John's shoulders, and looked pleadingly in his face. 'Thou's my lad, an' I wunnot believe there's sic an awful crime on thy soul. I love ye right well, an' I cannot bear to hear ye say sic words. It's a lie, my bairn—say it's a lie!'

'It's God's truth,' said the hoarse, trembling voice; 'an' I cannot hide it.' Then he told of his sin. Every word pierced me like a cruel knife. The cable had passed him within easy distance, but all the jealous hatred of his soul rose in its strength, and he let the lad go by without giving him a helping hand. The rope was in his grasp, but he held it tight, and the waters swept the boat beyond his reach. One brief moment and the sin was committed.

He paused, and looked round upon the stricken group. I cannot tell the agony I suffered. His father was heart-broken. No sound escaped his pallid lips, but I could see them move pitifully, as though he were struggling in vain for words. John saw the dread horror that sat upon his face, and it smote him with a still deeper pang.

'Father,' he pleaded, 'in mercy speak to me. I've been an ill son; but do not slay me with sic a fearsome look.'

Then Phil arose from the seat he had staggered and fallen into. His face was dark and wrathful, but still most pitiful in its intense suffering. John hung his head upon his breast, bowed and motionless.

'An' this is t' bairn I have loved an' clung to all these years! God knows, I were proud o' my bonnie fisher-lad. An' now, though his soul is stained with sin, I cannot—I cannot give him words of hate. He's my John, my ain bairn. I'd give up my life to save t' lad from his doom. God forgive and bless him, my poor stricken bairn.'

Then John fell at his father's feet, and burst into a fit of passionate weeping. 'Thou is ower good to me,' he cried, 'but it makes my sin seem blacker than ever. Now I mun gang, an' ye'll think of me as one dead. Say good-bye, and then forget me for ever.'

In vain I pleaded with him to stay; he would not hear. 'No, no, mother; I must go my ain way, an' hide my sin in my ain soul.' With a steady step he passed across the room, and held out his hand to his brother. 'I may never look in thy face again; say one word o' pity before I go.'

'Oh, my brother,' sobbed Hal, 'much of the guilt is mine: would that I could bear your burden.'

'Nay, nay, my lad. Think o' me as one in t' hands o' God, an' pray that I may never wander from His keeping.'

It was a bitter parting, but it came to an end at last. I cannot repeat his words of heart-broken misery as he clung to his father's hand. These two had toiled together through storm and calm, and between them there was a deep and abiding love which no sorrow or shame could kill. With a heavy heart he went out into the darkness, and the old home in Seaton Garth knew him no more for ever.

Hal would fain have gone at once to York to make his escape known to Teenie, but I knew

that any sudden shock might be fatal to her, and so begged him to desist until some plan had been thought of, that might be adopted with safety. The next day I wrote to Mr Burton, telling him that we had received tidings of Hal, but begged him on no account to inform Teenie, until I had spoken with her, and prepared her for the good news. Mr Burton was overjoyed to hear of Hal's return, and urged us to come quickly, and put an end to poor Teenie's suffering.

It was evening when we arrived at York. It was arranged that Mr Burton, who had met us at the coach, should go at once with me to Teenie, and that Hal should follow shortly afterwards. Teenie met us at the door. Her face had regained some of its old brightness, but still bore marks of intense suffering. We sat down and had a long conversation together, in which I endeavoured to bring her into a frame of mind for the disclosure I had to make. 'You are pleased to see me again, Teenie,' I said; 'are you not?'

'Oh, Mrs Carew,' she replied, 'you cannot tell how glad my heart is. It seems like one of the old, happy evenings we spent at Staithes, before all this sorrow came. It was kind of you to come such a long journey.'

'I am more than repaid, darling,' I answered, 'if only you are glad to have me with you.'

'Uncle said he thought your visit would do me good, and that he expected to see me quite my old self before you went away; but, alas, that can never be;' and the deep blue trusting eyes filled with tears. 'The sunshine has gone out of my life for ever.'

'Nay, Teepee, not for ever,' I said as I stroked her bonnie hair; 'God never leaves us so utterly alone.'

'Sometimes,' she said, 'I think it cannot be true that he is dead, but that in some way he will return to me; though, alas, I know that can never be.'

'Stranger things have happened,' I said. 'One of the Staithes fishermen has been twice picked up at sea, and taken to Great Yarmouth. Do not despair, darling; he may yet return.'

'But his boat was found, and not a trace of him remaining. He must have perished in that fearful storm. Oh, Mrs Carew, if he could only return!'

'Could you bear it, Teenie?' I asked. 'Would not the joy of meeting him again kill you?'

'Kill me!' said Teenie; 'I have borne his death, and am alive. But why do you ask?'

'Because I have hope that some ship has saved him, and has taken him to a foreign port.'

'Oh!' she cried, 'do you think that can ever be?'

'We have reason to think so, Teenie,' I said, my heart throbbing with excitement.

'What reason?' pleaded Teenie. 'Do not fear, but tell me. Believe me, I can bear it; only say that he is safe.'

'We have heard so,' I stammered out—'quite safe, and well.'

'And will come back to me again, just as of old?'

'He will come back soon—very soon,' I said; 'only, my child, be patient, and you shall see him.'

'I am patient: see, I am quite calm;' and she looked with marvellous steadfastness in my face.

'You said he would come very soon. Will it be to-day? to-morrow? Speak, dearest mother!'

Steps were heard at the door, and I knew Hal was waiting to enter.

'Teenie, my darling,' I said, 'he will come to-day—at once—for he is here.'

The door opened, and she was clasped in Hal's arms. I would gladly linger over this happy reunion, but I may not stay. The night is growing late, and the end of this sad story has yet to be told.

In a few days I returned to Staithes, but Hal remained with Mr Burton and Teenie. At Christmas they all came back to the old place near us, as Teenie was quite strong again, and wished to be at home. We spent Christmas Day at Mr Burton's house. Only one was absent from that glad meeting—my poor, unhappy John. Teenie wondered that he should have left home so suddenly; but we told her that he was seeking to conquer his wild love, and would one day, we hoped, be able to meet her, as he ought to meet his brother's wife.

In the summer of the next year, Hal and Teenie were married. For two years we had heard nothing of John, and when Hal left us, the old home grew very desolate. Phil was sorely stricken by the loss of the lad he had loved so well; and although he scarcely ever mentioned his name, yet I knew he was ever in his thoughts. It was in the spring of 1836 that we first heard of our boy. A fisherman of Staithes had seen him on board one of the Filey boats at the Dogger Bank. Phil had been growing rapidly worse, and I feared for his life. For some months he had not been to the fishing, and at last he was obliged to keep his bed. When I told him that John had been seen at the Dogger, he entreated that some one should be sent to Filey to bring him home.

'I must see my bairn once again before I die,' he said. 'His guilt lies heavy on my soul, for I loved him so well, an' I thought no shame could ever fall upon his bonnie head. I cannot go into God's eternity, knowing that he is a wanderer from t' fold. Thou'll send an' find him, my lass, for no peace can come to me while t' lad's away.'

I could not hesitate after this appeal, so Verity was despatched to find the wanderer, and, if possible, to bring him to Seaton Garth. News had already been sent to Hal of his father's sickness, and we expected him at any hour. On Ash-Wednesday morning Hal came. Phil was glad to see him, but his heart still hungered for his eldest born. That Ash-Wednesday will long be remembered in Staithes. It brought heavy loss to many a household, but to none a more bitter sorrow than to my own. Shortly after noon the wind rose to a fearful gale, such as had rarely visited this wild coast. As we looked through the casement, nothing could be seen but a heaving waste of troubled wafer, surging and thundering between the rocky Nabs, which gleamed faintly through the driving mist and spray. Billow after billow broke in long seething lines of foam on the little beach, or rushed roaring up the beck. The fishermen hastily removed their boats beyond the reach of the waves, and now stood in anxious groups along the cliffs, and in front of the cottages that lined the strand.

The air was filled with the hoarse voices of the storm and the mad roar of the waters.

As the day grew towards evening, the wind increased in fury. Every now and again a heavy sea would leap up the beach, and break close under the front houses in Seaton Garth, threatening to overwhelm them. The big waves seemed to be drawing closer and closer upon us, and when one broke full upon the cottage wall, filling the little room with sand and foam, we knew it was time to seek safety in flight. Phil was hastily wrapped in blankets, and carried by the fishermen to Mr Burton's house. When I had seen him carefully attended to, I returned to Seaton Garth to try and save some of our household effects.

When I reached the village, a wild scene met my view. The waves were sweeping full over the front line of cottages, and our own house was half-hidden in the waters. At that moment, a cry arose; for now it was observed that a man was climbing on to the broken roof of our house, in order to escape the surging waters within. It was Hal! He had gone before me to snatch some articles from the impending ruin, and had been inclosed by the incoming tide. He had never learned to swim—what were we to do? I was in an agony of fear, dreading to see him momentarily swept from his precarious position. Wave after wave dashed over him, still carrying away another and another of the broken rafters. But he clung for dear life to those yet remaining, and struggled higher and higher out of reach of the waters.

For a moment we knew he was safe, but the next big wave might sweep him and his frail support into the cruel sea that foamed and surged beneath him. To attempt his rescue would be to share his fate. A dread silence crept through the crowd, broken at last by a wild shout: 'A rope, mates—quick, or t' lad's lost. I'll save him, if it's in t' power o' man to do it.'

With a cry of joy, I turned and fell at my boy's feet. He had come back, my John, my eldest born, and now stood ready to risk his life to save his brother. Then my heart grew faint with a deadly fear. He too would go out to his death among those cruel waves, and I should lose both my boys. I clung to him wildly, and pleaded with him not to go. But the men had already fastened a rope about his waist, and he paused but for one moment before plunging into the surf.

'Never fear, mother,' said he; 'I'll come back again; I've been into a rougher sea than this. T' Lord, in His mercy, has sent me to save t' life I tried to take. God bless ye. I'm ready, lads!'

He gave me one fond kiss, and then plunged boldly into the seething waters. I cannot picture to you the awful suspense and agony of those moments. Not a word was spoken, as the strong swimmer fought his way. The distance was small, but it was a fearful struggle—the waves boiling and foaming about him. At length we saw him clinging to the cottage wall, and with cautious movement, climbing towards his brother. A great cheer rent the air, as the two were seen, side by side, clasping the timbers of the old roof. Presently John made the rope fast to the rafters, and raised his hand in signal that all was right. In a moment the road of escape was opened, and Hal started on his way to shore. Every moment

seemed an age, as he hung there, clasping the rope with all his remaining strength. The long struggle had almost exhausted him, and we feared yet that the waves would drag him down into their hungry depths. Still he moved on, hand over hand, cautiously, surely. When he neared the shore, eager hands were stretched out to help him, and one of the strongest fishermen dashed down the steep path, plunged into the surf, and dragged him ashore.

It was not a moment too soon. Another huge sea came roaring up the bay, its black sides lashed with foam. John saw it even before us, and had already unfastened the rope from the rafter, and tied it about his own body. With a loud cry to those on shore, he flung himself clear of the crumbling ruins. The awful agony of that moment chills me even now. There was a wild roar, deeper than thunder, as the moving mountain swept to us, its foam lashing our feet. When we looked forth again, the troubled surface of the bay was strewn with the wreck of Scaton Garth. The whole line of twenty-four cottages had perished in that one sea. They hauled my boy through the foam and surf, but it was only his corpse they laid at my feet. He was cruelly wounded, and the waters had battered out his brave soul; sin and sorrow would never come to him again.

I must pass over what followed in silence. God grant, dear reader, that such a bitter wee may never fall upon your life.

Hal and Teenie live a happy life together. Poor Phil soon joined his son. They sleep side by side in the old churchyard. My boy had sinned greatly; but who shall judge him after so bitter a repentance, and so noble an atonement?

AMUSING TRIFLES.

As it is pretty well understood that nobody can claim exemption from ever having made a mistake at some time or other, it is almost needless to say that blunders are common to us all. Proverbially speaking, the Irishman bears the palm as the greatest perpetrator of these amusing errors; at the same time we are perhaps not very much behind our brother of the Emerald Isle, as we shall endeavour to show by a few illustrations.

A pretty good story is related of one of Governor Tilton's staff. It is said that when the individual referred to first presented himself *en militaire* to his wife and little daughter, the latter, after gazing at him for a few minutes, turned to her mother, and exclaimed: 'Why, Ma, that's not a real soldier—it's Pa!'—Equally observant was another youngster, who was sent by his parent to take a letter to the post-office and pay the postage on it. The boy returned highly elated, and said: 'Father, I seed a lot of men putting letters in a little place; and when no one was looking, I slipped yours in for nothing.' We hardly know whether the father would laugh or storm over this unconscious attempt to defraud the revenue.

Pointing to the letter X, 'What's that?' asked a village schoolmaster of a lad whose father seems to have been born before the age of School Boards and compulsory attendances. 'Daddy's name.' 'No; it is not, sir—it's X.' 'No, sir; it ain't,' said the boy; 'tis daddy's name; I've seen him write

it often.'—At another school, in reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, a schoolmaster said: 'My lad, we fight with our heads here.' The youth reflected for a moment, and replied that *butting* was not considered fair at his last school.

We do not know whether the recipient of the following letter felt amused or enraged on reading it. It was written by a Buckinghamshire farmer to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a variety of swine: 'RESPECTED SIR—I went yesterday to the fair at A—. I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts; and I was greatly astonished at not seeing you there.' We must imagine this to have been written in an off-hand manner, and without much consideration; as also another, by an illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an Agricultural Exhibition, when he wrote as follows to the Secretary of the Society: 'Enter me also for a jackass. I have no doubt whatever of gaining a prize.'

A very slight stretch of imagination is required to depict the amazement of that inquisitive old gentleman, of a botanical turn of mind, who inquired of the gardener in one of the public places of promenade: 'Pray, my good man, can you inform me if this particular plant belongs to the "Arbutus" family?' when he received for reply: 'No, sir; it doan't; it belongs to the Corporation!'—The same remark applies to that ambitious young lady, who was talking very earnestly about her favourite authors, when one of the company inquired if she liked Lamb. With an indignant toss of the head, she answered, that she 'cared very little about what she ate, compared with knowledge.' Doubtless the party who put the question felt more amused by the answer than the parish priest did, who, observing an Irish girl at play on a Sunday, accosted her with: 'Good-morning, daughter of the Evil One;' when she meekly replied: 'Good-morning, father.'

Many an amusing mistake has been made by people hard of hearing. We are told that a certain Dean of Ely was once at a dinner, when just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. 'We have lost,' said a gentleman, 'not less than seven eminent barristers in as many months.' The Dean, who was very deaf, rose just at the conclusion of these remarks, and gave the company grace: 'For this and every other mercy, make us devoutly thankful.'—On another occasion, at a military dinner in Ireland, the following was on the toast-list: 'May the man who has lost one eye in the glorious service of his beloved country, never see distress with the other.' But the person whose duty it was to read the toast, accidentally omitted the important word 'distress,' which completely changed the sentiment, and caused no end of merriment by the blunder.

Another instance may be quoted, if only to show how careful people should be in expressing themselves on public occasions. A church in South London had been erected, when a dinner was given, at the conclusion of which the health of the builder was proposed, when he rather enigmatically replied that he was 'more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking.'

Occasionally we receive gratuitous information

which is not strictly to be depended on. A person overheard two countrymen, who were observing a naturalist in a field collecting insects, say one to the other: 'What's that fellow doing, John?' 'Why, he's a naturalist.' 'What's that?' 'Why, one who catches gnats, to be sure.'—On a level with these intelligent rustics was Pat, who, as a raw recruit, was asked by his officer: 'What's your height?' 'Why, the man that measured me,' said Pat, 'told me it was five feet ten, or ten feet five; I am not exactly sure which; but it was either one or the other.'

On the other hand, some mistakes, although amusing, are not altogether complimentary. Few, for instance, would care to endorse an observation which fell from the lips of a gentleman, after gazing some time at the skeleton of a donkey, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despised animal. 'Ah,' said he, 'we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'—Equally as good was that of the greenhorn who at a menagerie was particularly interested in a baboon. Several persons were present, one of whom expressed the opinion that it was a lower order of the human species. This so nettled the countryman, that he immediately exclaimed: 'Pooh, pooh! he's no more human species than we be.'

It occasionally occurs that amusing misconceptions of duty are prompted by the most amiable feelings. On the polling day of a parliamentary election, in which we shall call the Liberal candidate A—, and the Conservative B—, the following conversation was heard between two labouring men who met on the street. 'Well, Jim, have you been at the poll yet?' 'Ay,' said Jim; 'I was down a while ago, and met George coming out. "Who did you go for?" says I. "Oh, for A—," says he. "An' sure, an' that's a pity," says I, "for I was agoin' for A— myself. But it wouldn't be fair for us both to go for one man, so I'll vote for B—." And so we divided the thing fairly.'

The late Lord Lansdowne used to relate that when, after Turner the painter's death, he went to the artist's house on a foggy morning, in the hope of getting a peep of his reserved works, the old woman in charge, looking up through the area railings, took him for the cat's-meat man, and bawling up, told him he 'needn't come again, as the cat had died the day before.'

It is not always good policy to take some things as read. In a hairdresser's shop at the East End of London, a bill was exhibited in the window recommending a certain patent medicine, with the very dubious heading: 'Try one box—no other medicine will ever be taken.'—Also in an apothecary's shop-window in another neighbourhood, the following printed notice was displayed: 'All sorts of *dying* stuffs sold here.'—On another occasion, an advertisement appeared for a competent person to undertake the sale of some newly imported drugs, and added: 'It will be very profitable to the undertaker.'

Turning from the medical to the literary profession, we find the following piece of information given in a Cork paper, which published the following erratum: 'The words printed *pigs* and *cows* in a letter of last week's issue on the land question, should have been *pros* and *cons*.'—In the bills announcing the sale of an archæological collection in a provincial town in Scotland, the

words 'coins and curiosities' were read and sent out by the printer as 'cans and canisters.'

The following startling announcement must have escaped the notice of the editor, but not the criticising eye of the general public. In announcing the approaching visit of Her Majesty to Brighton, a Sussex paper informed us that 'preparations are now being made for her reception, several tradesmen having received orders to be *immediately executed* at the Pavilion.'

It is perhaps pardonable to think much of others, but not too much of ourselves, which was exemplified by a certain vocalist, who was engaged to sing at the rooms of one of our principal watering-places. Having a pretty good opinion of his abilities, he wrote in the leader's book, at a particular place, 'Rest here for the applause.' The conductor, as in duty bound, stopped the band; but unfortunately there were no signs whatever on the part of the audience to disturb the sudden silence. The disappointed singer, turning sharply round, said, rather loud: 'Why don't you go on?' The mischief-loving wielder of the baton replied, much more loudly: 'We are resting for the applause.' A general titter of course pervaded the room.

We must yield the palm to Ireland, however, in the well-known reply given by an Irish gentleman, who called on an eminent singing-master to inquire his terms. 'I charge two guineas for the first lesson; but only one guinea for as many as you please afterwards.' 'Oh, bother the first lesson then,' said the other; 'let us begin at once with the second.'—Another native of the Green Isle exhibited an equal comprehension of economic possibilities when he went to have his banus of marriage proclaimed. In answer to his inquiry as to the cost, the registrar told him that the fee for being proclaimed in one day was ten shillings; for two proclamations, it was five shillings; and for three times, it was half-a-crown. 'Bedad,' said the Irishman, 'but that's an iligint arrangement. You can just go on proclaiming me and Biddy till there's nothing to pay at all.'

Like the rest of mankind, military men are not altogether exempt from mistakes; otherwise we never should have heard of a certain Adjutant of a Volunteer corps who, being doubtful whether he had distributed rifles to all the squad, cried out: 'All you that are without arms, hold up your hands;' or of that affectionate Irishman who once enlisted in the 64th Regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was in the 65th.

It is sometimes much easier to give an order than to see it properly executed, as an Irish sergeant once discovered. 'Attention, company,' said he in a stentorian voice, 'and tend to your roll-call. All of ye that are presint, say "Here;" and all of ye that are not presint, say "Absent."'

A loving wish, but not likely to be duly appreciated after a moment's thought, was that made in answer to the son of a fond father, who, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of an enemy. 'I should be glad,' quoth the parent, 'to see you come home without a head, provided you come safe.'

Amusing mistakes have occurred in our law-courts. Mr Serjeant Wilkins, once pleading for a man charged with felony, made a most glowing speech as to the utter ruin that would over-

take the defendant's wife and large family. The oration being concluded, the learned advocate discovered that his client was a bachelor!—On another occasion, a lawyer, who was sometimes forgetful, though ready-witted, as we shall presently shew, having been engaged to plead the cause of an old offender, began by saying: 'I am informed the prisoner at the bar bears the character of being an unmitigated scoundrel!' Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his own client, when he immediately continued: 'But what great and good man ever lived who was not greatly calumniated by many of his contemporaries?'

The following, if amusing, could not altogether be considered complimentary to some of the listeners. 'In Cork,' said O'Connell, 'I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court!"'—The late eminent lawyer Serjeant Talfourd must have been considerably amused at what occurred when he landed at Granton pier, and had his portmanteau carried by an old Scotch porter. His name, 'Mr Serjeant Talfourd,' was painted on it, and observed by the porter. The learned gentleman offered payment to the man for his trouble; but was met with the reply: 'Na, na, sir; I winna take a penny frae you; and you're very welcome, for I was once a sergeant like yourself.'

An old gentleman being asked after his health, replied: 'I am getting quite feeble, and exercise of any kind is almost too much for me; last year I could walk entirely round the square, but now I can only walk half-way round.' 'Do you walk back again?' 'Yes, certainly,' he replied. 'Pray, explain the difference,' was the request of his good-natured friend.

Numerous anecdotes are related of the amusing mistakes sometimes made by domestic servants, Pat still standing out conspicuous. An invalid gentleman confined to his room, sent his servant, an Irishman, to see what hour it was by the sun-dial, which was fastened to a post in the garden. The man was not very long gone before he entered the apartment somewhat excited, with the sun-dial in his hand, saying: 'Here, sir; pray look at it yourself, for it mystifies me all over.'—Travellers complain perhaps more than most people. An exceedingly fat gentleman had to travel by coach from Macon in France, and requiring more room than an ordinary passenger, sent his servant to book two places and pay for them. When he went to the office the next day to take his place, he found 'one seat had been booked inside and one out.'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AMONG the erroneous notions which are current concerning the things of everyday life, is the idea that the water supplied to us by the various water-companies is teeming with the most horrible creatures, that do not even require the assistance of a microscope to make them visible. Such sensitive persons may be reassured upon hearing the result of analyses of the water supplied by the London Companies. The samples analysed were taken at different localities every day during a whole month; and the results were

reported to the President of the Local Government Board by the three eminent chemists who undertook the work. Their Report concludes in the following satisfactory manner: 'We desire to add that from these analyses we are of opinion that, considered both chemically and physiologically, the water delivered by the Companies during the month over which these examinations extended was of excellent quality, wholesome, and in every respect well fitted for the supply of the Metropolis.'

At the forthcoming Exhibition of Electrical Apparatus at Paris, about six hundred lamps will be shown in operation, comprising every known system of electric illumination. The dynamo-machines for generating the current will be served by an eight hundred horse-power steam-engine. In addition to this display of light, several electric railways will be shown in operation, and among these, that of Siemens Brothers will form one of the chief attractions of the British section.

The Russian Technical Society is devoting special attention to the study of aeronautics, more particularly as an aid to observing atmospheric phenomena, and with reference to the employment of balloons for military purposes. The extensive use of these machines during the siege of Paris, and the successful manufacture of the largest balloon ever made—that of M. Giffard, exhibited in the same city in 1878—seem to have stimulated men to fresh exertions to turn aeronautical science to more practical account. The importance of the subject has not been lost sight of in this country. Our war authorities, after careful experiments at Woolwich, placed two balloons in commission; and more recently, a Balloon Society has been started in London, which holds regular meetings for the transaction of general business and the reception of new ideas.

The Prall Union Heating Company has recently been established in New York for undertaking the heating and cooking required in private houses and public institutions. The novelty of the plan consists in the supply of superheated water from a central station. Water for domestic purposes is not generally used above boiling-point, namely, two hundred and twelve degrees; and many people are not aware that the liquid can be made hotter than that. As a matter of fact, it can be brought to any degree of heat so long as the vessel in which it is confined is able to bear the pressure of the steam; and water at three hundred and seventy-six degrees, which is the standard adopted by the Prall Company, can be made to roast meat and to bake bread. The water is to be conveyed in boxed pipes of small bore laid from the central station in underground trenches; return pipes being so arranged that the liquid is in constant circulation, and is returned to the main boiler directly it has done its work. Experiment shows that if water so heated be driven through a pipe one mile in length at a certain speed, it will lose in transmission only one degree of heat. The chief difficulty in carrying out the system will doubtless show itself in the matter of joints and connections. These will have to be of very perfect construction, in order to withstand the great pressure which they will be required to bear.

More than one of the north-country newspapers have initiated the laudable custom of publishing

colliery warnings founded presumably upon the condition of the barometer. In many cases, these warnings have unfortunately met with verification by being closely followed by disaster. We may mention in this connection that the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the causes of accidents in mines are bringing their work to a close in considering the best form of safety-lamps, and the suitability of electric illumination for collieries. They are also paying special attention to a but recently acknowledged cause of explosion, the inflammability of coal-dust in air.

There is no disguising the fact that our American cousins are far ahead of us in the invention of labour-savers and other clever contrivances which they are pleased to call 'notions.' We are loath to attribute this to any peculiar mechanical faculty which they have and which we lack, but rather to the extreme facility which is given by their legislature to protecting such inventions. In Britain, the cost of such protection for fourteen years is no less than one hundred and seventy-five pounds. The same advantages can be secured in America for seventeen years by a single payment of seven pounds. The result of the heavy tax which our government levies upon invention may be seen by comparing the numbers of patents in force in this country with those at the other side of the Atlantic. At the end of 1879, there were current here fifteen thousand patents, and in America two hundred thousand. These figures speak for themselves. As an interesting feature of the New York Patent Office, may be mentioned the fact that there is a yearly average of sixty female patentees, their efforts being naturally directed to matters pertaining to dress and domestic economy.

One of the latest American novelties is a road vehicle propelled by a gas-engine. The gas is contained in a reservoir, somewhat like an organ bellows, placed in the body of the carriage. The supply is sufficient to last several hours, and can of course be readily replenished as long as the travellers keep within the bounds of civilisation.

In spite of the many attacks upon the manufacture of oleomargarine, or sham butter, it continues to increase to an enormous extent. In the United States alone, the output is computed to reach upwards of fifty-five thousand tubs weekly, each tub averaging forty-five pounds-weight of the stuff. The time seems to be approaching when genuine butter will have become a thing of the past, so far as its wholesale supply is concerned. If anything will put the consumers of artificial butter on their guard, it ought to be a letter addressed to Lord Granville by our Consul at Philadelphia, and published by the Foreign Office. In it the Consul states that a most extraordinary degree of mortality has prevailed among swine from a disease known as the 'hog cholera,' by which scores of thousands of these animals have perished. The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce have since passed a resolution contradicting the above statement, to the extent that during the past year hogs in Ohio have been singularly free from disease of any kind. But the other contradictions issued by the Americans are less definite than this, and go to show that disease does prevail, though not perhaps to the extent indicated in the Consul's report. In any case, it warrants home consumers in exercising caution as to the use made

of the above imported goods. 'Immense quantities of pork,' says the Consul in the letter referred to, 'are annually shipped to the United Kingdom, and, as the disease of Trichinosis seems to be on the increase in this country, the subject is not unworthy of attention. A case just reported from Kansas describes the symptoms of the disease when it attacks the human family. In this case the victim is a farmer. He had been ill for some time, and became much reduced in flesh. Upon consulting a physician, those parasitic worms termed *trichine* were found in great quantities in his body. *Trichina spiralis* may be conveyed to human beings, it is thought, by the gross adulterations used in the manufacture of butter and cheese, of which there is some exportation to England. The former is adulterated with lard and grease, which in many cases are taken from the places where hogs die of diseases, and are then rendered into grease, &c., and the latter into a commodity called *anti-huff*.' In *Chambers's Journal* for March 19, further mention is made of the subject of Trichinosis in an article on the American Pork Market.

It is a significant fact that those diseases which can be contracted by man from the lower creation, are peculiarly malignant in their character. Of these, hydrophobia, Trichinosis, and glanders are formidable examples.

The partial interruption of telegraphic communication during the late snow-storms owing to the snapping of overhead wires, has again called attention to the advisability of carrying such wires underground. The outlay is great in the first instance, but is said to be economical in the end; for wires so laid need little or no expense for maintenance. In Germany, there are no fewer than eight thousand miles of underground wire, and the system is considered so successful that it is to be greatly extended. The wires now extending across some of the Metropolitan streets are so numerous, that they constitute an eyesore, if not a danger; and the introduction of the telephone system will probably treble their number. All things considered, it would be greatly to the public advantage if the underground system were more generally adopted.

Pintsch's system of illumination by oil-gas, which has now been adopted by many of the railway Companies for lighting their carriages, has recently been applied to a very novel but useful purpose—namely, the illumination of buoys. These floating beacons contain their own supply of gas. They average eight feet in diameter, and are made of wrought-iron strong enough to resist the pressure of the gas from within, and the buffeting of the waves without. Each buoy will hold sufficient gas to feed a lamp for ten weeks. The authorities at Trinity House have tested the system with success, and under their auspices it is to be much extended. The gas—distilled from the refuse of shale-oil—will be made on shore, and carried out to the various buoys by means of a tender. The charging operation occupies but a few minutes for each beacon; and the cost of each light is twopence-halfpenny per day of twenty-four hours.

The Beaumont Compressed Air-engine has been tried with success on the Metropolitan Railway. A very early hour was chosen for the trial, so that it might not interfere with the regular traffic. The

engine, which was built for street tramway-work, was not strong enough to draw a full train; but it was perfectly under control, and gave promise that the system was applicable to the needs of the Underground line. The route chosen was that part of the railway which extends from Edgeware Road to Moorgate Street. The engine ran to and fro, a distance of about six miles, with great ease. The air-pressure at the start was one thousand pounds on the square inch, and at the finish three hundred pounds.

A clever little contrivance called the Detective Camera was lately brought before the London Photographic Club. Its purpose is to enable a person to take photographic 'shots' at any desired subject, without anybody but himself being cognisant of the operation. In outward appearance it resembles a square case, and can be disguised as a portmanteau, a shoeblack's box, or even a book. The operator places it upon the ground, or holds it under his arm, the pressure of a pneumatic ball opening or closing the hidden lens at the required moment. Several amusing street scenes have been thus secured, which bear evidence that the models had no idea that their images were being so unceremoniously stolen.

The universal interest lately manifested in the connection between smoke and fog, will shortly take practical shape in the form of an Exhibition at South Kensington of various smoke-consuming stoves and grates for domestic purposes. This Exhibition will be under the auspices of the National Health and Kyrle Societies. It is intended to enlist the co-operation of foreign manufacturers, so as to secure as complete a collection as possible. It is to be hoped that this display will result in some permanent method for superseding the wasteful and pernicious modes of burning coal which are now in vogue.

Some mysterious subsidences of earth, which take the form of huge pits several feet in depth, appeared a few weeks ago in many places on Blackheath. A scientific Society in the neighbourhood took the subject in hand, and have employed an experienced well-sinker with a view to ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. Various theories have been advanced to explain the unprecedented occurrence. Among these, the late rains; the near presence of a pumping station belonging to the Kent water-works, which daily raises some millions of gallons of water from the chalk; and the main drainage system, are the most worthy of notice. It may be mentioned that similar appearances have lately been remarked with some alarm at many places in Paris.

The preliminary survey for the proposed Trans-Sahara Railway has resulted in the discovery of a buried city. A mound of sand of peculiar appearance arrested the attention of one of the workers. It was eventually found to cover the dome of a mosque. Subsequently, several houses were unearthed, together with a watercourse.

A continental firm is endeavouring to introduce a new form of coffin. It consists of thin wood lined with a stonelike composition, of which Portland cement is one of the chief constituents. The alleged advantages claimed for it are, imperishability, and freedom from infection before burial. The first we hold to be the reverse of an advantage; and the second can be secured by well-known and more simple means. We have always

maintained that a body cannot be too quickly resolved into its elementary dust.

M. Pasteur of the Sainte Eugénie Hospital, Paris, has recently been carrying on some curious and interesting experiments bearing upon the causes of the terrible malady hydrophobia. He inoculated several rabbits with the saliva of a patient who had died of the disease, with the result that they became paralysed in a few hours, and eventually died of asphyxia. But they showed no traces of rabies. They thus appeared to be affected with some unknown form of the disease, although M. Pasteur is not inclined, without further inquiry, to assert positively that it is distinct from hydrophobia. The most noteworthy result of his experiments lies in the discovery of peculiar microscopic organisms in the blood of the inoculated animals. If it be proved that hydrophobia is accompanied by a similar appearance, there will be some ground for hoping that science may find a way to grapple with it.

A Bill lately introduced for making better provision for inquiries with regard to boiler explosions, comes opportunely at this time. We have learned by a recent accident in the streets of Maidstone that steam-engines are sometimes placed under the control of mere labourers, who are naturally quite ignorant of their structure and proper management. The Bill excludes domestic boilers from its provisions, although in times of frost—as we have lately seen—they occasionally explode with fatal results. However, this is not a question for fresh legislation, but for individual carefulness. A good suggestion comes from the Manchester Steam Users' Association, to which we gladly give publicity.—That on the recurrence of frost, a placard, printed in large clear type, be posted in the thoroughfares, explaining to the public the best means of preventing the explosion of kitchen and circulating boilers. They also publish the suggested text for such placard.

An almost unprecedented occurrence is related by the correspondent of a colonial paper writing from the Cape of Good Hope. A troop of horsemen on their way to service in Basutoland were overtaken by a thunder-storm. By one flash of lightning, seventeen horses with their riders were thrown to the earth, ten men and five horses being killed!

A machine for making artificial snow has lately been perfected in England. The question may possibly be asked, Of what use can such a contrivance be, when the supply of the natural commodity is nowadays so far above what we care about? We are apt to forget that in many countries snow is a luxury. In the bazaars of Cabul, for instance, it is sold as such; and mixed with sherbet, it forms a favourite drink. The machine in question is intended for Palermo, where frost is rarely experienced.

Sir Bartle Frere's lecture before the Society of Arts upon the Industrial Resources of South Africa, paints the dark continent in anything but a sombre hue. He tells us that coal, iron, copper, manganese, cobalt, and other sources of wealth, exist in wonderful abundance. Speaking of the Diamond Fields, he mentions the fact, that although it is but fourteen years since the first diamond was discovered in South Africa, the exports have so enormously increased since that time, that within the course of one year, more than three and

a half million pounds-worth of the precious stones have passed through the Cape Post-office. These figures take no account of the number of diamonds that have been sent out of the country by other channels. Turning to agricultural affairs, the lecturer gives valuable information regarding the extraordinary fertility of the soil; and the various breeds of horses, cattle, and sheep. He also touches upon the industry of ostrich-farming, which seems to be very profitable. Of course, these natural advantages can only be turned to account under a settled system of government. Recent events in South Africa have unfortunately not tended to turn swords into ploughshares.

With regard to a correspondence that has arisen regarding the danger of heating water for bath purposes, by gas, it may be well to mention that no gas-heaters for baths should be used in any room unless the products of combustion can be perfectly carried away at once by a flue, although small sizes may be safely used in sculleries and lavatories for heating small quantities of water quickly. These gas-heaters are especially dangerous in bath-rooms, which are, as a rule, small and close, and the danger increases with the power of the heater. Those who are interested in this subject may obtain further information by applying to Mr Thomas Fletcher, Museum St., Warrington.

A precise and uniform system of time-keeping is of the utmost importance in large towns, and this has been effected in Paris by the establishment of what are called 'horary centres.' The horary centre consists of a standard clock, controlled by electricity from the Paris Observatory; the clock, in addition, forming a kind of second electrical centre, by which it is able to send an hourly current, and control other clocks in its neighbourhood placed in circuit with it. In this way the whole city is supplied with the exact time wherever a clock, public or private, is connected with the electrical circuit.

'ANECDOTES OF SIGN-PAINTING ARTISTS.'

In our article on this subject, in *Chambers's Journal* for February 12, an account was given of the litigation which had taken place regarding the proprietorship of the sign that was painted by David Cox for *The Royal Oak Inn* at Bettws-y-Coed. Since then, the case has been before the Lords in the Supreme Court of Judicature, with the result that the judgment of Sir J. Bacon has been reversed, and the picture declared to be the property of the owner of the hotel. 'Assuming,' say the Lords, 'that the picture was originally what may be called a tenant's fixture, which he might have removed, it appeared he had never done so. Therefore, the picture not having been removed by the original tenant within his term, on a new lease being granted it became the property of the landlord, and had never ceased to be so.'

In the same article it was stated that the painting of the sign of St George and the Dragon at Wargrave-on-Thames, was ascribed to Leslie and Watts. We now learn that the side of the signboard on which St George is charging the dragon, was painted by Leslie; and that the reverse side was painted, not by Watts, but by Hodgson.

THE BLACKSMITH'S SONG.

Strike, while the Iron's hot.

TRANSLATED FROM AN OLD FRENCH SONG.

THROUGH the casement, roseate Dawn
Already steals with cheering ray :
Let's to the forge, and wake the morn
With hoist'rous voice and jocund lay !

Bellows, blow ; and furnace, smoke ;
Bend the glowing metal soon !
Hammer, fall with telling stroke !—
Sing to my anvil's merry tune,
Pong, Pong—
'Strike, while the Iron's hot !'

With lusty stroke my hammer rings :
Strike hard ! 'tis for you chubby Boy
Who to his mother fondly clings,
And trills his cooing note of joy.

Thanks to the sweat that bathes my face,
The paths of Learning he shall tread,
And Knowledge make her dwelling-place
Within my darling's fair young head !

Labour unto the heart gives ease,
And will our daily bread supply ;
It decks the charms of my Thérèse,
My Wife, my household deity !

Our hands were never formed to make
Muskets or sword-blades, bolts or chains ;
God gave us arms for labour's sake ;
Our minds, He for Love's work ordains !

Now all who day by day pursue
Some darling hope, some cherished end—
Old hearts, who have but power in view ;
Young hearts, who Love's soft call attend ;

Men, who would wield the sword or pen—
Sages and fools—peasants and kings—
If you'd succeed, take as the word
Of wisdom, what my anvil rings :
Pong, Pong, Pong !
'Strike while the Iron's hot.'

~~See~~ The concluding batch of *Ghost Stories Unveiled* will be given next month.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written ; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Postical offerings should be accompanied by an envelope, stamped and directed.

Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return ineligible papers.

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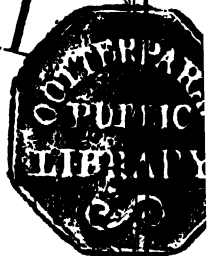
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INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING MORTALITY.

WE do not intend in this paper to analyse these statistics technically or for any professional purpose, but propose to examine them with a view to elucidate certain of their hidden meanings, and to extract some of the lessons of instruction they are fitted to convey. The labour of compiling the facts connected with what is termed the death-rate in the United Kingdom, and its causes, must have been enormous, tasking as it has done the efforts of skilled and earnest workers for a long series of years. Dr Price was among the first to apply his attention to the subject, and in what are now termed the Northampton Tables, published the results of over twenty thousand calculations made by him upon the registers of births and deaths of that city. The inquiry has been still further pursued, both in its general and special aspects, by Mr Neison, Dr Guy, and others; and latterly, the Reports of Dr Farr and the several Registrars-general have put the public in possession of an amount of information so copious as to warrant certain general conclusions on what mathematicians call the rationale of differences and the laws of mortality.

On examining these statistics, we find that the annual death-rate in the United Kingdom is, as nearly as possible, one in every forty-five of the entire population. Of the three countries, England may be said to be the most healthy, Scotland lagging a hairbreadth behind; and, as may be inferred, the larger cities, though not the largest, present the highest bills of mortality; while the rural mainland districts occupy an intermediate place between them and the insular, the extremes varying about fifty per cent. This can be readily accounted for from the fact, that in large towns the air is contaminated with injurious gases, which cannot be dispelled as fast as they are formed. Comparing this general rate of mortality with that of a century ago, the fact stands out that the average duration of life is longer now than at the former period in the ratio of eighty to forty-five.

In other words, nearly twice as many proportionately died in the decade from 1770 to 1780 as during the past ten years; or, to state the matter differently, the average British life within the period named has been well-nigh doubled. This gratifying result is no doubt due to a more correct style of living in the midst of the greater worry and competition of later days, the improved state of agriculture, the better sanitary arrangements of our cities and towns, and a wider diffusion and knowledge of the healing art. It is another cause for gratulation to learn that Britain contributes only twenty-two out of her every thousand yearly as her contingent to the Grand Army of Death, while France furnishes twenty-four, Prussia twenty-six, Austria thirty, and Russia thirty-six. This superiority we owe not so much to the salubrity of our climate, nor, perhaps, to our greater native physique, as, in all probability, to the larger exemption our sea-girt island obtains for us from the horrors of war and the tremendous levies which its operations entail.

Descending from broad national considerations to those of our complex social and industrial life, the inquiry widens and deepens in interest. If we divide society as presently constituted into three great classes—the labouring and artisan, the trading and professional, the gentry and titled—we find the value of life on the whole to be not materially different in each, but with a margin of balance in favour of the first. The sturdy husbandman who enjoys his frugal repast by the hedge which incloses his rented field, and perhaps washes it down with water from the spring that bubbles up close at hand, returns to his home at night 'all with heavy task fordone;' and by that very exertion and simplicity of fare, earns for himself a longevity which is barely reached by the lord of the manor himself, comfortably housed though he be, daintily fed, and exempted from the carking cares which so weigh down and oppress the poor. Even Hodge, the agricultural drudge, and it may be, eventual workhouse inmate, speaking generally, attains a length of days which is denied to the coroneted proprietor at whose expense he is main-

tained. Regularity, sobriety, and labour are the motive powers which carry forward the vital machine; while luxury, licentiousness, and sloth are agents which are ever tending to bring it to its final state of rest.

It is, however, when we come to individual trades and professions that the differences in the rates of sickness and mortality become painfully manifest. Pre-eminent among those in point of deadliness is the business of the Sheffield steel-grinder, there being even in the several branches of his craft degrees of variation. Grinding is divided into dry and wet, or it may be a compound of both. In dry grinding, the workman sits over the 'horsing,' as the machine in which the stone revolves is called, with his body bent forward and his head inclined over the instrument he is fashioning, and which he grasps with both his hands. During the operation, innumerable sparks fly off, which enter and inflame the eyes, while at the same time minute particles of sand and steel dust are evolved; these, being received into the mouth, are inhaled into the lungs, which they in time completely corrugate and destroy. Forks and needles are manufactured entirely by this process, and hence the grinding of these is reckoned the most deadly occupation in Sheffield. The average age of the steel-fork maker is about thirty years. In wet grinding, which is used in the manufacture of table-knives, saws, and edge-tools, the machine revolves in water, and comparatively little dust is thrown off. This part of the business is thus more innocuous, as is proved by the workers in it attaining an average age of forty years. Of late, a good deal has been done to reduce this waste of human life, by the cultivation of the beard and moustache—which serve to check the entrance of the gritty particles into the mouth—and the introduction of fans, which, acting like winnowing machines, arrest the particles of dust, and convey them up a chimney or flue. Such a contrivance cannot fail to act sensibly upon the health and comfort of the workmen; yet it is scarcely credible that even at this hour of the day there are some among them who complain of these appliances of preservation as tending to open up the trade too much! 'A sharp war and quick promotion' used to be the motto of our army and navy officers. 'High wages and a speedy death' would appear to be the trade watchword of these men, for in very truth, the wages of their occupation is death.

There are several other trades the members of which are seriously exposed to complaints that, though similar in kind, are less in degree than that of the grinder, but which yet tend powerfully to the abridgment of their lives. Brass-finishing is one of these. There is also a class of workers in the Potteries who almost live in an atmosphere of flint-dust, which proves nearly as fatal to them as the steel to the Sheffield fork-makers. Certain classes of masons, too, especially those who chisel granite, suffer from a like malady to such a degree that in some districts few of them are reported to attain their fiftieth year. And in certain flax, woollen, and cotton mills where numbers of young persons are employed along with adults, the mortality is alarming from the perpetual inhalation of the dust and fluff with which the air of the rooms is loaded. Similarly, to a greater or less extent, millers suffer from the floating particles

of their meal, snuff-makers from their snuff, and shoddy-grinders from the 'devil's dust.' In all these classes, pulmonary affections are common, and the value of life is low.

Miners are a body of men that do invaluable work for our country. Without the coal and the iron, the copper and the tin which they extract from the bowels of the earth, Great Britain would lose much of her power. The miner, indeed, may be described as the Atlas upon whose shoulders our industrial world rests—the Cyclops who forges for us underground the weapons with which we rule the globe. In number they are more than three hundred thousand—an army larger than that with which Napoleon subdued the continent of Europe. Most of their existence passes unseen; their ways are almost a mystery, their world a *terra incognita* to their fellow-men. They attract notice only when some appalling catastrophe takes place in the pit, or when some unhappy dispute breaks out between them and their employers. Considering their numbers and importance in the state, we may very pertinently ask: How do they stand in the records of health and mortality? The answer these returns give is that, next to the Sheffield grinder, they are as a class the shortest-lived of Englishmen. How could it be otherwise? Confined to a narrow gallery hundreds or thousands of feet below the surface of the ground, into which the light of the sun cannot enter—working often in a cramped, constrained, and contorted position—breathing an atmosphere of foul air, impregnated with coal-dust or other impure substances in a temperature of about eighty degrees, and then suddenly elevated to the surface, it may be when the snow lies deep, or the cold blast sweeps along the ground, they would require to be constituted differently from ordinary mortals, if their frames could sustain for an equal length of time the tear and wear to which they are thus unnaturally subjected. The complaints from which they suffer most are rheumatism, asthma, bronchitis, and pneumonia. As the grinder's lungs after death are, instead of being soft and spongy, found to be tough and scratchy, so the miner's appear black, and look as if they had been dipped in ink. For their melioration, however, science is now in various directions extending her borders; public watchfulness is following in its rear; proprietors of mines are beginning to perceive that it is their interest to assist; and the miner himself will, it is to be hoped, gradually be brought to feel and act in accordance with the enlightenment and spirit of the time.

Our soldiers and sailors are another numerous and important class on which we pride ourselves. Among them, too, the death-rate is exceptionally high. In the case of soldiers, notwithstanding that they are picked men, just entered on manhood, and subjected to medical examination before they are drafted into the ranks, they may be said to live little more than half their days. Nor is war alone responsible for this. At home even, the number of deaths in the army is nearly double that of the civilian class. The diseases to which they most readily succumb are those of the lungs and dysentery. For the proximate cause of these we must look to their gregarious mode of life in barracks, their martinet and routine discipline, and the sameness of their food, continued for long periods. The sailor fares a good deal better in

these returns. While his mortality rate is above the average, his days of sickness are comparatively few. But his calling and his life on board ship subject him to perilous risks and accidents, many of which we cannot but believe are preventable by due precaution and watchfulness, either on his own part or that of his employers. It appears that in the navy, two-thirds of the deaths are the result of disease; while in the merchant service, two-thirds are the result of causes other than disease. In the case of Her Majesty's ships, the dangers of the sea are four times, in our mercantile marine they are fifteen times as great as those on the land. For this unsatisfactory state of things, a remedy is here also being gradually provided, since Jack has been brought conspicuously under the eye of Plimsoll and Publicity.

But it is not in these useful and indispensable occupations alone that we meet with an excessive death-rate. The water-gilder—an artisan employed in gilding metals, principally silver, by the action of fire—is compelled to inhale the fumes of mercury, and becomes subject to a mercurial tremor, or, in the language of the workmen, 'he takes a fit of the trembles;' upon which, if not speedily arrested, delirium and unconsciousness supervene. The silverer of looking-glasses is exposed to the same risk, though, happily, in his case this has been lessened, if not altogether obviated by the application of voltaic electricity to the process. There is a disease called the brass ague, which coppersmiths, plumbers, and workers in brass are liable to, from the presence of volatilised oxide of lead in the casting of the metal, and which very often terminates in general paralysis. Then the maker of matches pays the penalty of his craft by inhaling the phosphoric acid which enters into their formation, and which attacks the bones of the face, especially the lower jaw, often destroying them altogether. Painters, flock-paper and artificial flower makers are daily exposed to dreadful risks from the poisonous ingredients that enter so largely into the materials of their respective arts. Lead paralysis is a frequent complaint among them, and the poison which induces this sometimes also enters the brain, in which case mania ensues. Among other substances injurious to health and hastening death, the manipulation of which is a necessity in certain trades and manufactures, we may mention the naphtha and turpentine by those employed in the polishing-shops, the sulphuric and prussic acid by the dyers, the putrescent materials handled in the glue, the fetid acid vapours in the starch, and the coke in the tin-plate and gas works. Indeed, there is hardly an article of elegance or *vertu* in the manufacture of which some deadly or disabling substance does not enter.

The cases just referred to may be regarded as abnormal; they arise out of certain peculiar states or conditions, and are confined to certain skilled occupations or crafts. But there are other classes of workers whose sufferings exhibit none of these dramatic symptoms, but who at the same time furnish the largest quota to these melancholy lists. The complaint under which they succumb goes under the name of 'consumption.' At the head of this company march the bakers, the tailors, and the milliners of our large cities. Compositors are another class whose lives are cut short from working too long hours in heated, ill-ventilated

rooms, and from having to maintain the same constrained attitude throughout. Jobbing printers are found as a rule to be much healthier than newspaper compositors; and pressmen—those who take the impression off the types set up—also appear to better advantage, no doubt from the greater and more varied muscular exercise which their particular duties require. The liability to consumption of the latter class is only one half that of the former, and of other diseases it is one-third less.

We cannot enumerate all the trades and professions, but may conclude by adverting to some curious facts bearing upon a few of them. In the country, farming would appear to be the most healthy of occupations, while that of the inn or tavern keeper is the most fatal; the average of the farmer being under twenty per thousand per annum, Boniface, 'mine host,' drops off every year at the rate of thirty per thousand of his kind. The butcher ranks next to him in fatality, his florid look and apparently good condition notwithstanding; and in the case of both, excess in eating and drinking, coupled with the use of too much animal and too little vegetable food, is doubtless provocative of the result. The brewer's drayman is another illustration of appearances belying reality. To outward seeming, he is a veritable Samson in health and strength; organically, he is weak as a child. His first illness often cuts him off; his average age being only forty-three years. Waiters and potboys come under the same general rule, the days meted out to them being even somewhat fewer in number. The student who wastes too much of the midnight oil is proverbially said to be sapping the foundations of his constitution; but the exaggerated cultivation of athletics, it appears, is productive of a like result. Among professional cricketers, wrestlers, Thames boatmen, and such-like, the average duration of life is found to be notoriously low.

Another curious law seems to hold good—that persons of extreme old age are seldom to be found in the ranks of those trades which exhibit the most moderate death-rates. Thus, although the average age of the pressman at death is, as we have seen, greater than that of the compositor, yet it is found that in the roll-call of the latter there are more patriarchs than is to be met with in that of the former.

Mr Neison has compiled some interesting tables regarding the 'expectation of life' at the several decades from twenty to seventy, of persons engaged in indoor and outdoor occupations with little exercise and with great exercise respectively. In the former class—the indoor workers—the difference is inappreciable whether the labour be hard or not; but in the other there is a gain of six years on the side of such as toil much and exercise themselves greatly. For instance, gardeners, agricultural labourers, and all those who are compelled to put forth a due measure of strength in the open air and under all weathers, have an expectation of six years longer life than men like policemen, watchmen, and others whose duties are more of a routine character and demand less active physical exertion. Again, a comparison of the tables leads us to the conclusion that the outdoor worker with little exercise is a worse life than the sedentary indoor worker whether with little or with great

exercise; for example, the coachman's life is worse than the shopman's, and the clerk's is preferable to the tidewater's. And what is still more curious, among the healthiest of our working population are to be reckoned the scavengers, dustmen, and cleaners of sewers in London!—a gentleman of great medical knowledge and experience, acknowledging, that a score or so of master-scavengers who were brought together before him on more than one occasion were 'the healthiest set of men he had ever seen.'

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN THE DITCH.

It was a bright spring day, a day in that late spring which borders upon summer, and when our island climate, in spite of nipping raids on the part of reluctant Winter, is at its best, when the lusty carol of the lark is heard aloft, and the tender sprouts of the young corn crop forth from amidst the brown clods of the wheat-fields. Even in dusty London, even in the dingy old Sanctuary where Bertram dwelt, the influence of the fresh bright season, with its eternal wellspring of youth, made itself felt. The birds in Mr Browse's cages answered to its call, donning their smartest plumage, pruning their feathers, perking up their little heads, and straining their little throats in gushes of silvery song, as if they, too, had been free wild birds of the woodlands, with mates to choose, and nests to build, in the pleasant spring-tide of the year. The old vine answered to the call by putting forth some budding leaves very coyly, and as it were despondingly, after years of ill-treatment; but no doubt with a silent protest in its stubborn old heart that, had it but met with fair-play earlier in life, it would have produced stout ropes of sap-conveying greenery, and spreading foliage, and soft semi-transparent tendrils, and, crowning glory of all, bunches of purple grapes as good as ever, in Tudor days, English vineyard grew.

Bertram felt an almost irresistible impulse to be up and doing. He resolved upon what was, for him, the rare luxury of a country walk, one of those long swinging walks over the heaths of Surrey or the heights of North Middlesex which are among the most innocent pleasures accessible to a Londoner. He shirked no duty by so indulging himself. He had no work to do just then, for his last bundle of copied manuscript and draughted sketches had been taken back to Groby, Sleather, and Studge two evenings since, and for the present he was perforce idle. So he thrust a volume of some favourite book into his coat-pocket, to be read anon, in some snug resting-place at the foot of a convenient tree; crossed Westminster Bridge; and traversing the unsavoury precincts of transpontine London at a brisk pace, began to climb the steep incline that led past gravel-pit and brick-yard, and the tall walls of manufactory, school, and lunatic asylum, towards the breezy table-land where uncontaminated Nature was yet within the pedestrian's reach.

On Bertram went, past the last suburban tea-gardens and the last clusters of petty shops where ginger-beer, 'panny cigars, and lollipops invited

custom; and at last he was out among real fields, small, and jealously hedged in, and with padlocked gates, as is the custom so close to London; and among patches of genuine common land, where gorse yet grew, yellow-blossomed, where ragged-coated donkeys cropped the scanty grass among the rubbish-heaps, and urchins brawled or sported around pools of sooty coloured water, but which yet possessed their clumps of black fir-trees, and tussocks of primeval turf, and where, sometimes, the diligent seeker might light upon delicate ferns and harebells, sheltering behind the hardy furze-clumps.

On Bertram went—he was a good walker, light of tread and long of stride—and soon found himself miles away, where white or red farm-houses dappled the prospect, and village spires and thatched roofs arose, and London might have been as far away as the Babylon to which it has often been likened, so rural was the prospect.

What was that? A man surely! yonder awkward-lying, dark object in the ditch of the byroad—a dusky, ugly blot upon the glory and beauty of the spring day. A man, dead or tipsy? He might have been one or the other, he lay so still. Bertram halted irresolute, and watched him; but he might as well have watched a statue. The passive form remained motionless. The clothes of this wayside object were new and good, and of very fine cloth—superfine, as tailors in their bills describe it—but they were torn and muddy. A battered hat, glossy yet, but crushed and beaten out of shape, lay in a little pool of weedy water hard by. Bertram, scrambling down the bank, and bending over the fallen man, saw that there was a cut on his right temple, from which the blood had flowed freely; and then he made up his mind that mischief had been done. But when he touched the man, the man started from his stupor, and with a sort of feeble violence, tried to repulse him.

'Come back to finish the job, have you?' said, or snarled the sufferer, trying to rise; and then, with a half-uttered imprecation, he sank back, and lay passive, like some hunted creature crouching to receive its death-blow.

With some trouble, Bertram managed to make the fallen man understand that he was in friendly company, and had nothing to fear; and with some toil he succeeded in extricating the weight of his new acquaintance from the ditch, in which, among brambles and rank grass, he lay. Once seated on the hither bank of the ditch, the object of Bertram's care seemed gradually to regain the use of his bewildered faculties. Slowly, but with a practised hand, he felt his limbs over, as though to satisfy himself that no bones were broken; and then, after stretching himself, put his hand to his head, groaning the while.

'You are badly hurt, I fear?' asked Bertram kindly.

'No, no; confound them, no!' responded this strange patient, as though he resented the admission. 'They won't swing for me this bout!'

An odd-looking man he was, in his new clothes all muddy and torn, with his bruised face and cut forehead, half ruefully, half defiantly shaking back his long black hair, which hung over his swarthy face in wild disorder, like the ruffled plumage of a dilapidated raven. He had been hurt, no doubt, and must have been in consider-

able pain, for he winced and bit his lip as he stretched himself; but, after the first involuntary moan, he uttered no complaint.

'I shall do well enough, young gentleman, never fear,' he said presently, with a short nod; but he was ghastly pale, and when he tried to stagger to his feet, his strength failed him.

'You must lean on me, or I could fetch help'—Bertram began; when the stranger interrupted him.

'Never you mind!' he said. 'It's only just at first the giddiness comes on. I'll be all right, sir, in a minute. The worst of it is,' he added dolefully, as he explored first one pocket and then another, 'I haven't a copper left to buy a drop of gin—or, better, brandy—even if I could make shift to crawl to the next public.'

Bertram willingly undertook to fetch the desired cordial from a road-side public-house that he had passed but a few minutes before; and when he returned with it, the hurt man snatched the glass, rather than took it, from his hand, and gulped down the contents with a wolfish eagerness. The brandy renewed his strength, however, for the time, for his dull dark eye brightened, and the pallor of his sallow countenance was less marked. Bertram looked at him with some curiosity. He was one of those whom it is difficult to classify. He had a handsome, reckless face, in spite of years and dissipated habits, and had scarcely a gray streak to mar the gipsy blackness of his loose hair and the heavy moustache, heedfully waxed and trimmed, that shaded his mouth. Yet the tell-tale lines about the mouth itself, and the deep crow's-feet about the shifty black eyes, told of advancing years. He laughed feebly, as he caught Bertram's eye.

'You think I am a queer customer, young sir,' he said grimly. 'Well, you're about right there. I wonder what my former governor, old Denham, would have said to one of his sprucest bank clerks for being such a scarecrow as I am to-day!'

Bertram could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise. He did repress it, though, and waited quietly to hear more.

'I've tried more trades than one,' continued the stranger, half dreamily, 'since I turned my back on the old Bank at Dulchester. Seen the world, I have. Sought my fortune, as they call it, in more quarters of the world than one, I can tell you too. But I'll find it yet,' he muttered, with a suppressed oath between his set teeth, 'or somebody I know shall dance for it.'

Then there was a pause. The stranger it was who broke the silence by saying, more good-humouredly: 'You are a goodish sort, young man. You have acted well by me; and it's but fair to tell you, after your good-nature, how you came to pick yours truly out of the ditch. I've been lying there all night. People passing, thought me drunk, I suppose. It was nearer murder than that.'

'That,' answered Bertram, 'I can well believe. You have been sadly ill-used. But who were your assailants? Thieves, I conclude.'

'Yes, thieves—thieves I fell among, youngster,' returned the man, now perceptibly stronger, and whose native tendency to boastfulness, therefore, became more marked. 'But, mark me, sir; the hounds were thieves of my own choosing, and the whole business my fault. Come; you see I am

a scamp; just as I see—now my eyes are clearer—that, by your shabby coat you are not a gentleman, and, by your face and your way of speaking, that you ought to be. There are scamps of all sorts, I am just now a welsher.'

'A welsher; indeed!' replied Bertram, as coolly as he could, for he wished to hear more.

'Ay, one who runs to escape paying his race-course debts. Welshing is a profession that brings more kicks than halfpence; *hinc ille lachryma*, as we said at school, though I didn't whimper—but took my punishment like a man. Nat Lee never was of the crying sort. Well, I was on my way back from the course, where I'd done pretty well.'

'The course?' said Bertram, fairly puzzled.

'Naturally,' rejoined the man, with a stare.—'Why, you're not such an out-and-out greenhorn as not to know that yesterday was the Derby Day—Derby—Epsom Downs—races, betting, robbery, revelry, London run mad. What a mull you must be!'

'Well, I daresay I am a mull,' replied Bertram, with perfect good-humour. 'But all the world, you see, does not share the pursuits and interests which you seem to think predominant. I, for one, never saw a race, and never had time to give much thought to the subject. I am afraid, however, that you are the worse for this one; and if you will lean on me for a time, I will gladly help you to walk towards London, if your way lies thither.'

• 'You're a brick, young man!' said the fellow, reeling to his feet, but clutching, after an effort to walk unassisted, at Bertram's proffered arm; 'and the less you know of races and betting-men and such as me, the better for you. I'm a bad lot—a bad black lot!' he added bitterly.

Being thus unexpectedly brought in contact with an unfortunate fellow-creature, Bertram was willing to lose the rest of his country-walk to lead the queer foundling back to London. And then the man had mentioned the names of Denham, and Dulchester, and the old Bank. Could it be possible that he would say more? Could it be possible that he knew something which, if revealed, would be for the benefit of Rose and Louisa Denham? Bertram's fancy was already busy on the topic.

But the man, as he trudged Londonwards, said no more of Dulchester. Of his recent misadventure he said very little.

'A lot of them,' he related, 'some no better than myself, set upon me in the lane;' having doubtless dogged his steps, after he had slipped away from the racecourse, to return to London, on foot, and by unfrequented paths, rather than face the fury of the mob, always merciless to a welsher. He had been beaten down, stunned, trampled upon, and left for dead. That the miscreants had eased him of his ill-gotten gains, as well as of his watch, studs, and gold pencil-case, seemed to him a mere matter of course; but he chuckled with a quaint sense of triumph as he related how he had been prudent enough to hand a portion of his spoils to what he called 'a partner,' before quitting the Downs, and had thus, in his own language, 'cheated the rogues' after all.

It was not particularly pleasant to Bertram to wend his way back to town side by side with such

a companion, whose hatless condition and torn garments attracted jeering notice. But it would have been inhuman to leave the poor wretch in his present state; and so, on they went. Twice he stopped, gasping, and begged for brandy; and twice the dram which Bertram, in the outskirts of the suburbs, now easily procured for him, braced his exhausted nerves and unloosed his tongue. But though he talked much, of Dulchester and the Denham family he made no further mention. His own life had been a roving one, he said, with a kind of boastful sadness. 'Jack-of-all-trades was my nickname at school and at home;' such were his own words. 'One of those clever, quick boys that pick up knowledge without effort, and then get distanced by the plodders they sneered at, after all. Been everywhere, tried everything, had my chances and flung them away, and shall die in a workhouse, or a ditch, mayhap, and serve me right! Well, we're nearing the town now, and the first old crawler of a four-wheeled cab we meet, plying for hire, will do for me.—You needn't be afraid that I should ask you to pay for it, as you did for the liquor,' he added rapidly. 'No, no. I have pals in London, and a crib where I can lie by, sore and stiff as I am, till these bruises, and the scar the stick made, don't shock the eye. Then, like a snake, I shall come out in a new skin. Plenty of brand-new clothes where these came from!' And as he spoke, he looked down, not ruefully, but with a grim sense of amusement, at his muddy and blood-stained attire. 'What's your name?' he asked abruptly, turning his haggard eyes on Bertram's face.

'Bertram Oakley,' answered the young man unhesitatingly.

'And where, in London, do you hail from?' inquired the stranger. This time Bertram was evidently unwilling to reply. He scarcely relished the prospect of visits, in his attic at Mr Browse's, from so very dubious an acquaintance as this. 'You're not far wrong,' rejoined the fellow, with a short laugh. 'I'm not nice, not creditable, and I know it. But, on my soul, I didn't mean to sponge on you, nor to do you harm, Mr Oakley. Harm! You're the best youngster and the brightest I've seen this many a day; and if ever I've a chance to return kindness for kindness—Holloa, cabby!'

The driver of an empty cab stopped in answer to his hail, and with some demur, accepted this queer fare. The man scrambled in.

'Rundle's Hotel, Limbo Street, Piccadilly,' he shouted huskily.—'Good-by, Mr Oakley; and remember, if ever I've a chance'—

The cab rattled off, leaving Bertram to pursue his way alone.

J A P A N.

WITHIN the memory of people only just arriving at middle age, Japan was regarded with only the most lukewarm interest. Students of geography knew that four large islands, and numerous smaller ones, straggling over the North Pacific Ocean—nearing the Tropic of Cancer at their southern extremity, and almost reaching Kamtschatka in the north—were designated the Empire of Japan; but they also knew that so rigidly was the system of isolation maintained, that it was utterly in vain to attempt any investi-

gation of the country, or to hope for acquaintance with its people. It is true that a single Dutch factory existed on the island of Hirado, and that the beautiful lacquer-work which derived its name from Japan proved that this strange self-sustained people excelled at least in one art.

It should always be borne in mind that the attempt of St Francis Xavier of Portugal, in the middle of the sixteenth century, to introduce Christianity among the Japanese led to the massacre of many thousand converts—fifty thousand, it is said; and such a circumstance must for a long time have mitigated any desire of Europeans to introduce a faith or a civilisation for which these children of the 'Morning Land' were wholly unprepared. On the other hand, that horrible massacre showed the intense clinging of the Japanese to their own forms of religion, and their evident hatred and dread of innovation. Therefore, looking from their point of view, we can comprehend their reasons for declining all intercourse with foreigners, especially as there is good reason to believe that the Portuguese were actuated by very mixed motives. While desiring to propagate the Roman Catholic religion, they probably had the ulterior design of acquiring dominion over Japan.

But it was destined that in process of time Japan was to participate in the changes which steam-navigation was working all over the world. While ships of all civilised nations were making a highway of the ocean, and brushing, as it were, the shores of a territory exceeding in bulk that of Great Britain and Ireland, it was impossible that such territory could persevere in her policy of proud isolation. We must indeed regret the high-handed manner in which intercourse with America and England was forced upon her at the 'cannon's mouth'; but the results of such intercourse are already so surprising and salutary, that the Japanese seem to have forgiven if they have not forgotten past injuries. Still, as Sir Edward Reed, in his interesting work on *Japan: its History, Traditions, and Religions* (London: Murray), truly says: 'Bullying and blustering will certainly not influence the Japanese, as they formerly did. They know as well as we do that the days of forcing on trade by gunboats are quickly dying out, and that public opinion is now king in most countries.' Every one must hope that some grievances of which the Japanese complain will soon be understood by other nations, and removed, and such treaties established as may satisfy all parties. Then indeed, not only the Japanese themselves, but the whole civilised world, will benefit by the arts and industry of a singularly ingenious and quick-witted people. It must always be remembered that when, in 1854, the country was opened to foreigners, they discovered a people under a settled government, and with a peculiar civilisation of their own. If revolutionary forces were at work, all the more did the condition of the Japanese resemble that of some European nations.

The Japanese profess to trace their history and their long line of Mikados, or Emperors, from the year six hundred and sixty before the Christian era; and, like many another ancient people, they claim for certain of their heroes and rulers a descent from the 'gods.' In fact, till within the last few years, when western ideas began to pre-

vail, the Mikado was deemed semi-divine, and looked on with such reverence, that he was a sort of prisoner in his palace. When he walked in its gardens, 'mats were laid before him as he stepped, to keep his foot from touching earth; and when he left them, as he rarely did, he was conveyed in a large carriage closed in by screens; and as he passed along, the people stopped and worshipped. Any eye that saw his sacred form would, the people believed, be blinded by the sight.' But when the present Emperor, Mutsu-Hito, succeeded to the throne, much of the old order of things passed away. This event happened in 1867; and since that period, under a sovereign who is, as Sir Edward Reed says, 'at once the representative of the most ancient of the existing dynasties of the world, and one of the most enlightened and prudent men in Japan,' the most astonishing progress has been made. In him, too, the best hopes are centred of peace and prosperity for the future.

There is as great obscurity about the origin of the Japanese people as about the Chinese, whom they in many respects resemble. Some observers think there is much mixture of race among them, and that the nobility are essentially different from the common people. Indeed, in one of the northern islands, there exists a race called the Ainos, almost savages, and with their bodies nearly covered with hair. But even these poor creatures are reported by travellers to be harmless and hospitable, though utterly ignorant and filthy in their habits. Taking the Japanese, however, as a nation, there can be no doubt about their general intelligence, and their capacity for receiving new ideas and profiting by them.

As soon as the Japanese travelled, and their government sent embassies to European countries, it became apparent that if they were to hold their own securely, it was expedient, in the present state of the world, to be able to defend themselves. Accordingly, they secured the services of Sir Edward Reed—formerly Chief Constructor for the Navy—to design certain ironclads for them. During the progress of the ship-building and after the completion of the vessels, there was naturally much intercourse between Japanese officials and the writer of these volumes, who, availing himself of a pressing invitation from 'His Excellency Admiral Kawamura, Minister of Marine, and some of his colleagues,' visited Japan early in 1879. He was accompanied by his son, Mr E. Tennyson Reed, who contributes many pages of graphic description, and hardly needs his father's apology for the pen of a youth of nineteen.

It is not difficult to understand that the visitors were fêted in no ordinary degree, a residence having been prepared for them that was fitted up in a sumptuous but thoroughly English style; and as English is chosen for the official language, and is being taught and read among the educated classes, intercourse was often free and pleasant without the aid of an interpreter. The approach to Yokohama is thus described: 'With interest ever deepening, we saw the picturesque shores of Japan gradually displayed as we approached, broken as they are, and as artists must exult to see them, into hills and headlands, valleys and sand beaches, rocks and caves, in indescribable variety. On many an island and promontory, stand lighthouses, those beacons of

civilisation, of which any nation may well be proud. The days being short at this season of the year (January), night came on, and the lighthouses blazed forth long before we reached the roadstead of Yokohama, where steam-launches were waiting to take us to the shore if we had chosen to land. But the hour was late, and we had previously determined to remain on board for the night.'

After describing the landing next morning, with ships of many nations in the harbour, 'the flag of Japan floating proudly from many a war-vessel, one of which—the ironclad frigate *Poo-so*—I had myself had the privilege to design and have built for His Majesty the Emperor,' the author proceeds: 'Our first entertainment in Japan was at a small but elegant little summer residence situated upon a hill overlooking the bay, which formerly belonged to Mr Enoué, but has of late years been employed as a temporary residence for the Mikado on the occasions of his visiting the fleet or making a sea-passage to or from his capital. Although built and provided in European style, the little palace bore throughout its fittings, furniture, and decorations the unmistakable impress of the Japanese artist and handicraftsman. The walls were hung with Japanese pictures both ancient and modern; the curtains were of rich Japanese silk; the carpets and rugs of native manufacture; the furniture of woods and designs special to the country; while beautiful specimens of inlaid lacquer-work, *Satsuma* and *Kiyomidzu* *Jaience*, and screens of *Kioto* embroidered silk, adorned the several apartments. A luncheon of European type emphasised the welcome which had been given us, and assured us of the cordial hospitality with which we were to be treated.'

We must not omit Mr Tennyson Reed's description of the peculiar vehicles of the towns: 'Among the first things we see on entering a Japanese town is a line of *jiriki-sha* men, with their hand-carriages waiting for a job. The shafts of the two-wheeled carriages are resting on the ground, and their proprietors are standing by or sitting on the sloping seat. Their dress consists in most cases (in this winter-time) of a pale-blue shirt with hanging sleeves tucked in at the waist, and tight-fitting breeches of the same colour, reaching just below the knee. Legs and feet are bare, with the exception of straw sandals, fastened on by means of straw cords, one passing round the ankle and another between the toes. They are most of them holding their rough scarlet rugs round their necks and shoulders; but as soon as they get a job, the rug will be transferred to the knees of the fare.'

One of the three lines of railway already constructed is that from Yokohama to Tokio, the eastern capital—formerly called Yeddo—and by means of the iron-horse, Sir Edward and his companions reached the latter place about five o'clock the same afternoon. Here the visitors were received with many demonstrations of welcome, and an early day was appointed for a dinner-party in honour of them at the house of Admiral Kawamura. After naming some of the Imperial and distinguished guests who were present, the writer says: 'The dinner was served in European fashion, but with several pretty accompaniments unknown at home, among which may be mentioned the

serving of a pie, out of which, when presented to me, there flew a number of small birds with written sentiments of welcome attached to their legs. All the gentlemen on the occasion wore European dress; but most of the ladies were in the picturesque native costume, some of them having the teeth blackened, and the eyebrows shaved off, with artificial indications of others in colour higher up, after the ancient style of the country. The two Princesses were not so adorned, or dis-adorned, as the case may be, but were dressed in robes of scarlet (the Imperial colour), and had their hair wrought, so to speak, halo-fashion, as shown in the portraits of the Empress. This mode of dressing the hair is materially different from that common among Japanese ladies, and appears to be special to members of the Mikado's family. I am afraid that neither my son nor myself was at all worthy of our privileges on this occasion, as neither of us could address a word in their own language to either of the Imperial and noble ladies between whom we respectively had the honour to sit. The course of the dinner, however—served in a manner wholly unknown apparently to the ladies of the court—furnished opportunities, we may hope, for those little attentions which are often quite as pleasant, and far more useful than any words.

We confess we should like to know how the lives of the little birds were preserved in the pie. The story of course recalls the nursery tale of the 'four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,' who, 'when the pie was opened, all began to sing,' about whose well-being in the baker's oven we always had a juvenile curiosity. But seriously speaking, it is interesting to note the connection between the present reality and the old rhymes—it sets us thinking of possible undiscovered links between nations. Again, that wearing the hair 'halo-fashion' by the Imperial Princesses is strangely suggestive of something which mediæval artists associated with saintly attributes.

But as Sir Edward's two volumes extend to nearly seven hundred pages, it is obvious that we can do little more than draw attention to them. They certainly make us acquainted with a beautiful country and an interesting people, who appear to be naturally hospitable and polite.

Now that the Japanese are acquiring the English language, and looking up to the English and Americans as their teachers, a great responsibility rests on those who provide literature for them and suggest new ideas to them. Their principal religion is Buddhism, although the old religion, Shintoism, has been officially revived. The followers of this latter creed adore many senseless objects, and deify and worship their heroic ancestors. Until the last few years, when Europeans introduced sheep and cattle for slaughter, the Japanese were not flesh-eaters. Fish is abundant round their coasts, and an important article of diet with them. They are also rice-eaters and great consumers of tea. But the schoolmaster is abroad and busy with them, and it is possible that even while introducing a purer faith than their own, some vices and evils of our civilisation may be communicated. The following are a few of the Japanese proverbs, which shew how shrewd a people they are: 'Too much courtesy is discourtesy. Pinch yourself and know how others feel. The frog in the well knows nothing of the high seas. In evil times

the hero appears. Too much done is nothing done. The absent get farther off every day. Like seeking for fish on a tree. Making an idol does not give it a soul. If in haste, go round. Like learning to swim in a field. The gods sit on the brow of the just. Many captains, and the ship goes on the rocks. To give a sail to ability—that is, to assist talent. Don't wipe your shoes in a melon-patch. Don't handle your cap when passing under a pear-tree.'

It should be added that literature is much esteemed in Japan, and that many of the Mikados have been poets. We can imagine that the seclusion of their lives afforded great opportunities for the cultivation of any poetical faculties with which they might have been endowed.

We are indebted to another contributor for the following interesting notes, with which we will conclude our article.

It is usual with the Japanese government to send out some of their youth to reside for a time in different foreign countries, in order that they may learn all they can of the social conditions under which the inhabitants live, and in which they differ from themselves. A youth who came to England under these circumstances, and was quartered with the family of a schoolmaster in one of the suburbs of London, was taken by his Mentor to various entertainments and social gatherings, so that he might become acquainted with the usages of English society. On several of these occasions, the curiosity of some of the company elicited answers which they little expected. Being at a croquet-party, under the protection of a young lady who undertook to initiate him into the mysteries of the game, he was cross-questioned by a smart lawyer, who, having quickly become a 'rover,' had time to talk and amuse the ladies; accordingly, the following colloquy took place.

Lawyer. Well, Mr Jeppo, croquet is a fine game—is it not?

Jep. (in a deep quiet voice) Rather uninteresting.

Lawyer. Have you any game like croquet in your country?

Jep. Not exactly like it.

Lawyer. How do you play the game in Japan that is like croquet?

Jep. We play it on wild horses.

This reply sufficiently explained his considering the English game 'rather uninteresting,' and the subject was dropped. But the lawyer, feeling, perhaps, that he had somehow come in second-best, renewed at supper-time the attack on a subject in which English superiority is generally supposed to be undoubted.

Lawyer. Mr Jeppo, we have just formed an expedition to remain at sea three whole years. Do you do anything of this kind in your part of the world?

Jep. Two hundred years before Christ, when English lived in hollow trees, Japanese sent naval expedition to Rome, which remained out ten years.

Having quietly made this comprehensive reply, no muscle of his countenance betraying exultation or consciousness of victory, he went on with his supper, leaving the lawyer to digest the lesson in naval matters which had so unexpectedly and

completely foiled him in his renewed attempt to get some fun out of the young foreigner.

On another occasion he was at a concert, in which a part was taken by his tutor, who, when the performance was over, asked his young friend what he had liked best. 'Your flute,' was the ready reply. 'And what,' continued the tutor, 'do you think of the ladies' dresses? Do you see anything like them in your country?' 'Japanese ladies not so much exposed—not civilised,' was the quiet reply.

Sitting next to him one day at dinner was a lady whose family has its proper place in the peerage, and who felt it incumbent on her to patronise the foreigner and show her knowledge of the world. She asked him: 'What part of China is Japan in?' 'I have never been to China,' was the politic reply.—It should be stated that the Japanese detest the Chinese.

Our Japanese friend had at length to return to his native land; and in taking an affectionate farewell, and in reply to sincere expressions of regret at his departure from the friends to whom he had endeared himself during his residence here, he promised to write. Four years, however, had elapsed, and no letter having arrived, it was thought that some disaster must have befallen him, when one day, to the surprise of all, he walked in much as he had been accustomed to do.

'Why, Jeppo,' said the lady of the house, 'how is it you have never written to us?'

'Could not very well write,' was the laconic reply.

'Oh! but you have been four years away. You must have had time.'

'Could not very well write. Was in prison two years, and was on board ship fighting the other two.'

Then inquiries were made as to his welfare in prison and on board ship.

'Were you not afraid? Did you not feel inclined to run away, when the shots were flying about you?'

'Did not want to run away—officer with drawn sword behind me.'

The fighting in which our friend took part was a war between the Mikado and the Tycoon parties, and it probably originated in the fact of the Tycoon being over-active, and encroaching on the rights of the Mikado. He could scarcely be said to have usurped his duties, for the sole occupation of the Mikado at that time was to invent a name for the coming year!

The result of the war, so far as the respective parties were concerned, may be gleaned from the following fragment of a conversation between a Japanese, and a young Englishman who knew enough of their customs to be able to converse.

Eng. Which party do you belong to—Mikado or Tycoon?

Jap. All prudent persons belong to the Mikado party now.

The Japanese ambassadors having to come to England, our friend Jeppo was deputed to accompany them. On their arrival in London, several cabs were required to carry them and their baggage to their destination. The cabbies fully expected a grand haul from the foreigners, and with one consent, put a price on their services far in excess of their legal claim; but the metho-

dical habits of Jeppo, and his previous knowledge of London, frustrated their plans, and dissipated their hopes; each man received his exact fare, which had been calculated and apportioned during the drive.

A curious custom prevails in Japan, which would probably not be favourably accepted by English prisoners. When it is desired to treat a condemned person leniently, permission is granted to him to commit suicide. This is almost invariably complied with; the reason being, that if put to death by government, the property of the Japanese prisoner is confiscated; but otherwise, his family retain it.

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

CHAPTER I.

'MR RAWLEY, will you please step into the private room?' was the message delivered by one of the junior clerks to the head book-keeper in the eminent firm of Hobybell, Weekes, and Croulle.

The official so addressed, lifted his head from the accounts over which he was intently poring, with a vexed air, at being thus interrupted; and pushing up his spectacles, looked under them abstractedly at the junior, as though he only half comprehended his words. The youth repeated his message; and, with a sigh, the senior prepared to obey the summons.

'I say, Mr Rawley,' resumed the young clerk, detaining the book-keeper for an instant, 'there is another screw loose this morning! What's up?'

'You had better ask your masters—or mind your own business,' returned the old book-keeper sharply.

The younger smiled, as if he had anticipated some such answer; while the old gentleman muttered: 'This comes of having nephews and such-like in your offices. Not another boy in the place would have had the impertinence to say so much.'

Tapping at the door of the partners' private room—an august sanctuary, seldom entered by the ordinary clerks, who always wished themselves anywhere else when summoned there—the book-keeper entered, and found himself in presence of the firm. For the House actually consisted of the three individuals whose names it bore, which is not an invariable rule in business; and the troubled expression on each partner's face bore out the young clerk's idea that 'there was a screw loose;' and the book-keeper appeared to share in this feeling.

'Well, Mr Rawley,' said Mr Croulle, 'I presume you have not finished your task yet?'

'No, sir; it will take me some little time still. The accounts are very'—

'Well, that will do,' interrupted Mr Croulle. 'We know the scoundrel has robbed us, and whether of a few pounds more or less, does not much matter. We find he has taken what he thinks is of more consequence than money, and will pay him better. But he is mistaken. Get out one or two clear cases for the police; that is all we want.'

'I have them all ready,' replied the clerk. He hesitated a moment; then added: 'I never was so surprised in my life, sir. Mr Mavors was such a quiet, steady-going person, that he was the last man in the world I should have suspected!'

'Oh, of course! That is the way with every one we pay to look after our interests; they can't see an inch beyond their noses.—You can go, Mr Rawley.' Thus spake the junior partner Mr Croulle; and the old clerk at once disappeared.

'Now, then,' continued Mr Croulle, evidently the most active, and the harshest of the three partners, 'now, then, we shall have this Mavors, if he's above ground and money can do it.'

'He cannot have taken much money,' said Mr Hoybell; 'not actual cash, at anyrate.'

'And the documents he has taken are of no value to him now,' added Mr Weekes.

'No thanks to him for that,' said Mr Croulle, as snappishly as though his partners had been championing the defaulting clerk. 'I'll have him, cost what it may. I'm off to Scotland Yard; unlimited powers to detectives; money a secondary consideration, provided the scoundrel be taken.' He rose as he spoke, and clapped on his hat with the same brusque, resolute air which characterised his every movement.

'But that will be terribly expensive,' rejoined Mr Weekes. 'Would it not be better to leave it to the ordinary channels, as the man can do us no harm? Suppose we give information at the Mansion House, and let them do what is necessary?'

'If the firm won't pay the expenses, I will,' said Mr Croulle. 'If the firm wishes to compound a felony, I don't. You can do what you please in the matter, gentlemen; so shall I.' With this, the partner strode out of the private room, closing the door after him with a bang, and he was gone.

It appeared that one of the clerks, a certain George Mavors—who had been many years in the service of the firm, and although not occupying any influential position, or remarkable for ability, was always considered trustworthy—had suddenly disappeared; and, as is usual in such cases, an examination of his books showed him to be a defaulter. This was to no great extent, the amount pointing to petty pilfering, with the hope some day of making up the money, rather than to wholesale theft. The result appeared to be in keeping with the character of the man, who was of a soft, weak—muddling, if the word be allowed—temperament. But his chief offence—in the eyes of Mr Croulle—was that he had abstracted certain papers from the safe with a special and rancorous feeling against the junior partner. Without going into lengthy detail, we may say that these papers went far to compromise Mr Croulle as a partner in a certain House which was likely to come down with a ruinous crash; and if Hoybell, Weekes, and Croulle were involved, the fall might bring them down also.

The matter was so imminent, that legal aid had been retained to prove that Mr Croulle was not technically a partner, however intimate his relations might have been with the firm. But the creditors of the sinking House were equally on the alert to prove his responsibility, and the

possession of the missing papers would go far to strengthen the hostile claim. There had always been an unpleasant feeling between Mr Croulle and the missing clerk; and in a quarrel which had taken place a day or two before, the employer had used threats which he meant to be vague only; indeed it might be said that they meant nothing; but 'the thief doth fear each bush an olive,' and the cowering conscience of the clerk applied the partner's language with a more terrible distinctness than Mr Croulle himself ever dreamed of. So—the most probable theory ran—Mavors absconded, to avoid, as he thought, imminent discovery; and either as a means of revenging himself on Croulle, or by way of holding a hostage which would preclude pursuit, and might possibly enable him to make his own terms for their restitution, he had purloined these important papers.

But fortune was against the culprit, and, as Mr Croulle exultingly said, 'His strongest suit was trumped before he could score a single trick.' The very day he absconded, a foreign mail came in with intelligence of the most surprising kind: a certain mining speculation which was specially drawing the tottering firm to bankruptcy, and suddenly turned out a golden one. By one of the wonderful chances which sometimes revolutionise such properties, the seam had been rediscovered, the deposit being richer than ever. There was a fortune in every rood of the quartz; and the House was saved. There was no question now as to the jeopardised firm paying twenty shillings in the pound, or forty shillings if required. There would be no difficulty now in Mr Croulle getting clear of the connection, as all those who were previously so interested in proving him a partner, would now be very ready to forego that honour. So the unlucky clerk's weapon had missed fire. The anger of Mr Croulle, however, had been thoroughly aroused, and it was clear that it would go hard with the defaulter when he should be caught.

There was no doubt that the tone of conversation among the partners was far more lenient after the departure of Mr Croulle. There was perhaps a secret feeling that the blow which the absconding clerk had attempted to strike had been intended for the junior partner rather than for the firm itself; and the violent, somewhat domineering language of that gentleman had perhaps raised up a feeling of opposition in his seniors. It was clear, however, that they were powerless in the matter. Mr Croulle had gone to Scotland Yard; the business was in the hands of the detective department by this time, and must go on.

In the course of the afternoon the partners received a telegram from Mr Croulle, saying he should be detained until too late to return to the office; then Mr Hoybell departed, and Mr Weekes prepared to follow. Something seemed to be troubling the last-named partner, which communicated an air of irresolution to his movements, and caused him to linger after his usual hour, or rather minute, of departure. At last he rang his bell, and on the messenger appearing, said: 'Tell Mr Barnes I wish to see him.'

The man vanished; and in a couple of minutes a tap at the door announced the presence of the clerk named, who came wondering what trouble he was about to fall into; but was greatly relieved

on learning from the messenger that it was Mr Weekes alone who had summoned him.

We have not said so before, but Mr Weekes was a kindly, white-headed old gentleman, of some threescore years and ten; and no merchant in the city of London, or out of it, had a warmer heart or kindlier manner. The irresoluteness we have noticed still hung about him, and rendered his speech hesitating. 'Er-er, Mr Barnes, let me see,' began the partner. 'I believe, Mr Barnes, you are acquainted with the family or household of that unfortunate creature who has left us—that miserable Mavors?'

'I was—I am, sir,' returned the clerk firmly, but with a deepened colour. This might have been from surprise at the unexpected character of the question, or it might have been from some other emotion.

'He was a bachelor, I believe, but lived with a married sister and her daughter?' continued the merchant. The clerk, with a slightly increased colour, bowed in assent. 'Mr Weekes proceeded, "I have seen them, and most amiable, respectable persons they appeared—persons likely to feel such a blow as this acutely."

'Very acutely,' said the clerk. 'Very acutely indeed, sir.'

'So I should think,' returned the old man, glancing again at the young man's flushed face. 'And I fear they are not too well off. The firm, of course, must do anything for a man who has behaved so badly; it will be our duty to prosecute him. But there is no reason why the innocent should suffer. It is good enough to ask Mr Hawley to give you a cheque upon bearer, for twelve pounds ten shillings. The wretched man left, you see, just before his month's salary was due, and his sister had no doubt been depending upon it. Tell him to charge the cheque to my private account.'

The clerk left the room; and returned with the cheque, which the old gentleman signed.

'If it is not very much out of your way, Mr Barnes,' he said, 'I should like you to call upon these poor people to-night; and in giving this cheque, say that I pay £15 salary in full this time, for their sake only; and that for two or three months longer I will send them half-pay, to keep the wolf from the door in the meantime. You understand, Mr Barnes?'

The clerk muttered a few words to the effect that he knew the sister and niece would be deeply grateful for this assistance, and that it would not be ill bestowed; and left the room.

The old gentleman smiled a curious smile as he drew on his gloves—a kindly smile too. 'Poor young fellow, how he blushed at the mention of the young girl! Well, I was young myself once, though it seems ages ago now, and I think none the worse of a lad for being honestly in love with a good lass.'

As the hour for closing the office had arrived, Barnes was at liberty immediately; and showed his zeal in the commission with which he was intrusted, by hurrying at once to the residence of the missing clerk, in lieu of repairing to his own lodgings, which latter lay in a very different direction.

The house he sought was in a dull street in the Bloomsbury district. Quiet and sombre enough at any time, it looked unusually gloomy in the sullen twilight of a March evening, or so it

seemed to Barnes, knowing what he knew of the trouble which hung over one household there. He stopped at No. 85. On the door was a small brass plate, with the name Mavors. In the window hung a card, setting forth that apartments were there to let, furnished. This last feature No. 85 had in common with at least half the houses in the street.

His knock was answered so promptly, that the servant must have been in the hall. She knew him, and said: 'Oh, Mr Barnes! I am so glad you have come. Poor Missis is in such trouble.'

Barnes looked at the hand-maiden—a clumsy, smeary specimen of a London maid-of-all-work, but with a good broad honest face too, and whose eyes were evidently red and swollen from crying. 'Why, is there anything fresh, Jane?' was his natural query.

'O yes, sir! The—the horrid police are downstairs now; and they have been and searched all over the house. Oh, do go down, sir, for Mrs Hadleigh and Miss Ethel are almost frightened to death.'

Barnes was evidently on terms of sufficient familiarity to need no announcement, for he hurried down at once on hearing this, and guided by the sound of voices, entered the front room on the basement. This was fitted up as a sitting-room, though the only view it commanded was the front area, and here he found three police officers, one being of superior rank to the others; as also Mrs Hadleigh, and her daughter Ethel.

An ejaculation of surprise and pleasure, uttered by both the ladies at once, drew the attention of the officers to the new-comer; but they probably judged that he was welcomed in too open and natural a manner to have anything to do with the business on which they were present.

'We shall not intrude upon you any longer, madam,' said the one of superior rank; 'having searched the house, we are satisfied for the present.'

'I hope you will not consider it necessary to come here again, sir,' said Mrs Hadleigh.

'That we cannot at all promise, madam,' replied the officer, who was very civil and quiet; 'but we shall give you no more trouble than we can possibly avoid.'

'But the neighbours all stare so,' cried poor Mrs Hadleigh. 'They are at their windows, every one of them at this moment. I am confident, watching for you to come out.'

'I can help you in that respect, madam,' returned the officer, 'as I will arrange that our men, should they have to call again, shall come in plain clothes. That will'—A knock at the street door here interrupted the inspector's speech; and his attentive, watchful face turning at once in the direction of the sound, helped, perhaps, to scare Mrs Hadleigh, who turned deathly pale; Ethel turned pale also, and listened; while Barnes found his heart beating faster in sympathy, although he could hardly have told what it was he feared. Voices were heard, and then the servant ran down.

'Oh, if you please, Missis Hadleigh,' said the girl, 'there's a gentleman come after the parlour and bedroom; he says he has been sent here by another gentleman.'

The announcement brought to Mrs Hadleigh an immediate recollection of her inflamed eyes and

generally dishevelled appearance. She glanced with dismay at the police, who were about to leave the room, and who must inevitably file past the intending lodger.

'Stay, men!' said the chief.—'I see your difficulty, madam,' he calmly added.—'Now, Jane!'—to the servant—'hurry up at once. Show the gentleman into the parlour; tell him your mistress will be up with him directly; then light the gas, or candles, or whatever you have, and be sure to pull down the blinds.—We will then go out very quietly, madam,' he concluded, 'and your lodger will be none the wiser.'

Jane hurried off in obedience to these instructions; and Mrs Hadleigh thanked the officer for his consideration; and the latter leading his men quietly away, the poor lady followed them, in no very fit state, as she acknowledged to herself, to hope favourably to impress a stranger.

When Mrs Hadleigh entered the apartment, she found the applicant seated. He rose at her entrance, when she saw he was a middle-aged, perhaps-elderly man, whose straight hair was well sprinkled with gray. He wore blue spectacles; and by the way in which he thrust forward his head, and looked closely into her face, was probably very short-sighted, and a little hard of hearing also, although he said nothing about it. For the rest, he was a tolerably tall, broad-shouldered man, plainly dressed, and more like a substantial tradesman from a small country town, than the collector for a City firm, as he announced himself.

He informed Mrs Hadleigh that Mr Cobbly had recommended him to her house. She knew Mr Cobbly, no doubt?—Mrs Hadleigh was much obliged by that gentleman's recommendation, but could not just recall his name.—'Well, ma'am, he told me to use it; and he sent his very best respects to you, and Miss Hadleigh, and Mr Mavors,' continued the stranger. 'I met Mr Cobbly at the Jerusalem Coffee House. However, that is neither here nor there. Let us see if we can come to terms.'

Upon this, Mrs Hadleigh gave the usual explanations. Mr Willerton, as he announced himself, was not very difficult to please; he offered a good reference, did not cavil at the terms; and so it was arranged that he should take up his residence there that night, his continuance being subject to the receipt of a favourable reply from the aforesaid reference.

Upon this, Mr Willerton departed; and Mrs Hadleigh hurried down-stairs, to acquaint her daughter and Mr Barnes with the good news of having at this trying juncture secured an eligible tenant for the long vacant rooms. As an additional consolation for her, Mr Barnes hereupon produced the cheque, and told the result of his interview with his kind employer Mr Weekes. The widow was so profoundly impressed with gratitude at this unlooked-for godsend, that tears took the place of words. Ethel did not say much upon the subject; but she had probably had the advantage of a rehearsal during her mother's absence up-stairs.

'So you see,' added Barnes, 'you have the goodwill of the firm, in spite of what has happened; and I think when the matter has cooled down a little, they will not be disposed to take any very harsh measures against Mr Mavors.'

'Oh, you are mistaken,' sobbed Mrs Hadleigh. 'The others might be merciful; but there is that dreadful Mr Croulle!'

'Yes, he is the worst, I fear,' said Barnes.

'Mr Bracelet—that's the inspector,' explained Mrs Hadleigh—'has told me all about the doings of that dreadful man. He has been to headquarters this afternoon; and every policeman in the country is to be put on the track, detectives and all that; and there is to be a reward of a hundred pounds out to-morrow. Only think, Mr Barnes! I shall not be able to do my little marketing, or go to church on Sunday, without seeing my poor brother's name stuck on every wall and in every shop-window.' The idea was too much for poor Mrs Hadleigh, who was again overcome with grief.

'You may be sure, Ethel,' said Barnes, encouragingly, 'that everything in my power with the House shall be done; and I think it a most fortunate thing that Mr Weekes has selected me as his agent.'

'Most fortunate, indeed, Mark,' exclaimed Ethel; 'for your visit has brought the first ray of light we have seen for many weary hours.'

'I have not had courage to ask you earlier; but how did you first know—of—of?'—began the young man; but he faltered and stopped.

'We had a dreadfully incoherent letter,' said the girl, 'full of upbraiding for himself, and of abhorrence for that harsh partner who has driven him to the fatal step. O Mark! it will be so wretched here now!' Ethel was a slight, dark-eyed girl of barely nineteen years, and as she broke down here as completely as her mother had done, it was only natural that her lover should do his best to console her. And this, we are bound to record, was at length achieved, and another ray of sunshine was admitted.

IN A QUIET ENGLISH COUNTY.

Is it not Jean Paul who, with a fine touch of satire, has described our English summer as 'winter painted green?' Here, in one corner of our silver-coated island where I write on a mid-summer day, the libel at least falls short, for the air is full of warm sun-glow, and the sky as intensely blue as any that ever rejoiced the heart of the genial Bavarian humorist. One might travel far and hardly find so peaceful and lonely a tract of country in which to spend ideal, tranquil days as this Plain of the Roden, with its little cluster of North Essex parishes. It is a wide, bare landscape, in which tower and spire stand out with clear definiteness. Perhaps it is not strictly beautiful, and yet it has a charm of changing light and shadow and warm colour which is all its own. The wind sweeps across it with a fine breezy healthfulness, swaying the poplars, bending the young wheat, and bringing with it a mingled scent of bean-fields and snowy patches of clover. Towards sunset, when the air is still, one can see a long way. The wide land stretches out under the arching sky; pale green fields, marked off by darker green bands, where the lavish hedgerows spread themselves ungrudgingly; here and there, a patch of dark wood, and everywhere white roads, that twist and twine between the little hamlets, and lose themselves at last on the horizon. In all this liberal wealth of country, where there is so

much to arrest the eye, the river hardly counts; its presence being only shown by a more vivid thread of green bordered by stunted alders, as it creeps across the plain to join the Thames.

'She,' as the old historian personifies the stream, 'first appeareth nere Takeley, whence, as she passeth, she greeteth her nine daughters, all the Rodings.' These churches, the Rodings or Roothings, have an old and curious history of their own. Most of them were established before the time of the Confessor. The Domesday Book ceases to be a mere dry, legal record of facts, when one reads the quaint chronicle and, looking up, sees church and hamlet little changed since the days when King William planned and compiled his great tax-book to adjust the rival claims of Englishmen and Normans. The England of that old time and the England of to-day have, here at least, still much in common; 'hundreds and villeins' have only taken new meanings; the footprints of the East Saxons may be traced in more than the mere name of the shire; they are preserved lastingly in many a phrase in daily use among the peasants.

High Roothing belonged in the reign of Edward to the monastery that held sway over the Ely swamps and marshes; Abbots Roothing, to the great Abbey and nunnery of Barking in the days of its splendour, when, in virtue of her high office, the Abbess was a Baroness. But of the nine sister churches under whose shadow the Roden lingers on her way Thameswards, St Margaret Roothing may perhaps claim the largest share of interest. This little church, hidden among the Essex woods, was an offshoot of the great and stately Abbey which King Offa raised over the traditional resting-place of the first Christian martyr. St Alban's had by that time passed from the lax rule of the Saxons, and had grown into vigorous life under a succession of Norman abbots. It had extended its borders on all sides, and made its power felt throughout a wide breadth of country. The luxury, idleness, and vice which later worked its ruin, had not then taken deep root; for at least two hundred years after the Conquest, 'the monastery was at once an example of saintly life, and a living centre of authority, where severity was tempered by affection.' St Margaret's no doubt shared this somewhat austere discipline, and was vigilantly cared for by the great mother Church. Over the bridle-path which ran almost in a straight line between the Abbey and its little dependence, the black-robed Benedictines came and went, driving their sumpter mules before them; the silence of the country was broken by the tinkle of bells; masses were chanted, and day after day the monotony of recurring services went on. In outward aspect the church is little changed since those old times. The walls, which are four feet thick, stand solidly on the ground without foundation; the wagon-shaped roof has been renewed on the old pattern. The south door—a Norman arch supported by Saxon pillars—is an exact counterpart in carving and ornamentation of that of the little chapel dedicated to Malcolm Canmore's queen on the Castle Rock of Edinburgh. Here, too, are the small sloping windows set high and deep in the thick masonry; in some of them the protecting iron bars yet remain. To the period also when the church was a sanctuary—a safe shelter which even the mighty arm

of Law could not reach—belongs the iron refuge ring which still hangs from the door.

Everything about the little place speaks of strength and of age. On Sundays, while the quiet service proceeds, it is hardly possible to keep one's thoughts from wandering backwards through the ages. The door stands wide open while the peasants enter and clatter heavily up the nave; but its massive oak beams and curious hammered iron-work of the thirteenth century testify to other and less peaceful uses in the past. The glass of the little window in the chancel is of faint greenish tint and rare oak-leaf pattern; the sunlight which lazily filters through the narrow panes, falls upon an Easter altar where the pilgrims on their way to Rochester and Canterbury were used to halt and, kneeling, say an extra prayer or two.

The faces of the peasant worshippers of to-day present an interest of a different kind. There is a certain stolid, self-reliant quiet written there, as of those who live much alone with Nature, and are used to make her varying moods their chief study. The experiences of these village folks are scanty, their resources few. The crops and the weather, whether 'bangy and mungy,' as it may well be in winter-time, or fair and full of promise as to-day, are with them subjects that never lose their zest. With the benediction they rise and tramp out, trudging away by twos and threes, and are soon lost to sight among the narrow field-paths. We too rise to go, but pause a moment under the low Norman portal, to gaze at the breadth of landscape which it frames. It is quiet and peaceful under the evening light. The fields are of every tint and tone of green, with here and there a rich streak of brown where the land lies fallow, resting under the sunlight and the rain; and here and there a patch of brilliant gold, dearer to the heart of the artist than to the farmer. That dark arm of wood by Abbess Roothing has seen strange doings in its day, for there it was that the yearly procession of fencible-men appointed to guard 'the hundred' took place. The defenders were specially summoned to protect the neighbourhood from 'murthers and robbers, for both of which the hundred was liable to pay.' Once more Domesday Book becomes a living voice as it describes the long vanished custom: 'On Sunday before Hock Monday—a fortnight after Easter—the bailiff of the hundred gathered and made the said wardstaff of a willow growing in Abbess Roding Wood, and delivered it with great ceremony to the Lord of Ruckwood Hall in that parish, who, with due number of tenants "harnished with sufficient weapons," did that night watch and royal service over it at Long Barnes, barring the lane with rope and bell. The next day he delivered it to the Lord of Fifield Manor, who, with his tenants on Monday night, served in like manner at the *Three Wante* the Fifield watch.' The ceremony was observed in turn by ten landowners, whose names are duly recorded. His watch accomplished, 'each lord successively, in presence of the whole watch, made a score or notch upon the upper rind of the staff, as a mark or token to declare their loyal service done. To conclude, this wardstaff was to be carried through the towns and hundreds of Essex as far as a place called *Atte Wode*, near the sea, and to be thrown there into the sea.'

From that old past, the mind comes back a little reluctantly to the less picturesque present, when life and property need no such cumbersome, precautionary measures to protect them. Perhaps we pay for our peace and security by a little monotony; life might seem to some of us to flow a thought too evenly in this Essex village—days passed in unchanging toil, till night and rest come at last in the little graveyard under the shadow of the church.

A good many village histories might be summed up in the brief record of birth and death inscribed on the worn old stones; the same names occur again and again, generation after generation of peaceful, uneventful lives ending here. The oldest inscription extant dates little more than a hundred years back, though many remains, Saxon and Norman, testify to the great antiquity of the inclosure as a place of burial. There is a fine dignity—which, however, breaks down somewhat about the middle—in this effort, dated 1774:

Rest, dearest shades, secure from grief and care,
Afflictive pains, and every hurtful snare,
Till that dread morn when God revealed will come,
And trembling Nature meet her final doom.
Then may you rise renewed in every grace,
With joy to meet your God, your Saviour's face;
Then may the hand that now inscribes this stone,
Which loved you living, and laments you dead,
Triumphant meet you in the realms above,
To tune the wonders of Redeeming Love.

We recognise a familiar friend in the following:

Affliction sore long time I bore;
Physicans all in vain,
Till Christ did please to give me ease,
And free me from my paine.

And is there not a touch of latent spite, not uncommon in the words with which the dead address the living, in the following warning?

Reader, behold, as you pass by;
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so must you be.
Reader, prepare to follow me.

As an instance of the pretensions some people carry with them to their graves, we notice the tombstone of a certain H—, who, chief of his family in life, has declined to resign his claims in death, and rests apart from the dust of his kindred. An arrogant temper possibly made H— a trying companion in his day; and doubtless it is long ago since human passions, love, jealousy, hate, entered this Garden of Eden spread in fair undulations before us. The impression it leaves with us, however, is one of marvellous, unchangeable silence and peace. A journey of an hour or two carries us back to London; glad to have been able to forget for a brief space that such things as cities exist.

SOME CURIOUS VOWS.

It is a well-known fact that certain devoted adherents to the English monarchy vowed never to enjoy the luxury of a trimmed beard until the 'king enjoyed his own again;' and so in our own time did certain Servian patriots, during the bombardment of Belgrade in 1862, vow never to allow a razor to touch their faces until they could shave in the fortress itself. For five years they had to eschew the barber's services;

but at length the hour of triumph came; and one day in 1867 they marched through the streets of Belgrade with enormous beards, preceded by barbers razor in hand; entered the fortress, to issue forth again with clean-shaven faces, looking years younger for the operation.

Some vows are more honoured in the breach than the observance—

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow,
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

During the Irish rebellion of 1641, Mr Brook, an English clergyman, living near Kells, in Cavan county, sought safety in England until the storm blew over, leaving his Irish wife behind him to the care of an old nurse. One evening, the nurse's nephew warned them that 'Black Mulmore' was coming there that night, having sworn to sack the English parson's homestead and not leave a feather or an egg in his nest. Although in the worst of all conditions for travelling, the poor lady set out on foot for a friend's house at some distance, where there was a guard of soldiers. Emerging from a wood, she found herself on the banks of a broad river, and saw that the bridge spanning it was occupied by a troop of rebel horse. She turned back; but the leader of the band had seen her, and following after, caught her in the heart of the wood. Drawing his skeane, or short dagger, he told her to prepare to die, answering her appeal for mercy with: 'I must kill you; we are sworn to it. You must die; say your last prayer.' Looking at him steadfastly, Mrs Brook said: 'I have been praying to God, and He has told me that I am not to die by your hand. No; you dare not do it: God will not suffer you!' Three times the sworn assassin pointed the dagger to her heart, while with hands uplifted to heaven, she repeated: 'No; God will not suffer you!' Then, throwing the weapon on the grass, the rebel exclaimed: 'You are right; God will not suffer me. You are a brave woman, and I was going to act the coward. Will you trust to my honour, and let me guide you to a place of safety?' 'With all my heart,' was the thankful answer. He then conducted her across the river, and did not leave her till he had put her in the road for her friend's house. But the sorely tried lady was not destined to reach it that night. She had to crave the help of a frightened farm-wife; and morning saw her the mother of a tiny newcomer, to whom she gave the name of Honor—a name handed down among Mrs Brook's female descendants to this day.

Benedick, finding the charms of his 'dear Lady Disdain' too much for his celibate resolves, boldly cuts the knot with: 'When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.' Persons who impose upon themselves a burden unto which they were not born, are not usually so courageous, preferring to save their perjury by a little convenient casuistry:

For as best-tempered blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And though they bow, are breaking proof.

Pepys, pledged to abstain from the juice of the grape, drank hippocras, as being in his judgment only 'a mixed compound drink, and not any wine,' although he well knew that his favourite 'piment'

was a concoction of ginger, cinnamon, sugar, and red or white wine. He pretended, too, to believe his vow against playgoing remained unbroken so long as he went to the theatre at somebody else's expense!

Colonel Edgeworth, an inveterate gambler, having lost all his ready-cash at the card-table, borrowed his wife's diamond earrings, and staking them, had a turn of luck, and rose a winner in the end; whereupon, he solemnly vowed never to touch cards or dice again. And yet, before the week was out he was pulling straws from a rick, and betting upon which should prove the longest; keeping as strictly to the letter of his promise as the hard drinker who vowed to eschew intoxicating fluids as long as he had a hair on his head; and an hour afterwards emerged from the barber's shop with a smooth-shaven poll, and then got tipsy with a clear conscience!

In one of Voltaire's romances, the cynical poet represents a widow, in the depth of her desolateness, vowing she will never marry again 'as long as the river flows by the side of the hill.' A few months go by. The widow, bethinking herself that there are still good fish in the sea, grows more cheerful, and takes counsel with a clever engineer. He sets to work: the river is diverted from its course; it no longer flows by the side of the hill, and the lady exchanges her weeds for a bridal veil.—A Salopian parish-clerk seeing a woman crossing the churchyard with a bundle and a watering-can, followed her, curious to know what her intentions might be, and discovered that she was a widow of a few months' standing. Inquiring what she was going to do with the watering-pot, she informed him that she had begged some grass-seed to sow upon her husband's grave, and had brought a little water to make it spring up quickly. The clerk told her there was no occasion for her to take that trouble—the grave would be green in good time. 'Ah, that may be,' was the frank reply; 'but my poor husband made me promise not to marry again until the grass had grown over his grave; and having a good offer, I don't wish to break my word, or keep as I am longer than I can help.'

More faithful to a partner's memory was Sadar, a native of Samarang, who, having the misfortune to lose his newly wedded wife, vowed that so long as he lived he would speak to neither man, woman, nor child; and for the forty-four years he was fated to live, kept his vow, and won for himself a saintly reputation by so doing.—Our American cousins never thought of making a saint of Miss Caroline Brewer, a spinster who died at the age of seventy, in the almshouse at Portland, Maine, although this extraordinary specimen of womanhood had never been known to utter a word for more than thirty-five years, in fulfilment of a vow she made when smarting under a disappointment in love.

Love-lorn damsels are credited with strange freaks. In a London paper, it was lately averred that the original of Dickens's Miss Havesham still existed in the flesh not far from Ventnor, in the person of an old maiden lady, who, when she was young, had formed an attachment which did not meet with maternal approval, and in consequence came to nothing. The young lady gave up her lover, but accompanied the act of filial duty by a declaration that she would go to

bed and never get up again; and kept her word. 'The years have come and gone, and the house has never been swept or garnished; the garden is an overgrown tangle; and the eccentric lady has spent twenty years between the sheets.' The teller of the story rashly put a name to it; and the friends of the 'eccentric lady' soon published an indignant repudiation of the romance; which in all likelihood was simply an adaptation of the case of a Lady Betty C—, who, it is averred, took an unhappy love-affair so much to heart, that she went to her bed, and actually lay therein for the remaining twenty-six years of her life!

Brantome relates that a young beauty of the court of Francis I., troubled with a too talkative admirer, bade him be dumb; and he swearing to obey her behest, did it so thoroughly, that all the world believed he had lost the use of his tongue, from melancholy; until one day, the lady undertook to cure him of his dumbness, and by pronouncing the word 'Speak!' brought her lover's two years' silence to a sudden end.

A few years ago, there lived in a village near Glastonbury a man seventy-five years old, of whom the following story, attested by many credible witnesses, was told in the pages of the *Lancet*, for the puzzlement of psychologists. Before Eli H—'s birth, his father made a vow that if his wife should bring him a girl—making the fourth in succession—he would never open his lips to the child as long as he lived. In due time he was blessed with a boy; but this boy would never speak to his father, nor, so long as that rash vow-taker lived, to any one save his mother and his sisters. When Eli had reached the age of thirty-five, his sire died; whereupon his tongue was loosed to every one, and he remained an ordinary individual, rather given to loquacity, for the rest of his days.

The world is supposed to have grown wondrous wise since Erasmus laughed at the sailor promising St Christopher a life-sized waxen effigy if he would save the storm-stricken ship; but faith in such possibilities is not yet extinct. 'Sir Edward Doughty,' deposed one of the chief witnesses at the Tichborne trial, 'made a vow, when his son was ill, that if the child recovered, he would build a church at Poole; the child did recover most miraculously, for it had been ill beyond all hope; and Sir Edward built a church at Poole, and there it stands until this day.'—Queen Isabella vowed to make a pilgrimage to Barcelona and return thanks at the tomb of that city's patron saint, if the Infanta Eulalie recovered from an apparently mortal illness. And another crowned dame promised a golden lamp to the church of Notre-Dame des Victoires, in the event of her husband coming safely out of the doctor's hands.—In 1867, a Spanish lady walked from Madrid to Rome in fulfilment of a vow so to do, provided she was restored to health; keeping her word more faithfully than her Portuguese sister, who, having vowed she would make a pilgrimage barefoot to a certain shrine, had herself carried thither in a sedan-chair.

However it may be with the general run of Englishmen, there is one who believes in the propriety and efficacy of personal vows. Mr Ruskin insists that it is wholly the fault of the ladies that swords are not beaten into ploughshares; holding that they can, at any moment they choose, put an end to a war, with less trouble

than they take in preparing themselves to go out to dinner. 'Let but every Christian lady,' says he, 'who has conscience toward God, vow that she will mourn, at least inwardly, for His killed creatures. Let every lady in the upper classes of civilised Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for an evasion into prettiness, no war would last a week.' Should, however, the ladies ever try the experiment, we fear their patience would be over-taxed, and that long before the promised result was achieved, many a fair one would cast her sombre colour off, and 'evade into prettiness' again.

DONALD MACINROY.

There is a tradition still existing in the Highlands of Perthshire of a Donald MacInroy, who was the son of a large sheep-farmer in that district, and who being, in the phrase of the North, a 'pretty man,' the heiress of the estate fell in love with him. In order to separate the lovers, Donald was sent to the wars, to serve under the young lady's father; whence he returned, after many years, to die. The ballad tells the rest.

Sitting by the great hall window,
Gazing at the whirling snow,
Listening to the wind's hoarse moaning
In the dark pine-wood below—

Dreaming of the buried summers,
With their scent of faded flowers—
Hearing from the Past, faint echoes,
As of bells in distant towers :

Echoes of the pleasant music
Of young voices in their glee—
Voices that are hushed for ever,
Do they whisper still to me ?

Musing thus, the shadowy darkness
Crept across the falling snow,
Till I heard a horse's footsteps
Clatter in the court below.

'Norman Grant rides hither for thee'—
Spake my sister, in surprise—
'Donald MacInroy is dying,
'And must see thee ere he dies.'

In my plaid she warmly wrapped me ;
Through the drift we quickly rode ;
Soon we reached the Highland sheiling,
Donald MacInroy's abode.

'Sir,' said Donald, 'I am thankful
Thou hast come this night to me ;
Ere my lips are sealed for ever,
I've a tale to tell to thee.

'When thy brother, the MacGregor,
Took me with him to the war,
'Twas to break a match for ever,
And a secret love to bar.

'For his lovely daughter Alice,
With her eyes of sunny blue—
Alice of the golden tresses—
Loved me tenderly and true.

'And her mother, high and haughty,
Sought that passion to destroy,
Hoping Alice, from me severed,
Would forget her MacInroy.

'O the dreary, dreary parting !
O the bitter tears we shed !—
But her angry mother knew not
That in secret we were wed.

'Then I followed her brave father
To that far and fatal shore
Where he fell, a hero worthy
Of the noble name he bore.

'But my Alice could not greet me
When I came back from the strife :
For the birth-hour of our Colin
Was the last hour of her life.

'Thou shalt find within my Bible
Proofs that we were duly wed,
That the honour's pure and stainless
Of my lovely Alice dead.

'And our Colin, whom thou lovest,
And hast honoured with thy name,
Is the son of love and sorrow,
But is not the child of shame.

'He is rightfully MacGregor—
Blessings be upon the boy !
Let him stand among the proudest,
Son of Donald MacInroy !

'Grandson of the Great MacGregor,
Heir of Rannoch and Dunmore ;
Come of soldiers true and gallant,
Worthy those that went before.

'Brave and faithful, may he follow
In the steps his fathers trod,
True to kindred and to honour,
To his country and his God !'

And with faltering lip, still praying
For a blessing on the boy,
To the strain of solemn pibroch,
Passed the soul of MacInroy.

A CURIOUS LAKE-MOLLUSC.

In a work on the Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life, by Professor Semper of Würzburg, there are some very remarkable observations on pulmonate snails living in the Lake of Geneva. Certain of these lake-molluscs live at great depths with their lung-sac filled with water ; they never voluntarily come to the surface, and actually breathe water all their lives ; but if brought to dry land, they take air into the lung-sac, and will not again return to a submerged existence. If forced to do so, they retain air in their lung-sac, and breathe water by the general surface of the body. 'In no single case,' says Professor Semper—and this also is remarkable—'have we as yet succeeded in proving that such a change of function as is involved in the transformation of a gill-cavity into a lung, must necessarily be accompanied by definite changes in the structure of that organ.' In other words, this curious creature is so constituted that the gills which enable it to breathe in water, serve it also as a lung in breathing air, and yet this without any observable change taking place in the structure of the organ.

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THE EARLIEST KNOWN LIFE-RELIC.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, the attention of Canadian geologists was called to a curious mineral, or rather combination of minerals, which was chiefly notable from the fact that layers of a dark-green colour were found alternating with white or limy layers in a fashion till then unnoticed by science. These specimens were collected at Burgess in Ontario by a Dr Wilson, who forwarded them to Sir William Logan, the Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, as examples of a new or rare mineral. Analysed, in due course, the dark-green layers were found to consist of a new form of the familiar mineral named 'serpentine,' the name 'loganite' being given to the new substance in honour of the eminent geologist just mentioned.

Some years after the first discovery, which seemed thus to end with the naming of a new mineral, other specimens, presenting variations in their composition, were obtained by a Mr McMullin from the limestones of the Grand Calumet on the Ottawa River. In these latter specimens, ordinary serpentine was the chief mineral represented. Of the age of those curious products no doubt was entertained. They occurred in rocks, named Laurentian from their great development near the St Lawrence; these rocks forming the great watershed which lies betwixt the St Lawrence valley on the one hand, and the plateaux which stretch away to the north and to Hudson's Bay on the other.

When the second find was made on the Ottawa River, the appearance of the minerals suggested to Sir William Logan that possibly the structures might represent traces of once living matter—that, in other words, he might be dealing with no mere collection of mineral particles, but with matter that had replaced living structures, and that had preserved these structures more or less completely as a 'fossil.' After various investigations made by Dr Sterry Hunt of Montreal, the matter was settled by Dr Dawson and Dr Carpenter, who shewed, by microscopic examination, that the limy material represented the shell,

whilst the serpentine had replaced the living matter. Branching out within the limy layers, minute tubes were discovered; and thus whatever the nature of the fossil, it was proved that its limy parts were to be regarded as the actual representatives of the original shell or structure, and the serpentine or loganite as the matter which had filled up the shell and replaced the living matter in Nature's process of fossil-making. The opinion has thus been formed that in these Canadian limestones we find not merely a curious fossil, but actually the oldest known traces of living things. Hence the objects we are considering have received the not inappropriate name of the *Eozoon Canadense*—or in plain English, the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule' from Canadian rocks.

In these latter features alone, the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule'—or Eozoon as we may term it for shortness—merits our interest. Popularly, it has been described as the 'first created' thing; but for such a title there is no justification whatever. What the first created organism was, we do not know, and in all likelihood never shall know. The most that can be said of Eozoon's age is that it is older than any other known fossil. It is the oldest recognised fossil—the first preserved trace—so far as we at present know—of life on the earth. Nor was the interest attaching to the discovery of Eozoon limited to the popular mind. When it is learned that prior to the investigation of the dark-green and white layers, the Laurentian rocks were regarded as simply representing a remote period of time in which no living thing existed, it can readily be imagined that the discovery of a fossil organism threw a new light upon the condition of the earth in the days of its youth. These rocks are spoken of by geologists as 'metamorphosed'—that is, their original nature has been changed by forces acting upon them subsequent to their formation as rocks. Whilst, before Eozoon had been brought to light, the more sanguine of geologists had ventured to think of the Laurentian age as not wholly lifeless, and its seas as having been tenanted by lower forms of life, there were others who not merely regarded the discovery of

fossils therein as an utterly hopeless idea, but included these rocks under the name 'azoic,' a term meaning 'without life.'

To understand fully, then, the revolution in scientific ideas which the discovery of this singular fossil brought about, it is necessary to think of the geological position of the rocks in which it occurs. By way of rendering this latter subject clear, let us select a well-known group of rocks, as a kind of geological landmark, and test the age and position of the Laurentian rocks by a comparison with the familiar series. Such a well-known series of rocks we find in the Old Red Sandstone beds, which in turn are overlaid in their natural order of formation by the Coal or Carboniferous series. Most readers are aware that the Old Red Sandstone rocks belong to the oldest of the periods into which, for geological purposes we divide time past. They are infinitely older rocks, for instance, than the familiar Chalk. As, therefore, the Old Red Sandstone is older than the Chalk, and in its natural position in the earth's crust, lies so much lower, so the Laurentian rocks in their turn exceed the Old Red Sandstone in point of age. They lie at the very base and root of the rocks which contain fossils. The Laurentian formations thus appear before us as the oldest of the stratified rocks, and probably represent the solidified ocean-beds which held the primitive waters that for many early ages surrounded and covered the solid earth as it was then represented. But it must be also noted that rocks of similar age, and of like or allied mineral composition, occur in other regions of the world. Near ourselves, these rocks are found in the Isle of Skye, in the Hebrides, and in Sutherland. In the Malvern Hills and in South Wales, the Laurentian rocks are represented; the north of Ireland possesses them; and Bohemia and Bavaria recognise them as part and parcel of their respective geological constitutions.

Having thus described the home of the Eozoon, we may now turn to consider the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule' itself. And first as to its structure. What does the microscope reveal concerning the nature of the so-called 'shell,' the fossil remains of which are presented to view in the limy layers which vary the monotony of the serpentine of the Laurentian limestones? If we slice a portion of our Laurentian rocks to the degree of thinness requisite for microscopic examination, we may soon discover therein very plain evidence of the nature of the organism which boasts to be the oldest known fossil. The limy layers are arranged in tiers like the seats in a theatre, and inclose between them a space which we may discern has been divided into chambers—once occupied by living matter, but now filled with the green serpentine of the rock. Imagine a series of chambers placed in a line, like a set of rooms *en suite*; and further suppose that many such sets of chambers were placed tier upon tier, and we may form a correct idea of the manner in which the parts of Eozoon are arranged. But it may be also noted that one set of chambers was not wholly shut off from the tier above and the tier below. Definite passages which might accurately be compared to the staircases connecting the flats of a house, appear to have existed between one tier of chambers and another; and even in the partition walls separating one tier from its neighbours, delicate tubes

are seen to branch out. The walls of the chambers were apparently perforated by numerous minute holes, the purport of this arrangement being apparent when a comparison is made between Eozoon and its nearest neighbours amongst living beings.

Such are the appearances presented by a vertical section of the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule.' Other methods of investigating its nature have not been neglected by geologists; and the writer has had the pleasure and advantage of personally inspecting specimens of this fossil, prepared in various ingenious ways and by various methods under the direction of Dr Carpenter of London, one of the highest authorities on the Eozoon and its nearest living allies to be presently mentioned. Thus we may 'decalcify' specimens—or in other words, remove the limy layers by means of an acid, and leave the serpentine unaffected, in the form of a solid cast of the interior of the shell, representing the living matter which once filled it, and which built up the shell from the lime of the primitive ocean in which Eozoon dwelt. Curiously enough, this process of removing the lime of a shell and leaving the mineral matter which filled its interior, is known to occur in Nature and around us to-day. Internal casts of shells, the living matter of which has been replaced by the green mineral named 'glauconite,' and whose limy substance has been dissolved away, are familiar to geologists; and it is noteworthy that some shell-casts thus preserved are nearly related to Eozoon itself.

The next point for discussion consists of the nature of this the oldest relic of life. Its identification is not a difficult matter, since there exists only one group of animals possessed of an outer limy skeleton perforated, as we have noted the shell of Eozoon to be, with holes. The name 'Foraminifera' is by no means unfamiliar to ordinary readers who have interested themselves in the accounts of deep-sea dredging expeditions. But even if the organisms in question be quite unknown, their nature may be readily enough comprehended. Imagine a little speck of living jelly—the 'protoplasm' of the naturalist—to be possessed of the power of taking lime from the water of the ocean, and of building this lime up to form a 'shell' for the protection of its body. Let us further suppose that through minute holes in this shell, the little living speck could protrude its substance to form delicate filaments adapted for movement and for the seizure of food, and we shall then have formed a plain but strictly correct idea of a Foraminifer. The shell of our animalcule as thus figured, consists of but a single chamber. Suppose further that it begins to throw out buds or processes of its substance, and that these buds remain connected to the parent shell, and develop in time into new chambers, each containing its speck of living matter, and we may conceive of our little animalcule duly increasing in various ways. It may bud in a spiral fashion, and thus produce a spiral shell; or may grow into a straight rod-like structure; the form of the shell thus depending on the direction and extent of the process of budding by which new chambers are produced.

Such a description is paralleled by the actual life of the little animalcules which exist in myriads in our existing seas, as in the oceans

of bygone days, and whose shells are forming a thick layer of limy matter in the bed of the present seas, as in the past, when the Chalk rocks of to-day were thus being formed. For the white cliffs of Dover simply represent the shell-débris of these animalcules consolidated to form the well-known formation in question. With these animalcules, then, we readily identify the Eozoon of the Laurentian rocks, despite obvious differences in size and manner of growth. But the differences between the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule' and its modern representatives, the Foraminifera, are not incapable of being reconciled. An appeal to certain odd and still living forms of these animalcules serves to narrow the gulf between the Laurentian shell-former and its existing relatives. Take as an example of such connecting links the living *Polytrema* of the zoologist, a member of the Foraminifera, but which differs from its neighbours in that it grows in a branching form, and then comes to somewhat resemble a coral. The many chambers of which this organism's shell consists grow in an irregular fashion, and communicate as freely as the chambers in one tier of Eozoon. Nor must we neglect to remark that in the shell-wall of *Polytrema* a curious set of tubes is found, analogous to those we see in Eozoon, and which are also represented in many other living species of Foraminifera. Allied likewise to the 'Dawn of Life Animalcule' are the living *Calcarina*, which also grows in patches, as if imitating the higher corals; and a curious extinct coin-like shell—that of the *Nummulite*—in respect that the structure of its shell-wall exhibits a close relationship to the oldest fossil.

We may now briefly glance at the probable condition under which the life of this 'oldest fossil' was carried on. In such a survey, we picture to ourselves the bed of the Laurentian ocean occupied by vast colonies of the Eozoon-shells, containing—as do the living Foraminiferous shells—the soft living substance, which radiated through the shell-apertures in the form of the delicate threads and processes whereby food-particles were seized and drawn into the organism. A low form of life this: hovering, as it were, on the very twilight of existence, but still exhibiting in its own fashion many of the acts which characterise life of the highest grade. Year by year these colonies extended their growth, and as the colonies of one generation died off, to be replaced by others, the shells of the defunct races would be imbedded in the sea-deposits, there to become the fossils of the future. We can also form some idea of the subsequent changes to which these old Laurentian rocks were subjected as the ages passed; their structure being altered so that their original nature was disguised, and the Eozoon-remains also largely transformed in certain localities. And finally, we see the modern disposition of this world's order wrought out in time; and in time we find the discovery of life-traces to connect us once again with the days when the world was young.

Such is an outline sketch of the progress of events which geological history is prepared to chronicle. It would be idle to speculate on the probabilities of the Laurentian age having harboured other forms of life in addition to Eozoon. But it is only fair to remark that recent research

supports such a suggestion. Of the soft-bodied organisms which may have existed in the waters of these early ages, no traces could be preserved, any more than the jelly-fishes and soft-animals of our own seas can be regarded as destined to hand down their lineaments to the future of the earth—although indeed traces of fossil jelly-fishes are not unknown to geologists. And in this latter view, the Laurentian ocean may possibly have been the scene of a great life-development, which must, however, have been of the lowest grades, represented typically enough by Eozoon itself.

The balance of evidence in favour of the truly animal nature of Eozoon is thus very apparent. From every consideration of its structure, from the resemblances it presents to existing shell-animalcules, as well as from collateral proofs drawn from mineralogy itself, there remains little doubt that Eozoon really represents what its name implies—the most ancient record of life which, so far as we know, has been preserved in the rock-formations of the globe.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—TO OBLIGE THE FIRM.

SIX months had come and gone since first Bertram Oakley began, with pen and pencil, with rule and compasses, to execute the behests, the cheaply paid behests, of the great firm of Groby, Sleather, and Studge, civil-engineers, of Westminster. Fresh, fickle Spring, jocund, short-lived Summer, had had their day, and now the trees in park and square were leafless, and it was the blustering November wind that raged and raved among the sierras of chimney-stacks that cut the murky skyline to westward, and the chill November rain that beat against the grimy window-glass and the tiles that were so near. Through the sunny summer and the murky autumn that followed, Bertram had drudged on, never slackening in his careful discharge of such poor duties as were intrusted to him; but he had known, too, the damping blight of that discouragement which is inevitable when the best that can be done meets with no guerdon of meed, or praise. They were hard masters, that highly puffed and much trumpeted firm, Groby, Sleather, and Studge—hard masters, jealous as Shylock to get their pound of flesh; but coarsely indifferent to the merits, the zeal, the powers, of those who did their bidding. With the laggards and the skulkers, they were excusably severe. Very soon there was a severance of the connection between Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge and those who shirked their work, or who bungled in the tasks confided to their care. But if a man did more than his work, and put his heart and his best energies into its fulfilment, then Groby, Sleather, and Studge appeared to regard that man as a fool, as a crack-brained enthusiast, to be used but not rewarded, especially if he were reckoned among the despised class of 'extras.'

Bertram toiled on, unremitting at the call of duty, but with only too much leisure to spend among his beloved books, or in vague speculations

concerning a future that, to a practical man of the world, would not have seemed overbright. He had husbanded his little store, the residue of Mr Burbridge's gift, for a long time, with a resolution extraordinary in so young a man, left alone among the innumerable temptations of roaring London; but, one by one, the hoarded shillings had melted away to nothingness. Now, he had nothing to depend upon but his irregular and stinted stipend from Messrs Groby; and he was very poor. He had been mindful of his promise to good Dr Denham, and had striven to take some care of the health of which, at Blackston, he had come so near to making fatal shipwreck. There was a tiny fire glowing in his rusty little stove, and he had renounced late vigils and midnight study; but he was growing thin and pale for want of sufficient nourishment, that his rent might still be punctually paid; and that his clothes, if shabby, might at least be neat.

Very uneventful, dull, and monotonous had Bertram's life been during all those months when the gay London season, like a firework, was spluttering and blazing its brief life away; and during those stiller and dustier months when the fashionable Ishmaelites of the Metropolis have rushed off on the hurrying wings of Steam to Highland heather and continental spas, the blue Solent and the bluer Mediterranean, to snowy Alps and seaside shingle, as fancy might dictate. He had no friends in London. The two artied pupils at Groby's, who had taken a kindly interest in him when they had regarded him as their new comrade, had habits and grooves of life so utterly remote from his, that insensibly the acquaintance had faded away. There could be no companionship between young gentlemen liberally supplied with pocket-money, with London parties to frequent, clubs to aspire to, and new interests developing every day, and a needy drudge like Bertram Oakley. The young man had by no means forgotten the daughters of his dead benefactor, but it was seldom, somehow, that he ventured to call in Lower Minden Street; and the best news he had received of their welfare was when, twice or thrice, he had encountered Miss Denham on her way back from the house of some pupil to whom she gave lessons in music.

Bertram was sitting at his writing-table, drawn up to the window, ill as the warped old casement fitted, and damp and chilly as were the draughts that filtered in, to economise the light of the November afternoon. He was putting the finishing touches to his last piece of work for Messrs Groby. They had given him a blurred sketch, with crabbed marginal notes to eke it out; and it was a clear and careful drawing, accurate in every detail, that the painstaking young copyist had ready for them. The care was unremitting, as on the first day when he had begun this work, thankful and unthanked work that kept body and soul together, and no more. But the lamp of Hope in his bosom was burning very low. Yet he completed his task heedfully, almost lovingly, as a

good workman will, and then tied up his black-taped bundle of papers, brushed his hat, and donned his black coat, and, thus accoutred, set forth to walk to his employers' superb offices.

That Palace of Industry, which was the sumptuous hive in which Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge made their golden honey, was full of busy life as usual. But Bertram, who had now come almost to despair of the promotion which, so far as he could hear or see, never did fall like manna on the head of any member of his own order, the extras who were the helots of the place, threaded his way through the competing crowds with few or none of those glorious if vague and formless aspirations for the future which are the heirloom of ardent youth.

Presently he reached Room E, the principal occupant and chief of which, Mr Tomkins, was so overwhelmed with business, that Bertram had to await his turn. Since he had been, in his humble grade, a stipendiary of this great house of business, the only person with whom he had had officially to do was Mr Tomkins. The head-clerk has been already described as a short-tempered man; but if not very conciliatory in his manners, he was not wilfully unkind. That Mr Tomkins had some excuse for the shortness of his temper, Bertram could conjecture. He was himself a flurried, over-worked man, always in a bustle, and doing his utmost to control and stimulate a roomful of young clerks, not all too competent, or perhaps diligent. With the partners themselves, Bertram had no sort of intercourse. Had he seen old Sir Joshua Groby on the steps of his Pall Mall club, or stepping into his big carriage, he would not have known him. And Mr Sleather, when by chance he encountered Bertram on the stairs, had either forgotten him, or feigned to have done so. Mr Studge, on such occasions, had never pushed recognition beyond the shortest of nods or the most inarticulate of growls. All Bertram's dealings, then, were with the head-clerk of Room E in this great labyrinth of a building.

Mr Tomkins, at last, was for a brief space at liberty, and Bertram was beckoned up to his brass-railed desk of office. The bundle was undone, and the papers and the sketch were scrutinised. There was nothing wherewith to find fault—much, on the contrary, to call for praise—but it was the business of poor Mr Tomkins, who was reported among the juniors to have a terrible time of it periodically in the private study of his imperious and outspoken employer Mr Studge, to find fault with those under his supervision; and the very highest laudation of which he was capable was the absence of censure. He was silent, then, as he thrust Bertram's work into a drawer, and affixed his signature to the weekly pay-ticket. 'That will be all, Mr Oakley,' he said, with a movement of his head, which implied that the interview was at an end.

Bertram turned away; but before he had got half-way to the door, Mr Tomkins called him back. 'Have you anything particular to do, Mr Oakley?' he asked, in a hurry as usual. 'If not, could you, to oblige the firm, convey this sealed packet to Blackwall for us? It is addressed, you see, to Mervyn & Co., the great shipowners—Thank you!' he added, as Bertram intimated his willingness to undertake the errand. 'One of our messengers—provoking thing—suddenly

taken ill, and to send it by post would lose time. Here's the money it will cost you to go and return. And be good enough, yourself to place the packet in Mr Mervyn's hands.'

EARTHQUAKES IN LONDON.

As from time to time people are interested in reading the particulars of earthquakes, which still continue, and have continued from all ages to intimidate mankind and devastate various portions of our globe, a brief narration of similar physical disturbances, which have in past times affected our own land, may interest many who have never experienced the effects of such dire events.

There is perhaps no species of calamity calculated to inspire the mind of man with greater terror and confusion than these convulsions of nature—no cry more appalling than the cry of 'Earthquake!' To describe with any perspicuity one's feelings during the actual occurrence of such catastrophes, is difficult, as the effects are of so sudden and overwhelming a nature, that calmness cannot be obtained; while the ingenuity of man is utterly powerless to devise a means for common safety. Confusion at once assails the mind, or, with a reverential deference to the irresistible forces of Nature thus displayed, the victim fearfully awaits fortuitous deliverance. Happily, for the inhabitants of England, such visitations to their tranquil shores are unfrequent, and in themselves of little moment. The following are a few of the more remarkable which have occurred in London.

The first notice we have of an earthquake in the Metropolis is by William of Malmesbury, who says that in 1101, all England was terrified 'with a horrid spectacle, for all the buildings were lifted up and then again settled as before.' In 1133, many houses were overthrown from a similar cause, flames being said on that occasion to have issued from rifts in the earth, and to have defied all attempts to quench them. A third earthquake, this time general throughout the country, took place on the Monday in the week before Easter in 1185. Holinshed, with his accustomed eye to prodigies, says it was such an earthquake 'as the like had not been heard of in England since the beginning of the world; for stones that lay conched fast in the earth were removed out of their places, houses were overthrown, and the great church of Lincoln rent from the top downwards.' The next of these mysterious convulsions of Nature connected with London took place on St Valentine's Eve in 1247, when much property in the Metropolis was damaged. The statements of the old writers, from their tendency to magnify wonders, are not much to be relied upon in matters of this kind; but it may be mentioned that they have recorded in this connection a very singular phenomenon, namely, that for three months before the occurrence of the earthquake in 1247, the sea ceased to ebb and flow on the English coast, or the flow at least was not perceptible.

These earthquakes were succeeded, during the next three hundred years, by various shocks at long intervals, felt generally throughout England; but none of them calls for special notice. But

with the year 1580 commences a more memorable period in the history of London earthquakes. Easter Wednesday (April 6) in that year was, for the season, a remarkably hot day. The air was calm and clear; not a cloud was to be seen in the sky; indeed, with the exception of the excessive heat—in itself easily accounted for by the weather-wise—nothing in all nature seemed to presage the calamity which was to happen towards nightfall. About nine o'clock in the evening, when the citizens were for the most part resting after the business of the day, or indulging in amusement, a violent oscillation of the earth was pretty generally felt throughout the Metropolis; it lasted for about six seconds, and was accompanied with loud subterranean noises resembling the rattling of artillery. A second shock which followed almost immediately after the first, was sufficiently powerful to set the great clock-bell at Westminster clanging; while at the same time, and for the same reasons, the bells of the various churches also gave out a violent and untimely peal, thus adding greatly to the general panic. The people rushed out of their houses in consternation. Those who had been enjoying the play believed that the theatre was falling, and with a unanimous impulse irresistibly fled to the doors, where, unfortunately, during the confusion and anxiety for egress, many were seriously injured. The streets were filled with an excited and panic-stricken rabble. Whole families perambulated the thoroughfares, loud in their lamentations, and anxious in their inquiries; for we may reasonably presume that most of the inhabitants had never experienced the sensation of an earthquake before. From St Paul's Cathedral, some stones gave way, and with a crash fell upon the pavement, but fortunately without injuring any one. A considerable portion of the Temple Church was levelled with the ground; and in Christ Church, during divine service, two of the worshippers were killed by the falling of a stone from the vaulted roof.

For weeks, the excitement remained unabated, as all were in full expectancy of a repetition of those sensations which had so lately terrified them. Business transactions were seriously affected, and riot was of common occurrence in the streets during the night—the latter, indeed, being the main cause in bringing the magistrates to calmness and order, and to the discharge of those duties for the protection of life and property with which they were intrusted.

At last, in order to alleviate the prevailing distress and 'appease the wrath of heaven'—for the cause of this disturbance was, as is usual in such peculiar cases, attributed to special Divine interposition—the municipal authorities, chiefly through the efforts of Queen Elizabeth, caused a form of common prayer to be repeated by all householders every night before retiring to rest, and every morning before commencing the usual business of the day. This shock of earthquake extended its disturbances very generally throughout the kingdom, especially in the county of Kent and at Dover, where a large portion of the cliff was precipitated into the sea.

Again, on the 8th of September 1693, at mid-day, when all attention was absorbed in business and bustle, two distinct undulatory movements of the earth took place, both of which lasted for about four seconds. In an instant, and with fear-

ful effect, the cry of 'Earthquake!' was sounded from street to street. Merchants, at the alarm, rushed from their stores; workmen threw down their implements and fled to the streets, in full expectation of beholding long lines of ruined houses; nothing, however, met their view but a dense agitated crowd. Some frantically confessed themselves aloud and indulged in various acts of devotion; others eagerly sought for parents, children and friends, who were believed to be somewhere buried under ruins, but who in reality were only lost in the promiscuous mob. This intense excitement continued till the following morning. But beyond the universal fright, no serious damage occurred to either life or property. In Dover Street, however, the walls of many of the houses were cracked in such a manner as to render them unfit for habitation. Here, in particular, as well as throughout the whole of the 'Borough,' the excitement was greatest.

The foregoing instances, while fairly exemplifying the generality of London earthquakes, are nevertheless both uninteresting in incident, and insignificant in effect, compared with those that occurred in the early part of 1750, a year that opened with most unpropitious and unseasonable weather, the heat especially being, according to Walpole, 'beyond what was ever known in any other country.' It is obvious of course that such an unusual circumstance elicited universal discussion as to its ominous meaning; but on the 8th of February the worst fears were realised when a slight but very evident shock of the earth took place, accompanied, as was said, with a 'great roaring.' The usual bell-ringing occurred; and as Timbs states, 'dogs howled, and fish jumped high out of the water,' while the people were drawn together by the tie of common calamity. This shock, however, was but the precursor of a more memorable series of shocks which happened exactly a month afterwards. On the 8th of March, and during the silence of night, or rather of morning between one and two o'clock, the earth underwent several severe and rapid undulatory movements. The worthy citizens, with the recollection of the previous shock still fresh on their minds, were thus abruptly roused from their slumbers, and scantily attired, rushed into the deserted streets to escape what was universally thought to be impending ruin. Here once more occurred those scenes which we have already described. Streets which had till now been in silence, were resonant with horrid din. Mothers swooned, children screamed with terror, while the terrors of the night were augmented by the falling of several old houses. Nor was this all; for the panic was greatly aggravated by hundreds of religious enthusiasts, who, forming into processions, traversed the streets singing funeral hymns, and exhorting all to repentance, for of a truth the last day had arrived.

Walpole wrote concerning this 'shivering-fit of the earth,' as he called it; and the various incidents that arose during the panic, he treats with great levity and satire. Writing his own personal experience, he says: 'I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift my head. I thought somebody was getting from under my bed; but soon found it was a strong earthquake that lasted nearly half a minute, with violent vibration and great roaring.'

In a letter to Sir Horace Mann, he commences with:

Portents and prodigies have grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name;

and cautions him 'not to be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain springing up in Smithfield.'

For many weeks after the night of March 8th, a frantic terror continued to possess all classes. The management of domestic concerns was neglected, riot ran wild, and as a sequence to all this, business enterprise was suspended. The clergy, unfortunately, in such an emergency as this forgot the true nature of their vocation, for instead of endeavouring to create calmness and order, as their duty pointed out, they considerably accelerated the confusion with their terrifying sermons. 'Modern Babylons' were largely expatiated upon from the pulpits, and this it is manifest would not have a very pacifying effect upon the feelings of the congregations. Bishops Secker and Sherlock, indeed, though wildly hypothetical in their assumptions, yet strenuously endeavoured to mitigate the unfavourable impressions which harassed the public mind.

In the midst of all this tumult, prophets now arose, and astrology was for the time revived. One prophet in particular—a private in Delawar's regiment—predicted a third earthquake in the following month, which would swallow up London. This quave became notorious. But the most amusing and audacious speculation was the case of a country 'quack,' who sold herbal pills as an infallible antidote against mutilation or even destruction by earthquake! After perambulating the country with success, he came to London, and actually made a fortune! Hundreds, in the delusive belief that they were escaping from the internal commotions of the earth, swallowed his vile compounds, only, alas! to suffer internal commotions in their own organisms. 'Ridiculous as this statement may appear, it was afterwards corroborated by Addison in the *Tatler*.

As the soldier prophet, whom we have just mentioned, had foretold a third earthquake to happen in the following month (April), an exodus now took place. Many of the aristocracy, on the validity of his prophesying, fled to the country, while those who, from pecuniary hindrances, could not indulge in this mode of safety, contented themselves with remaining out of doors all night. Hyde Park at this time presented a strange and animated appearance; for there, whole families were induced to spend the night; booths were hastily erected for supplying refreshments; while coaches were let out for shelter to those who could afford it. The tardy hours of night were chiefly spent with the aid of cards and such games as could be played with candle-light. As April rapidly approached, this temporary insanity among all classes increased. Many, however, rejecting prophecy as absurd, boldly remained at home, and enjoyed their domestic comforts; while the more intelligent, finding it impossible to convince the people of their needless apprehensions, turned the whole affair into ridicule; as, for instance, Dick Leveson and Mr Rigby, two wags of the period, returning from a supper—where probably they had supped 'not wisely, but too well'—on the first night of April, amused themselves on the way

home by knocking at several doors and, in a watchman's voice, crying: 'Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!' to the no small consternation of the inmates.

At last, the authorities of the city were seriously alarmed at this exodus, and at once threatened to publish 'an exact list of all the nobility and gentry who have left or shall leave this place through fear of another earthquake.' This had a marked effect; and Walpole advised 'several who were going to spend their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark [pills] for it, as they were so periodic.' April passed calmly away without the realisation of the dire prognostications; and now, people tired of waiting no doubt, returned to their homes, and were once more reinstated in their business habits; while at the voice of an indignant public, the author of the hoax was most properly accommodated with apartments in a lunatic asylum.

From that time, the shocks of earthquake that have been felt in the Metropolis have been very slight, and unattended by any circumstances deserving notice. It may be remarked, however, as a curious evidence of the intensity and extent of the great Lisbon earthquake in 1755, that it agitated the waters of the three kingdoms, and even affected the fishpond of Peerless Pool, in the City Road, London.

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

CHAPTER II.

THE foreboding of Mrs Hadleigh was completely fulfilled; by the very next night, it was impossible to go a quarter of a mile in any direction, without seeing great staring bills headed in the boldest figures, '£100 REWARD;' while a little below, in one single line of heavy black capitals, were the words, 'GEORGE MAVORS.' Whatever else was on the bills was printed in sufficiently large type to be easily read by the two or three idlers who were nearly always before them; but the two lines quoted were horribly prominent, and glared ominously at the widow and her daughter, whenever they ventured out. They felt too, that everybody knew of their misfortune, and that everybody—even strangers who had never been in the street before—turned to each other, and spoke with a cruel smile as they passed the house where George Mavors had lived, the man for whose apprehension a reward of a hundred pounds was offered. No doubt, the poor women may have been wrong in these suspicions; but the bringing of pain and injury to those who are innocent, yet sensitive, is a part of the harm which those who do wrong are sure to inflict, beyond what they may believe to be the consequences of their acts.

It was a great comfort to Mrs Hadleigh to have secured so quiet a lodger as Mr Willerton; yet there was the imminent danger that her new inmate would be shocked at finding himself lodged in a house which had acquired such notoriety; that his mind would be jarred every time he passed one of those odious bills; that, in short,

he would be disgusted at the unlucky bargain he had made, and would get free at a sacrifice. But what with his being short-sighted, and what with his being hard of hearing, and what with his extremely retiring manners, he seemed to be utterly oblivious to what was going on at his very elbow. He was a collector for a City firm, as he had told his landlady on the day of his arrival; but he had finished his regular rounds for the quarter, and now should only have odds and ends to attend to; so he was in and out a dozen times a day. So quiet in his movements was he, that he was sometimes in the house when he was supposed to be out; and sometimes out when he was supposed to be at home; but with all this he was so quiet, and so evidently reluctant to give the least trouble, that Mrs Hadleigh pronounced him to be the best lodger she had ever had, and often told Ethel that she could not be thankful enough for having secured such an inmate.

Only two or three days had passed since the opening of our story; the absconding was still a new theme, and the reports which always follow such an event were in full swing. That each wild rumour was contradicted directly after, and its place supplied by one of an entirely opposite character, never in the least damaged the credit of the fresh ones as they arose. Mavors was taken; he had made a desperate resistance, and shot one of the officers who had arrested him. He had surrendered himself, being unable any longer to bear the agony of remorse. He had escaped by a desperate leap from the train while in custody. He had committed suicide. He had got safely away to Canada, to New York, to Melbourne, to Cape Town—to a host of places. There was no limit to the reports; and as each clerk who heard a new rumour took care to tell Mark Barnes all about it—his intimacy with the family being pretty well known—the young man grew tired and a little out of temper at hearing these reports. But on his coming to business on a certain morning, not very many days after the disappearance of Mavors, rumour was rife that at length a clue had been got, and that the runaway clerk was likely to be captured that very day.

In spite of the multitude of baseless rumours to which he had already listened, Barnes was impressed by this statement, and feared that there was something more substantial in it. He went to the private room, to report upon a piece of business which he had transacted for the firm on his way to the office, and there he found the three partners sitting with a stranger. But it was not difficult to guess the profession of the fourth, in spite of his coloured clothes, for 'police' was marked in every fraction of his straight, close-cut hair, his whiskers, his square shoulders, even his attitude, and his attentive reserved manner. Barnes gave his report of the business he had transacted; and Mr Hoybell was making a note of the information, when Mr Weekes said, addressing the stranger: 'You think then, sergeant, that by leaving London'—

'Mr Barnes!' exclaimed Mr Croulle, with a sharpness and loudness which effectually cut short his partner's speech.

'Yes, sir!'

'You need not wait. If we have anything to say to you, we will send for you,' was the gracious speech of that worthy. Barnes bowed and retired. The junior partner watched until the door had closed after him, then turning to Mr Weekes, said: 'You can go on now; but the less that young man knows, the better. I never trusted him; and I will take care he knows it some day.'

Mr Weekes looked gravely through his spectacles at the speaker, as though he would remonstrate with him, and cleared his throat, as if about to protest against the sentiment; but if he did entertain these intentions, he changed his mind, and resumed his conference with the stranger.

By that inexplicable filtering process which every one has noticed, but which no one understands; by the hidden channels through which so many secrets leak out, another rumour came during the afternoon to pervade the counting-house, and this did not change. It was whispered—but who first whispered it, no one seemed to know—that the House had received certain intelligence of Mavors's movements; that he was to be at Southampton that day, to start by the German liner for New York; that a detective had gone down to arrest him, and that he would probably be brought up by the four o'clock train. That this assertion which circulated in reference to Mr Croulle's excitement, was correct, was easily seen; and Barnes's heart sunk when he thought of the poor fugitive, feeble in mind and feeble in body, and looked at the hard face of Mr Croulle, or heard him chuckle in conversation with the ominous stranger, as he escorted the latter through the warehouse.

The arrival of a telegram at the offices of Hoybell, Weekes, and Croulle was a matter of hourly occurrence, and very often this was directed to an individual member of the firm, so that there was nothing in the slightest degree unusual in the appearance of the familiar messenger—bearing the equally familiar brick-coloured envelope—in the office that afternoon, just before the clerks were dismissed; yet some strange instinct told every one of the employes who heard the lad inquire for Mr Croulle, that this telegram referred to the chase after Mavors; and every one knew by the same instinct that the capture was missed.

No announcement of any kind was made; but Mr Croulle, who had waited beyond his time, was heard to speak very loudly, directly after the telegram had gone in, although his words could not be distinguished; and in a few minutes he came out, closing the door after him with a tremendous bang; then striding through the warehouse, passed into the street, with an ominous scowl upon his features. Then Mr Rawley was called in. All the clerks by this time had been dismissed, excepting Barnes and another, who were working late. Then Mr Hoybell and Mr Weekes left; the warehouses were closed; the night watchman came on duty; and the three clerks uninterruptedly pursued their monotonous work. At eight o'clock they left off, and there was a hurried putting on of greatcoats and gloves.

'I suppose you know, Barnes,' said Mr Rawley, pausing as he locked his own desk, 'that they have not caught Mavors to-day?'

'I did not know it,' returned the young man;

'but I thought it very likely, as we had heard nothing of the matter. Yet I have heard only the vaguest rumours relative to the business.'

'That is about all you were likely to hear,' said Mr Rawley; 'and how the office has got hold of even so much, puzzles me. I don't wish any great harm to Mavors, but at the same time I wish they could get hold of the papers he took. At first, they were wanted to answer one purpose; now they are essential for another.'

'What purposes are they?' asked the second clerk, not unnaturally.

'The firm's,' returned Rawley drily; 'and therefore do not concern us.—Now, gentlemen, I will turn down the gas, and say good-evening.'

Barnes was glad to find himself outside the warehouse, for he had been burning with anxiety to get to Bloomsbury. His knock was too familiar for any of the household to mistake it, and we may be certain there was one person there who never failed to recognise it. She opened the door; and a single glance at her face was enough to tell Barnes that no fresh catastrophe had befallen, or was even suspected there.

'I knew you would come to-night, Mark,' said the girl, in their slow progress to the basement sitting-room. 'Although you told me you would be late at the office, I knew you would come.'

'I could not help running up, Ethel, to see if there was anything fresh about him—I felt so anxious.'

'No, dear Mark,' said the girl, a little more dejectedly; 'there is nothing fresh about poor uncle. Not a single person has called here.—Well, mamma, it *was* Mark; I told you so.' This was addressed of course to Mrs Hadleigh, who was standing at the table, and arranging a basin, spoon, sugar-bowl, &c. on a small tray. Barnes shook hands with the elder lady, and remarked that she was always busy—which indeed was pretty nearly correct.

'It's that poor Mr Willerton's milk,' explained the good lady.

'Milk! Does he drink hot milk for supper?' exclaimed Barnes. 'And why is he poor Mr Willerton?'

'Oh, poor man! he has come in so tired and worn-out,' said Mrs Hadleigh; 'he says he has had a most fatiguing and disappointing day. He was out before six this morning, and never got home till past eight—has but just come in, in fact. He never touches anything for his supper but a drop of milk; and I often find half of this small basinful left in the morning.'

Mrs Hadleigh had much to do, for the single servant was absent on some of the frequent errands which arose out of the needs of the numerous inmates, and at the time when the young man rose to depart, she was in some remote corner of the house.

'Good-bye, dear Mark,' said Ethel. 'The time will seem so long until we see you again. I wish you were coming to-morrow night.'

'I would come, if it were at all possible,' replied Barnes; 'but I cannot very well break my appointment. It is with Tom Hardy, my oldest friend.'

'Oh, do not think of breaking it for my sake!'

exclaimed Ethel; 'I would not ask it. I only

thought at the moment how long I should be without seeing you, and you are the only one whose coming we do not dread. Your appointment is not near here, I suppose? If so, you might meet Mr Hardy'—

'No. I have to be at the Primrose Hill gate of Regent's Park at eight o'clock to-morrow night,' said Barnes; 'and he will be sure to come, as he'— A sudden start and change of colour in Ethel's face checked him, and looking round, he saw that Mr Willerton had entered the room. The latter gentleman, in his list slippers, had entered so noiselessly, that Barnes was startled to find him close to his elbow.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Hadleigh,' he said, and bowed to Barnes. 'I apologise for troubling you; but could you oblige me with a biscuit of any kind? I did not like to ring for so trifling a matter.'

The biscuit was speedily found, with an assurance that the request was no trouble at all, of which speech it seemed highly probable that Mr Willerton did not catch one single word, he stared so painfully, with so stupidly helpless a look, while it was being delivered. Immediately afterwards, Barnes left, the last remark of Mrs Hadleigh—who having descended, had been told of the above incident—being to the effect, that poor Mr Willerton was so afraid of giving trouble, and what a pity it was he was such an invalid.

The ensuing day at Hoybell, Weekes, and Croulle's was not marked by any special incident: the junior partner was in a particularly bad temper; and Mr Rawley went so far, on coming from the private room, as to use a very strong adjective when he expressed a wish that the missing papers would turn up, so that a man might get a civil word now and then. Barnes left this evening with the other clerks; and after a hurried visit to his lodgings in Gwilt Street, he set out to keep his appointment with his old friend, who, being a member of some gymnastic club, had received from Mark a promise, now of long standing, to accompany him to a grand display; and Primrose Hill Gate was about midway between their respective homes.

It was dark enough and cold enough to cause Barnes to hope that his friend Tom would be punctual, for there was a cutting east wind; and although it was not exactly a wet night, there was borne every now and then, on the gusts of wind, small rain or sleet, which it was miserable to face. Mark was to his time; for first one, then another church clock tolled eight, a minute or two after his arrival at the tryst. Tom had not yet arrived; and one or two solitary passengers whom Barnes first heard tramping in the darkness, and then saw go spectrally past, only excited false hopes, for Tom was not one of them.

Once he thought he saw him standing under a tree hard by; and in spite of his staring fixedly in the direction, the impression remained that there was really a man standing in the deep shade. So strong did this feeling grow at last, that he went towards the spot, having to take a somewhat circuitous route, on account of some intervening railings. There was no one there, and he smiled at his own nervousness. Presently the chimes went the quarter. The night seemed to grow colder and more unpleasant, which was a not

unnatural belief for one who had been some twenty minutes in waiting.

Where on earth could Tom be? Surely Mark could not have mistaken the gate! It was impossible, he knew. Nevertheless, he had the note making the appointment in his pocket, and he crossed to the nearest gaslight to make sure. As he did so, he thought he heard footsteps following his own. Surely Tom was never coming in *that* direction. He stopped to listen. The footsteps, if such there had been, stopped also; at any rate, all was silent. He went on; and he could again have sworn that a tread, sounding like an echo, was behind him. Again he paused, and again all was silent. Vexed with himself for indulging such fancies, he took out the letter. There was no mistake; Tom was in fault. He resolved to wait until the half-hour, and if Tom had not appeared by that time, he would go home.

So he returned to his former post, still persuading himself that he could hear footsteps; and had he been inclined to yield to his previous illusion, he could have fancied that the figure was once more under the tree. The half-hour came, but not Tom; and Barnes, feeling that he had done quite enough in the way of duty and friendship, hurried off to the *York and Albany*, a tavern at some little distance, whence ran a line of omnibuses to his own neighbourhood, and by which line indeed he had arrived. He was not sorry to have the chance of obtaining a glass of something warm, nor to enconce himself in the warmest corner of the omnibus. The driver had taken his seat, the conductor had mounted behind, and after his final hail to all intending passengers, had uttered 'All right, Bill!' and the first jerk was felt, as a passenger came hurrying up. 'Hold hard, Bill!' cried the conductor. Bill held hard, and the passenger got in. As the whole length of the vehicle, which was nearly full, separated the new-comer from Mark, and as the latter took no interest in his arrival, he merely noticed that he was a big man, with a large rug wrapped round his shoulders, and that he had a bushy beard and whiskers.

After a pretty long ride, on the omnibus pulling up to allow a passenger to alight, Mark said, as is usual in such cases, 'Gwilt Street for me.' The conductor nodded; and in four or five minutes pulled up at the street indicated, and Mark got out. His residence was situated about half-way down the street; and the night being cold, Mark hurried on. As he stood at his door, just about to turn his key, he saw a man passing on the other side of the way; and although it was somewhat darker than usual just there, he was confident it was the passenger who wore the railway rug, and who had been the last arrival prior to the starting of the omnibus.

'And what if it is?' muttered Mark, as he entered. 'Why should I trouble myself about such trifling things? I suppose I am morbidly nervous through recent events.' He entered; and found a telegram waiting for him, delivered—as he heard from his landlady—five minutes after he had left. It was from his friend Tom, explaining that, being detained on business, he should not be able to keep the appointment. This was not altogether pleasant for Mark, after he had got thoroughly chilled and miserable during his long wait; but there was no help for it. It was too late

now to think of going to Bloomsbury, where, as he grumblingly reflected, he might have passed all the evening; so denouncing the telegraph system, his friend Tom, and every one else at all responsible for his disappointment, Mark very wisely went to bed.

SOMETHING ABOUT EXAMINATIONS.

IN these days, when something like a mania for public examination seems to exist, it is by no means an unprofitable or uninteresting task to inquire into the value of examinations as a test of knowledge. Many people are under the impression that if a person is successful at an examination—whether such be easy or difficult—that person is possessed of great talents. Now, no greater blunder could well be made than to suppose, that because a man may ‘scrape through’ an examination, he is necessarily endowed with extraordinary abilities, or even to imagine that he must possess, at any rate, the usual amount of intelligence; for in many cases, a student who is badly taught, and whose knowledge is in no way equal to the requirements of the examination, passes; while one who has been well trained, and who knows well the subjects on which he has to be examined, fails. Many examples of failure under such circumstances could be adduced; but one will suffice.

Not long since, the writer of this had occasion to examine some students, previous to their presenting themselves before a Board of Examiners in London. One of them, a most intelligent and painstaking young man, was exceedingly well read in the subjects of examination, and I had no fear of his passing with credit. But, such is the strangeness of fortune, he failed. On the contrary, the one of those students concerning whose chance of passing there was the greatest doubt, both on account of the slipshod manner in which he wrote down the answers to the questions put to him, and on account of his lack of intelligence, got through successfully.

In order to explain how such a thing could occur, it will be necessary to make a few observations on the causes of failure at an examination. There are four chief causes: 1. A loose method of acquiring knowledge. 2. A want of self-confidence. 3. The inability of candidates to express their thoughts properly in writing. 4. The involved and ambiguous phraseology frequently used by pedantic examiners.

Now with regard to the first cause. Many students, owing to pecuniary circumstances, are precluded from availing themselves of the educational advantages offered by the numerous colleges that now adapt their curricula to the special wants of students, or indeed from receiving tuition from a duly qualified teacher; and thus, having to study alone and without help, they grope blindly along, learning something here and there, much of which may be required for the special examination at which they intend to present themselves, but the greater part of which may be of no use whatever. In this way, nevertheless, they may pick up a great amount of knowledge; but this knowledge, although

useful of itself, may yet be gathered to the exclusion of those very subjects on which the examiners lay the greatest stress. Again, a man who, from the peculiar formation of his mind, often finds it impossible to make a superficial study of a subject, will expend much toil in laboriously committing to memory much that will be useless for examinational purpose; while, on the other hand, he neglects the study of things that are absolutely essential for such purpose. This loose manner of study is probably the most frequent cause of failure.

Another cause, though not so important as the one just mentioned, is a want of self-confidence. Most students, on first presenting themselves for examination, feel a sort of indefinable dread lest, in spite of the efforts they have conscientiously made to acquire a knowledge of the subjects of examination, they should fail to obtain the examiners' approval of their work; and this feeling acting on their nerves, which have already been overtaken by severe study, produces a state of tension and anxiety which often results in their being unable to do justice to themselves at the critical moment. Now, I would not counsel a candidate to enter an examination-room with an overweening confidence in his own powers; but if a man works properly and with an anxious desire to obtain a knowledge of the subjects he is to be examined in, it is of the utmost importance that he should endeavour to throw aside those feelings of timidity which are so natural to youth, and that he should place a steady faith in his own mental strength. ‘Faith,’ says the poet, ‘shineth as a morning star;’ and he might have added that without this, the sky of our life would indeed be gloomy and lustreless.

The third great cause of failure is the inability of students accurately to express their thoughts, in writing. This fault on the part of students is mainly due to want of practice in what is technically called ‘paper-work,’ and arises from a bad system of teaching. For instance, a student, after having learned the lesson set him by his teacher, is questioned upon it orally; he answers the questions correctly and mechanically, and no more is required of him. Thus his memory *alone* is cultivated. But in examinations, the questions are put not only with a view of testing the memory, but of exercising in some degree the reasoning faculties; and when a student, taught in the manner above described, attempts to answer the questions given at an examination, he is unable, from want of practice in using his reasoning powers, to render his meaning clear, and so writes down a lot of unnecessary and very often absurd details. Hence his failure.

Now, with reference to cause four—namely, the involved and ambiguous phraseology frequently used by pedantic examiners. If a number of examination papers—no matter on what special subject—set at various examinations throughout the country, be carefully gone over, it will be seen that many of the questions—indeed I might have said the half of them—are couched in such equivocal language, that it is difficult even for teachers, accustomed as they are to the phraseology of examiners, clearly to understand their meaning. What, then, can be expected from young students? Of course it would be impossible and, even if

possible, undesirable that there should be one dead-level of uniformity in the language used by examiners; but it is necessary, as far as such a thing can be, that the questions at examinations should be set in the plainest English, and that they should not, from any ambiguity in the wording, be liable to misconstruction. I have hitherto confined my remarks exclusively to examinations in which written and not oral questions are put. In reference to oral examinations, it is only necessary to say that, like the system of bad teaching to which I have referred, they merely tend to strengthen the faculty of memory, and this to the detriment and injury of the higher intellectual faculties.

Having now briefly explained some of the causes of failure, I will say a few words on the manner in which examinations are conducted. In many examinations, the *real* requirements differ materially from the curriculum or form setting forth the subjects necessary to be learned for such examinations; for in many of them, in order to obtain a 'pass' it is necessary to get only fifty per cent. of marks; while in most of them seventy-five per cent.—which is generally considered high—is required for this purpose; which means that if a student answers one-half or, in the latter case, three-fourths of the questions correctly, he passes. Now, this is a most injurious system, tending, as it must do, to lead to a method of cramming, and is thus destructive of the very purpose of examination; for the purpose of examining is to find out whether a candidate possesses a certain amount of knowledge or not, and certainly this is not the way in which to ascertain a candidate's fitness in that respect. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* makes some very pertinent remarks on this subject. 'Examination papers,' he says, 'which are so meagre that the pupil finds no call on him for intelligence, or in which he can pass by doing a very small portion of the paper, have a most injurious effect. They give the pupil a low view of knowledge, and cripple the teacher, because the pupil is confident of passing with what he thinks he can learn in a week or two before the examination.' It is this system which induces students to waste their time in reading in such a manner as to forget all they have learned as soon as the ordeal of examination is past; and for this reason, examinations are said by some educationists to be detrimental to a proper mode of education.

I have thus endeavoured to explain how it is possible for a man to fail in an examination, and yet possess more real knowledge than another man who passes. But to strengthen the position I have taken up, I will quote an extract from an article in the *Lancet* of September 11th of last year. The article from which this quotation is taken is an address to students about to enter the medical profession: 'Knowledge, it is alleged, is the only condition of fitness, and examinations are the best and surest means of ascertaining whether the necessary knowledge has been acquired. If the student is equal to the examination test, it matters little how or where he gets his knowledge. It is, however, a fair subject of debate, whether this confidence in the efficacy of examinations is not misplaced, and whether a well-arranged curriculum, properly carried out, is not, after all, a

better guarantee of culture than any examination, however stringent.'

I do not go quite so far as the writer of this extract in believing that a well-arranged curriculum, without the stimulus of an examination, would be a better guarantee of culture; but I am fully persuaded that something can—and if examinations are to continue to maintain the position they already hold in the educational world—something *must* be done to make them fitter tests of knowledge than they are at present.

EL DARWEESH—A TALE OF TUNIS.

TOWARDS the beginning of July 1876, a gentleman, elegantly but rather showily dressed, presented himself at the London offices of Messrs Stoneman and Loader, and requested to see one of the partners. Upon being shown into the private room, he stated, that knowing them to be the largest mine-owners in England, he had come to offer them the concession of a lead mine abroad. He then submitted a few samples of ore, and a document written in Arabic characters, which he said emanated from the Tunisian government, and granted him the exclusive right to extract and export ore from the mines situated near Tabarca on the western frontier of the Tunisian Regency. This document he supplemented by sketches and plans of the mine, estimates of working expenses, cost of carriage to the sea, &c. Messrs Stoneman and Loader having already several enterprises of the same kind on hand, were not at first very anxious to entertain this proposal; but their visitor insisted so much, that they consented at last to examine into the affair and give him an answer in a few days. Their first step was to have the samples analysed and the Arabic deed translated. The assay showed an unusual richness of metal. The deed was in due form, and really granted the concession stated.

The second interview seemed therefore likely to lead to business. But being practical men, they were astonished at the low price named by the seller, and still more by his eagerness to conclude, and his anxiety for complete secrecy. City men are naturally cautious, and when once their suspicions are awakened, it is not easy to allay them. The conduct of their unknown visitor making Messrs Stoneman and Loader suspect that something was being kept back, they felt that, before completing the purchase, it was necessary to get further information, but without exciting the suspicions of the seller. The points on which they felt the strongest doubt were, first the genuineness of the samples—their richness itself creating a fear—and next the vaunted facilities of extraction and transport. His assertions as to cheap labour and good roads, suggested the following question: If the mine really contained an inexhaustible supply of very rich lead ore—if the working expenses were so very limited—if it was, in short, such an exceptionally advantageous affair, how was it that it had not been worked before? How was it that it was now offered to them by a complete stranger at such a low price? There must evidently be some drawback; but failing to elicit from him any further information on the subject, they determined to keep the affair in suspense, to postpone from day to day any definite

answer, and in the meantime to despatch one of their trusted assistants to examine the mine and report upon it.

For this purpose they selected Walter Burnett, whose intimate knowledge of theoretical and practical metallurgy would enable him to appreciate correctly the intrinsic value of the mine, and who, as the only nephew of the junior partner, possessed the full confidence of the firm. But, as he was totally unacquainted with the country, its language, its customs; and as, moreover, he had never had a practical experience of mining-works, they decided upon sending along with him Edward Granville, who was now managing on their behalf a large copper mine near Bona. Having lived several years in Algeria, and acted there for them as overseer, foreman, and lately as general manager, the latter was eminently fitted to examine the undertaking from an engineer's point of view. This arrangement had also another important advantage. Burnett and Granville had been friends since childhood, educated at the same school; the intimacy that had sprung up there had never been broken, never been diminished; and although Burnett's parents were rich, whilst Granville's mother, an officer's widow, had a hard struggle to maintain the outward appearances of gentility, yet the friendship of the two young men had continued unbroken. When, therefore, Burnett entered the offices of Stoneman and Loader, at his uncle's special request, Granville was also engaged, and for some time the intimacy of the two youths grew, if possible, even closer. It was also said that Walter was not the only member of the Burnett family who enjoyed Granville's visits, but that his sister, Miss Julia, appeared always more cheerful and lively when Edward was there. However, upon the death of old Mrs Granville a year or two afterwards, and the consequent expiration of the small pension she had received, Edward was glad to accept a post abroad that was kindly offered him by the firm.

Altogether, it was clear that the firm could not have chosen two men better adapted to the work required, or on whose cordial co-operation it could rely more securely. Elated at the idea of meeting again the friend he had not seen for three years, Walter eagerly accepted; and in a few hours he had received his complete instructions, and was ready to start. From London *via* Paris and Marseilles to Bona is only a five days' journey; and Burnett, knowing how precious time was, arrived in Bona and met his friend before any letter had reached him, or before the latter knew anything about the proposed journey.

Brimful of joy, and proud of the responsible mission with which he had been intrusted, Walter could not or would not see any drawback to his dream of happiness. On the contrary, Granville, after the first surprise was over, bethought him of the dangers of their expedition. Tabarca, though unknown in Europe, was considered in Algeria as one of the wildest and most dangerous spots on the North African coast. Ensnared amongst barren mountains, midway between the Desert and the sea, its inhabitants were said to be as barbarous and uncivilised as any tribe of Australian aborigines; whilst they were also reported to be ferocious, bloodthirsty, and blindly hostile to any stranger who might happen to set foot on their territory. These rumours, which he had often

heard, did not frighten Edward; but they impelled him to take such precautions as their time and opportunity afforded. At length, having supplied themselves with good breech-loading rifles and revolvers, they started, accompanied by a small escort of native workmen drafted from the copper mine. Their horses being used to the torrid heat, and their followers, on whom devolved the duties of camping out, being all accustomed to the work, they made good and rapid progress, notwithstanding the inherent difficulties of an African expedition in July. By the end of the second day they had reached the frontier, or rather the last village garrisoned by French troops. Here the same tale was told as to the ferocity and utter degradation of the Bedouin tribes into whose camping-grounds they were going to venture. Possessed, no one knows from where, of a few long-barrelled flint guns, these Tabarca Bedouins had dared several times to attack the French garrison; and although soldiers well armed and victualled, in a fortified village, could afford to despise such assailants, the idea of bearding them in their own den was strongly deprecated by all the officers present. But duty, like necessity, knows no law; and after a night's rest, our friends continued their onward march, riding for two days through an uninhabited country, sometimes wooded, but generally barren and sandy, and at last reached the so-called village of Tabarca.

Tired, dusty, and thoroughly exhausted, Burnett and Granville were heartily glad to have reached their goal, although the aspect of the village itself was as cheerless as could be. Unable to build even a mud dwelling, the natives of Tabarca had continued, perhaps for centuries, to live amongst the tottering and crumbling ruins of some Roman walls. Burrowing under the fallen brickwork, availing themselves of every nook or corner, they clung to these remains without attempting to repair them, or even to keep them from further decay. Here and there could be seen a vaulted roof; but as a rule, a few branches of trees thrown across the tops of the walls formed the only protection they had against the torrid heat of the sun or the torrential rain.

Avoiding the village, the little caravan erected its tents on a mound a short distance off, and began to prepare for the night. The usual routine was gone through; the horses were secured, the baggage heaped up in the centre between the fire and the small camel-hair tent which formed the headquarters. Whilst lounging among the attendants and superintending their work, Granville studied closely the behaviour of the natives. He certainly did not expect from them any hospitality; but he was too thoroughly acquainted with Arab manners not to detect at once some trilling symptoms confirming and intensifying his previous misgivings. Squatted on the earth around the camp, but at a safe distance from it, he could see a hundred or a hundred and fifty natives, all armed, all motionless, and for the most part silent. Except these, not a soul was to be seen, not a sound could be heard. No children at play, no women at work, no sign of life, nothing but those motionless watchers. Twilight in Africa is always short, and almost immediately after sunset, the camp was enveloped in gloom; but he could still see the white garments of the natives as they

continued to squat round the camp. Although this persistent watching might be prompted by pure curiosity, yet remembering the well-known fanaticism of these Bedouins, and the warnings of the French officers, and noticing also that the natives had studiously avoided any friendly contact with the Arabs of the escort, Granville could not help feeling a certain uneasiness, which he guardedly communicated to his friend. To provide against the possible dangers of a night attack, it was agreed that besides the usual sentries, they should, in turns, keep watch during the whole night. They had scarcely finished their evening meal, and were enjoying their pipes, when a stir occurred in a remote part of the camp. Instinctively they seized their revolvers, and eagerly looked towards the spot whence the noise came; when out of the gloom into the ruddy light of the fire a strange apparition advanced towards them. It was an old man, quite bent with years, with unkempt beard, and head bare, with only the remains of a European sack girdled round his loins, and a long thin white mantle round his shoulders. He was leaning on a rugged staff, and walking slowly towards them. The Arabs of the escort, bowing and prostrating themselves before this weird apparition, saluted it by the name of El Darweesh (that is, the mad-man).

It is known that Arabs have a superstitious dread of this class of sufferers, and consider them as beings in direct communication with the spirit world. Every darweesh, therefore, is in their eyes a prophet; to be touched by whom is a blessing, and to hurt whom is a most grievous sin.

No doubt could possibly exist as to the insanity of the intruder. His eyes, as they gleamed through the matted locks of his hair, were wild enough to dispel such doubt, if it had existed. Approaching, he seated himself in the best place, close to the fire, and in the centre of the circle, and without waiting for an invitation, helped himself to the remains of the travellers' meal, which he rapidly disposed of in an eager and hungry manner. Scarcely deigning even then to notice those around him, he curled himself on one of the woollen rugs lying on the ground; and singing softly some dirge-like meaningless words, was soon fast asleep.

Walter Burnett had gazed with the greatest astonishment upon this strange scene. He was at first tempted to restrain the trespasser, to resent this unwarranted familiarity; but Edward stopped him, and quickly explained the real state of the case. As he lay there asleep, his wan face, gray hair, and gaunt limbs, fitfully lighted up by the glow of the fire, the darweesh might have been taken as the prototype of Shakespeare's Caliban. Long years of exposure to all weathers, of solitary, aimless wanderings in the woods or upon the scorching plains, dirt, want, and madness, all had combined to give a peculiarly brutal expression to the face of the wretched creature. After gazing awhile upon this piteous object, remembering the work that had to be done on the morrow, our two friends placed the night sentries, and retired to rest.

No disturbance took place during the night. At daybreak, when the camp resumed its active appearance, the darweesh had disappeared, no one knew whither or when; but as all had plenty to do—tools to be unpacked and instruments to

be prepared—very little attention was paid to the fact. Right in front of them, and only at a short distance was the dark, rugged, barren mountain they had come from so far to examine. Guided by the numerous heaps of scoria which dotted its sides, and indicated where formerly ore had been found and rudely smelted, they had no difficulty in tracing the remains of the ancient—probably Roman—works. Armed with their rifles and revolvers, and taking with them only a few tools to detach, and a bag to carry some samples of the ore, together with a limited quantity of provisions, Walter and Edward proceeded alone up the mountain-side, leaving their followers to attend to the camp duties.

Numerous galleries and adits were still to be seen; and although now neglected and half-ruined, they plainly showed that ore must have once been found there in large quantities, and that more was probably still left. Following carefully one of the largest entrances near the top, the one which by the larger heap of débris at its entrance seemed to have been the most important, they could see plainly numerous traces of mineral on the sides and on the roof; but the former miners had worked so well, that the vein itself had been completely exhausted. It was therefore evident that to get trustworthy samples and to judge the real value of the ore, it would be necessary to reach the farthest extremity. Progressing slowly over the uneven and dark path, they had reached a certain distance, when they thought they heard a noise as of firing from the direction of their camp. Returning hastily to the entrance, they saw at a glance the most alarming sight. Taking advantage of the absence of the European leaders, the Bedouins had attacked the camp, massacred or put to flight the escort, killed the horses, pulled down the tents, and were now pillaging the luggage. From where they stood, they could not distinguish every detail; but they saw too plainly the corpses of some of their followers, and the mad, disorderly crowd of Tabarqweens tearing, burning, and destroying every article they did not know how to use. How this had occurred, it was impossible to say. Was it caused by an accidental affray, or was it the result of a pre-meditated plan?

Neither could tell. Whatever the causes, the effects were but too evident; and whilst the two friends were looking, awe-struck, at this dismal scene, the wild shouts of the Arabs, as soon as they perceived them, left no doubt as to their intentions. Rushing madly up the hillside, firing wildly their long carabines, their white cloaks fluttering like wings behind them, the Arabs were inciting each other by their harsh horrid shouts to make a savage onslaught upon the two Englishmen, whose position was now truly desperate. Separated by many miles of uninhabited deserts from every possible help, alone, their escort murdered or dispersed, without victuals or water, and with only a few rounds of ammunition in their waist-belts, they could scarcely hope to escape. But prompted by the instinct of self-preservation, they silently determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and crouching behind the heap of scoria, so as to afford as little mark as possible to an enemy, and at the same time to have good rest for their rifles, they carefully covered the two foremost leaders,

and waited. When their assailants had got within easy range, they fired, and the two fell together. This, however, instead of discouraging the Arabs, seemed only to infuse fresh energy into their assaults. Unacquainted with breech-loaders, they hoped to be able to close upon the youths before they had time to reload; but this hope was quickly destroyed. The first discharge was rapidly followed by a second, and a third, and a fourth, until at last, unable to understand the unwonted phenomenon, the Arabs took fright, and retreated rapidly and disorderly down the mountain-side.

Although the defenders had thus successfully repulsed this attack, their position was not sensibly improved, as their stock of ammunition was but small; and it was evident that the Arabs, even if they had definitively abandoned the idea of an assault, were still bent upon maintaining a strict siege, the end of which could not be either doubtful or distant. Cooped up in the ruins of an old gallery, without food and water, the two young fellows could not expect to hold out very long. They were at first petrified by the suddenness and the extent of their disaster. To be starved to death by a horde of savages, or to fall into their hands and be tortured with all the barbarity that Arab hostility and cruelty could devise, were not pleasant alternatives. It was not alone that they were afraid of death; but the thought of the hope deferred, the anguish, the despair that must necessarily be caused to their friends by their disappearance, almost overcame them.

Struggling, however, to repress the feelings that each could plainly read in the other's eyes, they silently shook hands, and crouching behind the natural breastwork of scorie, gazed long and steadfastly at their enemies below. Now and then they could see a white burnous fluttering in the sun as its wearer crossed rapidly from one shelter to another; now and then an Arab would deliberately stand up and look defiantly at them, or even fire his long gun in the direction of the cave; but the stock of ammunition of the besieged was so low that they were forced to reserve it in case of another assault. The Arabs, on the contrary, seemed to have a superabundance of gunpowder, and were continually firing random shots whenever they thought they could obtain a glimpse of one of the Europeans.

This one-sided warfare lasted throughout the day. The position occupied by Edward and Walter being near the summit, could only be attacked from below; and their warm reception of the first assault had evidently deterred their opponents from renewing the experiment. Night came at last after the weary hours of watching; but it afforded no relief—they dared not move outside the gallery, since, through the clear transparent atmosphere, the piercing eyes of the besiegers noted their every movement; and because it was probable that under the cover of darkness the Arabs would try to approach unperceived. Besides, Granville well knew that Arabs, as a rule, are more daring and desperate in the gloom of night or just before break of day. Whilst, therefore, he tried to get a few hours' rest during the first half of the night, Walter kept watch. No attack was made that night; and when the sun appeared, its brilliant rays illuminating every stone and

tree on the mountain and in the valley below, the Arabs were seen still watching below. The provisions of our friends were now completely exhausted, and, what was even worse in that climate, they had not even a drop of water. The only liquid they possessed was a small quantity of whisky in Walter's flask, and this was carefully preserved as a last resource.

Again and again, during the heat of the day, the Arabs attempted to surprise the unfortunate prisoners; but although weakened by their already long fast, tortured by thirst, and almost hopeless, one of the two was always on the look-out, and a few well-directed shots sufficed to repel the assailants. By the evening, all their ammunition was expended; and now considering themselves lost, they seriously discussed once or twice the feasibility of a surrender. But Granville knew too well the ferocity, the duplicity of the Bedouin tribes. Surrendering or not, prisoners are slaves, to be tortured, to be worked as beasts of burden, or to be killed in the cruellest possible manner. Determining, therefore, to defend themselves till the last, to die rather than to submit, they again commenced the night-watch, speechless and desperate. Walter undertook the first watch; Edward the second, as being the more likely to witness an attack, in which case his experienced eyes would be able to detect sooner the approach of the foe.

Nothing occurred during the first watch. It seemed as if the Arabs had abandoned the idea of carrying the position by assault, and had decided upon allowing their two allies, hunger and thirst, to reduce the besieged, and bring them helpless into their power. The Bedouins watched as strictly as ever; no movements of the prisoners seemed to escape their eyes. When the first half of the night had elapsed, and the moon rose and added its brilliancy to the starlight, Granville was awakened by his companion, and relieved him from his post. Crouching behind the scorie heap, he sat down to his watch. His brain was weakened by fasting and anxiety, and he fell into a half-dreamy state, in which present events lost some of their hard material aspects, and blended themselves with the fancies of the past. In thought, he was again far, far away on a calm beach at a seaside town, where on a quiet moonlit night, he and a young maiden had exchanged those promises which can never be forgotten. He could repeat word for word those sentences which had changed his whole life, given a new aim, a new energy, to his latent ambition; he could see again the quiet gentle face whose smile had cheered him so often to fresh endeavour. And now, when his last hour seemed to be approaching, when no human help could save him, this tender vision was there to soothe him still.

He was yet absorbed in these meditations, when the morning broke, and the first beams of the sun struck directly in his face, illuminating every projecting rock, and filling all the valley with light. Engrossed for a little by this magnificent spectacle, which he possibly might never see again, he was startled by a heavy hand being laid on his shoulder; and turning suddenly round, he found himself face to face with the Darweesh! The youth was inexpressibly surprised; but before he could speak, the darweesh

seated himself by his side, and said: 'Ah' ti sharib' (Give me to drink). At that moment, a new idea flashed through Granville's mind. It was a dangerous, desperate one; but their situation was so utterly hopeless, that it was worth trying. Going over to where Walter was still sleeping, he awoke him, and hastily intimated the unexpected arrival of the darweesh; then pouring out the contents of the travelling flask, which was the only liquor he had to give, he returned to the darweesh, bowed respectfully, and presented to him the cup. The madman drank at a gulp the small quantity of spirits which it contained; and being startled and frightened by the unknown sensation, he sprang up, and wielding his staff, was about to attack Edward, when Walter, who was standing behind the darweesh, caught hold of him, and forced him to the ground. Changing from passionate anger to friendly sentiments, as the fumes of the alcohol began to act on his brain, the darweesh presently began to pour forth a torrent of muttered blessings on the white man's head, and whiningly to implore them to give him some more to drink. Granville thereupon assured him in Arabic, that they had no more drink there; but that if the darweesh would escort them to some distance beyond their camp, they would give him as much more as he liked.

'Fissá, fissá, imshi' (Quick, quick, let us go), was the only answer, and in it lay their only hope of life. Sustained by the two friends, his arms round their necks, their hands on his girdle, his mantle floating behind, they immediately started off at a round pace. Knowing the respect felt by all Bedouins for a darweesh, and knowing that so long as they thus held to him, they were sure of his protection, but that if they once got separated, a few instants would see the end of their lives, the two held on to the madman with all the energy of despair. Clinging thus to him who was at once their protector and their prisoner, they sped down the mountain-side, and right through the Arab encampment. Loud and deep were the maledictions which greeted them; even Burnett, who did not understand the words, could not mistake the savage expression of the scowling faces by which they were surrounded, and the threatening gestures by which they were accompanied. But on they passed, without a pause or a look behind, over the remains of their pillaged camp, right on towards Algeria and life and liberty. Shielded by the supposed supernatural power of the darweesh, they had thus passed scathless through the crowd of their enemies.

On they went for hours without a halt, as long as their weakened limbs could carry them, spurred on by the memory of the past anguish and by the hope that now again smiled upon them. Refreshed by a short rest under a copse of cacti, and reinvigorated by a few prickly-pears which the darweesh gathered, they resumed again their march; and after two days of almost continuous walking, footsore and exhausted, they reached the French outposts.

The rest need not be told. Granville and Burnett returned almost immediately to London, and neither of them has been since in Africa. Messrs Stoneman and Loader did not lease the Tabarca mine, which remains to this day in the same state. A good vacancy having occurred in the London staff, Edward Granville was offered the

post, and accepted it. Needless also to say that this Tabarca adventure knits still closer the bonds of friendship between him and Walter; and there are now some whispers about a new and closer tie between the two friends, in which Walter's sister plays a prominent part.

But how did it happen that the darweesh appeared just in time to save them? It is not possible to say, and it is useless to try and fathom the random vagaries and wanderings of a madman; but it is probable that, whilst wandering, as was his wont, in search of berries, of prickly-pears, or of other wild-fruits, feeling thirsty, and remembering their former hospitality, he had appealed to them, as he would have done to any other human being, and become thus unconsciously the means of saving them.

Although years have elapsed, although they are now removed from the scene of danger, although they have never seen, and probably will never see again their benefactor, Granville and Burnett often propose a toast to each other, and drink together the health of El Darweesh.

A TIGER LOOSE IN RANGOON.

BERMAH is not looked upon as a great place for sport; and many residents there who have gone after tigers over and over again have never met with one. The jungles of Burmah are so dense that, except in a few favoured localities, four-footed game is not often seen. Old residents of Rangoon on the Irrawadi River, therefore, were somewhat startled to hear that a wild tiger had been shot in Stevenson Street, Rangoon, about six o'clock on the morning of the 11th December 1880. Stevenson Street is one of some forty or fifty streets running at right angles from the Strand Road, Rangoon, on the banks of the Irrawadi River. It is inhabited by Burmese principally; and the fact that a tiger should have ventured into the heart of a town of some one hundred and twenty thousand souls, surprised the oldest inhabitant. One had been shot in the outskirts in 1852, just before the breaking out of the last Burmese War; and tradition said that another had been killed in Rangoon immediately before the first Burmese War of 1824. The superstitious portion of the townspeople said that the killing of a tiger in 1880 foreboded some further calamity; and if not war, pestilence or famine was certainly a probable result. The tiger, which measured eight and a half feet from the nose to the tip of the tail, had evidently swum across the Irrawadi River. He was seen about half-past five in the morning by a Burmese woman on the Strand Road, and she at once raised the alarm, and 'Kya, Kya!' (Tiger, tiger!) resounded from all sides. In a few minutes the whole quarter was thoroughly awake; and men, women, and children in all stages of undress thronged the streets, abusing the tiger and his relations in the vernacular. The tiger—differing considerably from the Bengal variety—seemed astounded at the number of people he had aroused from their slumbers, and leisurely walked under a low-built Burmese house in Stevenson Street,

built, as most wooden houses in Rangoon are, on piles raised about four feet from the ground. Here he crouched down, seemingly undetermined what to do.

In the meanwhile, a European police inspector and another European gentleman who had received information of the tiger's appearance on his beat, appeared on the scene with rifles. As the house under which the tiger had ensconced himself was surrounded by yelling Burmese, the elders of the quarter begged the Europeans not to fire from the street, in case they should shoot some of the bystanders. So, entering the house, these two gentlemen were able to see the animal through the wide crevices of the bamboo flooring, and leisurely shot him through the head at about four feet distance. The Burmese set up shouts of delight at seeing the tiger fall such an easy prey, and crowds of them pressed into and under the house to obtain a nearer view. As the flooring gave unmistakable signs of collapse from the unwonted weight it had to bear, the Inspector motioned the people away; and on their not attending to his signs, he forced them back, using his rifle (still loaded) lengthways. Unfortunately, it went off, and shot a poor Burman in the shoulder. He was conveyed to the hospital, and every attention paid to him; but the poor man died the same afternoon. His deposition was taken by a magistrate; and he expressed himself as perfectly satisfied that his death was the result of an unfortunate accident, and begged that no proceedings might be taken against the Inspector, who was much grieved at the result of his indiscretion, and did what he could to console the widow and family of the unfortunate man he had shot, by a payment in money.

Those who had prophesied that evil would result from the shooting of the tiger, were not long before they had a fulfilment to a certain extent of their prophecies. On Tuesday the 14th December, about 2 A.M., an alchemist was trying what he could do towards making gold, and mixed with his chemicals a portion of the blood of the tiger killed on the previous Saturday. Finding his fire not burn so brightly as he considered necessary, he added some kerosine oil to the flames, with the result that his wooden house speedily took fire. Although no wind was blowing at the time, there was such delay in bringing any engine or appliances to the spot, that the fire was not got under till nearly 6 A.M., when about sixty houses, and property valued at sixty thousand pounds, chiefly belonging to Burmese, Surattee, and Mogul merchants, had been consumed! The property burned was not insured; but as much of it consisted of goods sold on credit by European merchants to native traders, the latter will not be the only losers by the fire. Steps are being taken, somewhat late in the day, to import steam fire-engines to Rangoon; and as a large water-scheme is also under consideration, it is hoped that before the next fire occurs, the municipality will be better prepared to cope with it.

Had it not been for the assistance of a party of marines and sailors from an English man-of-war, which happened to be lying in the Rangoon River at the time, and for the fact that the night was one without any wind, the fire of the 14th December might have laid half Rangoon in ruins, and fulfilled the Burmese prophecy in a terribly complete way.

FOOD AND DRINK.

A series of 'Health Lectures for the People,' which were delivered during last winter in Edinburgh, must have been the means of conveying much sound and practical information on subjects closely related to the physical well-being of communities and individuals. From one of these lectures—that on 'Food and Drink,' delivered by Dr J. A. Russell—we give a condensed statement of the chief practical points. As regards flesh-meat, Dr Russell is of opinion that it is not only expensive, but that perfect health may be maintained, and hard work can be done without it. Taken, however, once a day, it forms an agreeable variety, and cannot be said to do harm. Oatmeal, wheat-flour, peameal, maize or Indian corn, and many others, supply the place of meat; and with these, and rice, butter, potatoes, fresh vegetables and fruits, &c., he thinks people may be well nourished at small cost. If economy is absolutely necessary along with hard work, nothing, he says, equals cooked oatmeal with milk. The material of the principal dish at dinner should be changed often, or cooked in a different way, as monotony in diet is to be avoided, especially for young people. Breakfast and dinner should be the chief diets; tea-dinners are not commended. 'Eat slowly, and chew well, if you wish to live long and escape indigestion and low spirits.' Diet should also be regular as to time and quantity. All food, both flesh and vegetable, should be well cooked, not eaten in a partially raw condition.

For heavy work, the best drink is a quarter of a pound of oatmeal well boiled in two or three quarts of water, with an ounce or an ounce and a half of sugar added. Beer or alcoholic drinks should be altogether avoided by young persons, and should only be taken in a diluted form, with food, after the day's work is done. Liebig's Essence of Beef is recommended as the best stimulant of a ready kind for fatigue; strong tea or coffee coming next to it. As to young people, it is mentioned that factory children between thirteen and sixteen years of age were found to grow four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper, as on tea and coffee. When food is given too hot to children, it damages their teeth. For the opposite extreme, old age, the food should be very digestible, and small in quantity. Very old people are always spare in their diet.

SONNET TO FORGETFULNESS.

COME! sweet Oblivion—gentle, loving, mild—
That spread'st a curtain o'er the dreary past;
That bring'st a lull after the storm's rude blast.
Dear little, tender, sympathising child,
That movest hand in hand with Father Time,
And mak'st his stern and wrinkled brow relent,
While softness with severity is blent;
Thou comest from a mild and genial clime—
The land of dreams, all vague and shadowy;
The cruel past no more can reach or harm,
If thou art near. Thou hast a magic charm
To blunt the keenest shafts of Memory.
Oh! come to this poor, laden, tortured breast;
Dispel my fears, and lull my soul to rest.

CATHARINE DAVIDSON.

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JINGOISM.

THAT accomplished specimen of town Swelldom, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs — 'I love to give the whole name'—expressed her sentiments rather vigorously, on the occasion of a dance at the dwelling of the Vicar of Wakefield, when she made an asseveration 'By the living Jingo.' The Vicar was a little startled by the coarseness of the expression from so fine a lady, but in his quiet placid way let it pass. Since the time when Goldsmith wrote his charming fiction, now more than a century ago, protestations that involve a reference to Jingo have been used principally by those who desire to fight, and are never done urging the nation into enormous quarrels and battles, with a view to conquest, the acquisition of new territory, or the infliction of retributive vengeance. For example, in a boisterous war-song denunciatory of Russia and the late Emperor Alexander, the following bravado occurs in the chorus:

We don't want to fight; but by jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and got
the money too.

The right or the wrong of the thing does not seem to concern these ferocious fire-eaters. The ruinous cost, as it may happen to be, is treated as a matter of indifference. There is plenty of money belonging to other people, which they are ready to throw away. The grand object with them is to boast and brag, to keep up the combative principle at all hazards, and never to be satisfied or happy, unless when in a condition of war with some one or other. Such is Jingoism in its well-known popular aspect.

We do not for a moment deny that wars are sometimes absolutely and painfully necessary, as when required in the last resort to protect national interests, to roll back unjust aggression, and to achieve independence. The war, for instance, which the American colonists were forced to declare against England, in order to protect themselves from a cruel course of tyranny—and which

tyranny now almost looks like a piece of insanity on the part of the ministry of George III.—was perhaps the most just, as it proved to be the most successful, ever entered upon by a rational community. But it is notorious that for one just war like this, or on similar grounds, there are a dozen wholly unjustifiable, whatever be the consequences by which they are attended. In some cases, wars of conquest, to relieve the helpless from oppression, and to extend the blessings of civilisation, may be held to be excusable, if not in a high degree commendable. In this category we find the British conquest of India, which after the lapse of a century, may be spoken of as a surprising example of the manner in which the rule of law and justice, of Christian philanthropy, and of solid prosperity, has been planted over a vast region, formerly delivered up to a group of detestable oppressions and superstitions. With the same indulgence we can speak of that remarkable war in which Garibaldi was intimately concerned, and by which Italy was freed from a host of petty tyrants, and put on the independent footing it now occupies as a European power.

Jingoism to a large degree depends on the structure of society. In the United States, it is little heard of; for there, there is no caste with warlike or idle proclivities. Men of intelligence and good education exchange a civil for a military life, and *vice versa*, according to the pressure of national circumstances. Those who figured as commanding officers in the war against the South, will now be found keeping a school, or engaged in some mercantile pursuit; and no one thinks there is anything derogatory in the change of their occupation, in which respect we are reminded of a number of the classic models of antiquity. The structure of society in Great Britain is wholly different. For ages, it has been customary for certain families with aristocratic aspirations to bring up one or two of their sons to go into the army as officers, and who would feel themselves degraded by having to earn their living by any species of commercial enterprise. To get a son into the Guards is the height of their ambition, no matter

that he has not the brains to acquit himself properly, and may have to retire, in by no means a creditable manner. The man who can say, or write after his name, 'late of the — Guards,' occupies a position quite as enviable as the person who has been a member of Parliament, and is unseated after three months, for bribery, but who all the rest of his life can proudly say: 'When I was in the House!' Small puffs of this kind go for much in our social economy.

On whatever grounds, the getting of sons as officers into the army becomes a sort of superstition, calculated to enlarge the sphere of Jingoism. It is hard to say so, but, to all appearance, the army is in some degree an institute for the cultivation of idleness, and contempt of honest industry. We are fortified in the remark from what has been lately said by Sir Garnet Wolseley, on the subject of military service, in the *Nineteenth Century*.. 'Hitherto,' he says, 'our army has been a pleasant home for idle men; generation after generation of officers have been attracted to it by the ease and pleasure it secured to the English gentleman—enjoyment that was only heightened by the opposite extremes of privation and hard work which an occasional campaign afforded.'

Ever since the close of the superhuman struggle with Bonaparte, in 1815, warlike experiences in Great Britain have been kept alive very much by fits and starts, on a comparatively limited scale, though in a sufficient degree to encourage the spirit of Jingoism, and in the aggregate to cost a very large sum of money, which for the most part has been as good as pitched into the sea. It is not worth while to rake up every small war; only two or three are left in remembrance. The chief of them was the war in the Crimea, now acknowledged on all hands to have been a stupendous blunder. It never could have originated except for the Jingo, who succeeded in raising frightful alarm throughout the nation, by an apprehension of the aggressive designs of Russia. On this as on many similar occasions, the newspapers, generally from party motives, fanned the flame of hostility. Some few tried to calm the disorder, but without avail; the Jingo had the ball at their foot, and so the game went on to the bitter end. For the amount of slaughter, of suffering, and the derangement of finance, we must refer to the history of the period. When the war came to an end, it was relinquished with a universal sigh of relief, for it had been nothing short of a foolish effort on the part of certain great nations to destroy each other. The cost of this senseless war to Great Britain has been calculated at no less a sum than seventy millions.

It is one of the peculiarities of the wars into which we are hurried by the Jingo, that their actual cost is never fully ascertained, or at least brought to light; because the payments are made piecemeal, so much from the estimates annually, and so much by borrowing, and making additions to the National Debt. Were the sum-total to be made payable in ready-money, the enormity of the affair would be disclosed with all its aggra-

vations to the unhappy taxpayers. Jingo, of course, take the money part of the business easily. With caustic indifference, they survey the mass of the community as material out of which taxes can be squeezed. What Jingo ever cared for the soul or the till of a shopkeeper, or for deranging the miscellaneous sources of industrial enterprise? As many of the more conspicuous Jingos are, from family connection, in the position of never having earned a shilling in their lives, nor experienced the pressure of adversity, an addition of twopence a pound to the income tax is treated as a matter of very trifling concern. Taxes in the gross are beneath their notice. Let England fight everybody, one down, another up, all round without intermission, in order to maintain her *prestige*. Let there be no end to the purchase of ironclads, to the manufacture of cannon, bombs, torpedoes, and Martini-Henry rifles, for therein is the basis of national glory and supremacy. So speak those learned in the profound philosophy of Jingo.

We altogether dispute the soundness of this philosophy. The *prestige* of the British name does not rest on guns or fighting, but on a reputation for honourable dealing, for sentiments of mercy and justice, for the liberty and civilisation it has achieved in the world's history. We can scarcely conceive anything more scandalous and contemptible than the practice of urging the nation to rush into wars of conquest with people, whether black or white, with whom we have no proper concern, and whose country, if secured, would only prove an embarrassment and fresh source of expense. In this view we hold that the encroachments on Afghanistan, and the Transvaal, also the land of the Zulus, and of some other wretched tribes in South Africa, have from first to last been a gross error, wholly imputable to Jingoism. How much money these petty wars of real or attempted conquest have cost, we have scarcely the means of knowing—fifty millions at least, to speak moderately.

As regards South Africa, it would be interesting to know how far northward in the dark continent the Jingo designed to carry English conquest. Did they mean to master the Bechuans, who run about in natural costume, and whose language resembles the chattering of monkeys? Was it their intention to send our troops, horse, foot, and artillery, across the deserts of Makololo and Londa—where, by the way, there is excellent shooting—and finish off by making a swoop at Abyssinia? An enterprise of this kind—not openly spoken of at first, but coming out bit by bit—would be very grand; it would give work for the next twenty years to no end of gentlemen's sons as officers; and if the cost did reach a hundred millions in the shape of taxes, or by additions to the National Debt, what could the dumb multitude say on the subject? After some grumbling, they would acquiesce, and then no more about it.

In this dumb acquiescence there is not a little to pity but also to complain of. The Jingo has all along been allowed too much of their own way. They have again and again impelled the country into wars of the most idiotic character; the consequence being that hardly any alleviation of taxes is practicable, however much it may be humanely desired by the Chancellor of

the Exchequer. A conspicuous result is the miserable paring and scrimping on salaries, emoluments, and other matters of domestic policy. We could mention a city where a National Museum of Science and Art has, contrary to promise, been left in a shamefully incomplete state, for the last twelve years, on the simple grounds of an excessive pressure on the annual estimates. To speak plainly, the ordinary government of the country, with its widespread magisterial and judicial systems, might almost be said to be half-starved, in order to provide ways and means for expenditure on wars, which are in the main a national disgrace, and would never have been heard of, had the people openly and honestly expressed their opinions regarding them.

There is something more to mourn over; it is the small progress made in reducing the National Debt. At the close of the French War in 1815, the Debt was somewhat over eight hundred millions; and now, after a lapse of more than sixty-five years, owing to the heavy intermediate war estimates, it stands at about seven hundred and seventy millions. We are aware that, owing to the increased wealth and population of the country, the incidence of the burden is now less felt individually. But why should it be felt at all? A Debt which had its beginnings in the seventeenth century, ought long since to have been extinguished. There ought to have been a pride in getting rid of it. On the contrary, it is acquiesced in, as if it were doomed by Fate that it should hang round the neck of the country for ever, entailing an annual charge for interest amounting to twenty-eight millions. More enlightened views are entertained on the subject of permanent debt, by our kindred across the Atlantic. The United States, as we observe, has lately initiated a plan of reducing the debt due by the nation by the sum of twenty millions per annum, so that its final extinction is a matter of calculation. England cannot attempt any wholesome measure of this kind, unless by a very considerable change of policy. Let the great interests of the Empire, within its widely extended bounds, be by all means protected, as is justified by honour; but for any sake let us put a distinct stop to those petty wars of conquest in remote regions of the globe, waged for no rational purpose, which while costing us many valuable lives, help to keep alive the National Debt, and to form a serious drain on our resources. This can only be done by each in his sphere offering every discouragement to Jingoism.

W. C.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XIX.—DOWN THE RIVER.

To stand on the deck of a fast-going river steamer, speeding down the Thames on a cold and blustering November afternoon, may seem but poor pastime to those who are used to better things; but to Bertram Oakley, as, with the sealed packet carefully stowed away in an inner pocket of his coat, he voyaged towards Blackwall on behalf of Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge, the expedition was pleasant enough. The very freshness of the air as the steamer raced along, sending up a slender feathery jet of water in front of her sharp bows, and churning up waves of froth with her swift-spinning paddle-wheels, was agreeable to

one who had stagnated so long in the dull confinement of crowded London. Then, there was so much to see. There were the bridges, and notably that historical one which is the last of all between London and the sea. There was no mistaking that cupola, topped by the gilded cross, soaring above fog-wreath and ragged clouds of vapour. Those gray stern turrets must belong to the famous old Tower. That forest of masts, which to a foreign visitor seems endless, could be no other than the shipping in the Pool. And all these wharfs and giant warehouses, where monstrous cranes swayed and creaked as they grappled with massy burdens—those piles of heaped-up merchandise from every clime, that flotilla of barges and small craft, busy as ants in harvest-time; it seemed to Bertram as though he could never weary of the spectacle, trite though it be.

The long panorama that unrolled itself before Bertram's eyes, as the swift steamer rounded reach after reach, had an especial charm for him, ugly and mean as some of the details that helped to make up the imposing picture might individually be. It all seemed so real, so true, and solid, compared with the pretentious bustle, the whisperings, the mysterious colloquies, that he had left behind him on the palatial premises of his well-advertised employers at Westminster. Sometimes a ghastly suspicion would creep into Bertram's mind, in moments of despondency, that the firm of which he was so humble a satellite was not so mighty a firm as it appeared to be; that there was something fictitious in all this blatant prosperity, something hollow in all this plethora of business.

But what Bertram now saw was genuine enough to be in harmony with the sterling honesty of his own frank mind. There was no mistake about this heaped-up wealth that lay, mountainous, on the choked-up wharfs, brought from all parts of the world at a wave of the wand of the magician Commerce, and which was rapidly being carted away in massive wagons and tall vans, or swung aloft to storehouses, whose great jaws gaped wide to swallow the interminable supply of bales and chests and barrels of every weight and size. There was no mistake, too, about the vast merchant navy that clogged the river and encumbered the docks, a foreign flag now and then conspicuous, to vary the British bunting that fluttered aloft. On, and still on, the steamer sped; and presently Bertram set foot on the landing-pier at Blackwall.

The clang of the great steam-hammers, as if the Cyclops themselves were at work at their mythic task of forging Olympian thunderbolts, had been audible before Blackwall—over which waterside suburb there seemed to hang, appropriately, a yet more sable smoke-cloud than over Bermondsey itself—was reached. Bertram could not help shivering a little in the cold breeze as he crossed the slippery planks of the landing-stage, and surveyed the scenery of which an occasional glimpse could be caught. The Isle of Dogs is perhaps as dismal a place as any isle, eyot, or island in Her Majesty's dominions; and its damp and dreary flat can scarcely have altered, for the better or for the worse, since Henry VIII., of burly memory, established his kennel of hounds there, for the sake of sport in the royal park of Greenwich hard by.

But Bertram had little time to contemplate the stretch of marshy grass-land, embanked with rough masonry, and studded with mouldering posts, whereon old pirates may have hung in clanking chains, so necessary was it that he should deliver the packet with which he had been intrusted before office hours were over.

Mervyn & Co. seemed to be well known in those parts, and it was easy for Bertram to obtain, from those to whom he addressed an inquiry, some indications of the road he should take. But he found Blackwall, as others have found it, a remarkably amphibious place, where land and water were oddly jumbled up together, and in fact mixed, so that the water seemed muddier, and the ground softer, than any of which he had had previous experience. At one moment he would find himself turned from what seemed the direct route by the presence of a natural creek; and at another he was compelled to avoid a pool or bay, wholly artificial, wherein shipwrights plied their clanging trade, where ships were broken or ships were built, repaired, lengthened, scraped, coppered, and cured of all the ills to which sea-going teak and oak, sea-going iron and steel, are liable. Then there were lanes to traverse, with high brick walls on each side, uninviting enough to have dispensed with the sharp-edged fragments of broken bottle-glass that crested the rampart, and with towering brick chimneys overtopping all, and puffing out Acherontic volumes of night-black smoke and showers of ruddy sparks.

At length the yard of Mervyn & Co. was reached. It was a busy yard, or, more correctly, group of yards, water and land being commingled in the way indigenous to Blackwall, and tall ships floating in close contiguity to ranges of workshops, where sooty giants, like prosaic Titans, might be seen by the glow and glare of the leaping smithy fire, wielding their weighty sledges with a force that sent glowing chips and flakes of heated iron into the air at every blow. There was a mightier hammer at work, too, than ever arm of mortal mould has poised and swung, and which obeys to a hair's-breadth the compelling touch of no master less potent than Mankind's half-tamed slave, Steam. Besides these smithies, and others wherein hot metal was shaved and planed and rolled and smoothed and combed into rods, and tortured into wires, there were others again, where wood was dealt with in every way in which timber can be treated; and spots where fires were burning, and caldrons hissed, as for witches' revel, and the maritime scents of tar and pitch came with pungent force to assail the senses of the visitor.

'Stop, stop, young man. Your business, please.' It was the gruff, wooden-legged gate porter of Mervyn's Yard who spoke, as he shuffled forward from his cosy little lodge to arrest Bertram's progress. 'Nobody comes in here except on business,' explained the Cerberus on guard, a tough, scowling old mariner, who seemed as though his purple visage had been salted to its actual colour by the combined effects of sea-breeze and navy-grog; and who looked like, what he very probably was, an out-pensioner of that Greenwich Hospital the domes and colonnades of which, across the broad river, were dimly visible.

'To see you coming in, as if you was on your own quarter-deck,' explained the veteran, somewhat mollified by Bertram's bright smile, 'made

me give you a quickish hail, shipmet! I've had to respect discipline all my life, man and boy, and I expect others to do it too.—Letter to be given into the Commodore's own hand—Mr Mervyn, you said! Pass on!'

'This is Mr Mervyn's counting-house. You can wait! Groby, Sleather, and Studge, eh? I'll let our Mr Mervyn know. He's in another part of the yard just now, occupied—for we've a launch for to-morrow.' It was with these words that a clerk, to whom he had been taken, under convoy of another clerk, inducted Bertram into the private office of the head of the firm, and then went out and shut the glass door. Gas, by this time, was alight everywhere; and by its radiance, Bertram could see across a portion of the yard, and into more than one counting-house, where numbers of heads were bowed down over desks, and numbers of pens were flying over paper, or balanced in air while those who used them were adding up tall columns of figures. Brisk boys went promptly to and fro with slips of written paper in their hands, and a general air of cheerful activity pervaded the place. It seemed to be a glass hive, Mervyn's, in which the human bees made their honey in the midst of light and air.

What had struck the young man from the first, was the tone of almost affectionate respect in which the principal was mentioned. The surly old salt who officiated as gate-keeper had bestowed on his master, quite gravely, the familiar title of 'Commodore'; while the clerk had spoken with the habitual respect that goes hand in hand with liking, of 'Our Mr Mervyn.' Groby, Sleather, and Studge, as Bertram remembered, were rarely mentioned behind their backs without a groan or a snarl by those who did their bidding.

Bertram had to wait some time. He looked curiously around him. He was in a long low room, or rather series of small rooms, all opening into one another, but capable of being closed by sliding panels, like those which we occasionally see in the cabin of a yacht, and on one side completely glazed, so as to command a view of the other offices and the bustling yard. If the master's eye, as the Roman proverb asserted, makes the horse fat, there was every chance that such supervision, in the case of Mervyn & Co., would produce the desired result. There was something nautical, and that smacked of the sea and of marine fashion, in the very manner in which the counting-house, now empty, so far as human occupancy went, was fitted up. Desks there were, and safes; but there were also varnished lockers, and trim shelves and brackets, and swinging lamps, as in a captain's cabin. The well-stored bookcases, a long range of which occupied the central portion of the wall opposite to the long tier of windows, attracted Bertram's notice. The young man's eyes glistened as he read, through the glass doors, the titles of works the very names of which piqued his curiosity, along with those of others which by report he knew, and had long wished, but scarcely hoped, to have the time and opportunity to read. Surveying thus the lettered backs of the treasures which the bookcases contained, he passed slowly on.

Beyond the space allotted to the books, a new surprise awaited him. There were, carefully ranged on shelves, guarded by glass also, and

covered with scarlet cloth, a collection of models, admirably executed, of vessels of every age and clime from the dawn of historical shipbuilding until our own day. There were the canoes of savage races, the straw-sailed proas of the Malays, the clumsy junks of China and Japan. There, too, were ancient galleys, Greek, Roman, Carthaginian, miniatures of the triremes and quinqueremes that once disputed the mastery of that Mediterranean which was then the key of the civilised world. The poor barks and galliots, the unseaworthy frigates, in which crusaders and pilgrims voyaged, contrasted with the pinks and caravels with which Columbus added a new empire to the old. The stately ships of Spain, high-pooped, with carved galleries blazing with gold-leaf, cannon bristling everywhere, flags flying everywhere, ships with real forecastles and sterncastles full of arquebusiers, in all the pomp and pride of costly war, were placed beside the effigies of the handier and smaller vessels that outmatched the Invincible Armada. There were other ships too, for peace as well as for war, of a later type; but as Hertram was examining them, too intently to overhear a step behind him, he felt a hand gently laid upon his shoulder, and turned in some confusion to meet the kind, keen eyes of a gray-haired gentleman of middle height. 'My name is Mervyn,' said the chief of the firm. 'You have a letter for me, I am told, from Messrs Groby. And I am glad to see that you like, and can appreciate, my models.'

CATHERINE AND CRAUFURD TAIT.

NATURE does a great deal for us; but to early training and circumstance, we owe much of our after-success in life. In these, Catherine and Craufurd Tait, the wife and son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, were singularly happy. As made known to us through the biographical work, *Catherine and Craufurd Tait* (Macmillan & Co.), edited by the Rev. W. Benham, B.D., both mother and son had much to be thankful for in the care and love which marked out their paths, and in the lines that fell to them in pleasant places.

In the beautiful parsonage of Elmdon, in Warwickshire, Catherine, daughter of the venerable Archdeacon Spooner, and chief subject of the following memoir, was born on the 9th of December 1819. Her early home was far removed from the busy and fashionable world, and here she lived in retirement until her marriage. As the daughter of parents whose parsonage-house was regarded as a model, she was thoroughly grounded, by precept and example, in the principles of Christian faith and duty, until they became the leading influences of her life. She is represented as a bright and charming girl in her home, simple-minded, beautiful, full of enthusiasm and energy, and always ready for everything that could promote the happiness and well-being of others. Her youthful days were spent in the simple routine of domestic and parish duties, which, however, left room for mental culture; as we read of 'long mornings devoted to cultivating her powers, teaching in the schools, or

visiting the poor of the parish.' Such was her life to the age of twenty-three, when in 1843 she married Dr Tait, then Head Master at Rugby, and destined eventually to become Archbishop of Canterbury. Their marriage was not without its previous romance, which is interesting. Her sister had married Edward Portescue, an enthusiastic young priest, a devoted disciple of Newman and upholder of the celebrated Oxford Tractarian movement. His influence over Catherine was great, and in this respect lifelong; and so impressed was she with the teachings of the Tracts, that when the Head Mastership of Rugby was vacant, she was strongly opposed to Dr Tait, one of the candidates for the office, because he had been one of the four protesting tutors who had helped to put an end to the Oxford Tracts. 'It was a strange turn of fate,' he writes, 'which made her open her heart next year to the very candidate whose success she had deprecated, and become the happy partner of his life at Rugby, Carlisle, Fulham, Lambeth, sharing in all his deepest and truest interests, helping forward for thirty-five years every good work he was called upon to promote; united to him in the truest fellowship of soul.'

In her married life at Rugby there was very much the same parish-work to do as at Elmdon. With the boys at Rugby, she was always a favourite, her womanly care and sympathy being ever at their service. She used to read to them in the infirmary, and sometimes prayed with them. One boy writes thus of her, when hearing of her death long years afterwards: 'I lost my mother while I was at Rugby School; and through the intervening years I have never forgotten the tender sympathy of the Doctor's beautiful young wife, how she sent for me and soothed my grief, telling me to look up to the Home above to which my mother had been taken, and follow her there.'

It was at Rugby that her three eldest children were born, the youngest of the three being her only son Craufurd, whose Memoirs are blended with her own, and who, all through his life, is described as having been 'her true and tender friend.' At Rugby, he was only 'the lovely baby,' the favourite of the school-house boys; but not long destined to remain so, as promotion had come to his father, who, when Craufurd was a year old, removed to Carlisle, where he was installed as Dean. The Deanery and Cathedral were in the middle of the town; and here again Catherine Tait had much to occupy her time and energies. After the busy and trying life at Rugby, she welcomed the comparative rest which his new office brought for her husband, and was full of happiness to see him in such an honourable position. She was always active among the poor, about whom she had many interesting and touching anecdotes to tell. One of these is peculiar. As she was coming out of the cathedral one day, she saw a poor old man, well known to her,

standing by the Deanery door, and, as she was busy, she was passing on, after having addressed to him a few words. 'I wanted to speak to you, Mrs Tait,' he said, intimating that he was not well. 'I am come to bid you good-bye, for I am going to die to-day.' She stopped, and volunteered to send the Scripture-reader to see him. 'Better not send him to the house to-day, ma'am, for it is washing-day, and my landlady will be very busy; but I came here to tell you that I am going to die to-day.' Strange to say, the old man did die that day; for when the Scripture-reader visited him later on, he had already breathed his last!

Although the claims of the outside world were never neglected by her, Mrs Tait was essentially a woman with whom the claims of husband, home, and children were ever first. In one sense, she lived but for them. It was at Carlisle that her life was busiest as a mother; for seven children were now the number in her nursery, and they were the chief happiness of her life. To form their minds and strengthen their characters, to bring them up to be good and true, seemed her one aim. 'I think the time I like best to recollect the Dean's wife,' writes one who knew her, 'is as I remember her at the Deanery, surrounded by that flock of little ones, and looking so pretty, like a Madonna, with her sweet expression and lovely soft brown eyes, with a baby on her knee, and teaching the others their hymns and prayers.'

It was now, however, when her happiness was at its height, that she was called upon to drink a most bitter cup of agony. Few records are more touching than the one given in her Memoirs, and penned by herself in memory of that terrible time of trial. Picture it. The bright happy nursery we have just heard described, filled with loving little children. But scarlet fever enters among them, and one by one the little creatures sicken and die; till, within six weeks, five of these beloved daughters are laid in the churchyard of Stanwix, within sight of the old cathedral, and near the quiet waters of the Eden. 'Early in April,' says the Archbishop, 'the day of the funeral of the last who died, we fled with our new-born baby, and were followed by our dear little son [Craufurd], to take refuge for a few days among the hills at Moffat, almost afraid that we should not be received in any lodging from the alarm which the fever that visited the Deanery had caused.' The mother, like a second Rachel, was mourning and desolate, but not comfortless. She desired that the account she left of that time should be published after her death, to console any who might similarly suffer.

After that time of trial was past, the Dean was made Bishop of London, and a totally new sphere of life was opened to Mrs Tait. Hitherto, her life had been one of comparative retirement; but now she had to do the honours of Fulham Palace. Her first effort was to become acquainted with all the London clergy. 'As soon as she could, she threw her drawing-rooms at London House open, and invited as many of the clergy as the house would hold to a friendly gathering;' continuing what Bishop Blomfield had begun; and in no year, we are told, during the whole of her London life did

she fail to receive in succession the whole body of the London clergy as her guests.

The establishment of the Ladies' Diocesan Association was also due to her, it being her own idea to utilise the energies of those ladies—visitors and others in London—who were anxious to enlarge the sphere of their work beyond their homes and families, and to extend it to the poor in the work-houses, hospitals, and elsewhere. They were not to limit their efforts to their own parish merely, but, by forming a union with the Bishop at their head, to be ready to assist the overburdened clergy of any district that might need their assistance.

Between the years 1858 and 1860, two other daughters were born, and a family sorrow occurred in the death of the Bishop's brother, Colonel Tait. Mrs Tait's eldest daughter also was taken dangerously ill, but recovered. Then we are given a peep of home and social life from her diary, dated April 11, 1860: 'Craufurd is greatly enjoying his holidays, and is very dear and good; healthful in body and mind. Next Wednesday, we have our gathering of all our clergy in the garden at Fulham.'

Speaking of the garden-party, we must tell an anecdote of a scene which took place at one. An emu, sent from Australia as a present, had been turned out into the meadow to be inspected by the guests. 'But the cows resented the intrusion, and gave chase to the unfortunate bird. "Hallo!" exclaimed Dean Milman excitedly, "there goes Colenso, and all the Bishops after him!"' Another story may be told. Mrs Tait, after her husband had been made Archbishop of Canterbury, gave a party at Lambeth at the time the Irish Church was in process of being dis-established. The Primate of Ireland, who had been invited to meet Mr Gladstone the Prime Minister, stumbled as he was conducting Mrs Tait into chapel before dinner, entangling his foot in her train. On recovering himself, he exclaimed 'that the best thing he could do was to hang on by the skirts of Canterbury.'

When the cholera broke out in London in 1866, Mrs Tait took an active and energetic part in visiting the sick; and by her presence in the hospitals, she helped to encourage those who were compelled to minister to the sick during that trying period. But the work that was most especially her own was the Orphanage for Girls at Fulham, established in memory of the five little ones she had lost. The idea occurred to her after a visit to the motherless children left destitute by the cholera. The Bishop and she had driven one day into the district of Ratchliffe to see the Sisters engaged in the work, also the poor desolate orphans under their charge. On returning to their carriage, they found it surrounded by a crowd of the very poorest of the people and dirtiest of the children. As well as her overfull heart would let her, Mrs Tait said kind words to all, and her eyes brimmed over with tears at the sight of the wan and suffering faces. A few months later, the Orphanage was established as the result of this day's visit. Of her feeling for children, we are told that she never forgot a child in the Orphanage, but gave them both care, love, and individual interest, softening the roughest by her sympathy. She was always hopeful of every one, and never despairing of any.

In 1869, she saw her husband enthroned Arch-

bishop of Canterbury. The life at Fulham had been a preparation for this; and she was equal to the duties required of her as the wife of the Primate of all England. It must not be omitted, that while Bishop of London, the Archbishop had been offered the Archbishopric of York on the death of Archbishop Langley; but by Mrs Tait's advice, he declined it. But when, seven years afterwards, the offer of the Archbishopric of Canterbury was made, it was accepted, although it involved the trial of leaving Fulham; still Lambeth was London, and in London they had created interests that could not be broken without pain. The Archbishop, who has written the opening pages of the Memoir, says of his wife at this time: 'Few but herself could have sanctified this busy and exciting life, which were consequent upon the enthronisation at Canterbury, and the social and other duties that followed, which, as the first Archbishop's wife who had inhabited the Palace for twenty years, she had to fulfil.' Some one staying with her at that time, says of the variety in her life: 'One never knew what to expect, for at one hour she was driving you to visit a poor person, and the next you were calling on a Duchess. Her energy was immense.' So many were the Hospitals, Penitentiaries, Homes, and other centres of philanthropic and charitable work in which she became interested, that her husband says they used to have a joke that one day when she said to the footman at the carriage door, 'Home,' he answered, 'Which Home, ma'am?' She was also an admirable woman of business, and the Archbishop says of her: 'If my affairs have been well managed, it was her doing.' Not only did she undertake her domestic and family accounts, but also those of the Orphanage; and the trustees after her death found everything discharged, and every item entered in her own hand, up to the day she left Lambeth for Scotland on her last journey.

It now remains to speak of the son, who, spared to his mother from the wrecked home at Carlisle, became doubly endeared. Her diary from time to time shows with what pride she watched his career; first as a school-boy at Eton, and afterwards at Oxford; and when he grew up, he turned out all that a mother's heart could desire. He is described as one of the most modest of men, simple of character, and wonderfully unselfish; sociable also, and genial, welcomed everywhere, yet not insuared by popularity. A young fellow fond of boating, riding, and cricket; fond too of company and fun, but at all times practising self-restraint and moderation; doing his appointed work, and forgetting himself and his own merits. So little did he think of his abilities indeed, that we find a letter from his father, after he had passed his 'mods,' saying: 'You deserved it, for your work; and now I hope you will rest convinced that you really can do, in a quiet way, everything that you work for, and not disparage the good abilities God has given you.' In his final examinations at Oxford, his name was in the first class. In his letter home on the subject, he says: 'No one could be more surprised than I was, except my "coach" and examiner.'

Both from his inclination and the desire of his parents, he was destined for the Church; and with a view to gaining a practical knowledge of the countries of the Bible, he travelled in the Holy

Land previous to his ordination. His letters home during that time are full of interest, as he took every opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies and festivals of the various Eastern religions that he met with on his journeyings. His travels are described with the heart and pen of an enthusiast who felt as if he were indeed treading on holy ground. Returning from the East by Beyrout, Smyrna, Athens, Rustchuk, and Vienna, he reached England in the early spring, and was ordained on the second Sunday in Lent 1874.

His first curacy was at Saltwood, a pretty quiet village, not far from Hythe, whence, after a certain time, he returned home to act as domestic chaplain to his father. On this occasion, the Archbishop writes jocosely: 'In addition to rooms at Lambeth and Addington, I should suggest a travelling van with a green door and brass knocker, also a chimney. So may the *cupellanus* of the period make personal acquaintance with the diocese.' Still, the office of private chaplain was and is no sinecure, for the correspondence alone is enough to occupy a secretary, and which work he has to carry on in addition to his many other duties.

His next move was to America, where he became a great favourite, and left but one opinion about his good and amiable qualities. The diary which he kept in that country is full of interesting details of the people and places he saw in his travels. He speaks of Longfellow as a most agreeable old man, whose genial manners made him feel quite at home in a few minutes. A pleasant humour is occasionally observable in his notes, as when he tells his friends of a church at Washington in which the service was nice, but the singing *Petherish*. This epithet was well understood in the family, being derived from one Pether, a butcher in the Archbishop's first parish, who constituted the sole choir, and sang the hymns in solo in front of the gallery every Sunday. Hence the name became a synonym in the family for any elaborate display of music somewhat out of place.

It was in America, unfortunately, that the first seeds of the disease were laid of which he died. On his return to England, his family were struck by his altered appearance; still they did not apprehend anything serious, and his father gave him the living of St John's, Notting Hill. He was engaged to be married, and full of interest in the life and the work before him. But alas! at that moment, when everything seemed brightest, he received that summons which none can disobey. To the unutterable grief of his family and friends, his health gave way entirely. After lingering a few brief months, he died on the 29th of May 1878, at the age of twenty-eight.

There is little doubt that bravely as his mother bore the crushing blow of the loss of her only and much loved son, it left a wound that was never healed. Always an unselfish woman, she was never more so than at this time, when, having lost such a son, she hid her own grief, to strive to support and console his father, and to promote the happiness of her remaining children. One of her daughters was engaged to be married; and in the following November the ceremony took place. No shadow of her own grief did she suffer to mar the brightness of that day; but the strain seemed almost more than human heart

could bear. In a very short while the end came for her also, and after a brief illness, she passed away on the 7th of December of that same year which witnessed the crowning sorrow of her life.

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

CHAPTER III.

MR WILLERTON, the tenant of the parlours at No. 85 Spackham Street, was much worried by a great deal of irregular business which, as he explained to Mrs Hadleigh, he had to transact for his firm. As the good lady said, in talking over the matter with her daughter: 'Look at last night, now!—a wretched, cold, wet night, not at all fit for an invalid like him to be out in; and yet he wasn't home till past ten o'clock, and you could see by his boots that he must have been tramping in the mud, or standing about in the wet, best part of the evening.'

Possibly, Mr Willerton did not feel so well in consequence; for on the following day—the day after the close of our last chapter—he was at home somewhat more than usual, and was particularly pleasant and civil in his conversation with Mrs Hadleigh. He evidently—quite evident it was to the good lady—saw she was in trouble, and although, from his retiring habits, he probably did not know the cause, was anxious to show his sympathy, and desire to assist her. He said as much to Ethel; it was on but a very trivial subject he spoke, but it showed the kindness of his disposition. He said to the girl: 'I am afraid your good mother is unwell; she seems to suffer from low spirits.'

'We have had some very serious trouble lately, sir,' replied Ethel, 'and we cannot help showing, I suppose, that it is so.'

'Ah, dear me!' sighed Mr Willerton; 'we all have our troubles. Such is life! But your mother should take more amusement—should go out a little; should rouse herself, you know. I often have orders for the theatre. I am sure I should be very happy to give her a few now and then, if she would make up her mind to use them.'

Ethel thanked him, and in spite of her own depression, her eyes sparkled; for, like most young people, she was passionately fond of theatrical amusements, the more so, perhaps, from the extreme rarity with which such treats had fallen to her share. Until the advent of Mark, she had not taken an evening's amusement once in a year; and although it was a little better now, yet the prospect of frequent glimpses of fairyland, set her all aglow. It was on going down to her mother, and reporting Mr Willerton's kindness; that Mrs Hadleigh spoke as detailed in the commencement of this chapter.

As Mark Barnes had not been round on the previous night, he was of course expected to be very early this evening, and Ethel was listening for his knock an hour before it was possible that he could come. There had been much to trouble

Ethel and her mother that day, for some police-officers—in plain clothes, it is true—had come, and had insisted upon searching the house; and although their search was fruitless, the shock to the timid women was very great. But that Mr Willerton happened fortunately to be out at the moment, he too would have been subjected to the indignity of intrusion by the police, and of seeing his apartments ransacked before his eyes. Had this occurred, he would probably have left, in consequence of the annoyance; but happily, although he was out less than usual on this day, he was from home when the intrusion took place. Hence poor Ethel was very anxious to see Mark—to tell him of their troubles, and to be solaced by his sympathy; hence also the minutes seemed slow and tedious in their progress beyond all other minutes, until his usual hour of calling arrived. Even then, he did not come. The lapse of a very short time was sufficient to fill both mother and daughter with vague forebodings that some evil had happened to Mark, or that he had heard of some greater evil. At last, there came a knock.

'There is Mark!' exclaimed Ethel, springing up.

'No, my dear,' said her mother; 'that can never be Mark's knock.'

It was not much like it, it is true; but Ethel was right, for all that, and she found Mark at the door.

Quite contrary to his usual manner, he made scarce any response to her exclamation of delight, or her anxious questions as to why he was so late; but hurried past her, and went straight downstairs. She instantly followed; and as Mark came into the stronger light of the sitting-room, both she and Mrs Hadleigh uttered an ejaculation of alarm; for there was something so wild, pale, and scared in the expression of the young man's face, that he looked like one who is stricken with sudden illness, or who has just received a terrible shock.

'What has happened now?' exclaimed Ethel. 'Are you ill, dear Mark?'

Without immediately replying to the anxious girl, Mark paused to step to the room door, and close it; a proceeding which, simple as it was, tended greatly to awe the others. He then said in a very low voice: 'I am not ill; but I have just seen and spoken to Mr Mavors. Listen quietly, and I will tell you. It is very little I have to say, but it is important. I was coming from the City as usual, and as I believe you both know—he knew it, evidently—I go up the new road at the end of Farringdon Street, past the prison, and so into Doughty Street. Well, I was hurrying on this evening, for it was rather late, and the wind was bitterly cold, when, just as I passed the end of a narrow, gloomy turning, I heard my name pronounced. The sound was low, but quite distinct; and turning round, I could just distinguish the figure of a man standing in the deepest shade, a few feet from the street in which I was.'

Here both his hearers uttered a suppressed exclamation of anxious expectancy.

'I did not recognise the voice at the instant,' continued Mark; 'but I was nevertheless quite prepared to find that it was Mr Mavors who spoke. I felt it—I knew it. I went close to the figure; and then, although he was very much disguised, I saw who it was at once. I was so staggered and amazed at meeting him, that I did not know what to say; so he began: "I have waited about here three nights, to see you, Mark. Two nights ago, you passed me; but there was a man close behind you who looked dangerous, and I was afraid to speak. Last night, you did not come. Mark, I want to restore the papers I took,"'

'Thank God for hearing that!' ejaculated Mrs Hadleigh. 'I knew poor dear George was under some dreadful delusion, and never meant any harm.'

'He went on to say,' resumed Mark, 'that it was for the sake of Mr Weekes he intended to return the documents. If Mr Croulle alone had been concerned, they should never have been restored; and the object of his waylaying me was to ask me to call at his hiding-place—in a most miserable neighbourhood—to fetch them to-morrow evening. He could not give me his exact address, for he was about to remove this very night, having grown suspicious of the people with whom he was staying; or he feared that they had grown suspicious of him. But he would post a letter to my private address the last thing to-night, so that I should know in plenty of time. I promised I would go, or send some safe agent; for when he spoke of my being followed by some one who looked dangerous, he revived in my mind a suspicion which I have had for some days, that I am watched.'

'Watched, Mark!' exclaimed Ethel, who with her mother had been listening with painful intensity.

'I am sure of it,' continued the young man; 'and I am sure too, that the house where I live is watched. Mr Mavors was very reluctant to allow any one as a substitute; but when I told him my reason, he gave way. Of course, if I really am watched, I might be unconsciously leading the enemy right upon him; and so, while coming here, I have decided upon two plans by which it can be managed without my appearing in the matter. One is to trust some one completely—tell him everything. He must be a respectable trustworthy person, and not given to gossiping, because this is a business that we do not wish to have talked about.'

A great deal of time was spent in speculation as to what could be done, or rather who could be obtained. Mark's first idea was to seek the help of his friend Tom Hardy; but he felt that if he did, he must tell him everything, and he shrank from such a course, as did Mrs Hadleigh and Ethel.

'Oh, if he only would do it!' suddenly exclaimed the elder lady; 'if he should be going anywhere near this neighbourhood!'

'If who would do it?' asked Barnes. 'Of whom are you talking?'

'Tell me where it is—in what neighbourhood,' continued Mrs Hadleigh.

'In Westminster, near Strutton Ground, he says. But who is'—

'Why, if he should be going that way, Mr

Willerton would do it, I know,' explained the lady. 'We might tell him to take a cab, if the parcel should be very large; but he would not want to know any particulars about it at all. He is such a quiet-going, kindly man. I am sure he would do anything to oblige anybody; and, poor man, his sight is so bad that he would not recognise Brother George, even if he had seen him before, and would not be likely to recognise him again.'

'Um—it's not a bad idea, certainly,' said Barnes. 'He is almost a perfect stranger, it is true; but in some respects, that is the better for our plans. Then, again, what little we do know of him is in his favour.'

'Oh, we may trust him!' cried Mrs Hadleigh, with something like enthusiasm. 'I am seldom deceived in my judgment of any one, and I could stake my life on Mr Willerton. There is a truthfulness, an openness, a simplicity about him which— O yes, we can trust him.'

'Well, I dare say he is all you describe,' replied Barnes; 'but how on earth are we to introduce the subject?'

'I don't think there will be much difficulty about it,' said Mrs Hadleigh. 'I will first ask him if he will be going anywhere near Westminster to-morrow; then, if he is not, of course we must try some one else; but if he should be, I know he will call for the parcel. If he is willing, you had better come up and speak to him, and write the note. He won't know who Mr Mavors is.'

'Whatever you do, don't speak of Mr Mavors!' exclaimed Barnes. 'I forgot to tell you that he has changed his name. You must speak of Mr Tunnell; so, if he consents, I will go up, as you propose, and give him a note to Mr Tunnell, and for that name he must ask. I don't suppose there will be much danger; you can say that the papers are some maps or plans which belonged to one of your relations, or—or anything.'

'I will go at once,' said Mrs Hadleigh. 'It is quite a load off my mind to have thought of the dear old gentleman.'

All unconscious of the discussion which was taking place with such direct reference to himself, Mr Willerton sat in front of his fire, his feet on the fender, as was allowable on a bleak March evening; and leaning forward, his hands on his knees, he gazed long and thoughtfully into the grate. Apparently his thoughts were not of the most pleasant character, for ever and anon his brow would knit, and he would rub the back of his head with a vexed air, as many men do, when some knotty problem defies solution; and then he would resume his fixed, steadfast gaze into the fire. A pocket-book lay near him on the table, and by its side a confused heap of papers. Presently he turned to these documents, not for the first time, and pored over them intently. The papers seemed to be a disjointed collection of memoranda, notes of dates, places, single words, figures, and the like; yet it was remarkable that—earnest as was Mr Willerton's study of them—his blue spectacles also lay by the side of the pocket-book; and he sought to decipher these confused notes without their aid. Had Mrs Hadleigh been there at the moment, she would probably have remembered that Mr Willerton had

once told her his sight was much better sometimes than at others.

She was not likely to make this reflection just now, however, for on her tapping at the door—a gentle tap, but Mr Willerton managed to hear it at once—he immediately resumed the blue spectacles; then, as he said ‘Come in,’ quietly but quickly gathered up his loose papers, and restored them to his pocket-book.

‘Good-evening, Mrs Hadleigh,’ began Mr Willerton, in his usual affable style, the style which was so thoroughly appreciated by his landlady. ‘It is not yet time for my milk, is it?’

‘Not yet, sir,’ Mrs Hadleigh commenced. ‘I came up, sir, about—about something else.’

‘Yes, ma’am, certainly,’ said Willerton, as his hostess stopped here, and he knew not what better to say.

‘I hope you won’t think me presuming,’ continued Mrs Hadleigh, having at last screwed up her courage to the sticking-place, ‘but might I ask if you are likely to be near Westminster at any time to-morrow?’

‘O yes,’ answered her lodger promptly; ‘I am almost certain to be there. I hope I can have the pleasure of executing some commission for you?’

‘Yes, sir; I am sorry to say you can,’ said Mrs Hadleigh, and her self-possession giving way here, her handkerchief was brought out and applied to her eyes.

Mr Willerton watched her with an intentness to which the blue spectacles hardly did justice, but did not interrupt her.

‘If you would not mind calling at an address which I shall have by to-morrow afternoon. I hope, sir, you will be able to look in during the afternoon, as you generally do,’ said Mrs Hadleigh, a new and hitherto unforeseen difficulty presenting itself. But the reply of her inmate was propitious.

‘I shall be indoors during the greater part of the afternoon, madam,’ said Willerton; ‘in fact, I think I must trouble you for an early cup of tea to-morrow, as it will be rather late when I have to go to Westminster.’

‘Oh! that is fortunate,’ exclaimed Mrs Hadleigh. ‘If it would not be troubling you too much, we should be glad if you would call for a parcel—not a very big one, I believe, but a parcel of very valuable papers—at least I mean some maps or plans which belong to a relation of mine; and we have had so much trouble, the deepest trouble, about these papers—and so, of course, we are anxious to have them, in case my relation should want them again.’

‘I shall have the greatest pleasure in calling for them,’ said Mr Willerton. ‘What time do you wish me to fetch them, and where, dear madam, shall I call?’

‘Any time after dark will do, sir,’ returned Mrs Hadleigh. ‘Mr Barnes—you have seen him, I believe, sir?’ Mr Willerton bowed assent—‘he is below; and I will ask him to come up, if you will allow me, and he will give you a note to our poor—to Mr—Mr—I forget the name now; but if you will kindly oblige us, you will confer the deepest obligation upon us, and we shall never forget your kindness.’

‘Oh! don’t make so much of so trifling a service,’ Mrs Hadleigh, said the gentleman. ‘At any time

I shall be most willing, most particularly willing, to do as much for you, or anybody. By-the-by, where did you say it was?’

‘I cannot tell you exactly, sir,’ responded Mrs Hadleigh. ‘Mr Barnes will hear from—will forward it to-morrow. I will send him up now.’

Mrs Hadleigh disappeared; and Mr Willerton remained motionless, with his back to the fire, and his blue spectacles fixed on the open doorway, until Mr Mark Barnes appeared therein.

‘Come in, sir, come in,’ cried Mr Willerton cheerily, stepping forward at the same time and handing him a seat. ‘Mrs Hadleigh has informed me that you will give me a letter authorising me to receive some papers. Here are writing materials, if you have not already written it.’

‘Thank you. It is very kind of you to take so much trouble over a matter of so little consequence.’

‘It is no trouble for me, my dear sir,’ returned Willerton; ‘I am actually going to Pimlico. It was Pimlico, Mrs Hadleigh said, I think.’

‘Westminster,’ interjected Barnes.

‘Ah! Westminster, to be sure. But I am going to Pimlico, and can easily take Westminster on my return—so, where is the trouble?’

‘Well, it is very good of you to say so,’ returned Barnes. Then, after a pause: ‘The note which I shall send to you to-morrow will be directed to my friend Mr Thomas Tunnell. The papers are only a few plans and pamphlets, of no great consequence, but he wishes to get rid of them; and as they belong to a relation of Mrs Hadleigh’s, why, you see?’

‘O yes; exactly,’ interrupted Mr Willerton. ‘But would it not be better to let me have the note at once, to save troubling you in the morning?’

‘Unfortunately, I cannot give it now,’ said Barnes; ‘I have forgotten— But there! I shall be sure to send it; and I repeat, we are much obliged to you for taking so much trouble.’

The obliging old gentleman repeated his assurances that he considered it no trouble; then Barnes left him; and joining Mrs Hadleigh and Ethel in the family sitting-room, agreed with them in their praises of the good-nature and ready kindness of Mr Willerton.

The gentleman last named had bidden Mr Barnes ‘good-night,’ and sat with a composed smile on his face until his visitor had left the room and duly closed the door. The ears that were supposed to be so dull, but which seemed, nevertheless, always capable of rendering their master efficient service, were strained to listen, till Barnes had descended the flight of stairs leading to the basement. From the attentive expression of Willerton’s face, and a certain motion of his lips, he appeared to be counting or checking off each step. ‘Seventeen!’ he muttered; ‘he has gone right down. Well, if ever I knew such a go in my life!’ As he said this, he rose from his seat, stretched out his arms, and took a great breath. Once more his spectacles were laid on the table, and the appearance of the man seemed suddenly changed. Without these, his face had a set and stern expression, which the glasses altered or softened, and over his features stole gleams of wonder, with an occasional half-repressed smile. ‘If ever I did!’ he exclaimed again, bringing his hand down

upon the table by way of emphasis, but softly, as though careful not to draw attention. 'Tom Jackson, you are in luck! I thought something might turn up by my being on the spot; but such a thing as *this*—whoever could have dreamt of it?'

With thoughtful brow and calculating face, he paced in his slippered feet to and fro the length of his apartment. 'Was ever anything clearer? The old lady in dreadful anxiety and trouble about her papers—valuable papers, that were afterwards maps or plans—forgets the name of the person who has them, but will never forget the obligation. Then comes our smart young friend, who takes the other tack, and is so painfully anxious to let me see there is nothing extraordinary in the matter, that he tells the secret almost as plainly as his mother-in-law, that is to be, does. I really must admit that in all my experience I never came near such an utter flat as that poor old lady. If I were as big a noodle as either—Come in!' In answer to this permission, the subject of his uncomplimentary reflections presented herself; and on opening the door, she saw Mr Willerton placidly smiling as he stood in front of the fire, and again he gazed at her through his blue spectacles.

'How punctual you always are, Mrs Hadleigh!' said the lodger, drawing out his watch as he spoke. 'I need never ask the time when you present yourself with my milk.'

'I am so glad you are pleased, sir,' returned the landlady, with a gratified smile. 'It is very little to do for a gentleman so obliging as you are.'

'Oh, don't say any more about that little affair,' said Mr Willerton, waving his hand; 'although I may as well ask if these engravings—did you say engravings?'

'N—no—I don't think they—I don't know—O no! maps—I said maps,' replied Mrs Hadleigh.

'Maps, certainly,' assented Mr Willerton. 'I was going to say that if it be a wet night, I had perhaps better take a cab. It would not do, I suppose, to let them get wet?'

'O no, sir,' said the landlady. 'Pray, have a cab by all means; we would not have any harm come to them for the world.'

After a few more words, she left; and the lodger, turning his key in the door, secured himself against intrusion. The basin of milk was steaming on the table; he smiled as he saw it; then unlocking a chest, took from thence a bottle. 'Rum and milk is recommended for invalids, I believe; and as I am an invalid, I take it, though I shall be glad to get some decent suppers again. How the old lady would be astonished, if she saw me flavouring her innocent draught! Yet not half so much as she has astonished me to-night. What with the astonishment she has caused me, and the astonishment I shall give her, and the great surprise and flooring all round, I should say that nobody—since the time of Guy Fawkes at anyrate—ever prepared purposely for such a grand flare-up as this blundering, whimpering old noodle of a landlady has done by accident! Ha, ha, ha! I wish I could laugh aloud; it would be a relief to me. Upon my word, I don't think I shall be able to sleep to-night, and it isn't often that anything in the way of business keeps me awake, or gives me the nightmare.'

Soliloquising thus, the genial Mr Willerton qualified his medicated milk, which had been fortified so as to become a most potent draught, and retired to rest.

SITES OF BUILDINGS MYSTERIOUSLY CHANGED.

NOTHING is more striking to the student of popular traditions and folk-lore than the frequency with which the same legend occurs again and again in different districts, with only slight changes in detail answering to each. One of this class of legends is that which refers to cases of mysterious and supernatural opposition made to the building of certain edifices on the spots originally designed for them. The root of these legends is probably to be found in the skillfully devised means that may have been occasionally taken by monks and other Churchmen to effect a change that was to them desirable in fixing the site of a building. This is strengthened by the circumstance that most of those legends have reference to ecclesiastical edifices. But whatever their origin may be, the peasantry still adhere to the traditions which ascribe the mysterious changes to supernatural agency.

Without, however, further discussing the history of these legends, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief survey of such of them as refer to well-known localities. Thus, the legend runs that the fine Norman church of Godshill, in the Isle of Wight, was to have been built in the valley; but the builders every morning found the previous day's work had been destroyed during the night, and the stones carried to the top of the hill. Considering this as a divine indication where the holy structure was to be built, they accordingly reared it on that prominent site, where, for miles round, it still forms a graceful and beautiful object. A similar legend is related with reference to the church of Ste Marie du Castel, in Guernsey, where it is currently reported that fairies were the agents; while others assert it was the work of angels. Indeed, it would appear that, in days gone by, the invisible beings, of whatever nature they were, who, according to tradition, so often interfered in the building of some sacred edifice, generally selected for its site the most inconvenient spot, and not infrequently a steep hill. The Church of Breedon, in Leicestershire, for instance, stands on a high hill, with the village at its foot. Tradition, however, says that when the site of the church was first fixed upon, a central spot in the village was chosen. The foundations were not only dug, but the builders commenced the fabric. It was to no purpose; for all they built in the course of the day was carried away by doves during the night-time, and skillfully built exactly in the same manner on the hill where the church stands. Both founder and workmen, awed and terrified by this extraordinary procedure, were afraid to build the church on its original site, and agreed to finish the one begun by the doves!

Again, the church belonging to the village of

Churchdown, four miles from Gloucester, stands on the top of a steep hill, whence there is an extensive view over the vale to the Malvern Hills. Local tradition asserts that it was first commenced on a site at the foot of the hill, but that the materials employed by day were conveyed each night by the Evil One to the top of the hill; until at length, when repeated efforts to adhere to the original spot were found to be ineffectual, it was resolved to leave off building the church below, and to erect it at the top of the hill.

In Lancashire, a county famous for its superstitions, the feats of the 'Goblin Builders' form a portion of the popular literature of almost every locality. The foundations of Rochdale Church are supposed to have been removed by them from the banks of the river Roch, up to their present elevated position. A similar tale is told of Samlesbury Church, near Preston. A 'demon pig' not only determined the site of St Oswald's Church at Winwick, but gave a name to the parish. The foundation of the church, it seems, was laid where the founder had directed, and the close of the first day's work marked some progress in the building. But the approach of night brought with it an event which not a little disquieted the inhabitants around the spot. A pig was heard to scream aloud as it ran hastily to the site of the new church, where, taking up a stone in its mouth, it carried it to the spot sanctified by the death of St Oswald. In this manner the pig employed itself through the whole night until it had succeeded in removing all the stones which the builders had laid. In support of this tradition, there is a figure of a pig sculptured on the tower of the church just above the western entrance. There are other churches in Lancashire that have similar legends attached to them. The parochial church at Burnley was originally intended to be built on the site occupied by the old Saxon cross in Godly Lane; but however much the masons might have built in the daytime, it was all undone before the next morning, the scaffolding and stones being invariably found where the church now stands. In this case, too, the goblins took the form of pigs.

The village of Stowe, near Daventry, is said to derive its adjunct of 'Nine-Churches' from one of these weird occurrences. In days of yore, say the villagers, a lord of the manor was desirous of raising a church in his native place, at that time known by the simple appellation of Stowe. A hill was chosen for the site, and the foundation laid; but on the following day, no traces of yesterday's work were visible—trenches, stones, and tools having completely vanished. After a long search, they were discovered some distance off. The lord of the manor, however, was stubborn, and was not to be so easily baffled. Nine times, therefore, he renewed his attempt; but in vain, as each night the mischievous spirit continued to remove what the workmen had raised during the day. At last, after great difficulty, a man was induced to watch these midnight proceedings; when, to his astonishment, he discovered that the opponents of the church were the tiny legions of Queen Mab. A more matter-of-fact origin for the appellation 'Nine-Churches' is that it was so called because there were nine advowsons appendant to the manor.

In the parish of Talland, in Cornwall, there is

a spot known as 'Pulpit,' which, the legend tells us, was selected for the site of the church. Soon after its commencement, a voice was heard at night-time repeating, again and again, the following lines:

If you will my wish fulfil,
Build the church on Talland Hill.

On the dawn of the next morning, it was found that the stones had all been removed to the spot chosen by the mysterious rhymster. The church was, however, again begun on its original site; but with the same results. This went on for some time, until it was determined to build it on Talland Hill. With the omission of the name Pulpit, and the substitution of St Mary's Hill for Talland Hill in the couplet quoted above, the same story is told of the church in the parish of St Mary-Church, adjacent to Torquay. The parish church of Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, stands some distance from the town, although it was intended to have been built on a field in its immediate neighbourhood. As soon as its foundations were laid, tradition has it that the materials were carried away in the night by witches, and deposited where the church now stands. The field at first selected for its site was ever after termed the 'Witches' Meadow.'

Among the many other curious legends associated with church-building, may be mentioned one relating to St Mary's Church, Kidderminster. This church, it is said, was formerly built on the western side of the river Stour, but that its walls were thrown down by the Evil One—a spot which was consequently called 'the Curst-field,' now corrupted into Cussfield. It was then built on the eastern side of the river, where it remains to this day. Holme Church, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, six or seven miles from Market-Weighton, stands on the top of a hill, although tradition says it was first commenced at the bottom; but when nearly finished, all was found in ruins; the work of the fairies, who had previously warned the founder against erecting it on this site.

Similar legends are related of the Church of Bughton in Sussex; Ambrosden Church, in Buckinghamshire; and of the churches of Great Brington and Oxendon in Northamptonshire. The traditions, too, concerning St Guthbert and the foundation of Durham Cathedral are too well known to need description. Glyde in his *Norfolk Garland* alludes to the Chapel of Our Lady at Walsingham, which was, it is alleged, built after the exact model of the Santa Casa at Loretto, the Sacred Cottage which, according to the legend, had been miraculously transported by angels from Nazareth till it found its last resting-place at Loretto. An ancient account tells us that the foundations of this chapel were originally laid where 'the Wishing Wells' are now seen, but that they were continually disarranged in a most unaccountable way, till the founders at last recognised this circumstance as a token of a higher will; and the site was changed to the north-west, where the chapel afterwards stood.

Several instances of this species of legendary superstition are recorded to have occurred in Scotland. Thus, according to the notes to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, during the building of the old church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, the work was

impeded by supernatural obstacles, and at length the Spirit of the River was heard to say:

- It is not here, it is not here,
That ye shall build the Church of Deer;
But on Taptillery,
Where many a corpse shall lie.

Legends of this kind, too, are to be found on the continent, especially in places where the church is inconveniently situated, as, for example, on the top of a steep hill, or at one of the extremities of the parish. The Church of Høierup, in Denmark, on the top of Stevns Klint, a long ridge of chalk cliffs, was built in the fourteenth century—some say by a skipper, others by a pirate, as a votive offering to heaven for preservation from a fearful tempest, and constructed on the klint's edge to serve as a landmark to those at sea. While it was being built, however, the walls constantly fell down, and could not be made to stand straight; an occurrence which ill-natured persons attributed to bad architecture. This was not the case; but the fault of these mysterious personages the trolles, one of whom, when the masons were about to begin their task again, was heard to exclaim: 'Høier up!' (Higher up). Following this advice, the masons built the church on the top of the cliff, and called it Høierup.

Once more, the church of the village of Ræchlöv, near Kallundborg, in Denmark, stands at a considerable distance from it, in an open field. This circumstance is accounted for from the fact that, when the church was building, the work performed by day was undone in the night. Two red bulls were therefore placed on the spot, to drive away the evil spirits. But on the following morning, one of the bulls was found killed on the outskirts of the town; and the other was discovered standing out in the field on an eminence, wounded. Hence it was resolved to change the site of the church.

Sacred edifices are not the only buildings that have met with this mysterious opposition. Thus, the late Canon Kingsley, in his *Westward Ho!* speaking of Bideford Bridge, says: 'All do not know how, when it began to be built some half-mile higher up, hands invisible carried the stones down stream each night to the present site; until Sir Richard Gurney, parson of the parish, going to bed one night in sore perplexity and fear of the evil spirit who seemed so busy in his sheepfold, beheld a vision of an angel, who bade him build the bridge where he himself had so kindly transported the materials, for there alone was sure foundation amid the broad sheets of shifting sands.'

A similar story is connected with Callaly Castle, which stands near the brook-side about two miles from Whittingham, in Northumberland. A neighbouring hill was originally the site chosen; and as soon as the building was commenced, it was undone during the night. At last, a watch was set; when, lo! stone after stone, as if endowed with supernatural power, was seen to rise silently and to fall to the earth noiselessly, till the result was a heap of ruins. In the meantime, a voice was heard saying:

Callaly Castle stands on a height,
Up in the day and down in the night;
Set it up on the Shepherd's Shaw,
There it will stand, and never fa'.

Crouch Hill, a lofty eminence one mile from Banbury, owes its origin, we are told in Beesley's *Banbury*, to the following circumstance: 'The three churches of Bloxham, Adderbury, and Kings Sutton were built by three masons who were brothers; but his Satanic majesty served them all as a labourer, and one day he fell down with a hod of mortar, and made Crouch Hill.'

The late Dr Robert Chambers, in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, records amongst other instances of this legendary lore, how in Lanarkshire, the building of Maulds-lie Castle was hindered every night; till a watch being set, a voice was heard to say:

Big the house where it should be;
Big it on Maul's Lee--

to which spot it was accordingly transferred. A similar tradition is told regarding the Castle of Melgund, in Forfarshire, an ancient property now belonging to the Earl of Minto. Mucross Abbey has also a curious legend, not unlike some of those already given, attached to it, a reference to which will be found in Croker's *Legends of Killarney*.

AN INVITATION TO BREAKFAST, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

'WALK out to my house, and have breakfast with me some morning.' Such was the invitation given me one day by Mr Robertson, a genial, middle-aged solicitor to whom I was articled, in the thriving town of Abbeyton.

Now, I had only been articled for a few weeks; and what I had seen of Mr Robertson in business, made me wish to know him and his in their private life; hence I was much delighted to have this opportunity of gratifying my wish. A few days afterwards, waking up and finding a glorious summer sun streaming into my room, I speedily decided that this was just the kind of morning on which I should accept the invitation to breakfast at Abbey Grove; and in a few minutes I was on my way thither.

Abbey Grove was situated about two miles from the town, and consisted of a small cluster of villas, built in a prettily situated spot, which, generations ago, had formed part of the grounds of an old Abbey. The only remains of this ancient building, however, were a few yards of crumbling wall, with here and there vestiges of what at one time had been traceried windows; these, with numerous mounds of stones and masonry, were all that was now left to tell of what had been there centuries ago. Most of these mounds were now covered with grass and shrubs and trees, and thus formed a delightfully secluded retreat, which the inhabitants of the Abbey Grove villas enjoyed in common.

The invigorating charms of an early walk on a summer's morning need no description. The pure air, the genial sun, the twittering birds, the sparkling dew, and soft low breeze, all tend to exhilarate one's spirits and to make the day pleasanter and happier throughout. All these experiences were mine on the day I write

of. As I approached Abbey Grove and saw the houses peeping from out the surrounding trees, I commenced wondering as to what kind of a residence would be occupied by Mr Robertson, how it would be furnished, what kind of people his wife and family would be like, and the kindred things that you speculate upon when going to visit a house for the first time. Last, but by no means least, as my walk continued, I wondered what kind of a breakfast there would be, to appease the appetite stimulated by the morning breeze.

I walked down the short avenue leading to the houses, and then began to wonder which of the half-dozen villas I was bound for. This small community dispensed with numbers to their houses, nor did they even distinguish them by the ambitious and ridiculous names which you see stuck up on most suburban residences. No; nothing savouring so of the town for this group of country residents; they all called their several houses by the common name of Abbey Grove; and the stranger had to take his chance of having to go to each of the houses in turn, before he found the particular one he sought. Fortune favoured me, however, by sending across my path a travelling directory in the shape of the local milkman; and in response to my inquiry as to which house was Mr Robertson's, I received the straightforward reply: 'This 'ere one as I've jist come from, sir.' Walking up the path, I found the door invitingly open, and the housemaid putting the finishing touches on the bell-handle.

'Master is not down yet, sir,' she replied to my inquiry as to whether he was at home, which, considering the time of day, really appeared an absurd question to ask the girl; but we get accustomed to use stereotyped phrases under some circumstances.

'Oh, then, I will come in and wait,' I replied.

'What name shall I say, sir?' asked the girl.

'Just tell him Mr Brookes has called, and he will understand.'

So saying, the girl showed me into a snug little breakfast-room, where the sunbeams and the fresh morning air seemed to be vying with each other as to which should hold possession of the room, with such friendly rivalry were they streaming through two open French-windows, which opened upon a tastefully arranged lawn and flower-beds outside. Whilst noticing these things, the housemaid had gone up-stairs to announce me; when something like the following dialogue ensued. 'Please, ma'am, Mr Brookes is down-stairs.'

'Mr Brookes! Who is he?' was the response in a muffled female voice.

'I don't know, ma'am,' the maid replied. 'I've never seen him here before. But he's a young gentleman, and says he'll wait till master comes down.'

'Whoever can he be, and what can he want,

bothering here, at this time of day?' continued the muffled voice; and thereupon the door was shut.

Now, this was not exactly pleasant to me; but when I reflected that most probably Mrs Robertson would be unacquainted with her husband's invitation to me, I thought it best not to be offended; so I commenced examining the pictures on the walls. They were not very interesting, and I soon concluded my inspection, and looked round for something else to occupy the moments, which began to hang rather heavily. The newspaper of the previous day was upon a small table by the window, so I took that up, just to pass away the time, and I was soon listlessly perusing the advertisements. I had not been sitting thus above a minute or two, when I heard a slight rustling, as of a lady's dress; simultaneously came three or four light footsteps through the window into the room; and before I could look up from my paper, or rise from my seat, a musical voice accosted me with 'Good-morning, uncle; here is your button-hole.'

I started up in no little surprise at this greeting, which was evidently not intended for me; and there stood before me a fairy-like maiden of some sixteen summers, her brown hair falling loosely from a daintily shaped head; her cheeks aglow with the healthy morning air she had been enjoying, and deepened too by a rosy blush, when she discovered her greeting had been unwittingly addressed to a stranger. She was standing before me, holding out the little knot of flowers destined for her uncle's button-hole—how I envied her uncle!—a very picture of health and life and happiness and beauty. Her expression of unrestrained enjoyment had changed in a moment to one of embarrassment and dismay, mingled with a gleam of amusement in her bright eyes as the humour of the awkward situation we were in broke upon her. An instantaneous mutual agreement seemed to flash between us. We both broke into a merry little laugh; and I have often wondered what would have happened if we had not adopted this course, if, for instance, the young lady had passed on with a dignified coldness, and simple apologies and bows had passed between us! Our sudden introduction was, however, not destined to have this sudden ending. In a few moments we were chatting away like old friends. I fancied my fairy seemed to be actually pleased when I announced that I was going to stay breakfast; and I had almost summoned up courage to ask her to present me in reality with the flowers she had undesignedly offered to me, when the entrance of the servant with the completing dishes for the breakfast-table served as an excuse for her to leave the room.

She had scarcely gone through the door, when I heard again the greeting, 'Good-morning, uncle,' followed this time by an unmistakable sound, which made me long more than ever to be that girl's uncle! The door opened once more. I stepped forward to meet my employer, but suddenly paused, as a tall gentleman entered

the room whom I had never seen before in my life.

He stood looking inquiringly at me after a sharp 'Good-morning.' I was too embarrassed to make any response. My first thought was: 'He is some visitor;' but in a few moments the awful truth dawned across my mind, that this was in reality the owner of the house I was in, and that by some means or other I had got into the wrong one. The situation was tremendous. I am naturally a cool character; but I was so taken by surprise and chagrin, that I could only mutter some confused apology about having been invited to breakfast by Mr Robertson; that I had been directed to this house by some miserable misunderstanding; that I humbly apologised for my intrusion, and hoped he would pardon it. So speaking, I made a frantic dash at my hat, maddened at my stupidity, at the loss of my breakfast, and still more at the thought of never seeing or speaking again to that charming little lady, who in less than five minutes I found I was absurdly in love with!

I said a hurried 'good-morning,' and was trying to make a ghastly attempt at a smile as I left the room—when, would you believe it? That tall dark man burst out into a loud laugh. I felt ready to knock him down. I knew how my stupidity would be gaily disenclosed at that breakfast-table, before *her*, and I felt my discomfiture and humiliation deeply; but this open merriment at my expense maddened me.

A strange calm succeeded this storm. It was caused by some words uttered by my tormentor. 'You really must forgive me; I could not refrain from laughing. My name is Robinson. Your friend Mr Robertson lives in one of the other houses. We frequently get parcels and letters, and even callers coming to the wrong house; but in all my experience, we have never had so amusing a mistake so early in the day as this one.'

Now, this explanation toned down my anger considerably; but the words which followed were like balm to my troubled heart. 'Mr Robertson will have finished breakfast by now. I cannot think of allowing you to go. Do me the favour of remaining here and breakfasting with us this morning.' So saying, he took my hat out of my hand, and led me into the room again. Of course, it did not need much persuasion to make me stop. Two minutes before, I had been ready to knock this man over; I now thought him the kindest and most considerate fellow in the world.

Of course the breakfast was delightful. I found Mr Robinson and his wife sensible, genial, kind-hearted people. I found their niece even more sensible, more genial, and kind-hearted than they were; and when, after breakfast, I accompanied her and Mr Robinson into their pretty flower-garden, I received from her a rosebud for my button-hole, which I kept for some years afterwards. When saying good-bye, I was perplexed by thinking how I should manage to see her again; it must be contrived somehow, I mentally resolved. Upon returning to town, I lost no time in explaining 'the situation' to my worthy employer Mr Robertson, who rallied me good-naturedly upon the mistake, and upon what the consequences might be! Next week I was invited to a picnic at Mr Robinson's, and went not only to it, but likewise to Mr Robinson's

house again and again before his niece returned to her home.

Four years have passed since that invitation to breakfast was given me, and that 'fairy-like girl' is now my wife. That local milkman, bless him, got a handsome 'tip' upon our wedding-day.

INDIA IN 1855 AND INDIA IN 1880.

A CORRESPONDENT in India has transmitted to us the following notes, shewing the progress recently made in railways, &c. He says:

On looking over an old number of *Chambers's Journal* (March 31, 1855), I find the following passage: 'In India too, the railway is open for one hundred and twenty miles, and a train leaves Calcutta one day and returns the next. This, for Hindustan, is good progress; but the Indian telegraph may be cited as an instance of praiseworthy enterprise, three thousand miles having been erected in less than twelve months, at a cost of forty-two pounds per mile. The news conveyed by the mail to Bombay is now flashed to Madras, Calcutta, Agra, and Lahore in about three hours! Think of the wires being stretched to within a few miles of the fatal Khyber Pass! A line is to be carried also to Prome, Rangoon, and to the capital of Aracan; so that ere long the Governor-general will receive daily or hourly reports of what is going on in the remotest parts of his wide dominions.'

These words were printed twenty-six years ago. Let us compare them with the facts of to-day, facts which have been established in our own experience during our service in the country. 'The railway open for one hundred and twenty miles' was the first effort of the great East Indian Railway Company, and ran as far as Rancegunge, one hundred and twenty-one miles from Calcutta; this morsel of line, tapping the neighbouring collieries, was opened with great éclat by Lord Dalhousie, and up it came all our Mutiny reinforcements. It was a great thing in those days to travel by rail to Rancegunge, and there meet the carriages which horsed us up the Grand Trunk Road to all parts of the north-west. This was and is a metalled road, running up from Calcutta to Meerut and Delhi, from which stations onward progress was in palanquins. It used to be said in those early days that if we were then turned out of India, the Grand Trunk Road would be the only monument we would leave behind us; and this was true until 1854, when the mighty Ganges Canal was opened, starting from the Ganges at Hurdwar, and rejoining it at Cawnpore.

To return to railways. Let us open the map of the current number of *Newman's Indian Bradshaw*, and note the marvellous ramifications of railway begotten by that mite of one hundred and twenty miles. Let us start from Tuticorin, in the extreme south-east of the peninsula, and opposite the northern end of Ceylon, and travel northwards; four hundred and forty-three miles will bring us to Madras, three hundred and fifty miles to Raichur, and four hundred and forty-three miles to Bombay. Starting from the western capital in a north-easterly direction, six hundred and sixteen miles will land us at Jubbulpore, and two hundred and thirty-nine miles more at

Allahabad, the capital of the North-west Provinces. From thence, three hundred and seventy-eight miles will take us to Gazerabad, opposite Delhi; and three hundred and thirty-five more to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab; whence two hundred and twenty-four miles will land us at Attock, on the left bank of the mighty Indus. Thus we have traversed three thousand and twenty-eight miles of rail at the fair average of twenty miles an hour, and have passed over twenty-seven degrees of latitude; and this has only been along one system of railways in one particular direction. We have quite ignored other great lines ramifying all over the country, but have shown enough to exhibit the marvellous progeny of that little Ranee-gunge line.

Our railways, as a rule, are triumphs of engineering skill. Note the great works at the Bore and Thull Ghats; admire the huge bridges thrown over mighty rivers, those over the classic Panchab (Punjab—that is, five waters) being each of them remarkable specimens of engineering skill; the sacred Jamna and Ganges are each spanned by two huge bridges; and a third over the latter, at the sacred Benares, is to eclipse all the others.

With the development of railways, the post-office necessarily expands, and now there are more than six thousand scattered over the length and breadth of the land, not including Ceylon. And so too with the telegraph; but with us, the telegraph preceded the rail, and now its wires stretch over the whole country like a gigantic web. In 1855, it was thought a great feat that they 'stretched to within a few miles of the fatal Khyber Pass.' During the late war, they not only passed through the historic Khyber, but found their terminus at Cabul itself. The western submarine cables come in at Bombay or Kurrachee, putting us in communication with the west and Africa; and the eastern cables start from Elephant Point, below Rangoon, and stretch to the Straits, China and Japan, and on to San Francisco. I was out here at the birth of the telegraph under the auspices of Dr Sir W. O'Shaughnessy, watched it in its infancy, and now admire it in its adult manhood. During its infancy in 1854, I was marching with Sir Robert Hamilton, the then Resident at Indore, from Indore to Agra; and on entering the Gwalior state, we met the Maharajah Scindia at one of the camping-grounds—Sipri, I think. In our conference or durbar, the conversation naturally reverted to the telegraph line which was then being pushed along the great Bombay Road on which we then were, and the Maharajah asked what was being done, and what was the use of it. Sir Robert replied: 'I will show your Highness;' and then and there scribbled off and despatched a message to Goonah, several miles away, telling the Maharajah what he had done, and receiving an incredulous smile in return. The answer came in a few minutes; and Sir Robert read it to the Maharajah, who burst out laughing, and exclaimed: 'It is a fib, my lord; your clerk wrote it.' Now the State Railway, to which he contributed ninety lakhs (nine hundred thousand pounds), has a station close to the Palace, and he largely uses the telegraph.

Such are a few illustrations of 'the past and present' in India; and I think it will be conceded that this great country is not so far in the rear of civilisation as it is popularly supposed to be.

While writing the above, I extract the following paragraph from Sir Richard Temple's speech before the Royal Colonial Institute, on December 14, 1880, as exhibiting what India has contributed financially towards railways and canals: 'Public works have been carried out to a very great extent. The government has invested one hundred and twenty-five million pounds upon railways, of which about ninety-three million pounds has been expended by guaranteed Companies, and the rest directly by the state. As to the canals, India has the finest canal system to be seen anywhere in the world. Twenty million pounds have been expended upon them, and six per cent. is being paid to those who advanced the capital.'

THE WEDDING-CAKE AND THE WILL.

WILL TESTER's father made a will;
To Will, the younger, thereby, *willing*
His lauds and tenements; and nil
To Tom, his first-born, save a shilling.

Will was a wily, cunning lad;
And Tom a true outspoken Briton;
The younger always pleased the dad,
And bent to those he couldn't sit on.

Will wedded one his father chose;
Tom wouldn't wed for love or money;
He painted life *couleur-de-rose*;
Good temper spread his path with honey.

Will sent his sire a piece—how sweet!—
Of wedding-cake, 'from Will and Phemie,'
With loving lines that filled a sheet
Of post octavo, gilt-edged, creamy.

'Dear father' put the cake away,
Stowed safe amongst some other treasures,
And there it lay for many a day,
Forgotten quite 'mid passing pleasures.

Remorseless Death, with ruthless hand,
Took father from his home for ever;
The 'parting' Will could hardly stand;
'Twas feared his grief his heart would sever.

Still, *duty* must be done at last,
In spite of death, in spite of sorrow;
To father's drawer, Will hurried fast,
To find the will to prove to-morrow.

He found it 'neath a lump of cake—
His wedding-cake: O Fate, thou blindling!
The *will* was there—for Will's dear sake—
But, gone the signature, past finding.

The cake, which as a rule we eat,
Had *eaten* what lay underneath it;
The ink absorbed—and left a sweet
Sad trace upon the words 'bequeath it.'

Where loving dad had boldly signed,
Was but a hole, just tinged with yellow;
Will did not think Fate had been kind,
Tom quietly smiled, the lucky fellow!

JOSE. DAVIES.

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IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT.

ALMOST everything relating to Egypt is of undying interest. Its vast antiquity, its colossal monuments, its strange history, its mystic religions, its peculiar physical characteristics, have each and all formed the subject of investigation by the scholar, the antiquary, and the naturalist. Once the centre of learning and religion to the civilised world, it has, by the strange mutations of time and chance, become transformed into a kind of charnel-house, where the dead are more remarkable than the living, and where the relics of a past age supersede in interest the living attractions of the present. The ancient race of men, whose figures still adorn their crumbling sepulchres, and whose mummified remains are scattered broadcast throughout Europe and America, have passed off the active stage of life, and their place has been taken by a new people, whose condition of servitude is in affecting contrast to the grandeur and glory of the old possessors of the land.

To that land itself there is attached a peculiar interest. In its physical characteristics, it stands alone among the nations. A rainless country, whose soil would soon be transmutated into endless wastes of drifting sand, but that its river, the mysterious Nile, periodically rises and overflows its banks, leaving athwart its course a stretch of submerged country, which, when the waters once more retire to their wonted channel, is found to have become fertilised and enriched, ready to 'scatter plenty o'er a smiling land.' But this tract of cultivated and cultivable soil bears but a small proportion to the boundless areas of desert and wilderness, extending to thousands of square miles, which lie *beyond* the valley of the Nile. These deserts are mere wastes of blown sand, with rarely a pile of grass to refresh the weary eye, and scarcely a living thing to be seen for miles, except the hungry vulture that follows in the track of the caravan, as the shark is said to swim in the wake of the doomed vessel. Little is known of this wild and weird wilderness, 'a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought

and of the shadow of death, a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwell.' Any authentic information, therefore, which comes to us on the subject is necessarily of interest, as few travellers have chosen to explore these forbidding byways of African travel. One of those few is General R. E. Colston, an American officer, for nearly six years in the military service of Ismail Pacha, Khedive of Egypt, and who has given an account of his experiences in those deserts, through the medium of a lecture to the American Geographical Society, as published in their Proceedings.

General Colston did not visit these districts as a mere tourist, but as an explorer, student, and observer. His immediate and official object, indeed, was to make a scientific survey of particular districts, and to examine certain ancient gold mines worked by the Egyptians before the Christian era. His first expedition was from Cairo to Kennel on the Nile, by steamer, about four hundred miles. Thence he passed across to the Eastern Græco-Roman city of Berenice on the Red Sea, where he remained exploring the shores for three months. From this place he proceeded to explore the Eastern Desert, and especially the ancient gold mines of Wady Allaki; thence to Berber on the Nile, then to Abou Hamed, whence he traversed the great desert of Korosko across the bend of the Nile. In a second expedition, he crossed the western deserts from about the same point to the province of Kordofan. Here he was prostrated by sun-stroke, and partially paralysed, and lay six months at Obeyad, in what was supposed to be a dying condition. At the end of this time, he was transported twelve hundred miles in a camel litter across two great deserts, till he reached Suakim on the Red Sea, whence he was conveyed by ship to Suez. This outline of his journeys, which can be traced on any map of Africa, will render his description of the routes travelled more intelligible.

To his powers of great and accurate observation, General Colston adds those of literary skill in the statement and description of what he saw, the

places explored being represented in his lecture with a vividness and force of characterisation which bring the scenes before us as in a picture. He begins by referring to what is to be seen in the sail of four hundred miles up the Nile to Kenneh, the starting-point of his first desert-journey. 'Sometimes the valley of the Nile expands like a green carpet on either side, with its rich harvests, its whitening cotton, its green sugar-canes and waving palms, in the midst of which sits embowered here and there a native village, with its quaint pigeon-houses and its lonely minaret. Further up, under the fig-trees and mimosas, shines in the magic moonlight of Egypt the white dome which covers the tomb of a Mussulman saint. As we pass the villages at sunrise and sunset, we see long files of veiled women in their dark-blue robes, their water-jars gracefully poised on their heads, coming down to fill them at the river-bank, and then walking away with a grace and stateliness astonishing in mere peasants. At other points the utterly barren hills of the Arabian and Libyan chains come down to the very water's edge, and nought is to be seen but the most dreary and desolate desert, without a blade of grass, or a sign of human or animal life—nothing but the rugged red or yellow cliffs, with the heated air visibly quivering on their surface under the fierce rays of the African sun. Then, again, on one shore or the other, sometimes on both at once, the mountains recede for a mile or two; and as the panorama unrolls itself before us, we see majestic temple and ruins, pyramids and obelisks, flitting before our fascinated gaze; to be succeeded in turn by the huge and prosaic chimneys of some of the Khedive's great sugar-refineries.'

Then follow the arrangements for the land-journey. The Sheik and Bedouins who are to guide them on their explorations are selected, the necessary riding and baggage camels provided, with other fifty camels carrying water in skins slung over their backs; and then, after much strong language on the part of the drivers, and loud groans and protestations from the camels as they receive their respective loads, the huge caravan begins its journey through the wide, monotonous waste of sand.

'The moment we leave the banks of the Nile, we enter a world entirely strange and new—a waterless land, without rivers, creeks, rivulets, or springs; nothing but scanty and more or less brackish wells, at long intervals; and in the mountainous regions, some natural rocky reservoirs, where the rare rain-water collects in the brief and uncertain rainy season.' When the writer crossed the Eastern Desert in the fall of 1873, there had been no rain for three years; so that the first thing to be provided in starting was a supply of water sufficient to last from the Nile to the first well, and then from each well to the next.

In carrying the water, the natives employ exclusively goat and ox skins. When a goat is killed, they cut off his head and his legs at the hocks and knees; and after splitting the skin a short way down his breast, turn him out of his jacket by pulling it off like a stocking. After the hide is cured, the legs are tightly tied up, leaving only the neck open; and thus a large bottle is formed capable of holding from six to ten gallons

according to the size of the defunct goat. These water-skins, called *girbehs*, after a few days' use, keep the water very sweet. In the excessive heat of the desert, however, they lose a great quantity of their contents by evaporation. Military trains, in addition, are supplied with flattened zinc barrels, whose shape is adapted for hanging to the pack-saddles. These have screw stoppers, which prevent all leakage and evaporation. The water carried in the *girbehs* in the sun, gets quite warm, and that in the zinc barrels almost boils. As soon, therefore, as the traveller gets to camp, a portion of water is poured out into open skins, and hung on tripods in the shade; when, in the course of half an hour it becomes drinkable, and by midnight is as cold as fresh spring-water.

As a consequence, water in the desert is a very precious possession; for should the traveller find that the well on which he relied has gone dry, it may mean death to him in one of its cruellest forms. In that waterless land, therefore, even the pious Arab abstains from his religious ablutions before prayer, his law permitting him in such a case to wash his hands and feet with sand. As a rule, the water found in the scattered wells is very bad. 'The first thing on arriving at a well is to taste its water, and every one takes a sip, rolling it in his mouth and testing it, as epicures do rare wines. Great is the joy if it is pronounced "sweet water;" but when the guides say "not good," you know it is a strong solution of Epsom salts.'

The writer has some interesting observations on the camel. The specimens, he says, to be seen in the zoological collections of Europe and America are very poor, and give us little knowledge of him except his ungainly and unsymmetrical appearance, his gawky and lumbering gait. These are mostly Tartar or Syrian camels, with large frames, big heads and necks, coarse legs, and long hair, adapted for protection against the cold winters of Syria, Persia, and Tartary. General Colston calls the Arabian camel 'the most wondrously curious animal that God ever made.' Arabia has produced the best breed of these animals, which differs greatly from the Bactrian or Tartary camel. The Arabian camel has but one hump, and seldom exceeds nine feet to the top of it. His proper home is the desert. In richer lands, where food is very abundant, he becomes larger and coarser, and loses his most valuable quality, that of being able to live on little food, and of passing many days without any water at all. The camel and the dromedary are the same animal, differing only in breed, as the cart-horse differs from the race-horse. The dromedary corresponds to the latter, and is used to ride on. He is distinguished by his small head and ears, slim neck, and especially slender and wiry legs. With no load but his rider, water-skin, and a little food, he may travel a hundred miles a day for four or five days without injury. On an emergency, he can even go one hundred and fifty miles a day, a stress, however, which renders the poor animal useless afterwards. The burden-camel, corresponding to our dray or cart-horse, carries a load of four hundred pounds, and walks two and a half miles an hour, regularly as a clock. He is coarser, heavier, and slower than the dromedary.

The complaints which have been made of the difficulty of riding a camel—of the headache and

nausea it causes—proceed, in the writer's opinion, from travellers who do not know how to ride him. After the rider has once mastered the art of mounting and dismounting, there is no further trouble; and any one accustomed to horse-back may, in the General's opinion, learn in a single day to ride and manage the camel. 'He is the most docile and manageable of all animals, excepting only the Egyptian donkey.' The simple art of easy camel-riding consists chiefly in not permitting your camel to walk, except in deep sand, or over steep rocky ground, where you cannot help it. 'There is not a more back-breaking, skin-abrading motion than a camel's walk; but if you press him into a gentle pace, which is the natural gait of a dromedary, he moves both legs on the same side together. Thus he will go all day, with perfect ease to you, and no fatigue to himself, at the rate of about five miles an hour. In that gait his motion feels exactly like that of a very easy trotting horse, though, of course, camels are like horses, some moving easier than others. With every increase of the rapidity of his gait, he goes rougher.' The higher speed of the dromedary enables the traveller to ride on in advance, and take two or three rests in the course of the day, in order to allow the slower burden-camels to come up. But they all camp together at night.

To turn from the camel to the inhabitants of the country, the writer notices that as you ascend the Nile the population become darker in complexion; but it is not till the limits of Nubia are passed, that people with negro characteristics begin to be found. The Bedoween or Bedouins are the inhabitants of the deserts. Their wealth is in flocks and camels, and no consideration can induce them to move into fertile places and work the ground. They act as carriers and camel-drivers, and often suffer great privation; yet the freedom of the desert is more precious to them than the plenty of the settlements, and they look down with unutterable scorn upon the inhabitants of towns, whom they contemptuously call 'dwellers among bricks.' 'Their condition at the present day is very much like their ancestors in the days of Abraham and Lot and Ishmael, and their customs have changed but little since that time. Each tribe is governed in an absolutely patriarchal way by its sheik.' The subjects of some of these sheiks number as many as seventy thousand souls.

The Arabs divide their deserts into two kinds. The first they call wildernesses, being diversified by valleys or water-courses, where their flocks can wander and find pasture. The second is the *atmour*, or desert proper, consisting of hard gravel, diversified by zones of deep sands, rocky belts, and rugged defiles. 'It is absolutely and entirely destitute of all vegetation. Not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass relieves the eyes, which are painfully affected by the fierce reflection of the sunlight upon the yellow sand. No shade whatever is to be found, unless it is cast by some great rock. These *atmours*, generally nine or ten days' journey across, are like oceans, which you may traverse on your four-footed ship, but where you may not tarry, and where caravans cross each other like vessels on the ocean.'

Here is a picture of a desert journey, with its terrible privations and experiences: 'It is now

May 1875. The sun has again crossed the line, and is shining vertically over our heads. We are on the west of the Nile, on the desolate *atmours* which separate the river from the hardly less barren plains of Kordofan. A more parched, blasted, and blighted country than it is at this period, cannot be conceived. It is the end of the dry season, and half of the rare wells are exhausted; and those which are not, furnish only a scanty supply of brackish water at temperatures of eighty degrees or more. The deeper the wells, the warmer the water. The marches are perfectly terrible, and yet it is worse to halt during the day than to keep moving; for under the tents the heat redoubles as in a hothouse, making it impossible to rest or sleep. Thus we march from earliest dawn often till night; for we must make the distance between the wells before our water gives out. On the burning sand the sun beats down with a fierceness which cannot be described. The barrel of your gun, the stirrup of your saddle, blister your hand and your foot. The thermometer rises to a hundred and fifty degrees in the sun; and in spite of the protection of your white helmet, a heavy silk scarf over it, and the umbrella you carry, your skin peels off in blisters, and your brain almost boils in your skull.'

Deserts such as Kerosko and Shégré, which are nine or ten days across, seem to be all but bereft of animal life. 'The ostrich,' says our author, 'and hyena cross them swiftly by night, and the ever-present vulture wings his ceaseless flight over them. No one can realise the combination of complete silence, solitude, and infinite space, who has not been in those deserts. When night comes, and the Bedouins are all asleep in their bivouacs, walk away from the camp in the unequalled moonlight of Africa, beyond the first ridge of sand or rock; around you stretches an immense sea-like horizon. The sand gleams almost as white as snow in the moon's rays. Not a sound falls upon your ear, not the murmur of a breeze, not the hum of the smallest insect, not the rustle of leaf or grass; silence, only silence as profound as death, unless it is broken by the distant howl of a prowling hyena. Thus we travel the weary days, longing for night to come; while the sun, our fierce enemy, not only drinks our blood, burns our flesh, and blisters our tongues, but also dries up our *girbels*, which, full at starting, are shrivelled to half their size by evaporation before the end of the first day.'

'No more jokes and laughter now along the column. The soldiers and servants, covering their heads with blankets and turbans, bring over all the hoods of their heavy cloth burnouses, leaving only a narrow aperture sufficient to see; but, strange to say, the Bedouins, "to the manner born," trudge along on foot, bare-headed and almost naked, without suffering as much as we do. The air that blows is literally like blasts from a furnace or a brick-kiln. Over the surface of the plain it quivers visibly in the sun, like that which rises from a red-hot stove; and now the mirage, seen on all plains, appears with redoubled vividness, as if in mockery of our sufferings. It distorts and magnifies every distant object. When we come to some portion of the plain dotted with low bushes less than a yard high, they are extravagantly magnified. We long for some slight

shade for our noonday meal. We see some trees half a mile ahead, and we hasten towards them; but as we approach, they dwindle down to small bushes. But surely there are trees a little farther on, and we ride towards them, and on, and on, with the same result, until experience teaches us it is all a delusion, and we have at last to take our lunch under the shadow of our camels. On the plains, the herbage, if we find any, is so dry that it crumbles to dust under the camel's tread; and the few trees are utterly bare of all foliage, exhibiting the paradox of a wintry aspect under this intense heat.

It says much for the courage and self-denial of our race, that such scenes as these can be faced, to glean for us who stay at home a knowledge of those strange and distant lands. And yet how many risk themselves in the attempt—wandering over boundless wastes of burning sand, trackless but for the whitened bones of the fallen camels which the preceding caravan has dropped lifeless by the way. We have only given a tithe of the information to be found in General Colston's paper; but it may be sufficient to indicate not only his ability to depict what he saw, but the fortitude and physical endurance which enabled him to traverse that desert land.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XX.—OUR MR MERVYN.

BERTRAM was fairly taken by surprise. 'I hope, sir,' he said, half timidly, as the blood rushed to his pale dark cheek, 'that I have not been intrusive, or prying, in'—

'No, no,' interrupted the great shipbuilder, patting him lightly on the shoulder as he spoke. 'This is no Bluebeard's chamber, and you are very welcome to inspect whatever it contains. My models, however, are especial pets of mine; and I take it as a compliment when a stranger looks at them so fixedly, and for so long a time, as I observed you to do.'

Again Bertram reddened. 'I must beg your pardon, sir, for trespassing on your patience as I have done, quite inadvertently, I assure you.' And he began to grope in the inner pocket of his coat for the thick letter which represented his credentials, and the production of which he felt he should no longer delay.

'No hurry, no hurry!' answered Mr Mervyn, with so genial and natural a frankness that it set Bertram almost at his ease. 'You shall give me the packet presently; but first we may chat over these toys'—pointing to the models—'hobbies of mine, as I said just now. I conjecture that you are fond of reading, and must have read books, whatever they were, which have taught you something about ships? Otherwise, you would hardly have cared for my miniatures.'

'The sight of them, sir, was a treat to me,' said Bertram, emboldened by the great kindness of his host. 'It so happens that I was born, or at least reared, on the coast, within sight and sound of the sea, and I got to be so useful in the fishing-smacks, that my good friends thought me cut out for a sailor. But I do love books; and I have read so much of the Roman galleys—and others

too—that I felt just now as though I saw for the first time the real craft, the shadows of which had been visible to me only in fancy. And here, too, are the ships of a later day, such as Edlingham, Raleigh, Drake, may have sailed in. I was amusing myself, when you found me,' added Bertram, with his bright smile, 'by giving names to some of them, as my memory prompted.'

'Name me that one,' said Mr Mervyn quickly, pointing to a begilded model that stood a little apart from the rest, on a blue cushion ornamented by tiny golden roses.

'I think I can guess right, sir, in this case,' was Bertram's ready reply. 'Less gold, sir, than with the Spanish four-deckers, fewer guns, and not so lofty a poop; but a tall, wall-sided, crank man-of-war, first-rate for her age. I should christen her the *Great Harry*. Even the roses on the cushion, King Henry VIII's favourite emblem, would give me a hint of that; just as yonder big ship of the seventeenth century, with the white flag at the peak, and the L. R. on the stern-post, may be the *Royal Soleil*, the French flagship of which Louis XIV. was so proud—a fine vessel too,' added Bertram, with a glance towards the shelves.

'Upon my word!' exclaimed Mr Mervyn, 'for a messenger of Groby, Sleather, and Studge, you are a very extraordinary young man.'

'I am a bookworm, sir, by nature,' was Bertram's gentle answer. 'I have lived much alone, and have had no family ties, and little to distract my attention, in leisure hours, from my books—when I can get books. But I am not simply a messenger of our house. I work for Messrs Groby, but in other ways.'

Mr Mervyn's quick eyes had noted the shabbiness of Bertram's well-worn hat and well-brushed coat; he contrasted the signs of decent poverty which his visitor perforce exhibited, with the young man's cultured mind and modest manliness of deportment, and knowing somewhat of Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge, divined the rest.

'Well, I am glad,' said Mr Mervyn, in his shrewd, pleasant way, 'that my correspondents have sent me their communication, this time, by some one whose tastes coincide so well with mine, as yours appear to do, Mr'—

'Oakley—Bertram Oakley,' replied the young man.

'Sit down a moment, Mr Oakley, then. Here, nearer to the stove,' said the old gentleman, seating himself near the cheerful blaze, and motioning to Bertram to follow his example. 'I should like, with your leave, to talk a little about yourself. Even if you had not told me that your boyhood had been spent beside the sea, I should never have taken you for a Londoner born and bred. Town-made youngsters, to my mind, are as irreverent as so many town sparrows.'

'I came up to London last winter,' Bertram explained, 'and I feel strange to the great city yet. Perhaps that is partly because I have had little to interest me, little to care for, in it. And yet there was a time when I dreamed of London, as if'—

'As if it had been El Dorado, or the New Jerusalem, I suppose,' chimed in Mr Mervyn good-humouredly. 'So did I, as a boy in old Yorkshire; but I have lived long enough to have got over my first disenchantment, and to be able to

rate big London as no better and no worse than it deserves. But with respect to yourself, you did not become a sailor? Even your hands, though they are limber and lithe enough, would tell me that. But there is a tarriness, an indescribable something, which sticks to Jack, that sticks to him through life. Did you notice our old gate porter, as you came in?

'He noticed me,' replied Bertram, quite confidential now with this great magnate, of whom he had vaguely heard, for there were dealings between the Westminster house and that of Blackwall; and rumours as to the extensive business of Mervyn & Co.—the clippers they built for the Australian and China trade—the contracts for transports and ironclads which they undertook for all governments, home and foreign, had reached even Bertram's ears. It was a great firm. It had launched vast ships, that were cited, for steam-power and stability, for fighting force and capacity of freightage, as types of what ocean-going steamers ought to be; and here was the chief of this great firm, he who had dealings with Emperors and Presidents, with all authorities and private plutocrats of the Old World and the New, finding time to chat with Bertram Oakley, and apparently less in a hurry to curtail the interview than Bertram himself!

'An old sea-dog,' said Mr Mervyn thoughtfully; 'so old, so tough, so seasoned, that he has outlived the generation that followed his comrades, and the generation which succeeded that. I never cross-question him. He has seen battles, and lost his leg in one of them. That is enough for me. I rather think it was when Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers; but if Old Joe prefers to fancy that he fought under Nelson at the Nile, or under Rodney at the West Indian victory over the Comte de Grasse, it would be the same to me. I like a hero, and I have got one.'

Bertram thought afterwards, that this digression as to the qualities of Joe the gate-keeper had been intended to put him at his ease; for there is nothing more embarrassing to a young man, not naturally conceited, than a conversation which turns upon himself.

'I did not turn sailor, sir, as you see,' said Bertram presently. 'If I had, I should have shipped as a boy on board some Bristol merchantman, or an ordinary seaman for coasting-craft. I had read of mechanical contrivances, and went to Blackston on foot, to seek a livelihood. There I got work in a mill, and earned tolerable wages; but somehow'—

'Somehow, spent them faster than they were earned,' interrupted Mr Mervyn, with an indulgent shake of the head. 'You were very, very young, and boys will be boys.'

'I spent them, sir; but it was in books and—I am afraid you will laugh at me—in scientific apparatus, and'—

Again Mr Mervyn broke in. 'I understand,' he said. 'I was like you, as a lad, only perhaps luckier; and the more credit for you, my brave boy! And so you came up to London at last, and got into the employment of Messrs Groby? Well, well. Mr Studge may come to pay a visit—he does sometimes—and if he does, he and I will have a talk about your future, Mr Oakley. I shall send an answer to their letter to-morrow.'

Then Bertram shook gratefully Mr Mervyn's offered hand, but declined the wine that was pressed upon him; and then came the wending his way through the tortuous lanes of Blackwall and the journey back to London.

OUR RARE OLD HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

THE popular notion of an old manuscript is that of a musty, discoloured, dog-eared piece, or pieces, of paper, parchment, or vellum, written in a crabbed hand, and in characters only to be deciphered by an antiquary of the Dr Dryasdust school. Manuscripts are really, however, the foundation of much of our authentic history; without them the labours of historians would be of little worth. All records on paper or parchment must necessarily be of this kind if more than four centuries and a half old, seeing that printing was not until then invented. And even when Gutenberg, De Worde, and Caxton had given the world their invaluable inventions, the progress of the new art was slow, and throughout the following century manuscript records continued to be the rule.

The State Papers belonging to our own country comprise a vast body of manuscripts which for years, nay for centuries, never saw the light of day. They were stowed away in holes and corners in various buildings, without arrangement or catalogue. At length, learned men urged the government to collect, arrange, and catalogue the heterogeneous mass, and to print such of them as might be useful to statesmen, legislators, historians, journalists, and literary men. This really great undertaking is now being proceeded with, the Master of the Rolls being the official mostly concerned with the duty. The new Record Office is the building in which the treasures are now for the most part stored, arranged with scrupulous care in fireproof rooms. The papers thus printed and published from time to time, evince the desire of the authorities to place the more important documents within reach of the class of persons most fitted to appreciate them. The expense is heavy, but parliament readily grants the supplies.

These published State Papers have been the means of suggesting a further development in the same direction. The fact has become known to literary men that large collections of valuable old manuscripts are possessed by cathedral chapters, colleges and universities, grammar-schools and chartered bodies, municipal corporations, church and parochial authorities, and private individuals. Not only are the contents of these collections unknown to the general public; they are in many cases almost unknown to the owners. It is very dry work, except to a practised reader of old documents, to pore over manuscripts in many of which the writing is more or less obliterated. Hence gradually arose the question: Can these old treasures be in any degree placed within reach of the same class of persons that now experience the advantage and value of printed copies of the State Papers? Would the owners consent to such a course; and who would undertake the work and bear the cost?

It is more than fifty years since these questions were first pressed upon public attention; but it was a long time before the government took any

practical interest in the matter. In Scotland, a number of scholarly and public-spirited gentlemen formed themselves into clubs and societies for the purpose of printing early manuscript records of various kinds. The chief of these combinations were the Bannatyne, Maitland, and other clubs, and the Wodrow Society; and under their auspices, and at the sole expense of the members, a number of most valuable volumes were issued. Among these were such mines of historical wealth as the cartularies of the Abbeys of Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Newbattle, Dunfermline, St Andrews, &c.; and there were also reproduced many curious and interesting papers on special periods in the history of Scotland. In England, such bodies as the Early English Text Society, the Shakespeare Society, &c., are now engaged in similar work.

But in course of time, the government saw it to be their duty to interest themselves in the publication of the more important State Papers hitherto kept in the pigeon-holes and recesses of the State Office; and eleven or twelve years ago, they appointed a body called the 'Historical Manuscript Commissioners.' Their functions were: 'To make inquiry into the places in which documents illustrative of history, or of general public interest, belonging to private persons, are deposited; and to consider whether, with the consent of the owners, means might not be taken to render such documents available for public reference, by means of printed abstracts and catalogues. The Commissioners comprised the Master of the Rolls, two or three other *ex officio* members, and several learned men; together with noblemen and gentlemen who were themselves the owners of valuable old manuscripts which they had signified their willingness to make public. These Commissioners, who rendered their services gratuitously, had a paid Secretary and paid examiners or searchers. When an organised plan had been formed, a circular letter was drawn up, and copies transmitted by the Secretary to numerous persons and bodies known or believed to possess rare old manuscripts.

That the documents were to be scrupulously treated in accordance with the owners' wishes will be seen from the following passages in the circular: 'If any person expresses his willingness to submit any paper or collection of papers within his possession to examination by the Commissioners, they will cause an inspection to be made by some competent person; and from the information derived by this means, the Commissioners will make a private report to the owner on the general nature of the papers. Such report will not be made public without the owner's consent. Where the papers are not mere isolated documents, but form a collection which appears to be of literary or historical value, a chronological list or brief calendar will be deposited in the public Record Office.' The circular proceeded to point out how careful the examination would be, so as not to obtrude upon private affairs: 'I have to call your attention to the fact that nothing of a private character, or relating to the titles of existing owners, is to be divulged. If in the course of his examination any title-deeds or other documents of a private character chance to come before him, they are to be instantly put aside by the examiner, and not to be reported on or calendared under any pretence whatever.' In short, what they wished to make public are those details only that throw light

on the civil, political, ecclesiastical, scientific, or industrial history of our native country.

So well arranged were the plans of the Commissioners, and so great the reliance placed on that body, that the possessors of curious old manuscripts came forward promptly and numerous. In the first year, the manuscripts belonging to the House of Lords, to nine colleges of Cambridge University, to the chapters of four cathedrals, and two ministers (York and Westminster), to the corporations of fourteen municipal cities and towns, were, with the consent of the respective owners, examined and reported on. The calendars or chronological catalogues, with brief descriptions of the manuscripts individually, filled for the first year a massive folio volume of small print. Subsequent years—for the Commission has thus far partaken of the character of a permanent one—have presented similar testimony to the labours of the Commissioners and their staff of able searchers and examiners. Some of the volumes reach a thousand pages each; and so much interest has been taken in them by learned societies and individuals, that two or three editions of some of the volumes have been called for; while stray copies of such as are out of print and not yet furnished with new editions, readily find purchasers at much more than the original published price, in accordance with the well-known commercial tendency of supply and demand.

Dip where we may into this storehouse of authentic jottings relating to the past history and characteristics of our land, we are sure to meet with something curious or important, or both.

Take, for instance, the collection of manuscripts belonging to the House of Lords. There is a Petition dated 1645 from workmen employed in repairing (old) St Paul's Cathedral, praying that some scaffolding, timber, &c., belonging to it, 'which as the work goes not forward will decay and be lost,' may be sold for their benefit, as they are ready to perish for want of the money due to them. A bad time was that, when Charles I. had begun to topple over to his ruin, for the prosecution of any public works. Another manuscript contains a Petition from the New River Company, complaining that of late certain disaffected persons had in many places dammed up the passage of their river—made by Sir Hugh Myddleton—and cut the banks and pipes, and praying that some course may be taken to prevent the like offence in future. If the experience of householders in the Metropolis be taken as a test, the New River Company are more than able to defend themselves, bullying, as they do, the owners of cisterns and water-butts in a somewhat tyrannical fashion. Another Petition—culled at random—was from the minister and inhabitants of Twickenham, complaining that the ancient custom of bringing two great cakes into the church on Easter Day, to be distributed among 'the younger sort of people,' caused much disorder, by reason of the scrambling and contention; and praying that it may be discontinued. We may presumably infer that the cakes were some old annual endowment, dole, or charity, which could not be withdrawn or extinguished without the sanction of some superior authority.

The Muniment Room at Westminster Abbey contains many old manuscripts of an interesting

character. One is a letter from Maude de Clare, Countess of Gloucester and Hertford, to the Prior and Monastery of Westminster. In this letter, she expresses a hope that 'they will not take in ill part the long stay which their friar Dan Henry is making with her; and that they will allow him to sojourn with her some time longer, with the relic which they had allowed her to retain so long, and which had done her so much good during an illness; its removal would be a great unhappiness to her.' The relic may have been a reputed bit of the true cross, or a bone of some saint; but whatever its nature, the contemplation of the relic was believed by Countess Maude to have been beneficial to her. Brother Dan Henry was evidently the custodian, out of whose hands the much-prized relic was not to pass.

The Westminster Abbey manuscripts, as we have said, comprise many other curious and interesting examples; but our limits prevent us from noticing more than four or five of them. Under date 1385, in the time of Richard II., a petition appears from several of the friars to the king, complaining of the great misgovernment by the Abbot, and praying that the visitor of the Order may take steps thereon. A later document tells of the proceedings against Abbot George for his extravagance and mismanagement; the arrangements for the liquidation of his debts; and his retirement from his position until they were paid. A manuscript dated 1518 (*temp.* Henry VIII.) presents a supplication by a friar to the Bishop of Rome, complaining of having been falsely accused of robbing the Prior, and of being forced to perform services when sick; praying that compensation may be given to him. A remarkable contest for the honour of burying King Henry VI. is recorded in another of these manuscripts. The body had been removed from Chertsey to Windsor by command of Richard III. In the time of Henry VII., the Abbot of Chertsey requested that it might be sent back to his Abbey; the Dean of Windsor resisted this, while the Abbot of Westminster also put in a claim. The tripartite contest was referred to the king in council to settle. The decision was in favour of Westminster Abbey, on the ground that it had been the place of sepulture of so many English sovereigns. And there, we presume, are the bones of the Lancastrian King Henry VI.

The Cecil Manuscripts, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, and kept at Hatfield House, are regarded as among the most valuable possessed by any of our noble or county families. They are specially noticeable for their connection with an important period of English history. The first Marquis was eldest son of the great Lord Burleigh, for many years prime-minister to Queen Elizabeth; and thus it arose that the Cecil Collection is rich in letters to and from the leading personages of the age. The Queen herself, the king of Scots, Lord Burleigh, his eldest son when plain Mr Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Essex, Howard of Arundel, Bothwell—all figure in this correspondence. These documents are sooner or later to be put into print, on account of their bearing upon a stirring period in our annals.

The Commissioners have ascertained that some of the smaller English towns possess old manuscripts which deserve to be brought to light. Fordwich, for instance, now little other than a

mere village, was at one time a considerable commercial town. Small as the place is, however, it still possesses the honours of a corporate town, and an old hall in which some curious manuscripts are preserved. Among the churchwarden's accounts for a part of the sixteenth century is one written by a functionary whose knowledge of orthography appears to have been rather peculiar: 'Mony gadyrred [gathered] in the church, 4s. 1d.' We acknowledge the receipt of 6s. 8d. per honey made by the church bees—bees, we presume, hived within the church precincts—probably in the roof. 'Payd unto the wax chaundeler for all maner of lyghts, as hit a parith (it appeareth) in his boke, elevenpence.'

Another small place where ordinary folk would scarcely look for old manuscripts of any interest is Mendlesham, in Suffolk. The belfry of the church was found by the Commissioners to contain the documents, kept in very creditable order. Under date 1554, the churchwardens' books contain an entry concerning meat and drink for a journey to Bury St Edmunds for the visitation of the Bishop, fourpence. Other entries relate to a pound of candles for Christmas morning, five pounds of wax and the expense of making it into candles to use in the mass. In 1574, when Catholic Queen Mary had been succeeded on the throne by her Protestant sister, Queen Elizabeth, we find that Mendlesham had conformed to the changes of the times. Items now occur of 33s. 8d. for one quarter's salary to the schoolmaster (a good omen); 13s. 2d. for a vey of cheese, and half a reawall (?) of butter; 'three pyntes of clarett wyne for the Communion, ninepence [three pence a pint for claret!]; three pyntes of muskadyne for the Communion, tenpence; two dozen [cathismes, 3s. 4d.] There was also a small sum 'payd to Ries wyfe for drink for the ringers when they ronge for joy of that day that the Queen's Maiesty was crowned.'

We have touched lightly and rapidly on a few only of the more curious entries in these valuable reports. We cannot, of course, enter here into others of more weighty character, which historians, philosophers, men of science, statesmen, legislators, judges and lawyers, political economists, literary men, and the higher class of journalists, will appreciate more and more as they become better acquainted with them. The Historical Manuscript Commissioners are doing their work right well.

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

CONCLUSION.

SEATED at his breakfast table on the following morning, Mark Barnes was painfully anxious to hear the familiar rat-tat of the postman; and it required continual reference to his watch to convince himself that the official was not extremely late, or had actually forgotten the street altogether. At last—in reality at his usual time—the train of sharp double knocks was heard exploding as the letter-bearer came down the long street; and sure enough there was a letter for Barnes, and the writing was in a hand he had seen many times before. He tore open the envelope. It was a very brief epistle—merely an address, followed by these words: 'Please ask for Mr Tomkins. I thought it might perhaps confuse any undesired inquirers if they had suspected Tunnell, to find no trace of him.'

Mark at once proceeded to write the promised note to Mr Willerton, not failing to advise him of the change in the name, which he felt to be a somewhat awkward point. As he closed this and put it in the breast-pocket of his coat, he muttered: 'I don't half like trusting a total stranger such as this man; but then I don't see what better we can do; and after all, we do not intend to tell him anything, or let him behind the scenes in the least; so there cannot be much harm in it.' His breakfast ended, he hurried to the point whence he always took the omnibus, and at his usual time presented himself at the office.

They were very busy in the counting-house at that period, and the staff of Hoybell, Weekes, and Croulle were scarcely sufficient to carry on the business, so there was not a moment's pause for any of the clerks; and at twelve o'clock, Mr Rawley spoke to Mark. 'Here, Barnes,' he said; 'I am sorry to interrupt you, much more to send you out; but I must ask you to go at once to Limehouse, and see Casker's people about shipping the goods on Tuesday, for certain. Here is the letter.'

Of course, there was nothing left for Barnes but to start off immediately; which was not only awkward, as interfering with his office work, but unpleasant; for it was a pouring wet morning, with every prospect of the rain lasting all day.

Mark was tolerably damp before he reached the railway station; got worse before he reached Casker's, and worse still before he regained the railway, so that he was in no very pleasant mood; and short though the trip was, yet various little delays had so used up the time, that it was fully two o'clock when he returned from Limehouse to the London terminus. If he had felt vexed and out of temper before, his mood was not improved by finding, when he thrust his hand into his pocket for the railway ticket, that the letter to Mr Willerton was still there, unposted! What was to be done? It was fully the time by which Mr Willerton must have expected to receive the letter, and Barnes knew that the old gentleman was going out after an early tea, before the post could now reach him. He would be offended at being treated with such a want of attention; Mrs Hadleigh and Ethel would pronounce him very lukewarm in their interest, and when they learned the truth, would be still more mortified. He knew too, that directly he went back to the office, he would be up to his eyes in business, and unable to move from his desk. He would make a desperate determination, and go straight on to Bloomsbury with the letter himself. If he did not first go to the office, the authorities could only think he had been a long time in running down to Limehouse and back, especially as he was entitled to his time for dinner. Yes, that was what he would do, as the only means of preventing a mischief his neglect would otherwise create; he would have a hasty lunch, and then proceed direct to Bloomsbury.

To avoid a chance rencontre with any one of the clerks from his own firm—a contingency not at all impossible—he would not enter any of their more familiar eating-houses; but plunging down a narrow way, he found a quiet tavern at the end, very well known to the business

people of the immediate neighbourhood, but not greatly resorted to by strangers. Here, as the readiest viand, he was served with some cold roast beef, and was about to attack it with the extreme haste the exigency of his position demanded, when he laid down his knife and fork, and glanced cautiously but eagerly across the dining-room. Fortunately for him, the old-fashioned tavern had the equally old-fashioned boxes, topped with little blue curtains, which partially screened the occupants, and under cover of these, Barnes was able to look and listen without much danger of himself being seen.

'Bring me a steak, John,' said a voice, 'and look sharp about it.—What will you have?'

'Bring me a steak as well,' said a second voice.

'Two steaks, as quick as you like, John,' said the first speaker; 'for I ought to be out of here by this time.'

Two men, evidently connected with the police force, had entered, and given the above orders while standing in the centre of the room, so that they were plainly visible to Barnes. One was dressed in the uniform of a superior officer of police, the other was clad in plain clothes; but in their build and carriage they might have been twin brothers; and the latter had the voice, the dress, and the face of Mr Willerton. It was Willerton, whom Barnes was picturing as waiting anxiously at that moment for his forgotten letter. He had no blue spectacles on, it is true; but his keen eyes did not need them. This was a suspicious fact in itself; but what was it to the awful fact, that he was dining with a policeman, an inspector of police, and that he too evidently belonged to the Force!

The cold perspiration gathered on Mark's forehead, as the whole mystery stood revealed, and he saw what a narrow hairbreadth escape he had experienced; how nearly he had fallen into an abyss, and had dragged those he most wished to help, into the trap. The two officers chose a seat in the very next box to Barnes, so that he could not see them. But then they could not see him, which was something, and he strained every nerve to pick up any fragments of their conversation. They were too guarded, however, to speak loud enough for him to overhear a great deal, but a little he did hear, and that little was by no means reassuring. The waiter looked oddly at Barnes once or twice, as being surprised to see a customer who had laid such stress on his requiring his dinner in a great hurry, taking his time so much, and making such slow progress. Of course Barnes saw that, come what might, the officers must be allowed to leave the room before himself, or perhaps the winning cards might pass from his hands. He thought he held them now.

'It seems to me to be a certainty, Tom,' said the first voice.

'Certainty! It is as good as over,' said Mr Willerton. 'The old girl let out so much this morning, that I know if she could have told me all, she would have done it. I wish she had.'

'Shall you'—began number one, but he dropped his voice so much that Barnes could not distinguish what was said. When next they spoke aloud, their words coloured Mark's cheek, and made him tingle with anger—and shame too, for he felt that they were not wholly undeserved.

'Oh, he's a fool!' said Willerton; 'not much better than the old woman herself.'

'Worse, I think, from what you say,' growled number one.

'Well, perhaps he is,' continued Willerton. 'He's a clerk in the City in the same house. Pretty place it must be; half rogues and half fools. However, it is out of such people we make our living; so I shall just have a little whisky cold for luck, and then be off to Bloomsbury.'

Some more mumbled conversation followed, until the waiter brought the cold whiskies in obedience to order, when Willerton said: 'You would laugh, Sam, to see me coming the invalid dodge; milk every night, because I am so delicate. I have drunk more rum to flavour the mawkish stuff, in the week I've been there, than I ever did in the same time before, in the whole course of my life. Well, here's luck!'

The two glasses were tossed off, and the two officers stalked from the room. As they went out, Willerton, seeing that it still rained, threw a plaid—which he had carried on his arm—round his shoulders, and this action revealed a great deal more to Barnes. By a single flash, as it were, he recognised at once the man who had followed him into the omnibus, who had followed him out of it, and whom he had seen lingering at the street corner when he looked out some half an hour after entering his house.

His resolution was taken at once. He saw now where the danger had been, and terrible as was the shock of discovering whither his blindness had led him, he felt that now he knew his danger, he could evade it. He returned to his office and wrote a brief note to Willerton, giving an address in Westminster, for it might perhaps create suspicion to give it elsewhere—but in a very different part from that in which the fugitive really was hiding. As a matter of course, he said nothing about the change of name, and he asked Mr Willerton to call as near to half-past seven o'clock as possible. This was exactly the time at which he now intended to go to the right address himself; and thus he expected to make sure of the detective's absence at the most critical moment. He threw in some few special directions and cautions to be observed, which he thought would read very mysteriously, and strengthen the detective's belief that he was about to effect a grand *coup*. This note he sent by a messenger, who would only reach Mr Willerton in time for him to start.

The unremitting work in which he was engaged during the whole of the afternoon, was a positive benefit to him, as it prevented him from growing as nervous and excited as he would otherwise have done. He was especially glad, nevertheless, when he was able to leave his desk, and feel that he was really about to do something to make up for the awful mistake he had fallen into. As he was too early for the time he had named—half-past seven—and as he of course wished, above all things, to avoid being seen loitering in the neighbourhood of Mr Tomkins's hiding-place, he had to spend an hour in a City coffee-house, and this was the worst part of all the trying day to him. Every voice made him start; at every creak of the door he looked nervously round, dreading to see the now hateful and ominous face of Willerton; but at last the time came for him to go, and he

left the house with an ejaculation of thankfulness.

He found the place readily enough; and on asking for Mr Tomkins, was joyfully received by the unlucky criminal. The packet was ready; and Mavors not unreasonably asked him how it was that he came, in lieu of sending, as arranged. Barnes told him.

His listener's cheek grew very white as he proceeded. 'What an escape!' he exclaimed. 'My dear boy! how much I owe you. But do you think they will follow me up, now I have sent the papers back?'

'I fear they will—Mr Croulle will,' said Barnes. 'He seems very bitter against you. And there is the money, you know; you will be followed on that.'

'But my good gracious me!' exclaimed Tomkins, 'I don't owe them twenty pounds, and I left a month's salary due. I know it was very wrong to take the papers, but I did so, solely to spite Croulle. But I won't say any more about it, as I know I have no excuse. Write to me here, my boy; I think I am safe in this place for a bit. And now, go to poor Mrs Hadleigh and Ethel; they will be so anxious to know how you have got on.'

Barnes remained a few minutes longer, chiefly speaking of Mavors' chances of escape, and of living if he did escape; then, charged with many messages of affection to the outcast's sister and niece, he left. He did not think it safe to go direct to Spackham Street with the papers in his possession; accordingly, he made a circuit, and called at a private restaurant where he sometimes lunched, and where he was known, and asked the waiter to place the parcel in some safe place for him till morning, as it was for the office, and he had a call to make, and did not wish to carry the parcel with him. The obliging waiter at once took charge of the parcel; and Barnes slipped again into the street, this time with a light heart. It was like a great weight taken off his mind, this happy, and he knew safe, disposal of these dangerous papers. He reached Spackham Street without adventure, and felt pretty certain that on this occasion at anyrate he was not watched.

Here he found the mother and daughter all anxiety about Mr Willerton and his errand. He had gone out in the rain, poor dear man! Mrs Hadleigh said, so cheerfully on their account. Their pleasure at seeing Mark was great; but their horror—dismay—there is no word sufficiently powerful to express what they felt when he told them what had happened. The wolf, the absolute tiger in sheep's clothing that they had been trusting and admiring! The dreadful, cruel, treacherous man, who, no doubt, had handcuffs in his pocket while he was talking to them; and slept—no doubt either—with a policeman's rattle and truncheon under his pillow! Well, there was no trusting anybody, and for her part, Mrs Hadleigh never would trust any one again. But this she could and would say, and woman-like did say it: she had never liked the man from the first moment she saw him!

Barnes had to narrate the minutest particulars of his mission, to tell Mrs Hadleigh how her brother looked, and what he, Barnes, thought Mavors intended to do.

'I fancy,' said Mark, 'from what he told me,

that he hopes to get abroad as waiter or cook upon some of the cheap sailing-vessels.'

'Cook! Why, he never could even boil an egg, poor dear!' exclaimed Mrs Hadleigh.

The details which Barnes had to furnish occupied them until the step of Mr Willerton was heard in the room above, he having let himself in, and some one with him, with his latch-key. Each of the conspirators turned pale at the sound, and paler again when the parlour bell was touched. Mrs Hadleigh, with the most composed countenance she could assume, went upstairs, and returning quickly, said: 'He says he is very sorry he could not find the house out; thinks you made a mistake in the number, as there is no No. 90 in the street. But, Mark, he asked the very first thing, if you were here; and when I said "Yes," he said he should like to see you; and I said you would go up.'

'Oh, I will go!' exclaimed Barnes, with a show of greater alacrity than he really felt, and at once left the sitting-room.

'Good-evening, Mr Willerton,' he began, by way of having that first blow which is said to be half the battle. 'Mrs Hadleigh tells me that you could not find Mr Tunnell from the direction I sent.'

'Mrs Hadleigh is perfectly right; I could not,' said the other drily, staring through the blue spectacles at Barnes, with the sharp eyes the young man so well knew were covered by that veil.

'You found the street, I suppose?' began Barnes.

'I did,' said Mr Willerton; 'but I did not find No. 90, and I did not find Mr Tunnell. But I have brought a friend with me, who would like to look about Mrs Hadleigh's rooms, and see whether she may not have got those valuable maps she spoke of lying beside her. In the meantime, you will just sit where you are, Mr Barnes, and not interfere with my friend's operations.'

The other man, clearly another detective officer, left the room, and proceeded down to the apartments occupied by Mrs Hadleigh and her daughter. He remained there for a considerable time, during which Barnes congratulated himself a thousand times that he had had the forethought to place the papers elsewhere. By-and-by, the other officer returned to the room, empty-handed.

'Then,' said Mr Willerton, with a decidedly malicious look, 'I won't detain you any longer, Mr Barnes. I only want to tell you this: when I go to find Mr Tunnell again, I shall not ask you for his direction.'

Do what he would, a conscious look would struggle into his face, and Barnes was glad to make a hasty exit, quite satisfied that no further disguise was intended by Mr Willerton.

The next morning, Mr Weekes, who was first at the office, had the great gratification of receiving from his clerk the precious documents which the firm had so desired, with a message—which Barnes said he had received, but did not say how—expressive of Mavors' regret at his conduct, and his intention to make up the trifling loss the House had sustained by him. Mr Croulle's pleasure at receiving the papers was almost blighted by his vexation at the culprit still being able to evade the police, and his passion almost choked him when his partners insisted upon withdrawing the reward.

Barnes was called into the private room again and again, to be catechised by Mr Croulle and by various police emissaries; but he would reveal nothing; and when he was threatened by one partner, the others spoke up for him. Yet Barnes felt he should have but an unpleasant time of it in future, and he would probably have soon found he was right; only that in a very short time, within a week from the dénouement, Mr Weekes sent for him to say that his (Mr Weekes') nephew was about to take a share in a large concern, and would wish to have his own confidential clerk; that if Barnes chose to accept this post, it was at his service. 'And from what I can see,' added the kindly old gentleman, 'you had better leave at once, Barnes.' He went on to say that if that poor creature Mavors, whom he only regarded as half-witted, chose to begin the world again, and would go out to China, he might have a chance of redeeming his character; 'of which I can see little chance if he stays in England,' concluded Mr Weekes, 'for he has an inveterate enemy, whose spirit is not to my taste.'

It need hardly be said how eagerly both these offers were accepted, Barnes feeling sure he might answer for Mavors; and directly he was at liberty, he hurried up to Spackham Street with the intelligence.

Great was the delight his news diffused. Mrs Hadleigh wept for joy to think that her brother would be respectable and honest again; Ethel was almost as much pleased at this as her mother; but she had another cause for delight mingling in the intelligence. Mark's advance of salary would enable him to make certain arrangements at once, which he had hoped to do in some two or three years' time. Mark was not very much surprised to learn that Mr Willerton had quitted his apartments without any formal leave-taking, though his rent and the money in lieu of a week's notice were duly paid.

Matters having now assumed a somewhat brighter aspect for those whom our story chiefly concerns, it only remains to be recorded that Mavors was got safely away to China, and died there some years after. Mark pleased his new employers, and in course of time rose to be head-clerk in the firm, quite an apex of dignity in the eyes of himself and his clerical brethren; while a certain young lady became Ethel Barnes that very summer.

Willerton had apparently disappeared; and never again, save in one trifling incident, did anything occur to remind Mark of him, or of the troubled days at Hoybell, Weekes, and Croulle's office. He was one evening, two or three years afterwards, passing a certain very showy restaurant at the West End, when he was tapped on the shoulder and his name was pronounced. Looking round, he saw a gentleman of clerical aspect, whom he could not remember to have seen before. His face expressed his astonishment; but the clerical gentleman smiled. 'Come in here,' he said, 'and have a glass of sherry.' He seized Barnes by the arm, and led him into the restaurant, the young man being too much astonished to offer any opposition. It was Willerton! Mark ejaculated the name; and the other continued: 'Yes; it's me. That is, I was Mr Willerton. Now I'm somebody else.

My name is Jackson—Tom Jackson. I daresay you have often heard of me. I don't bear any ill-will, you know; on the contrary, I admire you for it; but you did me out of that hundred pounds cleverly.'

'I am afraid I cannot claim much credit,' said Barnes, 'as it was only by accident'—

'Oh, ah! yes; entirely an accident, of course,' interrupted his companion, winking and tapping his nose with a knowing expression. 'It was accidental, of course, your taking me up to that precious Regent's Park! Accidental, your sending me to a wrong street with an impossible number, while you quietly walked off and got the papers! Directly I got to that blessed street, and found there was no No. 90, says I: "I'm done! That young fellow has been too much for me." I knew it. But I didn't expect it of you; I must own that. I am glad to hear you are doing well, for your own sake, and for the sake of that pretty little girl, your wife. As the reward was dropped, I am glad you got Mavors off. I know where he is; but of course it wouldn't pay to fetch him.—Well, here's your health, Mr Barnes. It was a near thing; but then a Miss is as good as a Mile.'

SCRAMBLES UP THE HILL OF LIFE.

WE are all familiar with instances of men who, spurred on by ambition or the love of approbation, have snapped the chains which in early life held them in poverty or obscurity, and by sheer perseverance have borne down opposing agencies, reaching in course of time the coveted goal of competency or distinction. But the instances which are known are few when compared with those which are not known; that is, with persons hid from all except a very few who, observing their early struggles, have watched and marked their progress and its consummation. Almost every village can point to its man who, born in indigence, and brought up in ignorance and toil, has waited for, and at last secured a chance of bettering his lot; who has lived for years a life of usefulness, and at last died a public character, his career a model for imitation, and his success an incentive to persevering enterprise.

The writer is acquainted with a man, now wearing the 'sere and yellow leaf' of age, who, when he had reached the stage of manhood, knew not the alphabet of the language he spoke. Passing a hoarding one day, he heard a very little boy read, with marked fluency, one of the bills posted thereon. 'This is what I, a man cannot do,' said the listener; and such a feeling of shame crept over him that, to use his own words, 'If I could have squeezed myself into a mousehole, out of sight, I would have done so.' Happily his next thought was, 'I am not too old to learn, and learn I will.' His first effort was directed to the Sunday-school, where, by dint of close attention, he speedily got to know the names and powers of most of the letters of the alphabet. Then, instead of spending his pocket-money foolishly, as had been his wont, he bought a slate and pencils, a Reading-made-easy, and a pound of candles, and shutting himself in his bedroom, he spent his evenings in adding to the knowledge gained on Sundays. Thus in a few months he was able to read any bill

posted on the hoarding, as well as to teach intelligently in the Sunday-school. This man has held posts of public usefulness and responsibility which he could not have held had he remained as illiterate as he was when he heard the boy read the poster; besides, he has created a business which will enable him to spend his last days in independence, instead of within the walls of a work-house.

Some years ago, the writer was talking with a friend—since deceased—in that friend's elegant sitting-room. We will style him Mr Jay. Starting to his feet, as though excited by his recollections, and looking out of his bay-window, which commanded a view of at least three of the four points of the compass, he said, with pardonable pride: 'I am the architect of my own fortune; the monarch of all I survey!' Amongst the 'all' was a pile of buildings filled with costly machinery, the buzz of which fell each moment on our ears. 'And yet,' said Mr Jay, 'I have not got this by speculation; nor do I now speculate; all my possessions have been secured by honest trading. I'll tell you what I've done. Believing that it is well to follow up a good beginning, I have for many years bought the cargo of a certain ship, because my first purchase thereof turned out well. I said: "I'll try the *Zephyr's* cargo next year." I did so. It did just as well for me; and thus I've gone on year by year. The other week, the moment I saw the *Zephyr* reported as being in the Channel, I telegraphed the owners that I would buy her cargo. I did so; fifty thousand pounds-worth. I had some thousands offered me for my bargain before it was landed; but I declined the offer, for I could make more of it by bringing it here and working it up.'

Forty years before I had this talk with the prosperous manufacturer, he was a poor man, living in a scantily furnished cottage, which he was assisted in keeping over his head by his wife's industry in making and selling toffy and gingerbread. Unlike many of his neighbours, he saved up whatever money was not wanted for food and clothing. It accumulated. With two hundred pounds thus saved, he bought in a time of panic what could not then find a market; he kept it until the tide of trade turned, and then he cleared cent. per cent. by the transaction. Soon after, he began to manufacture cloth on his own account. He did well. Afterwards, he built a mill, which has been enlarged many times since, and in which most of the villagers find employment.

'We have not had a strike since I began to run the mill,' said Mr Jay. 'I give my work-people a wage upon which they can live in comfort; I neither raise it nor lower it with changes in trade; and as my work-people know they cannot mend themselves, we get on without quarrels and stoppages. Many work for me to-day who worked for me thirty years ago.'

I have in my mind's eye a man who was known amongst his fellows in his native town when a youth, by the cognomen of 'Gentleman Robert.' Not that he was a gentleman in the common acceptance of that word; far from it; few had a poorer home or more painful surroundings than he; and yet he was called 'Gentleman Robert' because he always had a genteel

appearance. Never did he leave his lowly home of a morning without his clothes, though poor, being scrupulously clean; and his shoes were as bright as blacking and brush could make them. He wore a neat necktie, surmounted by a collar as clean as a newly-made pin; and as Robert was tall and well built, and had a very fair skin, he looked 'every inch a gentleman.' Besides, what he looked, he was. He had a smile and a kind word for all. In early life, he was put to learn a trade with a person, who, not being married, had no children to inherit his business. At this time, Robert had a penny or two a week for pocket-money allowed him. He kept a strict account of the way in which he spent it, so that he added system to his other acquirements. As he rose to manhood, he grew in the confidence and esteem of his master, and began to be noticed by the gentry of the town, who predicted for him a useful and prominent place amongst the tradesfolk. Nor were they out of their reckoning; for Robert had not been many months out of his apprenticeship before his master put him behind the counter in his sale-shop; and in a while gave him a partnership. It is many years since I saw 'Gentleman Robert'; indeed, I do not know whether he yet lives; but, living or dead, he is another instance of a young man rising superior to his position and surroundings, and achieving an honourable position in early manhood and in after-life by the force of his native character.

I will give another case, even more noteworthy than the last. One of my early companions was a youth whom I will name George Calvert. His mother was a widow in such indigent circumstances, that poor George could never ask a friend to go and see him, or spend an hour in his society, at his home. It is a mystery to me at this day where and how the poor fellow spent his evenings, and how he gathered the respectable amount of knowledge he possessed. From leaving the charity-school to his being fifteen years old, he was a grocer's errand-boy, and it would have been better for the lad had he been allowed to remain with the grocer, and learn the business. However, for some reason or other, perhaps the consideration of a shilling or two a week, his mother put him to acquire a trade for which he had neither taste nor aptitude; hence he was unhappy during his apprenticeship, and made nothing out of his business. When one who liked the occupation, and was physically adapted to its manipulation, had had a month's experience thereof, he could leave poor George far behind; so, before he had reached the end of his term of bondage, he had made up his mind to bid farewell to his profession, and go back to the vending of sugars and the mixing of teas. He did so. During the twelve months which he spent at the business after the expiration of his apprenticeship, he had contrived to save five pounds, with which he bought a second-hand watch. Just at this juncture, a grocer in a small way, giving up the business, had his stock and good-will to sell. George turned his watch into money, borrowed what made his capital into the sum needed to pay the retiring grocer his valuation; and thus getting the business, he became the head of a concern which though very small, he liked and could manage. It is over forty years since this transaction took place. Our hero began

wisely, and went on with thrift and caution; hence, while he has seen hundreds fail, he has gone up the hill of prosperity with slow but sure steps, and like Mr Jay, he can now buy a shipload of the commodities in which he deals, and pay for them in hard cash!

I have so far treated of men who began life on a low rung of the social ladder, but not on the lowest. And lest such as may be on that rung, or even on no rung at all, but in the very mud of wretchedness and misery, may say: 'There is no hope for such as we; we are too far sunk; we are hopelessly involved,' I will relate a case or two which will meet even their condition.

It is now more than forty-four years since a youth, all in rags and tatters, and with an expression of face which indicated abject destitution and misery, presented himself at the house of one whom I well knew, and said: 'If you will help me, I will try and make myself into a useful man.' The poor wretch was then in his eighteenth year. His father had died years before; and his mother a hopeless drunkard, had lived a vagrant's life, taking with her this poor lad. For five or six years, however, he had begged on his own account, travelling the country round, and taking a yearly excursion into Scotland. He was on his way thither when, caught in a storm of wind and rain, he took refuge in a barn between Lancaster and Carlisle. Falling asleep, he dreamed that his father came to him, and casting upon him a look of intense pity, said: 'Willy, my lad, give up this vagrant life; cast yourself on the generosity of Mr So-and-so—naming the person upon whom the youth waited, as already narrated—'and he will help you to get a living in a manly way.'

Willy awoke. The dream so affected him, that he then and there resolved to turn over a fresh leaf in the book of his life; so, instead of pushing on to Carlisle, he turned his face towards the town wherein his hope now lay, never swerving in his resolve until he stood before the friend named by his father in the dream. The last time I saw Willy, it was in his own well-furnished house in a beautiful suburb, surrounded by a well-trained and industrious family. The greater part of his reformed life had been spent in commercial pursuits, wherein he had earned the good opinion of all who knew him, and the esteem of those who knew him best; and at the time I refer to he ranked with the sober, industrious, and useful inhabitants of a flourishing seaport town.

Another case, and the last out of many which I could narrate. One Saturday night, in the month of April, many years ago, a man and his wife, footsore and weary, entered a small market-town in North-west Yorkshire. They were tramps. The man had just four-and-sixpence in his pocket. 'We've had enough o' this sort o' life, lass; let's turn ower a new leaf.'

'I's vary willin', lad; but what can us do?' said the wife.

'It's my opinion we may live onywhere if we're but willin'; and I've a notion as we may git on here.'

'I's willin' to try,' said the woman; 'for I find as a rollin' stone gethers noa moss.'

One-and-sixpence was spent in provisions for the next day; so, with three shillings, the man went on Monday morning to a general-dealer's,

and bought needles, pins, and tape. With these and a borrowed bag wherein to put rags, bones, and whatever else might turn up, he set off among the farms and hamlets round about, collecting whatever he believed he could turn into cash, and giving his smallwares in return. Twenty years afterwards, I became acquainted with this family. They then possessed a well-furnished house, and a shop filled in every corner with furniture for sale. Besides this, the man had a county vote as a freeholder. I need not describe the way in which this couple had gone on and up from the time the tide of their lives took this favourable turn.

There are few who, having health and the use of their faculties, may not improve their lot, whatever it may be. It needs but a fixed resolve and a persistent use of available means to get out of any hole into which they may have fallen. Let such not despise the means of rescue at hand, even if it be but the selling of matches. Let their spendings come short of their earnings; and if they act on the motto, 'He that tholes, overcomes,' their success is sure.

THE STORY OF ROLF.

ROLF was a collie. There was nothing remarkable about his appearance. He was a handsome animal certainly, but I have seen handsomer. He was simply a purely-bred, good-sized, well-formed black and tan shepherd dog. But although I have had a long and extensive acquaintance with dogs of various breeds, it has never been my fortune to know one that could match Rolf in keenness and breadth of sagacity and in versatility of acquirements. He became my property when we were both very young; he, a fat, unshapely, little pup, just able to lick milk on his own account; I, a boy of fourteen. I was proud of Rolf, and soon got to be very fond of him; and he speedily attached himself to me, and acknowledged me as his sole master. We were inseparable; he followed me everywhere like my shadow; and we soon came thoroughly to understand each other. I have always been excessively fond of boating, fishing, and shooting; and in the Shetland archipelago—in one of the islands of which, close by the sea, we lived—I had ample scope and freedom to indulge in such pastimes.

Rolf was a present from my father. I began his education almost immediately; and he soon showed himself endowed with rare intelligence. He speedily became as fond of sport as his master. I had him under thorough command; and in a very short time he came to understand and obey my slightest wish. To please me was evidently his greatest pleasure; to win my approval and caress, his greatest ambition; and to live with me and for me, he seemed to regard as the final cause of his existence. I encouraged him to swim, and no spaniel was ever a better water-dog. He was pointer, retriever, friend, and companion all in one. Once I had winged a duck of a rare species flying over a small loch. Rolf plunged in, in pursuit; but as often as he was about

to seize the prey, the duck dived. Time after time, this was repeated. My fast percussion-cap was expended, and I was therefore terribly mortified at my helplessness. Nothing for it but to trudge home several miles for a fresh supply; so ordering Rolf ashore, I left him in charge of my gun and shot-bag till my return. I knew he would not leave the gun; and I was pretty sure the duck would not dare to leave the protection of the water while the dog was so near.

On my way, it occurred to me how much more convenient it would have been if I could have sent Rolf home for the caps. It might often be useful to be able to send him home with a message; and I forthwith resolved to add another accomplishment to the many he had already acquired. I began with short distances—only a few hundred yards—ordering him to go 'home, home' (repeating the word 'home'). In a short time he perfectly understood my meaning; and after a little, I was wont to send him many miles home with some indifferent message, written on a piece of paper and tied to his collar, just for practice; but occasionally I found it a most useful acquirement. Those at home were instructed to be sure, when he appeared with my message, to pet and praise him, and send him back with a reply of some sort, a note or small parcel, and instruct him to go to his 'master.' I was amazed and delighted at his quickness of comprehension and readiness to obey. Teaching him was the easiest thing in the world. My order, conveyed in the invariable stereotyped formula, 'Home, Rolf, home, quick!' in a very short time came to be instantly and cheerfully obeyed; and the return order, 'To your master, Rolf,' with at least equal alacrity. I little thought that a day would come when I should owe my life to Rolf's faithfulness as my messenger.

Our house, which was on a large island, was situated at the head of a fine bay or fiord, which ran inland some three miles. Right across the mouth of the bay there stretched a small narrow island, which formed a complete natural break-water, and effectually protected the bay itself from the fury of the ocean waves. Barely half a mile separated the two islands at the nearest points. The smaller island was uninhabited, except by a few sheep and multitudes of rabbits. One fine autumn day I embarked in my little pleasure-boat, and sailed down the bay to the little island to shoot rabbits, Rolf my only companion. Near the extreme point of the island, and just before landing, I caught sight of a Great Northern Diver swimming along-shore. It had never been my good-fortune to shoot one of these magnificent birds, and I was anxious to secure a specimen; so I at once gave chase. It is useless to fire at any of the divers when swimming, unless they are very near, for they are certain to 'dive on the fire,' as the phrase goes; it is a trick they all have. This particular bird was an old and wary fellow, and for a long time I could not get

within range. He would appear for an instant just a few yards too far off, and then dive, while I continued the pursuit in the same direction. I was in this way beguiled a considerable distance round the seaward coast of the island, which is formed of steep precipices, detached rocks or stacks, skerries, and sunken rocks. At last I got a fair chance, and, to my great joy, bagged the diver.

As by this time I was fully half-way round the island, and the light wind, which was off shore, was slightly on the quarter, and the sea perfectly smooth, I kept sailing on with the intention of circumnavigating it. Gliding smoothly and silently along, and just as I was passing a small rock called Skarta Skerry, I caught sight of an otter on its top busily engaged in discussing his dinner. He was within easy range; and to snatch my fowling-piece and give him the contents of the right barrel, was the work of an instant. He was wounded, but not killed, so I gave him the *coup de grâce* from the second barrel. Luffing up, I ran my boat along the Skerry. Seizing the diminutive kedge attached to the end of the long rope which served as painter, I sprang on shore, giving the skiff a little shove off, to prevent her rubbing against the sharp and limpet-covered rock. With sails flapping in the light breeze, she fell off to leeward. I fixed the kedge in a little crevice; but turning to see that the boat was swinging clear and safe, to my horror I observed the other end of the rope running over the bows and dropping into the sea. In some way never accounted for, but most probably by some idle meddling hand, it had been unloosed from the ring-bolt, and in my hurry and excitement I had not observed it. My boat was adrift, and I was a prisoner. In an instant I knew and felt the peril of the situation. It was low-water at the time; but the tide had already turned, the flood was coming in, and at high-water the low-lying rocks of Skarta Skerry, I was well aware, would be covered some feet. Had I been a good swimmer, I should doubtless instantly have stripped, and swum to and regained my boat, or at anyrate could easily enough have reached the smaller island, or even our own larger one; but unfortunately, at that time I could not swim at all. The Skarta Skerry was barely fifty yards from a steep smooth precipice of several hundred feet in height, and the nearest landing-place in a little creek where the shore was sloping, was at least a hundred and fifty yards distant. To me in the circumstances, this was an impassable gulf.

I sat down, and tried to think. For a few terrible moments, no hope of rescue or means of escape presented itself to my mind. I daresay some audible expressions of despair burst from me, for I was roused by Rolf laying his paw on my knee and looking up wistfully in my face, as if to inquire what was wrong. 'Ah! Rolf,' I cried, 'you can reach the shore, and are safe enough; but your master will perish miserably. What will they think at home?' His quick ear caught the word *home*, and he was instantly on the alert, as if for orders, and even ran to the water's edge with an eager whine, which expressed as plainly as words

could have done: 'Send me.' In my first excitement, I had not thought of this before; and even now, when there really seemed a gleam of hope in it, the thought of parting from my companion and being left alone on that terrible rock, was dreadful. But what else was there that could be done? 'You are right, Rolf,' I said. 'It is my only chance, and you shall go.' I tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and wrote: 'I am on the Skarta Skerry, boat adrift. Send help instantly, or it will be too late.' Hastily but securely, I wrapped my missive in my handkerchief, which I tied firmly to Rolf's collar, all the time saying to the intelligent creature: 'You must go *home* with this, Rolf, *home*. Now, Rolf, will you be sure to take my message *home* and *quick*?' He was already at the water's edge. 'Come here, Rolf,' I cried. He rushed back to my arms. For an instant I hesitated, and tried to think. 'Yes,' I said; 'it must be so; it is my only chance. Rolf, Rolf, your master is in sore straits; his life depends upon you. Brave dog, good dog! Now, *home*, Rolf—*home*, and *quick*!'

Two bounds, an impatient bark, as though he meant to assure me he knew it was a case of life and death, a plunge, and Rolf was cleaving the water towards the nearest shore. I sat still and silent on my dismal perch, and watched his rapid progress. I saw him approach and gain the rocky shore. I saw him shake himself hastily. I saw him scramble up amongst the boulders, up the sloping path at the head of the creek, and reach the brow of the cliff. For an instant I saw him clear against the sky, and then he disappeared. I had never paused or looked back. And now I felt indeed alone and miserable beyond description. A depression of spirit weighed me down. It happened long ago, and yet, I well remember my thoughts and feelings and fancies as though it had been yesterday. They were too deep and intense to be other than graven on memory as with a pen of iron.

Scarcely had Rolf passed beyond recall, when it occurred to me that it might have been a better plan to have tied a strand of rope to his collar and my own wrist and made him tow me on shore. He could have done it; and I might have reached the rocks alive. Why did I not think of this sooner? But it was too late now; and I feared I should certainly perish miserably. Then I wished the end were come. When it did come, it would be only a brief struggle. But to be doomed to sit there and think, and watch the rising tide for two or three long hours, hope and despair alternately possessing me—it would drive me mad, I said to myself. But I resolutely thrust from me the ghastly picture which fancy conjured up, and tried, as calmly as I was able, to calculate the chances for and against a rescue.

Everything depended upon Rolf. On all previous occasions, when I had sent him home with messages, he had only at most a few miles of hill or moor to traverse. But now he had to cross the smaller island, then cross the sound—nearly half a mile in width, as I have said—and still he was three miles from home. I knew there were many things that might distract, deter, or detain him; and a very short detention would be certain death to me. Suppose Rolf started a rabbit on the way, might he not forget his errand, and pursue

Then another terrible fear took possession of me. Rolf always rolled and rubbed himself on the grass when he came out of the water. What if my handkerchief got detached, and was lost? What if my pencil-srawl, soaked with water, became unreadable? But even should none of these things happen, would Rolf be noticed as soon as he reached home? It would need to be *as soon*. Men, I knew, could not be got at a moment's notice; they must be sent for from some little distance; and after manning the nearest and handiest boat, fully four miles of sea must be traversed ere help could reach me. And there was now left but the slenderest margin for possible delay. The flood-tide had been running for an hour. In three hours at most, the Skerry would be covered. What should I do? I well remember the lines kept recurring to me again and again:

Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshow?

It was not a dream with me, but a terrible reality, and the 'desperate impulse' became well-nigh overmastering. I fought against it with all the strength I could command. Would it not be cowardice? Would it not be suicide? I would not listen to the temptation; I would not think of it, not while there was a gleam of hope, not while reason remained, not at least till the water had risen to my feet. I was no coward. I had often been in positions of utmost peril, when coolness of head, readiness of resource, or promptitude of action, had carried me through; and I rather prided myself on my prescience of mind in circumstances of difficulty or danger. I had once been driven far out to sea in a storm. On another occasion, my boat had been swamped. I had lost my way in a snow-storm. I had once been condemned to spend thirty-six long hours of tempest and snow and sleet in the dead of winter on an uninhabited island, when no boat could possibly come with help. But in these and other cases of emergency, I had never lost coolness or courage or hope, for there was always something to *do*, something that could be done. There was the need and the demand for action of some sort. But here it was very different. Sitting on this terrible rock, perforce so utterly passive and powerless, with nothing that I could do, and little of promise to hope for—the thought and suspense and anticipation were torturing.

I well remember the horrible fascination of watching the water rising inch by inch, creeping, with a cruel, slow persistency, higher and higher every moment. I remember thinking of the Martyr maiden—

Margaret, virgin daughter of the Ocean wave—
bound to a stake, and left to perish by the flowing tide. This and other dismal pictures of the imagination would, spite of all my efforts, force themselves upon my mind. It was the very Valley of the Shadow of Death through which I was passing. Then thoughts and memories of another kind—of the home and friends I should never see more—thoughts too of a more solemn kind, bearing upon the future which comes after death—reflections, retrospections, regrets, hopes, prayers, came thick and fast. Anon my reverie

was interrupted. As I sat there, silent and motionless as the rock itself, a cormorant rose from beneath the water close by, and made for the Skerry, with the evident intention of coming to rest upon it. 'Catching sight of me when only a few feet off, he instantly dived with a splash. How I envied him! He was at home in the water; and I—oh, fool, fool, to have neglected the art of swimming!

Thus two and a half long hours slipped past; long they seemed—almost a lifetime—and yet all too short. The tide was rapidly rising. Only a small space of the topmost point of the rock now remained above water, and still there was no indications of rescue. Not a sound was to be heard but the ripple and splash of the water, or the wild scream of the sea-gulls overhead. If all had gone well with Rolf, and he had been expeditious, it was fully time—it was something more than time that succour should have come. Rolf had not returned to me, which I was sure he would have done if he had not carried my message home. That was now the only slender thread to which fast-fading hope still clung. And thus another miserable, torturing half-hour passed; and now the water was washing my very feet, and scarce enough rock for a cormorant to perch on was left uncovered. I sprang to my feet with a despairing groan. I looked at the cruel sea, the black frowning rocks, the bright sun, and blue sky. 'O horrible! Will no help come? Must I thus miserably die? so young and strong too! Ah, Rolf! you have failed me in my need!'

But Rolf had not failed me. Standing there with strained senses and bursting breast, just then, I seemed to hear a sound different from the monotonous splash, splash of the waters around me. Was it the sound of oars, or was it only fancy? I held my breath and listened. Again that sound! Joy, joy! I knew it well—the stroke of oars, regular, but more rapid than usual—quick, quick like those who pulled for very life, as indeed they did. Loudly, wildly, half-mad, I shouted my welcome. Another minute, and round the point, scarcely fifty yards from my perch, swept a light four-oared boat, urged on to utmost speed by four stalwart fellows, who knew too well the need there was for it all, and bent to their work with a will; while high in the bow, like a figure-head, with paws on the gunwale, ears erect, and trembling all over with excitement, the first sight that caught my eye was my noble, faithful Rolf! I had done him injustice when, for a moment, I thought he had failed me; and my heart smote me. The instant he saw me, he sprang with a joyful bark far ahead, and swam to me. I took him in my arms all dripping as he was. I was saved, and to him I owed my life! Not his the cause of the delay which had so nearly made the rescue come too late. He had carried my message safely and swiftly home. But notwithstanding that all haste was made, it took a considerable time before a crew of men could be collected.

My darling Rolf lived to a good old age. He has long passed away to the 'happy hunting-grounds.' Since those days of my youth, he has had several successors, but never one to equal him in intelligence and fidelity, never one I loved so well, and never one that so well deserved to be loved and cherished.

I shall only add that, after that day's terrible experience, I lost no time in putting it beyond possibility that I should ever again encounter a like mishap, for I soon became an expert swimmer, and found myself as much at home in the water as Rolf did.

RENOVATING OLD FURNITURE.

BY THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY.

It is a melancholy fact that furniture will grow faded and shabby looking in course of time, notwithstanding all the care and pains one may take for its preservation. Such being my own experience, as I have no doubt it is the experience of all housewives, it gave me pleasure to hear that by means of black paint and a little gold ink, wonderful effects in the way of restoring old chairs and tables might be achieved. Accordingly, I resolved to put the pleasing assertion to the proof, and invested in half a pint of black japan, for which I paid one shilling, a sixpenny bottle of Judson's gold ink, and a paint-brush. Thus provided with the requisite materials, and my children's Christmas card albums from which to derive models for the decorative part of the experiment, I rummaged out an ancient chest of drawers from which all the paint had long been scrubbed, a venerable washstand and dressing-table, a looking-glass, two antique cane-bottomed chairs, and a towel-rail which has been used as a favourite plaything in our nursery for the last half-dozen years. It was truly a motley group. I confess to a feeling of dismay as I surveyed the deplorably antiquated suit on which I proposed to try my skill, and was at first half-tempted to abandon the project, as little better than an absurdity. I made a beginning, however, and gave each of the articles in turn a thorough coating of the japan, and left them to dry. I may say that I was careful to wear a pair of old gloves when using the paint-brush, also to spread old newspapers underneath the various articles before they were painted; for the japan hardens directly and leaves a stain, however quickly it may be wiped, wherever a drop of it has fallen.

The next day I was charmed to find all my despised furniture looking quite renovated, with a smooth black surface, and a general appearance of having suddenly risen in the world. The next part of my experiment now was the decorative work; and after some little time spent in the selection of designs from the Christmas cards, I set to with the gold ink, and was very successful with most of my work. On the looking-glass I made a not unsuccessful attempt to depict *Little Boy Blue*, of nursery rhyme notoriety. *Little Boy Blue* himself turned out rather an artistic failure, being exactly like a tree-stump with a broken branch attached; while an insane-looking cow in a frenzied attitude, and a sheep of decidedly stained-glass aspect, rewarded my efforts to portray those domestic animals. Ferns, sprays of flowers, birds on twigs, moths and beetles, and other Christmas card devices, formed admirable models; and my renovated furniture was so great a success, that I have more than once been taunted with extravagance in 'going in' for expensive suites in black and gold, at a time when business is so dull, and husbands have to work so hard to make both ends

meet. I smile inwardly at such innuendoes, for the whole business has only cost two shillings; while, as to the time expended on the experiment, only five days elapsed from the time of purchasing the paint and brush till the once despised furniture was elevated to the dignity of the 'spare room'; the whole work having been executed in the spare time of a 'mother of a family' who takes a very active share in household duties.

It will thus, I hope, be seen that no very great demand upon either time or talent is made in doing the best one can to keep our household goods and chattels fresh and presentable. A slight faculty which I have for sketching proved very useful to me; but I have since heard that paper birds, flowers, ferns, &c. may be bought at a trifling cost, which are first gummed on to the article to be decorated, and then painted over with the gold ink. I trust that no one who reads this will turn away with the idea that such work is beyond the power of any lady's manipulation. I have honestly related my own experience in renovating things which were supposed to be utterly past using, and can say with perfect truth that a child might easily accomplish all that is here related. In this way, at a cost in money of the most trifling kind, and with but a small expenditure of time and labour, things may be made to all appearance new, and a tasteful and tangible result be obtained, adding to the pleasure which all tidy housewives have in their furniture and other domestic surroundings.

GENTLE INFLUENCES.

Wrocks, in the leafiest shade,
By their odours are betrayed;
Soft winds, over flower-fields blown,
By their fragrant breath are known;
Dew, by freshened leaves confessed,
Wets unseen Earth's slumbering breast;
Rills, from out the bleak hill-side,
Swell to rivers, deep and wide;
Rivers, flowing fast and free,
Widen to the boundless Sea;
All great things that move the Earth,
To gentle issues owe their birth;
And soft influence still is best,
Bringing comfort, love, and rest.
Sweet domestic love is strong—
Leads to Right, and warns from Wrong;
Kindly whispers mightier prove,
And to loftier action move,
Than the fretful voice of Scorn,
Of Contempt and Anger born.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
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SEA-WEED HARVEST IN JERSEY.

A TWELVEMONTH'S sojourn in Jersey enables a visitor to become acquainted with usages which, if not peculiar to the island and its neighbours, at least present themselves to his notice under novel and specially interesting forms. Some of his leisure will of course be spent in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, where he will be brought into contact with that portion of agricultural labour which consists in reaping and collecting sea-weed, or as it is locally termed, *vraic*, an article of paramount importance to the husbandman.

In many districts of the United Kingdom, in Denmark and other northern countries of Europe, sea-weed is utilised for manurial purposes; but nowhere is the value of these marine plants as fructifiers of the land more highly and justly appreciated than in Jersey, where the soil lacks those chemical properties which are supplied by *vraic*. As statistical evidence of the importance of this manure, it may be observed that, as approximately as can be estimated, not far short of a hundred thousand tons are annually applied to about twenty-five thousand statute acres of land.

Vraic, or *varech*, is of two kinds, *vraic venu* or *de marée*, and *vraic taillé*; distinguished not by any great difference in nature or fertilising properties, but by the manner in which they are obtained. The former term applies to sea-weed torn from the stones and rocks by the waves and cast upon the shore; and the latter to that which is cut or reaped from the rocks on which it grows.

With an eye to his crops, the husbandman secures drift-weed all the year round. Unless otherwise very busily engaged, he exercises a watch over the beach or cove nearest to his homestead, especially when there has been a gale of wind or a storm; and as soon as he knows the receding tide is likely to deposit the coveted *vraic*, he starts with horse and cart for its collection at low-water, either on the broad and level sands, or among the gullies, where his experi-

ence has taught him to expect the greatest quantity, according to the direction of the wind. The quantity of drift sea-weed which finds itself washed up in some of the small creeks is truly amazing. In one of them, *Le Puler*, the width of which averages about thirty yards, it is not unusual to obtain, during or after a south-westerly gale, over forty tons of this manure in one tide. Numbers of poor people who live near the beach earn their livelihood by labour of this kind. They dry the weed, and afterwards sell it in stacks; or burn it, and dispose of the ashes.

Local records show that the business has, almost from time immemorial, been regulated by the authorities; and definite legislative enactments have been passed on the subject since the commencement of the sixteenth century. No surprise is therefore created by hearing a Jersey farmer use the local proverb, *Point de vraic, point de hantgard* (No sea-weed, no corn-stacks). Very stringent are these regulations; and from the extreme difficulty of avoiding detection, as well as from the interested motives of the officials and others concerned, it is probable that no law is so well observed in the little *quasi-republic*. The statute now in force was passed by the States of the island in 1866, and duly confirmed by Her Majesty in Council.

On the west coast, cutting is allowed during three spring-tides, commencing usually with the highest tide in March, and never extending beyond the 23d of April. Only two tides are allowed for cutting the *vraic* on the east coast at this season; but the balance is adjusted by the permission to cut it during the highest tide in the month of May. Early in the year, the Constables or mayors of the different parishes hold meetings of their respective vestries, to confer with them as to the most suitable tides; they then present themselves before the Royal Court, convened in full strength, which fixes the time in accordance with the opinion of the majority of Constables. In the first decade of the seventeenth century, the Royal Commissioners, Gardiner and Hussey, definitively confirmed the right of the Royal Court to fix the

time for harvesting the *vraic*, 'the saide Bayliffe and Jurats only; being,' in their opinion, 'men of the best understanding and experience to deal in a matter of that nature.'

In the six western parishes, the *vraic renu* or drift-wrack in most of the different localities is divided into portions, and allotted in proportion to the quantity of land occupied by the claimants. In January, the vestry of each parish meets; and those who intend gathering *vraic* during the year have to produce a properly authenticated statement of the size of their holdings, a list of the same being transmitted to officials whose sworn duty it is to superintend the allotment. These officers have to be present at day and night tides; and for their services obtain a bonus of two lots each tide. In certain of the most important bays, it is forbidden to gather drift-weed before sunrise or after sunset, or before the receding tide has left uncovered well-defined marks. The gathering of this kind of sea-weed on the east coast is free from sunrise on Monday to sunset on Saturday; and the *vraickers* may collect it in the sea, provided they do not wade beyond two feet in depth. *Vraic* officers are instructed to apportion lots nearest to the shore for the poor who have neither horse nor cart, and who may often be seen wearily wheeling barrows through loose shingle or sand to deposit their share beyond high-water mark. Heavy fines hang over the heads of any whose covetousness might induce them to alter the marks of a neighbour's allotment.

When the red-robed but wigless justices have proclaimed the day for the commencement of the harvest of *vraic taillé*, or cut-wrack, preparations for the anticipated event commence in every agricultural home. Those who have boats, at once turn their attention to that quarter. The heavy but capacious craft is emptied of the odds and ends which have there found a lodging-place in the long months during which it has been safely housed in the shed. Its timbers are well overhauled, and then tarred; and the necessary gear and oars also undergo rigid survey; and a day or two before it is required, it is taken to the shore. The horses are fresh-shod, and the ordinary sides of the carts are replaced by hurdle-like frames, which answer the double purpose of being lighter and of greatly relieving the horses, by allowing free drainage to their load. Odd moments are spent in repairing the old harness and straw horse-collars; the worn end of a new tether does very well to replace a damaged strap, and the discarded breeching is found to merit one more trial. The large steel forks are seen to; and the short sickles, used for no other purpose, are brought to light, and young *patate* gladly turns the handle while his senior gives them the benefit of the grindstone.

Be the great day ushered in by sunshine or rain, a temperate southerly breeze, or a keen, biting north-easter, with occasional showers of snow or hail, the party is ready to start at the appointed hour. The husbandman with his sons and more daughters, servants, and perhaps a stray friend or two from town, ride in the carts which, thus loaded, present a striking appearance from the immense variety of attire. The sterner sex have thick woollen gabardines or jerseys; old coats, the colour of which has been mellowed by age into neutral tints; inexpressibles of corduroy, with

perhaps but one small patch of the original material still to be seen; and stout, well-nailed boots. The fairer portion of the group wear an alpaca or linsey dress, the thick jacket or warm plaid shawl, and the sun-bonnet, or chip or straw hat, trimmed with ribbon and artificial poppies. Hard and soaking work for hands, arms, feet, and legs, and often in exposed situations, renders care of the inner man of prime importance; and an unstinted provision is made of *vraic* cakes—the ingredients of which are flour, eggs, milk, butter, sugar, and currants or raisins—boiled pork, a large keg of cider, and a smaller one of brandy.

Want of company cannot be made a source of complaint, for at every turning on the journey seawards, the number of carts increases, until each arrival on the selected beach forms but a unit in a goodly procession. Among some stretches of rocks, such as those near the Corbière light-house, the *vraickers* may be numbered by hundreds, some of them being five or six miles from their homes.

Arriving on the shore about one to two hours after high-water, some proceed in the boats to the more distant rocks, where, long before low-water, goodly heaps will be ready to be carted. The others, following the lead of some experienced guide, wend their way through the yet partly submerged cart-tracks, cut among the rocks; and for the repair of which the west Constables are authorised to sell sufficient *vraic*, and those of the east to levy an annual contribution of sixpence upon such as habitually make use of them. When once the selected spot is reached, cutting has to be carried on in good earnest, for 'time and tide wait for no man.' By the side of each worker, a heap soon accumulates, and the horses as well as the *vraickers* come in for heavy work. Load after load is carted above the reach of the next flow; and if more is cut than can be thus secured, recourse is had to the process of 'stoning.' This consists in covering with large stones the heaps, which are afterwards carted away at the night-ebb. The turn of the tide gives warning to prepare for the journey homewards. The carts are laden with extra care; and the small but muscular and well-bred horses, whose ability to make sure their footing among the slippery rocks and weed-grown pebbles is wonderful, drag along their heavy loads, from which the brine is copiously dripping. The boats are coming up with the tide; and their former passengers have to make their return-journey on foot, trudging along like a line of skirmishers moving in slow time. Day after day, until the tide commences to neap, the work is the same; and on the last day or two, some members of the party usually spend their time in 'fishing' limpets or crabs.

The termination of the season was formerly made the occasion of hot suppers for all, generally followed by singing, card-playing, dancing, or other amusements; but these harvest-home festivities are rapidly becoming numbered among the things of the past.

A great portion of the *vraic* is carted directly from the shore to the fields and meadows, where it is spread on the grass; and its effects, especially if the season be moist, are extremely beneficial to the grass and hay crops. Some is ploughed in as manure for potatoes, wheat, barley, or other crops; and on this subject the Rev.

Philip Falle, a trustworthy historian of Jersey, who wrote in 1734, says: 'The Winter Vraic being spread on the Green Sword, and after buried in the Furrows by the plough, 'tis incredible how with its fat unctuous Substance it meliorates and fertilises the earth, imbibing itself into it, softening the Clod, and keeping the Root of the Corn moist during the most parching Heats of Summer.' The remainder, as well as most of that which is gathered at other times during the year, is dried on the commons near the shore, and used as kitchen fuel in the farms, or burned in stacks. The ashes are applied as a top-dressing to cereals and other crops; and they unquestionably increase the returns very materially. The burning vraic has a strong briny smell; but it is believed to be excellent for invalids, and the healthy soon become accustomed to it, and like it.

Guano and other fertilising agents are, in Jersey as elsewhere, coming into general use; but they will never be made to replace vraic, which is efficacious, cheap, easily obtained, and apparently inexhaustible.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXI.—WORSE AND WORSE.

WINTER at its bitterest and bleakest had set in—a sharp winter, one of those old-fashioned seasons that only schoolboys, skaters, and ice-curlers enjoy—a bleak, white Yule-tide. And, very unfortunately, it was not only the Thames that froze, so that some rash adventurers were said to have crossed from Wapping to Rotherhithe dry-shod, but the lifeblood of Commerce appeared to be congealing too, and something was amiss with the great world of buyers and sellers. There was a depressed money market. The Bank rate of discount went up as the mercury sank in the thermometer. Reports of foreign failures were followed by the nearer crash of British firms hollow at the heart, and something very like a Panic had set in. Down sank the stocks, trade stagnated, and mills worked half-time, and furnaces were blown out, and there was a general hurry to clip and pare and prune, and cut down working expenses, everywhere.

Among the firms which felt the altered state of things was that of Bertram's employers. At the best of times, there had been wise old heads in the City which were shaken when mention was made of the vast wealth and extended operations of Groby, Sleather, and Studge. As to the extent of the operations, no doubt existed. There was hardly a constructive pie in Europe, from a Swiss Alpine railway to a grand scheme for regenerating the silted-up harbours of dead old Provencal and Italian seaports, into which Groby, Sleather, and Studge had not thrust their bold fingers. But whether the house had capital enough to meet its widespread liabilities, with a falling market and at a moment of adversity, was quite another affair.

Bertram even, in his humble and exoteric relations with the grand Westminster firm, began to find the difference. Summer, so to speak, was over, the golden summer of speculative prosperity, when projects were easy to float, and bankers trusting, and a prospectus pleasant reading to

bona fide investors, as when money is abundant and hopes are high. There came to be dreadful gaps—*lacunæ*, as the Romans would have phrased it—in the continuity of Bertram's work. A week without copying meant a week of semi-starvation, and the young man began to apprehend the day when there should be no more employment, and Hunger should reign supreme. That the house of Groby and partners was in a bad way, was pretty clear. Many petty signs pointed out the unwelcome truth, as straws show which way the wind blows. Discipline was relaxed. The clerks in Room E read their newspapers quite openly, and gossiped in knots, neglecting their regular routine, yet almost unimproved by Mr Tomkins, now strangely moody and despondent, and given to biting his nails as he sat with drooping head behind the brass rails of his desk. Studge the terrible, seemed now to have lost the art of inspiring fear. His very bell rang less shrilly, and when it rung, nobody started up or rushed, as if at the sound of an alarm-signal, to answer to the call. And when Mr Studge was seen in the flesh, it was with his felt hat pulled down over his brows, and an air of sulky despair.

'Soon have a total break-up here,' whispered one of the satellites to another, just as private soldiers venture in a losing campaign to express their opinion. Indeed, it seemed only too probable. Where were the throngs of anxious visitors who had once sued so importunately for an audience? Where were the corpulent German capitalists, with thumb-rings gleaming on their unwashed hands? Where the Parsees, opal-eyed, the glossy foreign Jews, the sharp-eyed Yankees, the pushing Greeks, the sallow Portuguese, whose feet had once been so familiar with the spotless stone stairs and the fair crimson carpeting? They were gone, all gone. Rats, it is said, are warned by some subtle instinct to quit a house that totters to its fall.

Bertram's meditations, as he sat before the stunted modicum of fuel faintly burning in his rusty stove, in his garret in the Old Sanctuary, were none of the pleasantest. What was he to do, expecting, as he did, the speedy cessation of all work, all pay? He might have envied the old vine below, for its tough endurance, as it slept through the cold chill of Winter, waiting till its sap should be stirred into motion by the first caress of Spring. His sagest plan, it might be said, would have been to provide himself with other employment. But such counsel would in his case have been almost a mockery. Who would give him work, at a time when labour seemed a drug in the market, and powerful men in fustian were lounging discontentedly about the streets, vainly looking for something that their strong hands might do? Labourers, clerks, shopmen, all seemed to be in excess of the demand for their services. It was a hard time for the poor.

Bertram had led but a secluded life in London, the life of a quiet student, who makes few friends, and none that were in a position to help him in the opening a new career. There are turning-points in human fortune when even the strongest and most self-reliant of us all feel the want of a friendly hand to guide, a friendly shoulder on which to lean for a breathing space before breasting the uphill road. Bertram Oakley, the foundling of the beach, the ex-mill-worker, had no kindred

to turn to, no comrade with whom to hold counsel. There was no cohesion, no bond of union, between the helots of Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge. Most of Bertram's fellow-toilers were shambling, disappointed men of middle age, red-eyed, bowed as to their shoulders, white as to the elbows and seams of their closely buttoned coats, shabby-genteel men, who might have been broken-down butlers or provincial actors in quest of an engagement that never could be found.

Of the two frank-hearted young artied pupils, who in their honest way had recognised in Bertram their natural superior, so long as they had regarded him as an officer, not a private, in the industrial army, the occupant of Mr Browse's garret had very easily lost sight. No real intercourse is possible between those whose work is routine, and their leisure a blithesome holiday, and the genuine toiler for daily bread. And now both were gone, Brooks having been withdrawn by his father, who had found a better opening for him at Melbourne; and Davis having seen his sanguine hope of being 'sent foreign' realised, and being accordingly stationed in some airless, sun-baked oven of an island, the crumbling rocks of which jut out into the Red Sea, and in company with five telegraphists or electricians, a surveyor-in-chief, an interpreter of no particular nation, a score of Arabs, and half as many English navvies, there to establish a coaling depôt for a brand-new line of steamers, in competition with the P. and O. Nobody at Groby, Sleather, and Studge's knew or cared about Bertram Oakley.

Of Dr Denham's daughters, Bertram had for several weeks seen and heard nothing. He had become ashamed of calling in Lower Minden Street, as his coat gradually became shabbier and more threadbare, lest the poverty he could not hide should indirectly excite in the mind of Mrs Conkling, the landlady, a prejudice against her young-lady lodgers. And then, he had nothing to say. High hopes, a high estimate as to his capabilities and his future, had been entertained both by his former kind benefactor and by Louisa and Rose. Louisa was working—Louisa had work to do, had pupils, had houses where she was welcomed. But Bertram, what had he? Merely a few dwindling shillings a week, threatening soon to come to an end altogether, and earned by mere painstaking drudgery, never, so it seemed, to lead to anything better.

Bertram's acquaintance in London was very limited. There was Mr Walter Denham, to be sure, who had, oddly enough, shown a personal liking for the clever stripling from Blackston, that contrasted with his unnatural harshness towards his bereaved nieces. But Bertram could not readily have brought himself to ascend the doorsteps of that pretty Kensington villa, or to confront its mocking master, a second time. And if he did, what would be the use of it? Uncle Walter was never serious for two consecutive minutes. And Bertram would sooner have starved in real earnest, than have craved a boon at such hands.

Whom else, within the Bills of Mortality, did Bertram Oakley know? So very, very few, that he took himself to task for permitting his memory to wander so often as it did to the recollection of the nameless vagabond whom he had picked, battered and half-dead, out of a ditch. And yet,

when Bertram came to think of it, the vagabond was not exactly nameless. He had spoken of himself, in the course of his rattling talk, as 'Nat Lee.' Bertram was quite sure that the man was unaware of the slip which he had made in social tactics, always under the supposition that he desired to conceal his identity. But quick-witted, scampish persons, such as Mr Nathaniel Lee, by his own showing, certainly was, and whose brains, moreover, are always more or less under alcoholic influence, are apt to blurt out inconvenient truths without even being aware that they utter them. Bertram knew that. Even his short experience of the world had taught him how habitual drink flusters and muddles a man's intellect and nerves—how it unlooses the tongue and fuddles the brain. He had no more doubt that Nat Lee was the man's real name, than he had that the man was unconscious of having mentioned it. Such men bear many names, changing patronymics quicker than the chameleon of the classic poets changed its colour; but somehow, the true name always lies uppermost, ready to be blabbed in a moment of confidence.

Bertram was almost angry with himself for wasting a thought upon the wayside wretch whom he had succoured in the hour of need. Never did he repent of his kindness. He would have done ten times what he did, willingly, to lend a helping hand to one far viler and more degraded than Nat Lee, who had not seemed wholly bad. But he could not conceive why his mind should so often dwell upon the remembrance of the self-denounced scoundrel, save that he was somehow mixed up with the prosperous past and the changed fortunes of his benefactor's family. He had spoken of Dulchester and the Old Bank and Dr Denham's wealthy father. He had spoken, grinding his teeth the while, of some one who should pay for it, in purse or person, if Nat Lee's fortune, long sought by crooked ways, were not made at last. Could this, Bertram thought, be Mr Walter Denham?

Uncle Walter and Nat Lee! the juxtaposition of those two names appeared the climax of absurdity. What could there be in common between the brilliant dilettante, the accomplished, elegant voluptuary, and this fierce, half-educated adventurer? Grant that Mr Lee's account of himself was correct, and that he had really been one of the clerks at Dulchester Old Bank, a smart, well-dressed provincial excomb, of decent parentage and tolerable schooling—still, there was no probability of anything beyond the barest acquaintance between the banker's younger son and Nat Lee, much his junior. And what could Nat Lee have to tell of the cruel testamentary dispositions of old Mr Denham, who had changed his mind so groundlessly, and hardened his heart so abruptly against his noble-minded elder son? Bertram could not divest himself of the idea that the man he had found in evil case in a ditch, really had something to tell which, if told and substantiated, would redeem his dead friend's daughters from undeserved misfortune. The very malignity with which this Lee had spoken of some person unnamed, seemed to mean much. In mentioning the ruffians who had dogged his course, had set upon him unawares, had beaten, trampled, and robbed him, leaving him for dead where he lay, the victim had be-

trayed no resentment. He had spoken humorously, tolerantly, of his assailants, smarting, as he yet was, from the effects of their violence. It was plain that he considered the ill-usage he had received as a natural episode in his dubious career. A welsher—Bertram had by this time learned that the word is typical of the tribe of unscrupulous knaves who bet on race-courses, repudiate their losses, and trust to their heels to escape savage mis-handling by mob and creditors—must expect ill-treatment. But Nat Lee had been bitter as he alluded to some nameless foe. Could that foe have been Mr Walter Denham?

Bertram, who, as has been said, had only too much time at his disposal, had found his way not once or twice, but three, four, or five times, to Limbo Street, Piccadilly, where stands Rundle's Hotel, to which Nat Lee, hatless, blood-stained, and in tattered garments, had directed himself to be driven. He was quite familiar with the aspect of that fourth-rate sporting hostelry, always with a Hansom cab, empty, waiting on speculation before the door. On the mat would often be visible, cigar in mouth, one, two, or three horsey-looking personages, in tight Newmarket coats and natty trousers, or in loud-patched suits of tweed, but always with coarse, mean, ignoble features—guests presumably at Rundle's. These delectable customers would growl out a sentence or two among themselves; and sometimes pocket-book and pencil were produced to write down the terms of a wager; but Nat Lee was never of the group. Once, when the doorway's only occupant was a thick-set, black-whiskered waiter off duty, napkin in hand, and staring about him, Bertram crossed the street and ventured on a question.

'Lee? Which Lee?' asked the waiter in return.

'Mr Lee was staying here, I know,' said Bertram. 'His Christian name was, I believe, Nathaniel, or Nat.'

'Gone to Queer Street, long ago,' answered the waiter, with a broad grin.—'I say, Dick!' he added, turning to the Boots, in a striped waistcoat, who had now come up, and was looking sympathetically; 'here's a young gent asking after flash Nat Lee!'

It was Bertram's last visit to Limbo Street.

(To be continued.)

MORE GHOST-STORIES UNVEILED.

CONCLUSION.

SOME years ago, it was my good-fortune to be a frequent visitor at a fine old manor-house in Dorsetshire, built in the reign of James I., but much altered during the last half-century. Like all old country mansions, the house was of course 'haunted.' Strange sounds, like footsteps, had been heard coursing about at the witching hour of night, in the vast empty garrets and along the great passage or corridor, running from end to end of the building, into which the garrets opened; and odd and mysterious rattlings and clatterings, as of metal or chains. The country-folks and servants, and especially the old people—always the most ready to stick resolutely to a good ghost-story—firmly attributed these nocturnal noises, without thought or question, to supernatural agency.

When my friends acquired the property, they were quite aware of the evil reputation regarding ghosts, that clung to the fine old place; but not being believers themselves, they felt pretty sure that the mysterious noises, when boldly investigated, would be found to proceed from purely natural causes. Their opinions, however, were met by ominous shakes of the head on the part of the neighbours; and the great fact was invariably brought forward and solemnly insisted on that, as the original builder of the house, a certain Sir Thomas Stafford, had, in a fit of jealousy, cruelly killed his young wife, the house must, as a matter of pure reason, be haunted by her perturbed and restless spirit.

Nothing daunted, however, my friends entered on possession, and very soon discovered that the stories they had heard were by no means unfounded. The mysterious footsteps, the strange rattlings and clatterings, were distinctly heard, but always at the top of the house—in the huge empty garrets and the long corridor—but nowhere else. A little patient intelligence, assisted by the sagacious investigations of a clever bull-terrier, soon disclosed the fact of the presence of a perfect army of rats, which generally selected the silent hours of the night as the time, and the corridor and garrets as the place, for their nocturnal parades, exercises, or gambols; and the rattlings and clatterings, so metallic in sound, were simply due to certain of the large heavy roof-tiles which were loose, and to the old and very shaky iron rain-water pipes, which, just under the eaves, rested on equally shaky iron brackets; and the two certainly made up a very peculiar and ghostly sort of sound when working together in a moderate wind and heard in the dead of night. When this was explained to the peasantry, they looked incredulous, and evidently did not at all appreciate this way of extirpating ghosts.

But the house was not disposed to give up all at once its ghostly reputation. As I have already said, the old mansion had undergone many alterations, some of them dictated by reason, others by expediency. One of these was the removal of the fine old staircase, and the erection instead, of one of small confined dimensions, and very awkwardly situated and contrived. These stairs sprung from the foot of a wall, in which was placed, high up, a large window, so that any one going upstairs would have this window above his head and behind his back. It was exactly opposite the wall of the first landing-place, whence the stairs branched away to the right. I am thus particular in the description, because it is very necessary to comprehend the relative positions of wall and window, in order rightly to understand distinctly what follows.

One brilliant moonlight night, the family were about to retire to rest, when they were startled by a loud scream from one of the maids, who rushed into the dining-room, eyes staring, and mouth wide open, exclaiming wildly that she just 'see'd a awful ghost on the stairs, and was 'most frightened to death!' All the party with one consent arose from their chairs and ran into the hall, some carrying the candles with them. But nothing whatever was to be seen. The girl, however, positively declared she had seen a tall dark figure in a long cloak and hood standing on the first landing; adding, that she saw it all the more

clearly on account of the white wainscoted wall just behind, which served to throw the figure into relief. A general search, and a regular hue-and-cry all round the house, now followed; but with no result. Nothing was discovered in any way irregular, either in flesh and blood or in ghostly appearances.

About two nights after, however, the very same thing occurred again, at nearly the same time; the spectre was again seen by the same maid, and by the footman, who happened to be just entering the hall; the man most positively declaring that the figure stood, hooded and cloaked, exactly as the maid had described, on the top of the landing. The young men rushed into the hall with lights, as before, and with the same result—they saw nothing. Two of the sons—genuine ghost-hunters, who thoroughly entered into the ‘fun’ of the thing—determined to sit up and watch through the night, with the pleasant accompaniments of plenty of warm fire and bright light; but I need hardly say the brave watchers saw nothing, discovered nothing. His cloaked and hooded ‘ghostship’ did not appear again that night at any rate.

About a month afterwards, however, the same thing occurred again. A great commotion was heard in the hall—the ghost had again appeared, and, what was even more remarkable, had slowly disappeared just as the man-servant caught sight of it. This was almost too much for my friends, especially the junior branches, who were highly indignant at being so completely ‘sold’ by the spectre. But there was nothing to be done or discovered; so, after many threats of what they would do if they could only catch him, the whole party went off to bed.

Nothing further occurred to disturb the family peace until three days afterwards, when Jack, the youngest son, rose from supper to let in a favourite bull-terrier, Jinks by name—the doughty hero of the garrets and corridor—who was whining piteously, and scratching vigorously at the garden door. Jack had hardly entered the hall, when he rushed back into the dining-room post-haste, and holding up his finger in a mysterious manner, intimated in a regular stage whisper: ‘Here’s the ghost on the stairs again, hood, cloak, and all!’ His brother instantly jumped up, and both ran into the hall; and there, sure enough, on the first landing of the staircase, stood a tall dark figure robed in a long cloak and high hood. The young men both regarded the apparition intently for a few moments, and then boldly ascending the stairs, both burst into a loud ringing laugh, crying out that they had caught the ghost, and shouted for the family to come out and see, but to bring no lights, and they could judge for themselves.

The terrible mystery was now at an end. Just outside the staircase window at the rear of the house, was a small detached building used as a laundry; but, as the fireplace smoked very much, my friends had had a new and very much taller chimney erected. This was narrow at the top, and gradually got wider as it went downwards, and was capped by a large and peculiarly shaped cowl. The ‘ghost’ proved to be merely the shadow of this chimney and cowl outside, projected, by the bright moonlight, through the staircase window, on to the clear white-painted

wainscoted wall of the first landing. The sloping sides of the chimney gave the appearance of a cloaked figure, and the broad cowl looked exactly like a hood, whilst the dead white of the flat wall behind served to throw the dark shadow into very strong and bold relief. The reason now was clear why the ‘ghost’ was not seen oftener. It was simply that the shadow was only projected when the moon was just opposite the window; and its appearing gradually to fade before the footman’s terrified gaze, is easily explained by the passage of a dark cloud at the moment over the moon’s bright disc. Further, be it noted, that when the family entered the hall on the first alarm a month previously, many of them carried lights, and thus of course destroyed the appearance altogether. The window, moreover, was sometimes covered with a blind.

Yet, it will hardly be believed, that even after these perfectly clear, and equally natural and simple explanations of both the noises and appearances which had been heard and seen in the old manor-house, it was found very difficult to convince the peasantry and workpeople of the neighbourhood of the real and true nature of the occurrences. The people had, in fact, been rather used to their old friends the ‘ghosts,’ and to the reputation possessed by the old house of being ‘haunted,’ and did not at all relish parting with them on such very ordinary, commonplace grounds.

I will now give another instance, which partakes rather of the absurd than the terrible, though certainly mysterious enough in its way.

An American family resident in England occupied a large old-fashioned house in one of the southern suburbs of London. They kept two or three small but very valuable birds in a light cage inside their dining-room window. The cage rested on an odd-shaped sort of stand, made of hollow tin, painted green, having one leg in the centre supporting the cage, but spreading out at the bottom, and apparently resting flat on a square piece of smooth oilcloth. But in reality the stand had three small American casters inside, by which, as the whole was very light, it was easily and readily moved about if required. The family were remarkably neat and trim in their ways; the cage always stood in the middle of the square oilcloth, and that again just in the middle of the window. One morning the servants, on entering the dining-room, found the stand moved out of its regular position, and resting, sideways, at the edge of the oilcloth. Little notice would probably have been taken of this at all, had it not occurred again and again morning after morning; and great was the surprise of all when, on inquiries being made throughout the family and servants, it was found that no one had ever touched the bird-stand, far less removed it out of its position in the centre of the oilcloth. Investigations and inquiries alike were vain; the stand was repeatedly found to have been moved first to one side of the oilcloth, then to the other; but as nobody ever appeared to have done it, the family found themselves in the greatest perplexity to account for it; and matters began to look desperate, when the real cause of the mysterious movements was discovered by the merest accident.

It happened that one of the sons was one night

sitting late in the dining-room, waiting the return of a brother from the country. He appears to have dropped asleep, and the lamp to have gone out, when, just as he woke up, he was aware of a peculiar soft sort of scratching noise proceeding from the direction of the cage. Knowing that the birds must be fast asleep at so late an hour, without moving hand or foot he quietly raised his eyes, and saw, by the bright firelight, the stand slowly moving off towards the right! 'Ho, ho!' thought he; 'here's the mystery of the moving bird-cage;' and kept his eyes intently fixed on the stand. With many stops and little jerks, it was proceeding, in a wriggling, odd sort of way, to the edge of the oilcloth, when a big heavy lump of coal fell out of the fire with a loud crash, into the fender; which had the effect of frightening a couple of large mice, both of which had been busy at work *under the stand*, but, alarmed at the noise, had run out from the opposite side, and disappeared under the window-curtain.

Here, then, was the mystery at once explained. A hole in the skirting-board, concealed by the curtain, admitted these unclean little intruders, who were attracted to the spot by the bits of bread, sugar, corn, or seed which were dropped or spilt all round the cage and under the stand; and one easter being a little higher than the others, enabled the sagacious little foragers to get in underneath on that side; and their attempts to get out or pick up grain, just under the broad edge, easily caused so light a structure to move on its casters over the smooth oilcloth, until obstructed by the thick Turkey carpet on which the cloth rested.

I will conclude with just another story, partaking, like the last, more of the ridiculous than of the sublime, which was related to me by a relative, now deceased, who was staying in the house, many years ago, when the occurrence actually took place.

The house in question was situated on the north-west coast of Devonshire. It was large and very old-fashioned, with immense cellars, long passages, &c.; and there was a legend devoutly believed in by the villagers, that a notorious and peculiarly wicked and wealthy smuggler, known as 'Old Peter,' had committed suicide, long years before, in one of the caves amongst the rocks just below the house, rather than be taken by the soldiers who were in hot pursuit of him. It was also believed that these caves once communicated with the cellars of the mansion above; and that Old Peter's ghost on stormy nights often walked about the rocks and caves, and even the mansion itself, looking after his many sacks of gold, said to be hidden or buried somewhere thereabouts; although nobody could ever be found who at any time had seen him either in the house, on the shore, or indeed anywhere at all.

One summer night the household were greatly startled by one of the maids, in a fearful state of fright, declaring that on going to the cellar to draw the beer, she saw an appalling sight at the end of the dark passage—namely, a frightful and, what was far worse, a luminous ghost, with great glaring eyes and wide open mouth; which, of course, could be none other than Old Peter himself, because the old rascal saluted her with a terrible groan! One of the men-servants at once

entered the passage, but far more quickly retreated from it, with blanched face and staring eyes, declaring it was quite true. One or two others just peeped in, only to run screaming away; but all confirmed the statement of the undoubted presence of a hideous fiery ghost, with huge burning eyes, which every one, without a moment's hesitation, at once settled must be the veritable old smuggling villain Peter—it could, in fact, be no one else.

The proprietor of the house, Mr S—, now appeared upon the scene; and on being informed that the ghost of Old Peter was in the cellar passage, at once divining the true state of the case, he called for lights, and bade those who were not too great cowards to follow him, and he would soon show them how to manage Old Peter. One or two of the servants—but by no means all—plucked up courage to obey, though with trembling steps. As they entered the passage, whilst the heavy old door closed behind them, the same hollow groan which had so startled the maid was again heard, and found to arise simply from the grating of a very rusty old hinge, which Mr S— immediately pointed out. Then proceeding down the passage straight up to the end, they found Old Peter looking fearfully hideous, and still glaring in all his fiery radiance; when Mr S—, holding aloft the lights, bade his terrified followers say truly what they there saw. 'Whoy, I declare if it beant only the big ling what Measter coteh'd in the bay t'other day!' And so it really was, and nothing more—a splendid ling, nearly five feet long, which was suspended by the head, about six feet from the ground, at the end of the long passage; and being a little stale, the whole fish was phosphorescent, and beautifully luminous in the dark. The great round eyes no doubt had a peculiar glare; whilst the open gill just below would, to a startled imagination, look not unlike an open mouth.

But for this simple explanation, a good story would soon have got about that Old Peter had been seen in the cellar passage of the hall; and as the sight had been witnessed by several persons, it must as a matter of course be strictly true. And thus it is no doubt that many of the so-called 'ghost-stories' occur, and get repeated again and again, until at last they come to be steadfastly believed in by foolish and credulous people.

THE FENLAND OF TO-DAY.

WONDERFUL changes have passed over the Fen country even during the last few years. Draining and banking by dike and river, night and day the pumps are at work, forcing the water from the sodden lowlands to the higher levels of the brimming lodes; the black smoke pours from the tall chimneys, and the monotonous throb of the engines is ever audible to the passer-by. These grimy pumping-stations form hideous landmarks for miles and miles around; nor do they improve in appearance on a nearer acquaintance. But as we stand beneath them, with our back to the blank walls, lounging over the tiny bridge, the furnace, the sooty smoke, and the groaning of the machinery behind, are all forgotten in the cool fresh splash of the water below, as it rushes, gurgling

and foaming in its narrow gorge; then broadening on every side, it laps with tiny wave the grasses by the marge, where the iris and bulrush nod their heavy heads, and dance like shadows on the ceaseless ripples.

There is good fishing, too, below the race—roach and dace, perch and cels; and farther down toward the river, among the tangled water-weeds, great pike lie motionless beneath the banks. Here, where the swifter stream meets the sluggish river, it forms little whirlpools, bending the rushes as it curls eddying round their stems, ere it merges into the great volume of water that creeps lazily onward between its level banks, till it finally loses itself in the salt water of the Wash by Denver, where the great sluice keeps back the rising tides, guarding many a mile of fair rich cornland from the baffled sea. More picturesque are the old windmills, which, until the introduction of steam-power, forced the water from the Fen. Perched on green artificial mounds, with their black hulks and dark skeleton sails, they form conspicuous objects in the level landscape; but the mill-wheel usually lies rotting by, half-hidden in the rank herbage, and the sails are still. Quaint and spectre-like they stand, these relics of bygone days; though here and there, one still remains at work.

Long and unlovely are these Fen lodes. Inclosed on each side by high grass banks or *droves*, the tops of which form the highways through the Fens, and thus serve the double purpose of confining the water within its channel, and affording, when the floods are out, the only means of communication between farm and hamlet. As far as the eye can reach, the long stretch of water extends in endless perspective without a curve, slowly creeping along in its bed, cut through the black peat-mould, straight as a wall, its steep banks descending abruptly into the water on each side. Here and there, the edges are fringed with stunted reeds, cut and jagged by the halting-lines of the barges that pass to and fro. Then, after a course of some miles between these monotonous banks, the water finally empties itself through a tiny lock into the river below, where the willow-shaded cottage and garden greenery form a welcome oasis after its weary, shadeless course.

Less than fifty years ago, Whittlesea and Ramsey could boast of their famous meres. Where now, in autumn, wave broad leagues of corn, the shallow water stretched for many a mile, the reed-beds teeming with wild-fowl, while carp and tench, pike and bream, were abundant in the clear water below. Then one fowler could in a single day take scores of ruff and reeve, grebe or mallard; whereas now, the first two birds are practically extinct, and the two others are fast following after. Whittlesea was the largest lake in the southern shires, with an area of one thousand six hundred acres. Ramsey, although of smaller extent, seems to have been a very paradise. Its shores were rich and fertile, abounding with corn and fruit, pastures and gardens; and 'where the waters lapped gently on a sandy shore, and above towered stately woods of ash and willow, it was a delight to all who looked thereon.' Fair was the prospect along the sandy beach, and that not many years ago; but all is drained now. In winter, black peat-flats stretch

away on every side where lay 'the fair wide mere;' in summer, a rolling campaign of rich green corn. In autumn, it is fairest of all, when the heavy wheat-ears bend, and the soft rustle stirs along the broad expanse, gently heaving as a sea, amid which scarlet poppies rise and fall, now blazing in the sunlight, now hidden as the shadowy waves pass softly on.

It is early morning. The fields around are still wrapped in darkness; and above, the stars are twinkling in the huge vault of sky. Slowly and imperceptibly, a grayness steals over all; here and there, clumps of willow rise—dark, shapeless masses, from the surrounding gloom. Then low down in the east, first a pale cold light; then, as it broadens, a rosy flush tinging all the eastern sky; and above, the stars waning fast. Suddenly, from the twilight, far overhead, trilling clear and strong, a field-lark breaks the deep silence of the sleeping Fen, followed by another and another, until above, around, on every side, the skies seem breaking into song. The light broadens; the stars have faded, save westward here and there, a planet shines like silver in the pale azure of the sky; and the first breeze of morning sighs through the quivering aspens. Slowly the daylight creeps along the fields, and the dark reed-strips by the dikes grow green; patches of meadow-sweet, which a moment before glimmered feebly in the gloom, display their feathery cymes of crowded blossoms, hanging heavy with dew. Over the far-off dikes and lodes, the white mists lie in long lines of moving vapour, blurring the landscape; and nearer, from the lower ground, like steam from a caldron, the white clouds, clinging to the earth, travel on toward the water. Up leaps the sun. The slanting rays strike far along the dripping herbage; from each blade and leaf, all drenched with dew, the sparkling drops hanging like jewels, flash and twinkle in the sudden light, and all the land awakes. A moor-hen flies low across the water, and with its harsh grating note, disappears where the steam curls thick among the reeds; and high overhead, lazily flapping through the clear blue sky, a heron sails away from the higher woods to his fishing-haunts by ditch or broad.

At noonday, in summer, beneath a cloudless sky, as we look over a Fen landscape, those miles and miles of hazy flats suggest but one word—Heat. White-heat, a scorching glare. The sun above beats pitilessly over the shadeless Fen; even the tall heads of purple willow-herb and iris droop over the tepid water by the river's brink. The growing corn lies motionless in languid curves; only the poppies, blazing full in the sun, lift up their scarlet heads, and glare defiantly. Beyond the dikes, over the distant fields, the heat rises flickering and quivering in thin transparent vapour, and finally melts into the white horizon. The cattle in the low pastures by the river instinctively seek the coolest spots; some under the nearer trees, where they stand patiently whisking their sides, surrounded by a dense cloud of insects; others in the water, where they stand motionless, with their broad dewlaps dipping in the stream, or wrenching in mouthfuls the tall umbels from the beds of wild parsley and fennel that fringe the river. Others congregate on the high flood-banks, to catch any possible stray breeze that may wander across the parched fields. Brindled, black, and

brown, they stand in sullen contemplation, or with massive head raised defiantly, as some unusual far-off sight or sound attracts their notice—studies such as Paul Potter or Vandervelde loved to paint.

By the lock where the loide falls to the river, we catch a glimpse of the keeper's cottage, white and cool among the monotonous foliage of the willows. The water is like glass, save at the weir, where it murmurs sleepily, dribbling over the great black gates in tiny streams. Far below, in the clear depths, great perch glide solemnly in and out between the rushes; and on the surface above, that curious insect the water-boatman plies his tiny oars, darting round and round in the shadow of the banks. The far on the gates and posts around bubbles and blisters under the burning rays; and the stillness is only broken by the hum of some passing insect, or the splash of a dace or roach leaping among the cloud of flies that dance and travel up the stream. The only movement above or below is the ceaseless ripple of the water-reflection on the blistered boards; all else—cottage, lock, willows, and water—dozing to the murmur of the weir.

Here and there along the course of the river, in the low land behind the flood-banks, nestles a little homestead, surrounded by its plantation of aspens and willows, their soft gray foliage contrasting with the cooler green of towering ash-trees. Here too, around the garden and paddock, the hawthorn hedges grow high, mingled with the darker shades of alder and elder, the broad umbels of the latter hanging in creamy clusters over the stagnant ditches beneath. We might imagine ourselves far from the Fen country now. The tall bryony-tangled hedges are a welcome relief to the monotony of the miles of dikes. The pigeons on the reed-thatched barn coo softly in the sunshine, now skimming down to strut daintily on the straw below. Without, innumerable geese gabble incessantly among the duckweed in the shallow ditches, or waddle solemnly in single file over the high banks towards the river. In the low garden at the back, the flowers grow luxuriantly from the rich mould; a blaze of geraniums and calceolarias fringes the grass-plot, and tall hollyhocks rise behind. The wild flora of the Fenland too, mingles with the garden flowers. Here, by the dike that bounds the meadow, against the green background of the hedge, tall clarkia and willow-herb lift up their purple heads four or five feet above the grass; and lower, rising from the water, the yellow iris with its bright petals mingles with the darker umbels of the flowering rush. On the surface float the waxen cups of great water-lilies, white and yellow; and along the bank, the spreading veronica, with its brilliant blue flowers, creeps over the surface, smothering the stream as it oozes beneath. Pungent whiffs of peat-smoke are blown from the red-stacked chimneys; and on the door-step, a shaggy dog lies blinking in the sun. His duty is to guard the lonely homestead by night, and hunt up the cattle from the Fen.

But it is at sunset that Nature dons her most gorgeous attire. All is silent by the river, which gleams in the long straight reaches, or is lost to view between the banks; while farther on, the water again flashes as it curves out once more, and once more disappears. Above, the sky is

warm with a rosy glow, where waves of cloud, like flakes of burning foam, spread afar from north to south. The sun is hidden behind dark masses in the west; but the bright rays stream upward high overhead in long leagues of yellow light, that strike along the sky, till the cloud-flakes throbb and flicker in the glow, their crimson edges touched with flame. Then, as the bright tints fade, the cloudlands shift, and pale rifts of golden green break here and there like far-off islands in a purple sea. The shadows deepen along the land, and the green on the distant fields is fading fast. Here and there, piercing through the gloom, the straight dikes flash as threads of silver; and the wider surfaces of the brimming loes gleam pale and cold, broad bands of reflected light. No object breaks the level of the darkening Fen save a line of spectral aspens that mark some far-off boundary. They stand in long sloping files, each bare trunk leaning towards its neighbour, branchless, surmounted by a tiny tuft of foliage left unlopped; their tall stems rising gaunt and black against the sky. In the reed-beds by the water, and where the land lies low, white mists are steaming and curling above the rushes; and far away, the dark Fen is streaked with thin lines of filmy vapour. The cattle couch beneath the banks, among the dew-drenched herbage, their white breath steaming in the chilly air; and through the sodden grass above, the Fenman is plodding homeward, and night falls softly over the wide expanse.

But these broad green flats melting into the horizon are not the only landscape the Fens can display. Along the borders, woods and heath mingle with the peat-land. Westward, the higher grounds, by Huntingdon and Northamptonshire, rise crowned with their woods of oak and elm, where the massy foliage forms a refreshing variety to the soft monotony of the interminable rows of willows, the haunts long ago of kite and hawk and buzzard. Kite and buzzard have disappeared; but the sparrow-hawk may occasionally be descried sailing grandly along in sweeping circles, with his wide wings extended, hovering a moment, till mounting upward higher and higher, and balancing motionless, he falls swifter than the eye can follow in some distant field.

Away on the eastern border, by Brandon and Thetford, vast sandy heaths slope downward to the Fens; here, in long bare stretches; there, waist-deep in gorse and bracken—like the broad wastes of silver sand that border the fens of Holland, stretching away in naked ridges fringed with scrub—like these, but infinitely more beautiful. The blossoming gorse flashes a brilliant yellow light among the sombre bracken like tongues of flame; and above, the odorous fir-woods stand dark and solemn against the sky. It is in these bordering woods that the heron still breeds, no longer in the numbers of former years; still, we may see them at sunrise, or sunset, sailing away to fishing-haunts, now sadly restricted, from the broad meres of old, to the lonely margins of the rivers or reed-choked dikes. Here one stands in the stagnant water, motionless, with one leg drawn under him, and to all appearance utterly unconscious to everything around. But not so. At the crack of a broken twig, or the least rustle of the grasses, he spreads his broad wings, and flaps away with a lazy motion, sailing off high in air to some

more secluded spot. Over these heaths, once roamed the great bustard, swift of foot, coursed by greyhounds in the sporting days gone by. Not very many years ago, this noble bird was still to be met with; but now it has shared the fate of the crane and bittern, ruff and swan, and other exterminated wild-fowl. One instance of its appearance, we believe, has occurred within the last twenty years. Not so the peewit. This handsome bird may be seen wheeling above the heath in scattered pairs, upward and downward, now turning suddenly, and darting off again in short abrupt flights, ever uttering its plaintive cry. Its broad wings and glossy black-and-white plumage flash in the sun as it turns swiftly in its mazy flights. By night, they wail and shriek with a weird unnatural cry; one moment just overhead, shrill and piercing; the next, a long-drawn wail from the darkness far away. As the winter approaches, they descend in vast flights to the low oozy swamps left by the receding tide.

Northward along the coast of Lincolnshire, the Fen scenery changes again; the crested waves roll in before the wind, the foam-flakes driven far inland along the pasture-land. Look which way we will, as the sunshine strikes along the land and sea, it is the same—on the one side, long green pastures fading to the horizon, with Boston's famous steeple rising gray against the sky; on the other, a rolling plain of tumbled waves, that brighten like emerald as the sunbeams pierce through the leaping crests.

One lingering look at the great Fen beneath an autumn sky. The low sun strikes along the stubble-fields, touching the distant willows with a silvery light; olive shades are stealing where the foliage lies thick, and the fawn tints of the aspen trees wave into gold. Far away, the ploughman moves slowly over the broad 'furdy acres,' where long black furrows already streak the stubble; along the fallow lands where the twitch-gatherers are at work, long lines of pale-blue smoke wander on before the wind, filling the air with the smell of burning peat. All colour has faded; even the rushes by the dikes droop low; only the high droves by the river-sides are green, and these too melt as they recede into the soft haze that mingles with the pale and cloudless sky. Above, around, on every side, turn which way we will, all the world is gray; the land sleeping in a hazy stillness, is like the calm of mid ocean, as peaceful, and as monotonous.

A COLLIERY-MANAGER'S STORY.

'If you please, sir, t' pit-hill's o' fire!'

Such was the news I received one wild November night some years ago; and as I looked across the park which lay between my house and the colliery, I could see by the glare, which grew intenser every moment, that the fire had already gained considerable hold upon the wooden platform about the pit's mouth, which in Yorkshire is called the pit-hill or bank. It was then twelve o'clock; and I knew that two hours before, nearly a hundred men and boys must have gone into the pit, on the 'night-shift.'

In a few minutes I was on my way to the scene of the disaster. As I approached, I saw that the sides and floor and roof were already

burned away, and nothing remained but the thick timbers which formed the framework of the 'bank.' Some of these beams were of gigantic thickness and height; but the fire quickly swept around them and leaped up to the very top, until the whole vast 'skeleton' of the structure could be distinctly seen. The great pulley-wheels, high over the pit-head, were of course motionless; and the strong wire-ropes which passed over them down the pit, made two dark lines in the midst of the glare, which seemed to point perpetually to the men imprisoned below. It was a stormy night, and as the wind swept through the burning timbers, it carried off great masses of blazing wood—not mere sparks—and sent them flying over the yard and into the adjoining fields.

When I reached the burning bank, I found there was little hope of saving any part of the pit-hill. Fire-engines were at work; but the water did nothing but hiss and spit against the red-hot beams, and the fire continued to rage more fiercely than ever. The engine-house, containing the powerful engines that worked the great winding-drum, was close at hand, and a little beyond was the 'upcast' or ventilating shaft. It was quickly perceived that our only chance of rescuing the men lay in cutting off the fire from this building and the platform which led to the second pit. To do this, it was necessary to saw through two beams of timber nearly two feet square. This was a hard and perilous task; but there were men there brave enough and strong enough to do it; and it was done, and the engine-house saved. As soon as these beams were liberated, a great portion of the burning pile came crashing down; and as the falling timbers fell upon the wagons that had been partly filled with coal the day before, fresh fuel was added to the flames, which now rose up in columns that towered even above the head-gear. Every eye now was fixed upon the ropes and the pulley-wheels at the top. The thick iron band began to swell, and the strands to break; snap, snap went the wires; the hempen core within the wire took fire, and then at last the rope gave way, and down went the iron cage to the bottom of the shaft. Shortly afterwards, the pulley-wheels dropped from their lofty perch, and were buried in the blazing heap far below.

There was nothing left now but to let the pit-hill burn itself away. But what about the men in the pit? Experienced underground-stewards, and a mining-engineer who had been summoned to give his advice, were busy all through the night devising plans of rescue. Some of them indeed gravely doubted whether the work would not prove to be the recovery of dead bodies, rather than the rescue of living men; but they did not tell their doubts to the weeping women who gathered eagerly about them whenever they came out of the office. The first thing to be ascertained was whether the men in the pit were still alive. The ventilating shaft had formerly been used as a 'drawing-shaft'—that is, a shaft by which men could be sent into the pit, and coal drawn from it—and fortunately the pulley-wheel still stood in its place over the shaft. A rope was quickly fixed to the old drum, and the long-disused 'tub' swung at the pit's mouth ready to go down. A lamp was placed inside the tub, and with it a note, written by the manager, asking for information as

to the condition of the men and the state of the workings, but warning the poor fellows against getting into the tub, as we were not as yet certain that it would be safe for them to ascend in it.

While these preparations were being made, the crowd about the old shaft increased both in numbers and in noise: old colliers eagerly discussing various methods of 'getting 'em out;' and the wives, mothers, and friends of the imprisoned men impatiently urging the workers to 'luke sharp and fetch 'em up.' As the tub began to descend, however, a sudden silence fell upon the throng, and every eye followed the rope as it disappeared in the smoky shaft. It was decided to leave the tub at the bottom half an hour, before drawing it up again; and for those thirty minutes no sounds were heard except the crackling of the still burning timber, and the low moaning cries of sorrowing women. Now and then, one of the banksmen leaned over the mouth of the pit, in the hope of catching some sound of a movement in the dark depths below; but nothing was heard; and at length the signal was given to bring the tub up again. Eagerly did the watchers peer down the shaft; and when the solitary lamp was seen glimmering amid the ascending smoke, stronger whispers of hope were breathed than had been heard before. But, alas! the letter came back unopened, by the side of the lamp. It was clear that no men were at the bottom of that shaft, and that the light had not been seen by those below.

After a short interval, the lamp was again placed within the tub, and again the tub was lowered into the pit, and left standing at the bottom for half an hour. Occasionally, the rope seemed to quiver and shake, as if some hands were clutching it below; but this could not have been the case, as, when the tub came up again, the light was extinguished and the letter was still untouched. Even the most hopeful were now inclined to despair; for it was argued that if the lamp could not 'live' at the bottom of the pit, no human being could live there. But still we decided to repeat the experiment. Again the tub, with the lighted lamp and the letter, was carefully lowered; and after a short interval, it was brought up once more. This time, the lamp still burning, raised our hopes that the men might, after all, be living; but the untouched letter told us that they had seen nothing of our silent messenger.

When the fire, which had now been burning nearly seven hours, had almost spent itself, and the smoke coming up the ventilating shaft grew less dense, several miners heroically volunteered to descend the old shaft in search of their 'mates.' The descent was extremely dangerous—it might even prove fatal—still no one, not even the wives and children of the volunteers, sought to keep them back.

'Let 'em go,' said one of these brave women. 'If my man were down t' pit, sudn't I want somebody to try to get him up? Let 'em go; but God save 'em, and them as is at t' bottom too!'

Thus encouraged, three men took their 'Davy' lamps in their hands and stepped into the tub. The signal was given; and slowly, very slowly, the tub went down into the darkness; but the lights had scarcely disappeared, when shouts from the men bade us reverse the engine and bring

them up again. The shaft was so 'foul' with smoke and bad air, that they had been almost choked.

The failure of this attempt to reach the poor prisoners in the mine sorely tried the spirits of the strongest and most hopeful among us; and big stalwart men, who had faced many a danger without flinching, turned aside to hide the tears that would steal down their grimy cheeks; while women and children ran down the hill despairing, and sat down to weep and moan in little groups, amid the weird light of the slowly expiring fire. It was a heart-rending sight, one never to be forgotten. My sympathies led me to go among these poor stricken souls, and try to comfort them with such hopeful words as I could command. I could not say much to them, and they could say nothing to me but, 'O sir, do you think you'll get him out?' 'We'll try,' was all the answer I dared give, but even that seemed to comfort the half-despairing creature.

Again we tried the lamp-and-letter plan of reaching the men. This time, we let the tub remain at the bottom of the shaft only fifteen minutes; and as it came up again, Jack Lucas, our chief banksmen, stretched himself so far over the mouth of the pit, in his anxiety to see what was in the returning tub, that he was in danger of losing his balance and falling to the bottom. I knelt by his side; and presently he whispered to me: 'There's summat in t' tub as didn't go down in it.' As the tub came nearer, he said: 'It's a powder-can.' And then we knew that some of the men were safe; but we dared not speak as yet. At last the can came within reach. Jack snatched it out and handed it to me. I opened it; and there, on a piece of dirty paper, was the long-looked-for message from the mine: '*We have got all the men and boys to the bottom of the shaft, and they are all right at present. I put the ventilation on again as soon as I could, and it is now in working order. Some of the ponies were nearly done for, but I hope they'll get over it. Now, if you think it will be long before you get us out, you had better say; and please, send us something down, for some of the lads are sick and numb with smoke.*' I had great difficulty in reading this simple letter aloud; my utterance was half-choked with emotion; and fervent cries of 'Thank God, thank God!' from the overjoyed people who crowded about, interrupted me at almost every word.

We were not long in sending 'something' down to the prisoners, in response to their appeal, as we had provided refreshments of various kinds, to be ready, in case we opened communication with the men. This done, the next step was to arrange for bringing the poor sufferers out of the pit; which we found to be a most tedious and difficult task. There were no 'guide-rods' at the sides of the shaft, to keep the tub steady, and therefore it had to be lowered and raised with very great care. The three men who had before attempted to descend, claimed the privilege of going down first to superintend the actual work of deliverance. Only four persons could get into the tub at one 'lift;' and so the patience of the prisoners at the bottom and of their friends at the top was severely tried. The sickly ones were first cared for and sent up; then the boys, and after them the men; the old 'deputies' or 'overseers' being last to ascend,

until at length the joyful words were heard: 'The last man is out!'

I will not attempt to describe the scenes that were witnessed on the 'bank,' as the rescued colliers stepped out of the tub. 'Wives led away their husbands, and mothers led off their sons; some speechless with gratitude and joy, and others hysterically alternating between laughing and crying, hardly knowing what to say or do to give vent to the strong emotions which filled their hearts.

As soon as the excitement had passed off, I sought to learn what had been the experience of the men while in the pit. It appeared that the first sign observed that 'something was wrong' was the smoke, which at first went creeping down the big shaft, and then began to roll in great clouds into the workings of the mine. What the 'something wrong' was, the overseers could not at first make out—a pit-hill on fire is fortunately a very rare spectacle, and neither of the overseers in the pit that night had had any experience of such an occurrence. They soon came to the conclusion, however, that the 'hill' must be on fire, or so much smoke would not come down the shaft; besides which, when they rang the signal-bell from the bottom to the top, they could get no reply. Strange to say too, one of the 'deputies' had dreamed the day before that he saw a pit-hill on fire, and he now instantly exclaimed: 'My dream's come true—t' benk's o' fire!' This sad conclusion was no sooner reached, than the two men set about warning their comrades who were at work in various parts of the mine. One of them ran along the 'roads' in what was known as the 'west district;' and the other scoured the north and east 'districts,' calling upon men and boys to cease working, and hurry to the bottom of the shaft as quickly as possible.

Having raised the alarm, the deputies on returning found that the ventilation of the pit was being disturbed, and that smoke was fast penetrating into all the air-ways. With great presence of mind, though running tremendous personal risks, one of them took a step which undoubtedly prevented the sacrifice of many precious lives; he went back to close the doors, through which the smoke was rapidly sweeping into every part of the pit, and then made a clear course in the passage leading direct from the downcast to the upcast shaft, so that the smoke coming down from the fire above might be drawn towards the upcast or ventilating shaft, and so pass out of the mine altogether. This being done, all the men known to be in the pit were got together in the 'deputies' office,' and a consultation held as to what was best to be done. Some of the poor fellows were sick with smoke, others were faint with fright, and a few sank into a state of unconsciousness, from which they did not recover for two or three hours. At the underground furnace—used to promote the ventilation of the pit—the smoke was terribly dense; but in spite of the discomfort and suffering he had to endure, the furnaceman had stuck to his post, and so preserved himself and his fellows from actual suffocation. In spite of all that could be done, however, the smoke at last began to tell upon some of the older men and the boys, and a great number of them sank down helpless, hardly expecting ever to rise again.

When the fire at the bank was raging most fiercely, the condition of affairs with those below was painful in the extreme; one after another succumbed to the hot fumes, and hope forsook the hearts of such as retained consciousness. When they heard the cage come thundering down the shaft, they knew that all access to them by the usual means was effectually barred, and they had scarcely enough energy left them to think of any other possible way of escape. How long they might survive, they could not tell; but the hope was but faint in the most confident heart that they would ever greet their beloved ones on earth again. In this extremity, one pious soul burst forth in earnest prayer; when he had ceased, another voice was heard, and yet another. Sounds were then heard in that dismal place such as had never been heard there before; a well-known hymn was sung—*Sis in the Arms of Jesus*; sung with choking voices, and while tears rolled down every cheek.

By-and-by it occurred to one of the overmen that perhaps those on the surface might attempt to reach them by means of the upcast shaft; at anyrate, he would find his way to the bottom of that shaft, and see if it were possible to hear any voices. He went, and as he passed through the last gate, he thought he saw the glimmer of a light. What could it be? Had some comrade, who had been overlooked, found his way thither out of some distant part of the pit? Was it the lamp of a fellow-prisoner that he saw? He hurried on, and found, to his heart's deep joy, the tub, containing the lamp and the letter, which had been sent down as a message to himself and his fellow-prisoners. Hastily returning to his companions with the welcome news that rescue was possible, a reply to the manager's note was scribbled and inclosed in a powder-tin, and placed in the tub. All now made their way to the bottom of the upcast, the strong helping the weak along the rough road; and in due course, as we have seen, the imprisoned miners stood once again on the bank, and saw the light which they thought had vanished for ever, and saw too the familiar faces which they had hardly expected to see again. It would have been difficult to say whether rescued or rescuers were the happier, as they shook hands and parted at the old pit-bank after that terrible night.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE largest refracting telescope yet produced has just been finished by Mr Grubb of Dublin, for the Vienna Observatory. The steel tube, measuring thirty-three feet six inches in length, and weighing with the attached parts nearly seven tons, has a diameter of three and a half feet in the centre, and tapers towards the ends. The aperture measures twenty-seven inches. In the meantime, the Americans are constructing a refractor with an object-glass thirty-six inches clear aperture; and another of fifty inches is contemplated. Seeing that there has been much difficulty in procuring perfect discs of glass for the Vienna instrument, it is not easy to see how lenses of larger size can be constructed without flaw. The fact that the giant telescope has an object-glass only one inch

larger than the biggest previously made, would tend to show that the limit in size is being nearly approached.

The terrible earthquake at Agram has been quickly followed by the frightful disaster at Casamicciola, where in one instant three hundred houses fell with a crash, burying their unfortunate inmates. And another earthquake of still greater violence has occurred at Chio in the Greek Archipelago, whereby some thousands of human beings were instantly killed or rendered homeless. With respect to the Casamicciola catastrophe, it was at first conjectured that the movement of the earth was connected with certain disturbances of Vesuvius the day before; but Professor Palmieri states that the delicate instruments at the mountain observatory were perfectly quiet during the calamity. He traces the cause to the manner in which the island has been honeycombed by the natives, for the purpose of finding the mineral springs which bring them in such a rich harvest from visitors. In addition to this, the ground is being continually robbed of a species of fine clay much used for pottery. Signor Stefanoni, rejecting this theory, also points to the circumstance that earthquakes often occur in places where there are no active volcanoes, and that the usual explanation, referring them to the pressure of liquid underground lava, is not sufficient. The solution of the problem which he offers is based upon a well-known natural law, and is as follows: 'Rocks of volcanic origin, which have been subject to the influence of a very high temperature, are expanded by heat to a greater extent than any metal. They are therefore subject to strong contraction under the influence of cold; such contraction cannot take place without causing fractures in the rock, which create violent oscillations capable of producing an earthquake.'

A Stenographic Machine is now in use at Paris. It is worked by means of a keyboard, and an alphabet of six elementary signs, from which are combined seventy-four phonetic letters. As fast as a person can speak, the operator can print his words in these signs, which can be learned in a few months. It is suggested that blind people would probably make good operators, from the acute sense of hearing which they commonly possess. The Stenographic Machine, the maker of which we have been unable to discover, is adapted to any language; and if the words are spoken with deliberation, the operator can record them, although they may be to him in an unknown tongue.

An American novelty takes the form of an imitation wood for floor-boards, &c., made from compressed straw. In appearance it is said to resemble a hard, close-grained wood. It can be worked under a plane, will hold nails and behave in every way like ordinary timber. But it has not the disadvantages of real wood; for it owns no flaws—technically called 'shakes'—is not subject to dry-rot, has no inconvenient sap, is waterproof, will not warp, and has greater tensile strength. Whether it can be made commercially to rival timber in a country like America, which is so rich in forest-land, remains to be seen. But if all that is reported about it be true, various uses will doubtless be found for it.

The restaurants and large cafés in Berlin have lately rejected ordinary stoneware and china plates

for those made of *papier-mâché*. The change seems to be pleasing to all concerned. Breakages are at an end; and the articles have so little intrinsic value, that the guests are at liberty to carry them away, for the sake of their prettiness.

The last application of the Luminous Paint promises to be a very serviceable one. Mr Browning, of 63 Strand, London, the well-known optician, has hit upon the idea of coating compass dials with the pigment, so that the belated traveller or seaman need have no fear of losing his way for want of light.

A French doctor has called attention to a case of illness caused by sleeping in a newly papered room. Upon examination, it was found that the paste used for attaching the paper was in a state of putrefaction. Further inquiry brought to light other cases of illness, which were also traced to the impure odour from paste or size undergoing septic change. This change can easily be arrested by the addition of salicylic acid, oil of cloves, Condy's Fluid, or any other antiseptic medium. Most people are familiar with the unpleasant smell of a newly papered room, and when they know that it is sometimes accompanied by actual injury to health, they will be careful to point out the easy remedy to the careless workman.

M. Alfred Dumesnil is said to have discovered a method of preserving plants in a vigorous state without any earth. The process, which at present remains a secret, does not put a stop to the usual phenomena of plant-life; for the subjects experimented on—hellebores, daisies, auriculas, roses, &c.—blossom almost abnormally, and throw out new buds. If all this be true, the floral decorations of the future will be something to look forward to.

Professor Hughes, the inventor of the Microphone, has lately published the result of some experiments he has made with the Gower Telephone. This form of instrument is the one adopted by the Post-office, and is generally admitted to give the best results. From exhaustive trials, Professor Hughes is led to believe that its superiority is mainly due to the Microphonic Transmitter which is used with it. With the same Transmitter, he found that the original telephone of Professor Bell was 'more perfect in its articulation, and louder.' We may remind our readers that the Microphone is public property, for its gifted inventor refrained from protecting it by patent. But if our future telephonic system is to owe its efficiency to that invention, Professor Hughes is entitled to the honours.

At a recent lecture at Glasgow on Gas and Electricity, Dr Siemens pointed out that the usual method of heating the gas retorts was as wasteful as coal burned in any open grate must be. He suggests that the coke left in the retorts after the gas is made, should be used as the heating material, and that the red-hot mass should be fed with jets of steam. By this means, the steam would be decomposed, and a quantity of hydrogen of great heating power would be produced. The experiment is to be tried at the Dalmarnock gas-works; and if successful, it will point to a method of firing, which may be used for other purposes besides the manufacture of gas.

The Report of the National Lifeboat Institution for the past year represents a document in which

all dwellers in Britain must feel some pride. The Society now owns two hundred and seventy life-boats; and during the past year, five hundred and seventy-seven persons were rescued from wrecked vessels, in most cases under circumstances which called for the greatest coolness and courage on the part of the rescuers. The number of lives saved by the men since the establishment of the Society has been nearly twenty-eight thousand. Subscriptions towards this beneficent object should be remitted to the Secretary, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London.

Dr G. M. Beard, of New York, lately visited Europe for the purpose of studying the methods adopted by different countries in the treatment of the insane; and the results of his inquiries have just been published in a pamphlet. He puts Great Britain first of all nations in its care and treatment of these afflicted ones; and of the three British Isles, Scotland has, in his estimation, earned the first place. He holds that the insane should be treated with no more restraint than children; for, as a matter of fact, diseases of the brain deprive them of the advantages that come with maturity and education. He noticed during his tour that the most successful asylums were not imposing buildings, but consisted of detached houses or cottages. With regard to treatment, we may here mention that in Morningside Asylum, Edinburgh, amusements in the shape of music, dancing, &c., are encouraged; and a newspaper, edited by one of the inmates, has flourished for many years in the institution. In Germany, which Mr Beard places on his list next to Britain, he was surprised to find that the lunatics were taught trades; and that in many cases, a better day's work was done than by an average workman in full health.

In the treatment of another class of unfortunate sufferers—namely, deaf-mutes, Germany takes the first rank. An International Conference held at Milan last September, for the purpose of collecting evidence as to the best mode of teaching those who have mouths, but speak not, came to the conclusion that the German, or pure oral method, was the best; one hundred and sixty-four out of one hundred and seventy experts giving testimony in its favour. This Congress has lately been followed by one in London, the first of its kind in this kingdom. Resolutions were here passed in favour of the pure oral, or mute lip-reading method; and to the effect that government should undertake the education of deaf-mutes by that method. We may mention in this connection that Professor Bell, who first taught a telephone to articulate, has been most successful in teaching this system of lip-reading to the deaf and dumb. Some further particulars regarding this interesting subject may be gleaned in *Chambers's Journal* for June 21, 1879.

A Conference of another kind has recently been held in London, its purpose being to consider the advisability of compelling people to notify to the proper authorities the existence of infectious diseases, such as small-pox and scarlet fever. In the course of the proceedings, it was suggested that any person suffering from such disease, and being without proper lodging and accommodation, should be removed to a hospital without delay; and that any justice should have power to direct such removal. In Scotland, the magistrates of

burghs have already this power under the Police Act.

Those who object to vaccination will perhaps reconsider the matter when they are assured that the vaccine lymph can be readily obtained direct from the calf. In the Civil Service estimates for the coming financial year, provision is made for salaries and other expenses incidental to an 'Animal Vaccine-lymph Station,' founded on the model of those successfully established on the continent. In the meantime, Mr J. L. Hamilton proposes to introduce an artificial lymph, produced without animal contact, by isolating, and then breeding the vaccine organisms in suitable germ-nutritive solutions.

Mr Fletcher, of Museum Street, Warrington, whose name has more than once appeared in these columns in connection with mechanical inventions, lately delivered at Manchester an interesting and instructive lecture upon Labour-saving Appliances for Domestic Use. He showed how, with properly arranged gas connections—stoves, water-heaters, &c.—one pair of hands could do the work of two. He explained how a gas-stove of good construction could do the kitchen-work of a house better and more economically than a coal-fire; and illustrated his remarks by cooking in a gas-oven, presumably of his own manufacture, some salt herrings, a fowl, and a fruit-pie; showing that such strange partnerships may exist without transfer of flavour from one to the other. The subject seems to us to be one of considerable economic importance.

A new application has been suggested for the Detective Camera to which we called attention last Month—namely, for the treatment of suspicious visitors to bankers' counters; the pressure of a button being sufficient to secure a carte de visite of the customer for future identification. It is said that in France a camera has been for some time employed for this purpose. It is further proposed to use this hidden artist as a kind of over-looker in factories. Connected with a clock, the Detective Camera could be made to furnish pictorial records of the behaviour of the operatives, and those given to obstreperous conduct would be taken in the act!

An ingenious and effective means of transplanting trees has been recently contrived by a gentleman signing himself Philodendron. The apparatus employed has the appearance of a large fork, weighing about fifty pounds. This fork is urged into the ground by a see-saw motion in front of the tree to be uprooted. A fulcrum is then placed underneath it, and a tubular lever about eight feet long is attached as a prolongation of the fork handle. One or two men then exert their strength on the lever so formed, and the tree rises from the earth. The roots are drawn out entire, so that the growth remains uninjured. The entire operation for a tree ten feet high occupies about three minutes. The agent for this Tree-lifter is Mr J. Charlton, Parade, Tunbridge Wells.

A Berlin oculist recently saved the sight of a workman who had a small splinter of steel imbedded in his eye. It became necessary to find a means of relief, or to remove the eye. The operator used an iron probe, which, when in contact with the fragment of steel, he converted into an electro-magnet; and thus the foreign body was removed. Ordinary 'permanent' magnets have

been used for the purpose before; but this, we believe, is the first time the electro-magnet has been so employed. Its superior power at once points to the advantages it offers, particularly in cases where the metallic fragment is firmly fixed in the cornea. Such accidents are by no means rare; indeed, in iron-works they are so common, that very often the workmen get most expert in removing the intruders by far more simple means.

Farming on joint-stock principles, although hitherto unknown in this country, has met with great success in America and also on the continent of Europe. A Company has just been formed to try the experiment in England, as a remedy for the present lamentable state of the farming industry; and the progress of the movement will be watched with great interest. At the present time, when thousands of acres are lying idle, because no applicants for the land present themselves, there is a peculiarly favourable opportunity for the success of such an enterprise. The land is of course cheap; and the introduction of first-class machinery—impossible to the small farmer—would give it a good chance of paying a fair dividend. The Company starts with a nominal capital of a million in shares of five pounds each, one-tenth only of which will be called for at the outset. Ninety-six thousand acres, at present bringing in little or nothing to the owners, have already been offered to the Company on very favourable terms; and in a short time we may hope to see the new and praiseworthy venture in prosperous condition. We may also mention in connection with this subject that English proprietors are now inviting Scotch farmers to cross the Border.

M. Muntz has for some time been occupying himself by studying the phenomena occurring when grain is stored for future use. Contrary to the behaviour of a growing plant, the grain so treated absorbs oxygen and gives off carbonic acid. The amount of gas given off varies with certain conditions of temperature and moisture. It is a curious fact that very dry grain gives off little carbonic acid, and is therefore exposed to the ravages of insects which are no longer deterred by the presence of an asphyxiating atmosphere.

So many patents have been brought out in the direction of newfangled shapes for the blades of screw-propellers, that one would imagine that there was nothing fresh to invent in that well-explored field of research. Some misgivings were therefore aroused as to the alleged performances of a new form of screw-propeller introduced by a Mr De Bay; for engineers were loath to admit that anything could be produced to beat in efficiency the best forms in common use. The new propeller is a double one, the two screws moving close to one another, but in opposite directions, the effect being that the whole power of the propeller is utilised in driving the ship through the water. A vessel—the *Cora Maria*—was recently fitted with the new apparatus, with the surprising result, that the accession of speed was equal to that which would accrue from her engine-power being doubled. Many engineers and representatives of the large steam-ship Companies have watched recent trials of the propeller, which, if found to withstand wear and tear, will probably be largely adopted.

The Ashton Moss Colliery Company may be congratulated upon having successfully accomplished a work commenced just six years ago. At that time, a shaft was commenced upon an unworked portion of Ashton Moss, with the hope of finding coal. This they have just achieved at a depth of eight hundred and ninety-five yards from the surface, and the available field of labour measures about two thousand acres in extent.

Mr Eyre, of the firm of Heathfield, Eyre, and Co., London, has introduced a new form of Smith's forge, in which the waste heat is utilised in blowing the fire, thus dispensing with the ordinary bellows. A small boiler suspended under the hood of the forge furnishes a two-inch cylinder with steam; and this little engine actuates a fan which supplies the necessary air. The motor can be used for other purposes, such as turning a lathe or a drill, and represents one horse-power.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SINGULAR METHODS EMPLOYED BY SMALL BIRDS OF CROSSING WIDE STRETCHES OF SEA.

A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* has recently communicated to that paper some interesting information, partly from his own observation, and partly from inquiries, regarding the methods adopted by small birds, but particularly by the wagtail, for crossing the Mediterranean from Europe to the coast of Africa, and to Crete and the adjacent islands. The writer, while passing the autumn on the island of Crete, often heard the song and twittering of small birds when flocks of sand-cranes were passing overhead towards the south. Upon mentioning the circumstance to one of the priests on the island, and suggesting that the noise was caused by the wings of the cranes, his reverend friend assured him that it was caused by the small birds which were *being carried on the backs of the cranes*. After again suggesting that possibly the small birds might be in the habit of going out from the shore for a short distance and then returning with the cranes, the answer was: 'No; they come over from Europe with them.' Convincing proof was shortly afterwards given, when the writer happened to be cruising one day about fifteen miles from the land, and a flock of cranes passed quite close to the yacht. The men drew his attention to a peculiar chirping; and upon discharging his gun, three small birds were observed to rise up from the flock, and shortly afterwards to disappear again among the cranes.

Upon another occasion, during a visit to Cairo, the writer observed numerous wagtails among the palm gardens, and this he was at a loss to account for, having always been under the belief that these birds wintered in Southern Europe, or at furthest in Sicily or the Grecian Islands. He was also unaware at that time that they were birds of passage. Happening one evening to notice some wagtails hopping and 'tilting' at a short distance, he pointed them out to an old Bedouin chief, at the same time expressing his surprise that these birds were able to perform the journey across the

Mediterranean. The Bedouin at once replied: 'Do you not know, Hadretch [noble sir], that these small birds are borne over the sea by the larger ones?' He also intimated that this fact was well known among the natives. Upon pointing out the birds to two Bedouin boys who were standing near, and inquiring: 'Do you know whence come these small birds?' they answered: 'Certainly: the Abu Saad [the stork] carried them over the sea.' Von Heuglin, the famous African ornithologist, afterwards informed the writer that he believed this curious story, and only waited for further proof before publishing the fact.

Mr Rae of the Royal Institution, in a communication sent to *Nature*, mentions a somewhat similar story, told and believed in by the Indians in different parts of North America. It appears from the testimony of the Indians round the south-western parts of Hudson's Bay, that there is a species of finch which performs its northern journey on the back of the Canada Goose (*Anser Canadensis*), and arrives with it about the end of April. Mr Rae believes that he has himself seen the small birds fly away from the geese, and he has also shot and preserved the species; but it is so long ago, that he cannot recollect the name.

If the foregoing statements can be borne out by further investigation, it will serve to explain how it is that small birds—or at least some species—contrive to cross wide seas, and even oceans.

'PHASES IN CANADIAN HOME-LIFE.'

Since this article appeared in *Chambers's Journal* (January 1), we have received various communications from correspondents in Canada, from which we learn that the particular experience of our contributor while in that country cannot be said altogether to represent the general experience of those who have had a longer and more extensive acquaintance with the Dominion. With regard, for instance, to the tomato-worm and the potato-bug, we are assured that neither of these two creatures can now be distinguished as a persistent 'pest'; while wolves and bears have in the present day almost, if not altogether, disappeared. The progress made by a new and flourishing country such as Canada, is so rapid and decisive, that descriptions which might hold good of it to-day would within a comparatively few years seem erroneous and antiquated. In the article in question also, it was stated that farms could be bought in Canada for 'from one to five dollars' per acre; this should have been from one to five pounds. While cleared farms near towns frequently bring a much higher price than five pounds per acre, there are, on the other hand, as we have before stated in these columns, thousands of acres of excellent land to be had in the more westerly districts of Winnipeg and Manitoba at a merely nominal price. Good farms in the neighbourhood of towns bring from nine to thirteen pounds per acre; but the price generally decreases in the ratio of the distance from market. Those of our readers who are interested in the question of farming in Canada, will find much valuable information in the recently published *Reports of Tenant Farmers' Delegates* from England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the Dominion of Canada as a field for settlement, which are sent free on application to J. Dyke, Canadian Government Agent, Liverpool.

REMARKABLE CASE OF LONGEVITY.

A correspondent writes to us as follows: 'At present there is living at Dunoon, Argyllshire, an old man named M'Arthur, who, if he lives till next September, will have attained the patriarchal age of one hundred and four years. Living for a part of each year in the neighbourhood, I have often had an opportunity of seeing him walking about his garden, with the help of a stout stick. He was able to attend the Free Gaelic Church—of which I understand he is a member—several times during last year. His eyes are weak, but his hearing is very acute. He was born at a place called Achadunam, at the head of Loch Fyne, in September 1777. He was employed for fully fifty years at farm-work in the vicinity of his birth-place, and for the past fifty years has resided at Dunoon. Last year, being desirous of seeing and conversing with the old man, I paid him a visit. I found him seated in an arm-chair at the fireside, and he shook hands with me very cordially and with a firm nerve. He appeared to be cheerful and contented, informed me that he ate and slept well, and, strangest of all, that he was still able to shave himself without the aid of a looking-glass. He is wonderfully hale, with a freshness of complexion one would scarcely expect to see in a person of his years.

'Waiting upon him was an old woman, who observing one of the ladies that accompanied me looking at her, said she "thought the miss took her for the wife;" at which remark the old man smiled. The woman, continuing, explained that she was "only the daughter;" that she was, however, seventy-eight years of age; and that her daughter, whom we also saw, was fifty-six. The old man's wife, who died twenty-three years ago, would now have been one hundred and fifteen years old, being thus about eleven years older than her husband. Besides the daughter above mentioned, he has two sons living, both of whom follow their father's occupation; but they are much troubled with rheumatism, and not able to do much.

'Since the foregoing was written, I have again visited the old man, who anticipated some amusement when his census paper came to be examined by the district enumerator!'

A LOVE'S LIFE.

'Twas Spring-time of the day and year,
Clouds of white fragrance hid the thorn;
My heart unto her heart drew near,
And, ere the dew had fled the morn,
Sweet Love was born.

An August noon, an hour of bliss
That stands amid my hours alone,
A word, a look, then—ah, that kiss!
Joy's veil was rent, her secret known,
Love was full grown.

And now, this drear November eve,
What has to-day seen done, heard said?
It boots not: who has tears to grieve
For that last leaf yon tree has shed,
Or for Love dead?

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

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OUR COMPETING COUSINS.

THE complaint of our merchants, that the Americans are running them hard in foreign markets; the despondency of our farmers as they recoil before the vast quantities of American food and the mountains of Australian wool, are evidences that our trans-oceanic Cousins are very much alive. They are becoming very numerous also, and in their totality far surpass the population of the mother-country. There are now upwards of fifty millions in the United States; from four to five millions in British America; and about two and a quarter millions in the Australian colonies. But these numbers are merely factors in a multiplication problem, which by the end of the century will produce results of startling magnitude. The tide of European emigration will run in a greater volume and at a greater speed. Last year, nearly half a million strangers were added to the population of the United States, and still greater numbers may be added this year. As Europeans become densely compacted, the drift of humanity westward and southward must continue. There is, in fact, for millions no choice in the matter. Go they must, where bread is to be had, be it in the land of the setting sun, or in the wilds of the antipodes. Either from necessity or choice on the part of the emigrants, the United States have obtained about three millions in the past ten years; most of them people in the full vigour of life, or children who have grown into strenuous workers. The total increase of population in the ten years is eleven and a half millions, from which we are enabled to predict that the United States may have eighty million people by the end of the century, should conditions remain unaltered. The estimate is low, for there are at work all the causes that favour human increase.

Territory is unlimited, and much of it is of surpassing fertility. There are climates suited to every constitution. There is remunerative employment for every capacity—for brute toilers like Caliban, for genius as high as that of Caliban's inventor. Never since man attained to civilisation

have so many favourable conditions co-existed for the growth and consolidation of a young nation. From these must result a phenomenal increase of population. Our Cousins will spread over the American continent with the rush of a conflagration, or the sweep of a sea which has surmounted all barriers. Besides every natural aid for multiplication, the United States have all the secondary aids for increase in almost greater profusion than in the most advanced states of Europe. Science is more widely cultivated, and bent to economical results; education is universal; political freedom is almost complete. To these must be added the eager desire for prosperity which permeates the whole people, and which has created an almost distinct type—the go-ahead Yankee. Certain bumptious Britishers have amused themselves therewith. It would have been more profitable to study the causes which have made our Cousins more devoted to business than ourselves. A brief examination shows that the difference between Americans and Englishmen is owing to the broad opportunities the former enjoy, compared with the narrow possibilities afforded in our over-crowded isle. Given abundance of food, an unfettered career, religious and political freedom, and a profound belief in the gospel of 'getting on in the world'—what will be the effects upon an average Englishman?—Progress towards independence, most assuredly, and ultimately a condition of permanent success. From these must follow an unfaltering self-confidence and love of action—the go-ahead type of man.

When a community of fifty millions are of this pattern, and with illimitable fields of enterprise, we cannot wonder that its development is marvellous. Everything favours it; nothing opposes it. The frontiers of European states are iron-like in their rigidity. Armed millions on the one side brandish their weapons at other armed millions facing them. Neighbours are not permitted to visit neighbours without permits and passports. In brief, every impediment that cultivated barbarism, financial ignorance, and intense

nationalism can erect, is placed between men hailing from conterminous geographical areas. Worse still, the progressive elements among the peoples are ruthlessly eradicated, and the type forcibly restrained to its ancient form. Fortunately for the good of mankind and for the peace of laggard political systems, the energetic minds of Europe cannot be prevented from reaching the United States. But the consequence is to give new energies and broader vistas to Americans; to quicken the march and swell the triumphs of the young giant of the West. The discontent of Europe finds content in America; and discontent, translated into mechanical formula, means a search for lines of least resistance. The United States have no rigid boundaries. Our own line of colonies is the most yielding of barriers, through which people pass freely. It is true that hostile tariffs bristle on each side, but these do not produce the deadening paralysis and the hatreds that obtain in Europe. The Mexican frontier is even more flexible than the British, and in time will become merely an atmospheric line. Nowhere does an armed people menace the Great Republic. Hence it goes forward untaxed by the militarism under which every European state is stagnating.

Then again, the United States have no colonies demanding maternal succour; nor is the mind and pocket of the commonwealth perturbed by such a step-child as India. The Republic has no external duties or anxieties, no need of diplomatic finesse in keeping up or dissolving the concert of foreign powers. All its inordinate force, its peerless superiorities, are free to be employed for furthering the material advantage of its citizens. That such a state should advance with bewildering rapidity, is in the nature of things; that its attractions should be irresistible to many Europeans, is also in the nature of things. No wonder its people are go-ahead beyond compare. But so far from objecting to the characteristics of our Cousins, we should rejoice. American prosperity helps British prosperity, its progress compels our own progress, its grandeur throws a halo of splendour around ourselves. The interests of both peoples are so closely interwoven, that they cannot exist apart, and the sympathies grow stronger with the years.

In competition with their Cousins, our merchants and farmers must find new ideas and new stimulations. It is undignified to grumble at the inevitable; it is ruinous to stand still; it is impossible to check the progress of those who trust to self-help. 'Work' is the legend on the shield of the Great Republic. Its 'arms' are human arms tremendously active. Our Canadian Cousins pursue a career differing little from that of their fellow-Americans. Work is the rule, and independence the goal to which all strive. The splendid cities of Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, show how high is the ambition of the people, and how considerable their wealth. The great railways traversing its immense territory are evidence of the confidence of capitalists in the future. Already the railways are planting the seeds of what may be one of the mightiest peoples of the earth. The fertility of the Dominion is almost incredible. Were its great wheat-growing capabilities fully availed of, it could furnish food for the majority of the human race. We all know what magnifi-

cent cattle are raised in its pastures. The choicest British herds improve by transplantation into its keen and invigorating atmosphere, and attain to a stature, massiveness, and quality of flesh that closely competes with the choicest beef of Old England. So with men and women. British America brings out in our kindred a vigour and breadth of life little known in the old country. Competent observers from the United States have frequently commented upon the strong and tireless farmers of the Dominion, to the prejudice of their own countrymen. A shrewd traveller, upon his return from a tour through Canada, said, that a race of giants was up-springing there, who would some day descend upon the weaklings of the States and subjugate them, as the Goths did the Italians.

The climate of British America, though severe, is undoubtedly favourable to British people; and from the extraordinary progeny of the French colonists, there is foreshadowed a densely peopled region in coming ages. There is untold wealth in the soil, under the soil, and in the gigantic rivers and lakes. Ere long, a trans-continental railway will create on the Pacific coast one of the great commercial depôts of the world. This will give a vast impetus to trade, will open out the resources of the country, and cause the current of immigration to run faster than ever. The dawn of an amazing prosperity has already begun for our Canadian Cousins, and they will know how to profit by the coming day. Their produce will pour upon our shores with an abundance greater than has been dreamt of in the most terrible night-mares of British farmers.

The object of all citizens is peaceful progress; and, if differences arise, they are solely as to the best means of attaining that object. So far as can be seen from our stand-point, our Cousins will not be afflicted by war, or even disquieted by rumours of war. There is no conceivable *casus belli* likely to arise between Canadians and their southern neighbours. The territorial space of each is so great, that ages must elapse before irritating proximity arrives. By the time that both peoples are reckoned by hundreds of millions, the predatory and selfish instincts of mankind will, it is to be hoped, have given place to more rational feelings. In taming the wild earth, in ransacking its stony heart for metals, in building great cities and railways, some of the fiercer savagery of our Cousins will disappear. Wickedness exhales in the sweat of free industry, and man learns to recognise his need of his brother. Nay, he learns that his own perfect joy and true security are bound up in his brother's life and welfare.

The young nations which owe their origin to Britain, differ in their genesis from the nations of the Old World. They are planted upon regions remote from the influence of military empires. They are based upon self-organised industry. The social systems rest upon civic equality. European states were founded by conquerors; the conquered became slaves. The subsequent history is an endless conflict between rulers and ruled for an equalisation of rights. When Britons had almost ended their conflict, the colonies were founded, and by men who demanded still loftier rights. Hence the development of the colonies tends towards an ever radiating liberty.

Co-operation has done much for Englishmen,

but it is doing more for their Cousins. The poorest are reaching the point of financial intelligence attained by our middle class. Joint-stock enterprises have created the banks, railways, and industrial Companies which have made our stupendous trade of the past forty years. The example is being scrupulously followed by our docile Cousins. As their capital increases and becomes more mobile, their advances will be swifter than heretofore, and they will appear as rivals in new fields. The competition of which we complain to-day, is trifling to what is impending, and behoves us to look at the future with steady and discerning eyes.

We must not leave out of the reckoning that our Cousins eschew all sorts of wasteful employment of money and time far more pronouncedly than we do, and are less addicted to drink—with all our temperance enthusiasm. A sober simpleton is more than a match for an intemperate sage. But when industrious, wealth-desiring men are fortified with temperate and frugal habits, they are as resistless as the flight of time. It is well worth laying to heart that our pushing Cousins are formidable on every side; and, knowing what their advantages are, we ought the better to adjust ourselves to the struggle.

Our Australian Cousins are displaying the same traits as their kindred in America. Distant as they are from us by the breadth of the world, we nevertheless begin to feel the approaching might of their young strength. In the brief space of a generation, they have increased from thousands to millions. They have reared great cities, and made railways on a vaster scale, population being considered, than has been done in England. The deserts, which dismayed the early settlers, have been explored, and now are covered with countless flocks and herds. These and its incalculable mineral wealth have brought the great southern world into startling conspicuousness. The adventurous and the cupidious of all nations have been drawn thither by a power strong as Fate. These people have helped to make the rough places plain, to erase savagery, and to plant a civilisation that must become one of the most wonderful in the history of our race. As in America, our Southern Cousins are free from hostile neighbours. There is no power to stay their march across the island-continent. The aborigines melt before their appalling energy as unable to breathe the same air, vanishing and leaving not a trace of their empire behind them. In Tasmania, the natives have died out, and our Cousins possess it as absolutely as though they were the primal owners. In New Zealand, the Maoris shrink into thinner volume day by day—a grand race, but doomed to give way to the march of civilisation. On the continent of Australia too, the remnant of the ancient tribes retreats, growing dim and shadowy as it treads the path to extinction. Thus, almost without a struggle, our Cousins have won an empire whose possibilities are more magnificent than those attained by Alexander, by the Cæsars, by Charlemagne.

The future of the Australian colonies must be peaceful progress. We cannot conceive any other occupation for its people than that of developing industry, guided by science and the arts. There is reason to believe that the two and a quarter millions will multiply into huge populations,

whose energy will increase with the mass. Life promises to be more fervid, more eager, more competitive, than even in America. Australian climates are stimulating, almost to excess; but for the temperate, they leave no ill effects. The cost of maintaining animal energy is much less than in Britain, owing to solar wealth. Life is not hampered by hard conditions, as it is here, and mind and muscle have a better chance of extended development. Though but the creatures of yesterday, they are showing a nascent superiority to ourselves. The Australian Eleven have amazed our cricketers by their strength and agility; the Thames has recently witnessed the triumph of a Sydney oarsman. In trade and commerce, they show themselves worthy of the race which gave them birth. The exports of wool, corn, cotton, sugar, and wine are truly marvellous for colonies so young. Immense steam-fleets are needed to carry on their commerce. Melbourne has been brought within forty days of London; but that does not satisfy the colonists. They wish to be still nearer the mother-land; and so they are going to construct a railway to the north of Australia, which will enable them to reach us in thirty days!

But that is not all; they are preparing to supply us with incredible quantities of beef and mutton in as perfect a state of preservation as that coming from America. They hope to export about one hundred and fifty thousand tons this year; a pretty fair beginning, as our farmers will agree. As the organisation of transport becomes perfected, the food-products of Australia will reach us with as much facility as those of the western continent.

Finally, our competing Cousins are as busy as they can be; and farmers and all interested in British agriculture must be up and ready to defend themselves. The first thing is to understand the resources and power of our Cousins, their methods of corn and cattle growing. The second is to examine our own resources and methods, and to lay the foundations of a new system. Everything shows us that we have to deal with a totally new set of circumstances at home and in the new worlds beyond the sea. Already these have begun to deluge us with the contents of their exhaustless cornucopias, and thousands of farmers have been financially swamped. If with good harvests the home-farmer finds it difficult to make both ends meet, we need not wonder at his succumbing to the wretched seasons of the past year or two. We foresee a vast exodus to those boundless regions of corn and cattle-wealth across the seas, which await the enterprise of Britain's crowded-out sons.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

It had come at last—the crash, long expected, of the fair-seeming, high-standing firm of Groby, Sleather, and Stodge. Already the shutters were up; the names in the dishonouring columns of the *London Gazette*; the palatial premises sacked and overrun by auctioneer's satellites, note-book in hand, cataloguing, appraising, ticketing, whatever of the costly furniture and expensive deco-

rations could be brought to the hammer. Already newspaper critics, in the City article of influential journals, had nibbled their sharpest pens, to point a moral and adorn a tale, albeit a stale moral and a hackneyed tale, with Groby, Sleather, and Studge for a text, concerning the abuse of trading, and the over-credulity of the public. Already it was known that the assets of the great blatant firm were not expected to realise half-a-crown in the pound.

There are commercial houses that fall, as Cæsar fell, with dignity. They, or more correctly, their human representatives, take with them into retirement the pity and respect that we bestow on unmerited calamity and honest, loyal resolution to be faithful to the last. Groby, Sleather, and Studge were not of these. The more their books came to be overhauled, the more their accounts came to be sifted by competent examiners, the louder swelled the indignant chorus of reprobation. Out upon the bankrupts! They had dragged down, in their fall, honest houses than theirs. When strict investigation came to be made, it was found that Mr Studge and Mr Sleather were certainly, Sir Joshua Groby probably, liable to a criminal charge of cooking accounts, of misrepresenting this and altering that, and, in fact, of every fraudulent practice that lax usage condones, but harsh law condemns. Nobody thought that Sir Joshua Groby was much to blame. Public opinion, when sufficiently enlightened, is rarely unjust; and the old man, stripped of two-thirds of his fortune, fiercely chick-pecked—the word is a new-coined one, but it serves to express the verbal assaults of his daughters Regan and Coneril, or whatever their baptismal names may have been, when the smash came—was more an object of compassion than of blame. But Mr Sleather went to Brussels, and Mr Studge went to Spain, pursued by the heartiest execration of press and public, and Bertram Oakley and a few score of others were left breadless.

'I am afraid, Mr Browse, that this is the last of it,' said Bertram, with a sickly smile, as he paid over his small weekly rent into Mr Browse's horny hand. And the old cobbler, who had seen the breakdown of so many hopes, ambitions, fortunes, who once may have had wholesome day-dreams of his own, reddened as he took the money, and would have liked to have given it back, only—that money, in Mr Browse's experience, was hard to come by, and when got, to be tenaciously held fast. And even if the old bird-fancying, shoe-repairing landlord could have made up his mind to return the rent, his legal due, would the proud boy have taken it? He thought not.

'I'm sorry, mortal sorry, Mr Bertram,' said the hard old fellow, relenting more towards this bright bold young man, than he had done towards mothers with young children clinging to their threadbare skirts. 'If you could knock on here for a day or so, we'd blink the business part of it.' It was a great concession, an immense concession, for Mr Browse to make. All through the cobbler's tenure, as householder of his quaint old tenement in the ancient Sanctuary of Westminster, he had kept the rusty old organ which he called his heart in check, as beast-tamers keep a caged wild animal down with drugs and hunger and the whip. His was not a business that could be managed on sentimental principles. Yet, when Bertram paid his rent and gave his notice, the

grim old cobbler could have sobbed at losing him, his pattern lodger.

'What are you to do, Mr Bertram?' asked the man of leather. There is something to be learned, always, from observing how an elderly man speaks to a young one. An ordinary youngster, in Bertram's case, would have been Sam or Dick or Harry to all the court. Sir Charles Grandison himself, in his peerless priggishness, could not have met, had he been no baronet but plain Mr Grandison, with such reverence under Mr Browse's roof as to be called by his surname alone, with Mister prefixed. But Bertram won, without effort, wherever he went, a sort of affectionate respect, and so he was 'Mr' Bertram to all who knew his handsome young face well enough to exchange a 'good-morrow' with its owner. 'What are you to do?' asked Mr Browse.

'I do not know, though I thank you for thinking of it,' answered Bertram. 'I must seek work somewhere, and live somehow.'

'Come over to the *Duke of Cambridge*!' exclaimed Mr Browse, in an outburst of generosity, 'and have some hot brandy and water—along with me!'

'That would not be much in your way, Mr Browse, nor in mine,' was Bertram's gentle answer; 'but I thank you for the kind offer.'

And indeed, Mr Browse was habitually almost as abstemious as Bertram Oakley; but he had known so many sorrows hushed by spirituous comfort and maudlin discourse over the steaming tumblers at a tavern bar, that he could not avoid suggesting such saturnalia when once his hospitable impulses were unlocked.

So Bertram went up to his tiny room, his, for one night more, and where there still remained a scoopful of coals and a few sticks, to rekindle the extinguished fire in the rusty stove that would be used no more. What was he to do? How very, very often, had he asked himself that very question, which we have all asked ourselves, sometimes, in our lives. At anyrate, he must go. He was sorry to go, for we soon become fond of a place. Even the hardy stump of the old vine, nestling among paving-stones and rooted in London clay, had become as a dumb friend to him. It seemed to Bertram as if the ancient vine itself would miss him, when it should awaken from its winter's sleep. Where should he be then, when green leaves should again clothe the trees of Park and garden, and Nature dress her face once more in the joyous smiles of a youth eternally renewed? Who could tell!

With early light on the ensuing morning, Bertram was astir. His few arrangements for departure were soon made. He packed his clothes—his wardrobe was but a scanty one, we may be sure—in the trunk which was to be left under the charge of Mr Browse. He dressed himself as neatly as he could, knowing how much, in our judgment of our fellow-creatures, depends upon the impression, favourable or the reverse, which a first glance creates. A few things which seemed necessary, Bertram had put apart, just what would fill a tiny black bag; better suited to one of his appearance than the traditional bundle of the ordinary workman. Breakfast, when it consists of a crust, to be presently supplemented by a cup of steaming liquid at a coffee-stall, can speedily

be despatched. And then Bertram was ready to go. He had wished to make the most of the daylight, and to reach the great centre of metropolitan business as soon as the earliest offices should be open for the day. He threw a glance of farewell around him at the inanimate objects he was leaving, and then, bag in hand, left the room and descended the stairs.

Bertram's departure, and the cause of it, were matters of household discourse to the gossips of the place; and as he passed, one of the printers, his paper-cap on his head, and his drowsy eyes the redder for his long vigil over the type-cases at the newspaper office for which he worked, opened his door to say, 'Good-morning, and good-luck!' While another of his fellow-lodgers, the widow who, with her daughter, lived by clear-starching, and whose intercourse with Bertram had been limited to a neighbourly nod or civil good-morrow, now not merely waylaid him on the narrow landing-place to say 'Good-bye!' but pressed into his hand a thick lump of something wrapped in paper. 'It's only some cake that was given us—given to Lizzie and me, I mean—at my niece's wedding, over in Lambeth—that's all; but I thought it might be useful, as you're walking.' And Bertram accepted the gift in the kindly spirit of the giver, shook the worthy creature's toil-roughened hand, and said a word of adieu rather huskily. Even some of Mr Browse's birds, now brought indoors for warmth, and dangling in their cages wherever a nail could be driven, knew the young man as he passed, and chirped their greeting shrilly, squeezing themselves against the wires to peck playfully at the fore-finger with which he was wont to stroke their glossy heads. Then one hearty hand-shake exchanged with the cobbler-landlord, who had wished him well, and Bertram was out upon the world.

REMINISCENCES OF ROUEN.

A FRINGE of long, low, irregular, zebra-striped houses hangs about the outskirts of Rouen, and makes a picturesque approach to the charming old town nestling among its wooded hills. Pleasant it is for the English traveller—linked as he feels himself to be by hereditary interest to the land of Rollo—to wander at will through the quaint streets of the old Norman capital, admiring the time-chastened beauty of antique gables, half-ruined *tourrelles*, disused belfries, steeped like all his surroundings in 'the tender grace of a day that is dead.' Temples of the present, and temples of the past—the latter beautiful still, although in many cases fallen from their high estate to ignoble uses—abound on every side. But among the many interesting buildings of Rouen, the majestic church of St Ouen holds its own with a peculiar dignity. St Maclou has its tripartite portal and spiral staircase; St Patrice boasts of its stained windows; the Cathedral attracts with its famous tombs and historical associations; but none can rival St Ouen in simple majesty, as it stands calm, lofty, awe-inspiring, girdled round by the old wistaria-draped walls of the Jardin St Ouen.

Harmony, dignity, unity, are the characteristics of this pure ideal of Gothic architecture. A passing visit fails to reveal all the details of its chastened and dignified beauty. One must return again and again to that dim interior of cruciform outline—must study those wonderful rose-windows, that majestic square pierced tower—in order rightly to apprehend the simplicity, the delicious sense of repose, which are its peculiar charm. The past of Rouen is more vivid than its present. *That* is the reality; this the dream. The ceaseless hum of the work-a-day world hard by recedes into the distance; we forget the restless life of toil and moil coming and going upon the broad Seine river as it flows by the busy *quais*. And as we pass through the Place de la Pucelle, and stand before the handsome *façade* of the Hôtel de Bourghérarde, we remember only that in the beautiful old tower close by, with frontels of carved stone and flowers blooming at its base, the ill-fated Maid of Orleans languished—poor deserted captive! during her shameful trial.

Memories of Jeanne d'Arc are rife in Rouen. The stately walls of St Ouen looked down upon the misery of her public recantation. Through the city streets, with that pitiful cry: 'Rouen! Rouen! must thou be my last abode!' which the girl's lips could not quite repress, she passed to the old market-place, there to undergo the cruel sentence of death, in the shame and the blame of which sentence it is difficult to decide whether France or England bore the greater share. A tardy justice has been done to La Pucelle's memory; and an indifferent statue of Joan now occupies the place on which she suffered.

That fifteenth century, which witnessed the tragedy of Jeanne d'Arc, was an eventful one for Rouen, and fruitful of much woe for its wretched inhabitants. It was in the year 1418—in the beginning of those troubles for the country and its kings which were afterwards to rouse the peasant-girl's sympathies to fever-pitch—that our warrior-king Henry V. laid siege to the Norman capital, and there—like his brother in years to come—tarnished his fame by cruelty unworthy of him. Provoked by the sturdy resistance offered by the inhabitants, he caused gibbets to be erected around the walls, and suspended upon them all prisoners who fell into his hands. But this barbarity only stimulated the obstinacy of the brave Normans within the walls, and their desperate sallies worked destruction among the English sometimes almost to the royal tent. When the siege had lasted four months, and the provisions of the garrison were almost exhausted, famine drove the Rouennois to a cruel expedient. The garrison expelled from the city as 'useless mouths' no less than twelve thousand inhabitants, including women and little children! But the besiegers refused the poor exiles a passage through their lines, so that the houseless wanderers were driven back into the ditches beneath the ramparts, and there remained exposed, not only to wind and weather, hunger and thirst, but also to the missiles of both friends and foes.

While they lay thus dying by inches between two armies, their friends within the city exhibited in a curious manner one of the characteristics of

the Middle Ages—namely, the superstitious observance of religious rites. The garrison lowered baskets from the walls to receive the newly born infants, who were drawn up to be received into the Christian Church, and then—having been baptised—were lowered again to their dying mothers, and to their earthly heritage of misery and death! Yet still the siege went on, and no expedients availed to save the Rouennois from their persevering enemy. After a brave defence, which lasted six months, famine and treachery together at last overcame the endurance of the besieged. But it is pleasant to find it recorded by the old chroniclers that the victorious English king made it a special condition of the treaty of surrender that the survivors of the ill-fated twelve thousand should be welcomed back into the town, and supported for a whole year at the expense of their fellow-citizens.

Every stone of these venerable streets seems eloquent with traditions of ancient days, and not the least marvellous among them is the legend of St Romain, the city's patron saint. The local chroniclers have ever kept in mind the memory of his valiant exploit in the olden times, and if the tale be true, a debt of gratitude indeed do the Rouennois owe to their brave bishop. Once, when all Rouen trembled with fear because of a cruel dragon which devastated the country round, devouring all who came in his way, St Romain, we are told, went forth alone, robed in episcopal state, to the encounter of the public enemy; and overawing the beast by the mere majesty of his episcopal countenance, re-entered the city in triumph, leading the dreaded monster captive by his stole! Thinking of these things, filled with dream-visions of 'vanished hands,' hearing everywhere time-softened echoes of 'voices that are still,' one comes and goes by shallow stairs, by red-tiled floors, by dark and narrow ways overhung by richly carved frontels. Sweet little pictures await one at unexpected corners: quaint figures frame themselves unconsciously in odd little creeper-shaded casements. How can one paint the bright, many-coloured life of these foreign streets, where, amidst so much apparent gloom, *la baguette* seems to be the serious business of life! The irregular houses throw capricious shadows of many varied lengths upon the black and white lozenges of the marble pavement, and the shade makes more striking the bits of high light which force themselves into notice now and again: the milk-seller's white cap frills—the snowy flapping headgear of a Sister of Charity who is coming down the street with her dangling rosary—the cheerful faces and spotless bibs of some passing *religieuses*.

The picturesqueness of a foreign town seems to culminate on market-day. Then the wide *place* is crowded with wares both animal and vegetable. The vendors—in little nooks sheltered from the sun by awnings overhead—are doing their best in single-handed combat with many a bargain-loving customer. The purchaser threatens, cajoles, argues in turn, while a *petite porteuuse* stands patiently by with her basket to await the result. The scene does not strike her; she has seen so many of them; but an Englishman, to whom it is a novelty, looks on amused at the chatter around him, and admires the perfect good-lumour with which it is carried on. These light-hearted French

are as merry over their business as John Bull is serious in his pleasures.

Close by is the flower-market, where a lively group of English girls—the matron-housekeepers yonder are busied about more material wants—are hanging admiringly over some fresh-blown roses. '*Un sou; deux sous la pièce.*' So much sweetness to be bought for a halfpenny! This is a pleasant country, surely—a place whence dinginess is banished, and even the useful must be made beautiful before it can be appreciated. We English, on the contrary, deck life in Quaker colours, and wear sober, if not glum faces, to correspond with our surroundings. On this important day, there is life and bustle everywhere. Down the street out of the country come the peasant-women driving their heavy-laden, well-conditioned donkeys, upon which one or two may be seen mounted and ambling along comfortably in the midst of their bales and baskets.

But on each and every day from early morn—say four or five o'clock—until bedtime, which is early to correspond, a busy life in the street beneath one's windows utters itself continually in all sorts of odd musical discordant sounds, which jumble themselves together, and make a strangely harmonious whole. Your ears soon become accustomed to the involuntary concert. After a time, '*Une belle brioche!*' is no longer startling as it comes betimes round unexpected corners. At last, one even takes a pleasure in listening to the strange, sing-song, monotonous cry as it dies gradually away far down the street. It seems to blend in so prettily with other voices clamouring for notice of other wares; with the jingle of horses' bells; with the inevitable clattering of wooden shoes; with the high-pitched shrill chatter of sundry citizens gossiping at the street corner; with the martial sounds of the *rappel*; and with the sweet full-toned clang of innumerable deep-mouthed bells, chief of the many characteristic features of Rouen.

This abundance of soft bell-voices is, as we have said, one of the most striking features of the quaint old Norman city. It seems that here their tones have an especial mellowness, a rare flavour of the antiquity which pervades everything. All day long, from belfry and chapel and convent and towering spire, comes the never-ceasing clang of melodious tongues, meting out the time with their gentle admonitions. One thinks there must needs be something sweet and deep and pure about lives set to the music of those chimes! 'Bells,' Elia asserted to be 'the music nighest bordering upon heaven.' There is a pleasing sadness, a tender melancholy in the harmony of bells, which yet exorcises melancholy, and chases sadness from us.

We have read somewhere of a good old custom belonging to those northern lands, which we have to thank for many a strong, tough ingredient in our national character. After the harvest, when the fruits of the field have been gathered in, and hearts are tender and thankful for 'garners rich and plenteous with all manner of store,' one little sheaf is tithe-wise separated from the rest, and set up on high above the house-portal, that the birds of the air may have their share in the rejoicing, and be glad with the grateful household.

There are some who in these busy days have no

leisure to glean for themselves a harvest of delight for mind and eye. To them we dedicate this little sheaf, gathered together out of the pleasant memories of a summer trip.

MY UNFORTUNATE PATIENT.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A LONDON DOCTOR.

CHAPTER I.

ONE brilliant, sunshiny morning in the month of June, I chanced to be passing St George's, Hanover Square, that wondrously fashionable church, wherein all who are united in the bonds of holy matrimony are supposed to enjoy a larger share of good fortune and happiness than falls to the lot of those whose vows have been uttered within less auspicious precincts. I was on my way to Brooke Street, to visit a patient; for I was a young doctor then, just struggling into a fair practice, with sufficient prudence to postpone setting up a carriage until a little more firmly established; so I was on foot; and though not generally curious, when I perceived a crowd of persons clustering round the gates, I paused for an instant to gaze, with the rest, at the happy pair, who, just as I reached it, were issuing from its gloomy looking portals. The bridegroom I rapidly scanned, seeing in him a good-looking young fellow of perhaps seven or eight and twenty, with a stalwart well-knit figure, which his closely fitting frock-coat showed to the greatest advantage. His whole face shone with the most evident pride and happiness, as he led his newly made wife down to the well-appointed carriage which awaited them. The glistening white robe shone out in long graceful folds. The gossamer veil fell in soft cloud-like pureness, and the glittering diamonds might have been worth a king's ransom, for aught I knew. One glance at the adornings was enough; they were forgotten when I beheld the face of the bride—a face lovelier, I thought, than any I had ever before seen. She was neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair; but she was so beautiful, that even in the crowd I heard more than one expression of intense admiration as she passed by leaning on her husband's arm. A slight restiveness on the part of one of the horses caused her to pause just as she was about to enter the carriage, and perhaps it was due to that circumstance that her features impressed themselves so firmly upon my memory. The delicate oval face was slightly pale, and the perfect lips were drawn rather closely together in a scarlet curve, as if some effort had been made to retain her self-possession during what I should fancy most women must find a somewhat trying ordeal; but the violet dark-fringed eyes were raised with wonderful calmness as she stood for a moment almost, surveying us with an inquiring expression in them, as if marvelling at the curiosity of the bystanders.

Certainly, she was fair to look upon; and as they drove off, I could not help thinking him a fortunate man who could call so fair a flower his own. They were most probably rich too; as was evidenced by the dazzling diamonds, by the gay company assembled to do them honour, and by the string of handsome carriages.

I hurried on, wishing them well, and wondering at the different lots in life—some so rich, so free

from care, so favoured by fortune; others so poor, so worn by sordid anxieties, so pursued by misfortune. My meditations were interrupted by my arrival in Brooke Street, after which my patient for a time blotted out the recollection of the gay scene and the beautiful face of the bride. Nevertheless, I remembered it again; and a few days afterwards, when my eye caught an announcement in the *Morning Post*, I read it, fancying, as the date corresponded, that it must refer to the very wedding I had seen. It ran thus: 'At St George's, Hanover Square, on the 10th instant, by the Reverend Martyn Wentworth, Rector of Compton Verney, Northamptonshire, MONTAGU MEREDITH, Esq., of Monkwell Abbey, to CLARICE, only child of the late John Delacour.'

Clarice Meredith! It was a pretty name, I thought; and then half smiling at my own absurdity in taking such an interest in strangers, I finally, as I imagined, dismissed the subject from my mind.

CHAPTER II.

About six months after the foregoing circumstance, I was myself married; and if my wife could not boast of perfect beauty, she was fair enough in my eyes; and a very happy home she made for me. My prospects were steadily improving; and my balance was so satisfactory, that we felt justified in moving into a more imposing house than the one which had hitherto been mine. So about two years passed by. I had been more than usually occupied one very gloomy day in November, when the densest of London fogs seemed bent upon penetrating even into the comfortable bright little drawing-room where my wife and I were seated, hoping most devoutly that no summons might arrive to take me out on such an evening; when suddenly the bell rang. A carriage had driven up to our door; and I was told that a lady wished to see me on particular business. I immediately descended to my consulting-room; on entering which, I perceived a lady seated. She half rose at my entrance, but sank back with an air half-languid, half-graceful. Then she raised her veil; and I could scarcely repress an exclamation of surprise when, as she turned her face towards me, I recognised, perhaps lovelier than ever, the bride I had seen at St George's. She was exquisitely dressed, in the richest of black velvets, trimmed with sable. Her delicately gloved hands were resting upon the tiniest of Maltese dogs, which nestled down upon the costly garments with the most perfect air of security and comfort.

'Mr Darrell!' she asked, in a sweet silvery voice, with a half-inquiring smile.

I bowed my affirmative; and she continued: 'I must introduce myself to you, Doctor Darrell. I am Mrs Meredith; and I have been advised to come to you—you attended a distant relative of mine—and I am anxious to have your opinion upon what is to me a matter of almost life or death.'

My professional eyes had meanwhile failed to discern any symptoms of illness in the beautiful changeful face before me. But presently Mrs Meredith explained that it was not of her own health she wished to speak, but of her husband's.

'Has he been long ill?' I asked.

'Yes,' she replied. 'I think I can almost fix

the date when I first became anxious about him. We have been unmarried nearly two years; but it was only lately that I began to grow uneasy.'

'And what are the symptoms?' I asked. 'What is supposed to be his complaint?'

'Ah,' said she, 'that is just what we wish to discover; and I—oh, doctor!' here she passed a very fragile pocket-handkerchief slightly over her eyes—'I dare not say what I think. I want him to have the very best advice, every possible care, but—' And again she paused. 'I hope you understand that this interview is in the strictest sense confidential?'

I assured her she might rely upon the utmost respect being paid to her confidence; and she continued.

'He was the best and kindest of husbands for some time. We were so happy—in fact there seemed not a shadow—till he got ill. I can't think what brought it on; but it seemed to change him totally; not to his friends merely, but to me, who loved him best. I tried to conceal it, and I think did for some time; but latterly he has grown much worse—both mentally and physically. I am terribly anxious—sometimes terribly afraid.'

'Has his family physician seen him?' I asked, growing more and more interested in my fair visitor.

'No,' she replied. 'You can readily understand that I shrink from anything like publicity, as I dreaded what he might say was necessary; and my poor husband has a rooted dislike to him. I want you to see him—to come wholly unbiased, and if necessary, to have a consultation with whoever we may agree would be most likely to understand his case.'

She had a habit of not finishing her sentences, leaving me to infer perhaps more than I ought. However, of course I could form no medical opinion of the case until I had seen the patient, though my conclusions from her account pointed naturally towards one direction.

She conversed with me for a short time longer, once or twice giving way to considerable emotion; not to be wondered at under such trying circumstances; for, I gathered that she had no near relations to turn to; nor had Mr Meredith, excepting a sister, who was married, and with whom Mrs Meredith had never been on very cordial terms. They were rich—I could see that—and no doubt had no lack of fashionable acquaintances, but perhaps none quite fitted to be a support and comfort to the anxious wife.

She gave me her card, with their town direction—Grosvenor Gardens; and after promising to call at an early hour next day, she rolled off in an elegant carriage.

It was quite a coincidence, after my having been so struck by her on her wedding-day, that she should have come to me; and I felt more than a usual amount of curiosity and interest with regard to my new patient. I went to Grosvenor Gardens according to my promise, and was ushered into a magnificent drawing-room, furnished with the most lavish disregard of expense, and adorned in every direction with exquisite flowers. There was an almost heavy fragrance in the room; the *tout ensemble* was both brilliant and striking.

In an inner room, separated from the one into which I had been shown by heavy velvet curtains,

a gentleman was seated. He threw aside his newspaper, and informed me, with much courtesy, that his cousin would be down directly. He was a slightly built, rather dark man of about five or six and thirty, with dark and, I thought, rather shifty eyes, but good features, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. His fingers were decorated with some handsome rings; and he wore a diamond pin in the centre of a somewhat expansive neck scarf.

'Mrs Meredith is my cousin,' he explained. 'It was by my advice she applied to you, Mr Darrell. We are seriously uneasy about Mr Meredith. He does not seem to get better. In fact'—and here the jewelled fingers tapped his own forehead significantly—'it is a case of not all there, or I am much mistaken.'

'Let us hope you are,' I replied; and at that moment the drawing-room door was softly opened, and Mrs Meredith herself, dressed in dark blue velvet, and looking wonderfully lovely, came in. She greeted me with a mixture of cordiality and nervousness, and went through a form of introduction between 'her cousin Mr Henry Stretton, and Doctor Darrell,' after which she immediately proposed that I should accompany her up-stairs.

The bedroom was a spacious one; but the light was so dim, I could at first just discern a canopied bed in the centre of the room, shaded also by curtains, and the outline of a figure underneath the coverings.

Mrs Meredith approached the bed, and bent over it, murmuring, in a low but distinct voice: 'Here is Harry's doctor come to see you. You will speak to him—won't you, Montagu?'

The reply was inaudible; and she continued: 'He won't hurt you. It is to do you good. Do, Montagu.'

'I am afraid it is almost too dark,' I interrupted. 'If Mr Meredith will allow me, I will let a little light in upon us.'

'He dislikes light,' she answered. But I moved the curtain of the bed slightly, and discerned a wasted hand lying listlessly upon the coverlet; and on the great square lace-trimmed pillow his head was to be seen, the face turned from us.

'I want no doctors,' he uttered in a weary tone. 'Leave me in peace. I am dying. Leave me alone.'

Mrs Meredith turned a hopeless look towards me; but I drew still nearer him, and cheerfully assured him that I did not intend to let him die if I could help it.

A heavy sigh was the only response. But I interpreted it as a sort of permission to do my best for him; so I laid my finger upon his pulse, which I found extremely feeble. The next point to which I directed my attention were his eyes. I asked him to look at me; and immediately he turned them slowly with a strange expression that startled me. But I found the pupils of natural size. The sounds and action of the heart, which I next examined, were normal. He was very thin, and evidently in a state of unnatural depression.

'How is your appetite, Mr Meredith?' I asked. 'Very indifferent,' replied his wife promptly; 'in fact, sometimes he won't eat at all.'

I made some other general inquiries with regard to his health; all of which Mrs Meredith answered, the patient himself remaining perfectly silent.

'I will give Mr Meredith some medicine,' I said at last. 'My idea, however, is that perfect change and a little cheerful society would do more for him than anything else.' As I spoke, I looked towards the sick man, and observed that the averted eyes were now filled with tears. I felt intensely sorry for him.

'He hates society,' said his wife. 'I wish he liked it.'

'We must hope he will like it by-and-by, when he gets stronger.—I will do my best for you, Mr Meredith,' I concluded as I took my leave; 'but you must help yourself too. You must cheer up—that's the great thing.'

I gently took his hand; but there was no responsive movement, only another weary sigh.

'It is terrible,' said Mrs Meredith, when we had returned to the drawing-room, now vacated by Mr Stretton. 'This is one of his gloomy days; he won't say a word. But it is less dreadful than his violent ones. What do you think of him, Doctor Darrell?'

'It is impossible to form an opinion until I have seen more of him,' I replied.

'I fear it is his mind,' said she; 'that is my terrible dread. Death is nothing to that.'

'Has he any anxieties, Mrs Meredith?' I asked. 'Do you know of any special trouble which might account for this depression?'

'O no; none,' she answered readily, just the faintest tinge of colour rising on her fair cheek—'none whatever.'

'This medicine which I think of giving to him is merely a soothing, safe kind of sedative. I shall know in a day or two better what course to follow. In the meantime, I should advise you to make the room more cheerful. Draw up the blinds; talk to him, and endeavour to interest him in the papers, or anything.—Pray tell me, is there any insanity in his family?'

She hesitated, paused, and then, in great agitation, admitted that there was.

This, of course, made me feel the case was a very responsible one, and I resolved to study it most carefully. I gave the strictest orders as to his diet. He might have stimulants, if he fancied them—in moderation. She said he was extremely temperate. And above all, I enjoined her not to leave him alone. Of course he had a valet; or one of the footmen could be in waiting, if she herself were compelled to absent herself. She agreed to all that; and I promised to see him the next day.

CHAPTER III.

I thought a great deal about my new patient. A vague suspicion kept floating through my mind that there was some mystery about his illness, of a kind which I must discover if I wanted to save his life. Her introduction of me as 'Harry's doctor' had evidently created an unfavourable impression on the invalid. Could Harry and Mr Stretton be one and the same personage? Doubtless so. Striving hard to dismiss a growing feeling of distrust in the beautiful Mrs Meredith, I paid several visits, without, I must say, getting much beyond where I had been the first day.

He was very ill; but there seemed no actual disease—mere prostration. The remedies I ordered had no visible effect—which surprised me, as I had latterly prescribed a somewhat powerful drug.

Mrs Meredith was apparently always in close attendance upon him; and during my visits, she invariably remained present, thereby, as I felt certain, exercising a silent control over her husband. I resolved to pay an evening visit without notice; and as the case demanded attention, I felt no compunctions in driving up to Grosvenor Gardens about eight o'clock at night.

Mrs Meredith was out; she had gone to the theatre with Mr Stretton. There was an evident unwillingness on the part of the butler to allow me to see Mr Meredith; but I took not the smallest notice, and walked quietly up-stairs. To my astonishment, I heard the sounds of very unmusical laughter issuing from the dressing-room which communicated with the bedroom; but my patient's room was in total darkness. The fire was out, and I had to grope my way to the dressing-room; and pushing open the door, beheld two most forbidding-looking men regaling themselves with supper, and sundries consisting of the contents of several suspicious-looking bottles.

'Who are you?' I asked.

'Who are you?' echoed one of them, evidently more than slightly elevated.

'I am Mr Meredith's doctor,' I replied sternly, 'and I shall know the meaning of this. What are you doing here?'

'Why,' he replied, in an insolent half-tipsy tone, 'we are a-lookin' after the gent in that 'ere apartment—wrong here, you know'—tapping his head—'very violent at times—takes Joe and me all our time to sort him.'

'Have you been often here?' I asked.

'Every night as we are asked—ain't we, Joe? And we does do it pleasant. Lady and gentleman out—at the theatres, and hopperers, and all that sort—plenty meat, plenty grog, good fire—no disturbance—go away morning, come back night again—and so on etcetera. What has you got to say again it?'

I was utterly shocked by the speech and conduct of the men, but thought it wise to make no disturbance at that moment, and only asked for a light.

It was no wonder that my medicines failed to soothe the poor fellow, if this was his usual fate. I found him cold and trembling; and upon my speaking kindly to him, he burst into a flood of hysterical tears. 'You mean well by me, don't you?' he nervously inquired.

'Of course I do,' I answered, patting him, as I might have soothed and patted an infant.

'Then get me away from here,' said he. 'They are killing me. They say I'm mad, doctor; but I am as sane as you are, only weak—oh, so weak!'

'I will do all I can for you,' I answered. 'But your wife would not injure you?'

'Ah,' he cried in an agonised tone, 'my wife!'

'I will speak to her to-morrow,' I said, 'and we will arrange some change for you. Do not be nervous. You are safe—perfectly safe.'

'They are killing me,' he still repeated—'killing me.'

But for the shock I had got on discovering the hands into which his wife confided him, I should have almost been inclined to think, from the steady monotone he kept up, that his mind was affected. Under the circumstances, such catatons would have made any one feel queer, to

say the least of it; and in the state of extreme weakness in which he was. I could imagine nothing was too frightful for him to conjure up. He was reduced to the feebleness of an infant.

I could not leave him to the half-intoxicated men; so I sent for the housekeeper, and told her I would consider her responsible for Mr Meredith's safety. I was certain Mrs Meredith would make other arrangements, when she heard what I had to say. Meanwhile, I desired the fire to be relighted, and ordered some nourishment to be immediately given to the invalid; and extracted a promise from the woman, who seemed to be trustworthy, not to leave Mr Meredith, at all events until his wife returned.

'I will, sir,' she promised; 'but I know it's just as much as my place is worth. Mr Stretton's orders are that none of us comes near these rooms.'

'And my orders are that you remain in them.' I felt she was friendly to her master; and I saw he looked relieved when I briefly detailed the arrangements I had made, especially that I had ordered the two men down-stairs, and that they were not to come up again that night.

Just as I was preparing to leave, I saw he wanted to say something to me. I approached the bed; and the thin hands clutched at my coat, dragging me down closely to his face. 'Write to my sister,' he whispered. 'They are killing me by inches.'

'Where is she? Who is she?' I asked. 'Where does she live?'

'Mrs Royston,' he whispered, 'Manor End, Surrey. Send for her.'

'I will,' I said; 'rest assured, I will;' and then he sank back like a weary, but satisfied child.

The light of the gas, which fell now fully upon him, showed me his countenance better than I had before seen it. He was unshaven, which gave him a grisly look; the cheeks were pale and sunken, and the eyes had great hollow circles. He was rapidly growing worse; and what was more, I had suddenly formed the suspicion that he was the victim of some kind of slow and subtle poisoning.

I decided on requesting Mrs Meredith to let me have a consultation with one of the first London physicians on the following day, and also to insist upon her allowing me to engage a nurse for him, in whose kindness and trustworthiness I could place implicit confidence. I would not mince matters with her; I would do my duty to my patient. In the meantime, I wrote to his sister, as he desired.

WHAT IS A MOLECULE?

MODERN science declares that every substance consists of an aggregation of extremely small particles, which are called molecules. Thus, if we conceive a drop of water magnified to the size of the earth, each molecule being magnified to the same extent, it would exhibit a structure about as coarse-grained as shot; and these particles represent real masses of matter, which, however, are incapable of further subdivision consistently with their existence as matter. A lump of sugar crushed to the finest powder, retains its qualities; dissolved in water,

the mass is divided into its molecules, which are still particles of sugar, though they are far too small to be seen by the highest powers of the microscope. The physical subdivision of every body is limited by the dimensions of its molecules; but the chemist can carry the process farther. He 'decomposes,' or breaks up these molecules into 'atoms;' but the parts thus obtained have no longer the qualities of the original substance. Hence the molecule may be considered as the smallest particle of a substance in which its qualities inhere; and every molecule though physically indivisible, can be broken up chemically into atoms, which are themselves the molecules of other and elementary bodies.

No one has ever seen or handled a single molecule, and molecular science therefore deals with things invisible, and imperceptible by our senses. We cannot magnify a drop of water sufficiently to see its structure; and the theory that matter is built up of molecules depends, like the philosophy of every science, on its competence to explain observed facts. These are of two kinds—namely, physical and chemical. A physical change in the condition of a body is illustrated by dissolving a lump of sugar in water. The sugar disappears, but remains present in the water, from which it may be recovered by evaporation. But if we burn the lump, we effect a chemical change in its condition. The sugar again disappears, and in its place we get two other substances—namely, carbon and water.

Similarly, water is converted by boiling into the invisible vapour, steam; but the change in its condition is physical only, for the steam condenses to water on being cooled. If, however, we pass water through a red-hot iron tube, it disappears, and is replaced by the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. In the latter case, the liquid suffers a chemical change, or as we say, is 'decomposed' into its constituent elements. Those changes, therefore, which bodies undergo without alteration of substance are called physical; while those which are accompanied by alteration of substance are called chemical.

Turning our attention first to the physical side of the question, let us inquire how far some of the fundamental laws of science are illustrated by the molecular hypothesis. Among the most important of these is the law of Boyle, which declares that the pressure of gases is proportional to their density. The theory under review is based at present on the phenomena of gases, and considers these as aggregations of molecules in constant motion. Their movements are supposed to take place in straight lines, the molecules hurrying to and fro across the containing vessel, striking its sides, or coming into contact with their neighbours, and rebounding after every collision, like a swarm of bees in a hive flying hither and thither in all directions.

We know that air, or any gas, confined in a vessel, presses against its sides, and against the

surface of any body placed within it. This pressure is due to the impact of the flying molecules; and the constant succession of their strokes is, according to this theory, the sole cause of what is called the pressure of air and other gases. As each molecule strikes the side of the vessel the same number of times, and with an impulse of the same magnitude, the pressure in a vessel of given size must be proportionate to the number of molecules—that is, to the quantity of gas in it; and this is a complete explanation of Boyle's law. Let us next suppose that the velocity of the molecules is increased. Then each molecule will strike the side of the containing vessel not only more times per second, but with greater force. Now, an increase in the velocity of the molecules corresponds in theory to a rise of temperature; and in this way we can explain the increase of pressure, and the proportions of such increase which result from heating a gas. Similarly, Charles's important law, that the volume of a given mass of gas under a constant pressure varies directly as its temperature, follows obviously from the hypothesis.

Priestley was the first to remark that gases diffuse through each other. This fact is familiarly illustrated by the passage of odorous gases through the atmosphere. If a bottle of ether is opened in a room, its vapour diffuses through the air, and its presence is soon recognised by the sense of smell. In this case, the ether molecules may be figured as issuing from the bottle with great velocity; and if their course were not interrupted by striking against the molecules of the air, the room would be instantaneously permeated by their odour. But the molecular particles of both air and ether are so inconceivably numerous, that they cannot avoid striking one another frequently in their flight. Every time a collision occurs between two molecules, the paths of both are changed; and the course of each is so continually altered, that it is a long time in making any great progress from the point at which it set out, notwithstanding its great velocity.

We must next inquire how these velocities are measured, and what is their amount. We have seen that the pressure exerted by a gas is due to what may be appropriately called the molecular bombardment of the walls of its containing vessel; and knowing this pressure, we can calculate the velocity of the projectiles, if we can ascertain their weight; just as we can estimate the speed of a bullet when its weight and mechanical effect are known. Now, a cubic centimetre of hydrogen at a pressure of one atmosphere weighs about one-thousandth part of a gramme; we have therefore to find at what rate this mass must move—whether altogether or in separate molecules makes no difference—to produce this pressure on the sides of a cubic centimetre. The result gives six thousand feet per second as the velocity of the molecule of hydrogen; while in other gases the speed is much less.

The question of molecular weights brings us face to face with the chemical aspect of the hypothesis; and we have now to examine the support which is given to it by chemical phenomena, and show how wonderfully these are correlated with the physical proofs. Bearing in mind the distinction between physical and chemical changes, we know that we can make a mixture of finely

divided sulphur and iron, for example, in any proportion. But these bodies when heated combine chemically to form a new substance called sulphide of iron; and the two classes of products exhibit great differences, which are indicated by a most remarkable characteristic. Chemical combination, unlike mechanical mixture, always takes place in certain definite proportions. Thus fifty-six grains of iron combine with exactly thirty-two grains of sulphur; and if there is any excess of either substance, it remains uncombined. This principle is known as the law of definite combining proportions, and the Atomic Theory, which, in one shape or another is as old as philosophy, was first applied to its explanation by the English chemist Dalton in 1807. He suggested that the ultimate particles of matter, or atoms between which union is assumed to take place, have a definite weight; in other words, that they are distinct masses of matter. In the combination of the two elements in question, therefore, an atom of iron unites with an atom of sulphur to form a molecule of sulphide of iron; and the union takes place in the proportion by weight of fifty-six to thirty-two, simply because these numbers represent the relative weights of the two sorts of atoms. Now, Dalton may be wrong, and there may be no such things as atoms; but every science postulates fundamental principles, of which the only proof that can be offered is a certain harmony with observed facts; and the chemist assumes the reality of atoms and molecules because they enable him to explain what would otherwise be a chaos of unrelated facts. The combining proportions of substances, then, indicate their relative molecular weights; and bearing this in mind, we must turn again for a moment to the physical side of the question, to inquire whether, and in what way, the physicist can determine the weight of a molecule.

Water, alcohol, and ether expand when heated, like other forms of matter, but they do so very unequally. Their vapours on the other hand are expanded by heat at exactly the same rate under like conditions. The theory supposes that the molecules which are close together in the liquids become widely separated when these are converted into vapours; and the action of the particles on each other becomes less and less as they are driven farther apart by heat, until at last it is inappreciated. When the molecules of the vapours in question are thus freed from other influences, it is found that heat acts in an exactly similar manner upon each of them; and this is found to be true of all gaseous bodies. The obvious explanation in the case before us is, that there are the same number of particles within a given space in the vapours of all three liquids. This is the law of Avogadro, which is formulated as follows: 'Equal volumes of all substances when in the form of gas, contain the same number of molecules;' and we shall see how simply this conception is applied for the purpose of determining the molecular weights of all bodies which are capable of being vaporised. It will be understood that we are still dealing as in the case of chemical combination, with relative weights only. We have no means of ascertaining the absolute weight of a molecule of any substance; but we can state with perfect accuracy what relation these weights bear to one another. For this purpose, the molecule of hydrogen, which

is the lightest body known to science, has been selected as the unit. Calling the weight of a litre of hydrogen one, we find by the balance that a litre of oxygen weighs sixteen; and as, by Avogadro's law, both litres contain the same number of molecules, the molecule of oxygen is sixteen times heavier than that of hydrogen. The molecular weight of any substance, therefore, which can be brought into the gaseous condition, is found by simply determining experimentally the specific gravity of its vapour relatively to hydrogen.

In this way the physicist ascertains the molecular weights of all easily vaporisable bodies, and these are found to be in uniform and exact agreement with those which the chemist deduces from the law of combining proportions. The molecular hypothesis is thus brought to a crucial test; and two entirely independent lines of inquiry agree in giving it support of such a character as compels conviction. The law of gravitation and the undulatory theory of light do not command more cogent circumstantial evidence than this.

We have now briefly reviewed the fields from which the certain data of molecular science are gathered. We have weighed the molecules of gases, and measured their velocity with a high degree of precision. But there are other points, such as the relative size of the molecules of various substances, and the number of their collisions per second, about which something is known, though not accurately.

With regard to the absolute diameter of a molecule and their number in a given space, everything at present is only probable conjecture. Still, it may be interesting to state the views which are held on these questions by such investigators as Sir William Thompson and the late Professor Clerk-Maxwell; but we give these without attempting to indicate the character of the speculations on which their conclusions rest.

Summing up then both the known and unknown, we may say that the molecular weights and velocities of many substances are accurately known. It is also conjectured that collisions take place among the molecules of hydrogen at the rate of seventeen million-million-million per second; and in oxygen they are less than half that number. The diameter of the hydrogen molecule may be such that two million of them in a row would measure a millimetre. Lastly, it is conjectured that a million-million-million-million hydrogen molecules would weigh about four grammes; while nineteen million-million-million would be contained in a cubic centimetre. Figures like these convey no meaning to the mind, and they are introduced here only to show the character and present state of the research.

A few concluding words must indicate the tremendous energy residing in the forces by which the molecules of matter are bound together. The molecules of water, for example, cannot be separated from each other without changing the liquid into a gas, or in other words, converting the water into steam; and this can only be accomplished by heat. The force required is enormous; but since the determination, by Joule, of the mechanical equivalent of heat, we are able not only to measure this force, but also to express it in terms of our mechanical standard. It has been found that in order to pull apart the molecules of one pound of water, it is necessary to exert a mechanical power

which would raise eight tons to the height of one hundred feet. Such is the energy with which the molecules of bodies grasp each other; such is the strength of the solder which binds the universe together.

ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT SONNETS.

THE sonnet—which as a rule, consists of fourteen lines of verse—is a form which is more popular among poets themselves than among the majority of their readers. The difficulties of sonnet construction are so obvious, that they seem to challenge the poet to grapple with them; and the glory of a complete triumph is so easily recognisable, that he can seldom resist the temptation to take up the gage. It is only in rare cases, however, that a decisive victory is won; sometimes the struggle ends in ignominious defeat; oftener perhaps in what may be described as a drawn-battle; frequently in a partial and equivocal success; and but occasionally in some supreme and splendid conquest. This being so, the greater number of sonnets must be, to say the least, productions of second-rate excellence; and as a second-rate sonnet has no legitimate reason of being, the indifference of the general reader is not altogether inexcusable. Still, sonnets occupy so large a space in the poetical literature of England, that no one who cares at all for poetry can fail to feel some measure of interest in them; and there are a number of stray facts relating to these cameos of verse which will hardly be altogether devoid of attractiveness to any student of literature, though they will of course be most attractive to those who really find it pleasant to wander through 'the sonnet's scanty plot of ground.'

Every one knows that the sonnet was originally an exotic form imported from Italy into England early in the sixteenth century by Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey. Petrarch, the most distinguished Italian sonneteer, had by his practice conferred a recognised authority upon certain laws of sonnet construction; and the Petrarchan model was for a few years faithfully copied by his two English admirers and imitators. After a time, however, the Earl of Surrey seems to have come to the conclusion that the law of Petrarch, which ordained that the first eight lines of the sonnet should have but two rhymes, was decidedly difficult to obey, at anyrate in England; so he became a law unto himself, and began to write sonnets consisting of three quatrains, each having two rhymes of its own, and a concluding couplet, which made up the requisite fourteen lines. Of course this change almost destroyed the peculiar character of the sonnet; but nevertheless what may be called the 'Surrey variety' of the new flower of poesy became decidedly popular—so popular, that when Shakspeare came to write his immortal series of sonnets, he instinctively followed the lead of his lordly predecessor.

The Earl of Surrey was, however, by no means the only early English experimenter in sonnet craft. Spenser was even bolder than he; for while the former simply increased the number of rhymes, the latter poet conceived the brilliant idea of doing away with them altogether, and produced

a few sonnets in blank verse. He then contented himself for a time with the Surrey model; but he evidently had an ambition to invent a form of his own, a feat which he at last performed, though he can hardly be congratulated upon it, as the Spenserian sonnet has the double disadvantage of being less simple than Surrey's, and less artistic than Petrarch's. A few poets—among whom may be mentioned the Rev. R. S. Hawker, the celebrated Vicar of Morwenstow—have made the last line of the sonnet an Alexandrine; that is, a line of six instead of five iambic feet, or twelve instead of ten syllables. Barry Cornwall wrote a sonnet with fifteen lines, and his example was followed by Sydney Dobell, a poet who was rather fond of flouting the ordinary traditions of poetry; though in this case the apparent defiance of sonnet law may have been the result of carelessness rather than of deliberate intention.

In a series of very beautiful sonnets, addressed to his Mother, by Julian Fane, a young patrician poet, whose biography was written by his friend Lord Lytton, there appears a sonnet with a line too few, instead of a line too many. We give the sonnet here, not merely because of its tenderness and beauty, but because it seems clear that, as originally written, it must have had the usual number of lines, though now the tenth line, which should rhyme with 'again,' is amissing.

When the vast heaven is rent by ominous clouds,
That lower their gloomful faces to the earth;
When all things sweet and fair are cloaked in
shrouds,

And dire calamity and care have birth;
When furious tempests strip the woodland green,
And from bare boughs the hapless songsters sing;
When Winter stalks, a spectre, on the scene,
And breathes a blight on every living thing;
There, when the spirit of man, by sickness tried,
Half fears, half hopes, that Death be at his side,
Out leaps the sun, and gives him life again.
O Mother, I clasped Death; but seeing thy face,
Leapt from his dark arms to thy dear embrace.

There is a well-known sonnet of Keats's which is imperfect in the same way, but not to the same extent, only half a line being wanting. It is one of the two addressed to Haydon:

Great spirits now on earth are sojourning:
He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing:
He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake:
And lo! whose steadfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.
And other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these, will give the world another heart
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?—
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.

One or two poets, and writers of prose, have distinguished themselves as sonnetteers by a solitary effort. Among the former is Gray, whose sonnet on the death of his friend West, though not without beauty, would probably have been forgotten by all but literary students, had Wordsworth not kept its memory green by a savage attack, in one of his prefaces, on what he considered the frigid artificiality of its language. Blanco White wrote two sonnets; one of which has been entirely for-

gotten by everybody, while the other has been vividly remembered and enthusiastically honoured by all lovers of high poetry. Every one knows this sonnet on *Night and Death*, which Coleridge spoke of as 'the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in the language;' but every one does not know that there is an earlier version than the one with which general readers are familiar. Here is the text of the ordinary version:

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divife, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

The earlier version is published in the notes to Mr David M. Main's *Treasury of English Sonnets*—one of our most delightful and scholarly anthologies—from a manuscript in the possession of the Rev. R. P. Graves of Dublin, transcribed from an autograph copy. In both forms the sonnet is a magnificent composition; but of the two—with the exception perhaps of the change in the eighth line of 'on his view' to 'in man's view'—the version with which the public has long been familiar must be pronounced superior to its predecessor.

Other well-known sonnets have undergone in greater or less degree similar transformation. In that noble address of Milton to Cyriack Skinner occur the well-known lines:

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

It appears that Milton originally wrote 'steer uphillward;' but, as one of the authors of *Guesses at Truth* remarks, 'steering uphillward' being a kind of pilotage which he alone practised, or which, at all events, is only practicable where the clogs of this material world are not dragging us down, he altered it into *right onward*.

One of the most notable of that series of sonnets which Wordsworth 'dedicated to Liberty' is addressed to the Haytian patriot Toussaint L'Ouverture. In editions of Wordsworth's poems published prior to 1827, it stood thus:

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men;
Whether the rural milk-maid by her cow
Sing in thy hearing, or thou liest now
Alone in some deep dungeon's earless den;
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and
skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

The second, third, and fourth lines were then altered, and became :

Whether the all-cheering sun be free to shed
His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head
Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den.

This reading, however, sacrifices the perfection of the Petrarchan form ; and perhaps for this reason another and a final change was made, and now the lines run :

Whether the whistling rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's careless den.

In this, as in White's and Milton's sonnets, the latest version is on the whole the most satisfying ; and though these touchings and retouchings may dispel pleasant but fanciful notions of poetic inspiration, there is an interest in watching the stages through which dear and familiar works of art have passed on their way to that ultimate perfection which is so precious and admirable.

Then, too, there are a number of interesting odds and ends connected with sonnets which defy classification. Wordsworth once informed Crab Robinson that there were to be found in *Paradise Lost* fourteen lines of blank verse in which the completeness and unity of the thought were so marked as to constitute them an unrhymed sonnet. Unfortunately, Wordsworth did not say even in what Book they appear. Some readers will remember that Wordsworth, in speaking of his sonnets on 'Personal Talk,' said that a line in one of them had nearly cost him the friendship of his neighbour and admirer Miss Fenwick. This line has not been identified by any of Wordsworth's editors, and indeed it does not readily strike even the seeking eye ; but it is just possible that it is the line in the first of the four sonnets which reads :

Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk ;

the italicised words describing elderly maidenhood in a manner which we may suppose Miss Fenwick resented as personally uncomplimentary.

Literary compositions may be said, as a rule, to treat of *something* ; but the following is an exception to the rule, for its deliberate object is to treat of nothing. Nothing is its theme, and *Nothing* is its title.

Mysterious Nothing ! how shall I define
Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness ?
Nor form, nor colour, sound, nor size is thine,
Nor words nor fingers can thy voice express ;
But though we cannot thee to aught compare,
A thousand things to thee may likened be,
And though thou art with nobody nowhere,
Yet half mankind devote themselves to thee.
How many books thy history contain ;
How many heads thy mighty plans pursue ;
What labouring hands thy portion only gain ;
What busy-bodies thy doings only do !
To thee, the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
And—like my sonnet—all in nothing end.

There is a little lack of rhythm in the twelfth line of this sonnet ; but on the whole it must be considered an exceedingly clever trifle—happy in conception and adequate in execution—the form of the sonnet and the force of an epigram. Still, ingenious as it is, in mere ingenuity it has to yield the palm to a still more remarkable *tour de force* which is to be found among the poems of Edgar Allan Poe. It is a sonnet which is at the same

time an acrostic ; but the acrostic is most deftly concealed from all who are unacquainted with the mystery of its construction, the name to which it is devoted being spelt not by the initial letters of each line, but by the first letter of line one, the second letter of line two, the third letter of line three, and so on through the whole fourteen. And with this curiosity we conclude our odds and ends of sonnets.

'Seldom we find,' says Solomon Don Dunce,
'Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.
Through all the flimsy things we see at once
As easily as through a Naples bonnet—
Trash of all trash !—how can a lady don it ?
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchian stuff—
Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff
Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it,'
And veritably Sol. is right enough.
The general tuckermanties are arrant
Bubbles—ephemeral and so transparent—
But *this* is, now—you may depend upon it—
Stable, opaque, immortal—all by dint
Of the dear names that lie concealed within 't.

INSECT LIFE IN BURMAH.

PERHAPS in no part of the British possessions is insect life so vigorous as in Burmah, and more particularly in the months of May and October, when the change of the monsoons takes place. The rains commence usually about the 15th of May, and are ushered in with storms of thunder and lightning. The first showers seem to awaken myriads of all kinds of flying insects, mosquitoes being the most troublesome both to man and beast ; whilst flying ants are not far behind. Against attacks of the former, with vigorous punkah-pulling and placing a newspaper on the cane-bottomed chairs, which are almost universally used, for the sake of coolness, the old stager can get through his dinner in comfort, and forget his cares afterwards in a long arm-chair amid the grateful fumes of a so-called 'Burmah' cheroot. But the flying ants, which only emerge from the ground at certain periods, on perhaps twenty to thirty nights of the whole three hundred and sixty-five, carry all before them. They do not bite, like the mosquito ; but coming in battalions, the only resource for the besieged is turning out the lights, or an ignominious flight into darkness until the plague has passed. It seldom lasts more than an hour or two ; but in a minute or two, if the lights are not put out, these flying pests will have found their way into the soup, or have covered the joint or cutlet, or be drowning themselves in the glass of beer of the new-comer—for few Anglo-Burmans now drink that old-fashioned but liver-deranging beverage which used to be so universally consumed in years gone by, but which is now replaced by the lighter wines of France or Germany.

I have seen a well-lighted ballroom invaded by these flying ants in Moulmein, effectually putting a stop to dancing, as the low dresses of the ladies made it impossible for them to remain in such close proximity to the lights, round each one of which literally thousands of these insects swarmed, covering with their wings and bodies any one who ventured near. The usual resource of darkening the room proved effectual ; and in about an hour's time the ants had done their worst, had had their fling, and all that remained were swept up from the floor, filling several good-sized baskets.

The Burmese—to whom little comes amiss in the eating line—fry the flying ants in oil, and pronounce them of excellent flavour. I have met with but one Englishman who is of the same opinion, and he relishes a Burman ant curry quite as highly as a gourmand at home does a peculiarly fine Stilton cheese. After all, it is perhaps only a matter of prejudice. An English clergyman has written in praise of 'rat-pic,' which, I fancy, but few of your readers could look upon without feelings of disgust and aversion. The flying ants of Burmah have this in their favour—in their short life they only emerge from mother earth and fly towards the light, and in their winged career at anyrate, they eat nothing before they immolate themselves at the nearest lamp, when what remains of them is gladly turned to account by Jack Burman, and often forms a savoury meal, with rice, for himself and family!

Stories of mosquitoes have been innumerable, principally, I think, hailing from America. The Burman varieties are numerous, and all eagerly thirst after human or animal blood. Elephants and buffaloes suffer from their attacks almost as much as human beings, but protect themselves in a measure by wallowing in mud, or covering their bodies with mud and dust. At night, when cattle are tied up, the Burman cultivator usually makes a fire of green wood; and the smoke to a certain extent protects the animals from the attacks of insects. At Maoobeng, which has the reputation of being the most mosquito-haunted station of British Burmah, the European residents, after four P.M., have to resort to mosquito rooms—large frames covered over with net—and thus pass their time as best they can until the following morning. In some parts of the Bassein district, humane owners of cattle and ponies have mosquito curtains even for their beasts. The Irrawadi river, on which Rangoon, the chief town of the province, is built, is also celebrated for the large size of its mosquitoes and the venom of their bite. At Dallah, opposite Rangoon, they are particularly bad; and residents here are mostly provided with mosquito rooms similar to those used in Maoobeng. There was a story current at the last Burmese war that a sailor on board one of Her Majesty's vessels lying in the river deliberately jumped overboard, to escape the torments which he suffered from those tiny pests. We have just at present three of Her Majesty's vessels in harbour, but possibly our gallant sailors are more accustomed now to mosquitoes than they were in 1852.

Our life in Burmah, however, is not one perpetual war with our insect foes, as a recent writer—I think it was Mr Archibald Forbes—made out. When the rains once set in, from June to September, the insect invasion considerably diminishes. From December to February, except perhaps for an hour or two in the afternoon, we have a climate which dwellers in Great Britain might envy. The thermometer in the mornings is always below sixty degrees, and seldom rises in the shade above eighty degrees. About the middle of February, the hot season commences, and continues until the first rains in May, though even in the hot months the mornings are usually cool and pleasant. The insect pest, except in the worst stations, seldom lasts over four months in the year. From flies, which are often so trouble-

some in England during summer, Burmah is comparatively free.

I was somewhat surprised, on coming to Burmah in 1876, to find one October night in Calcutta that insects there were as troublesome as I had ever found them in a previous ten years' residence in Moulmein and Rangoon. A conjuring performance at a theatre I went to, by the celebrated Dr Lynn, was sadly disturbed by them. At the *Great Eastern Hotel*, at which I was putting up, the stairs of that respectable establishment were slippery with the bodies of thousands of little green insects, reminding one of London pavements after a fall of snow and a thaw. The servants of the hotel considerably waited with towels at the foot of the stairs, to give to people to cover their heads before ascending to their bedrooms. At this first-class hotel in the metropolis of India, I found in that October night the only plan was the old Burmah one of retreating into darkness to avoid the winged plague, which made itself felt wherever a lamp was burning.

THE USE OF OIL AT SEA.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has always taken a deep interest in this subject, writes us: 'The success which has resulted from your advocacy of the use of oil at sea, emboldens me to hope that a persistent advocacy of it will lead to its universal practical application. It is a subject worthy of being kept before not only the seafaring, but the general public. Just consider for a moment the number of lives that have been lost around us this winter, and particularly the number of lifeboat-men who have been lost in trying to save the lives of their fellow-men! The prompt sympathy and benevolence that have been extended by the public to the widows and children of these brave men, show the public appreciation of their services; and if any means can be adopted whereby these services can be given with greater safety on the part of the lifeboat-men, and with greater certainty and efficiency as regards the saving of the shipwrecked, I feel sure that such proposals will be listened to with attention.

'It seems to me very desirable that a more general knowledge of the immense advantages of oil in allaying turbulent water should be spread abroad among seafaring men. With a view to the attainment of this object, might not a collection of the most remarkable cases be made, and published in the form of a pamphlet, at as cheap a rate as possible, for distribution by some of our Humane and Philanthropic Societies? or it might even be distributed gratis by the Board of Trade to every seaman when signing articles. The effect of a general dissemination of this knowledge would naturally be, that the crews of shipwrecked vessels would at once proceed to adopt it, and might thereby in many cases be enabled to get safely ashore in their own boats; and even where a lifeboat became necessary, if the wrecked crew were to oil the water, it would greatly facilitate the lifeboat in its efforts to get safely and speedily to the wreck. In corroboration of this view, I send a copy of a letter which I have just received, in which the writer attributes to the use of oil, the safe landing of the crew of the screw-steamer *Diamond* of Dundee, which was recently wrecked on the island of Anholt.

S.S. *Amethyst*,
AARHUUS, 31st January 1881.

SIR—I have just received a letter from my wife with yours of 11th January inclosed. It will give me great pleasure in stating the whole particulars to you, especially as it is for the benefit of seafaring men that you are making inquiries. I first heard of the good effects of oil some years ago, in the case of a whaler in the South Seas. She was on the point of foundering. The men were unable to stay at the pumps, owing to the heavy seas breaking on board of her; everything movable had been washed off the decks, the water gaining on the pumps, when some of the oil-casks broke adrift in the hold, and soon got smashed up; the oil shortly afterwards was pumped up along with the water, and the sea, though still as high, did not break on board. The men were then able to stay at the pumps; and after the storm was over, brought her safely to port. They attributed the safety of the ship and crew to the oil. Since I heard of the whaler, I have often heard of the good effects of oil in keeping the sea from breaking; but I never saw it used until I had occasion to land on the island of Anholt during a very heavy surf. Before the first boat left the *Diamond's* side, I put a can of oil—about five gallons—in the stern, and stationed one man to pour it overboard, as soon as the boat left the ship's side. She landed without shipping the least drop of water. As soon as I saw the first boat land, I left the ship with the remainder of the crew, using the same precautions as regards the oil, and landed without shipping any water. The sea in the wake seemed quite smooth, but only for a short time, as the wind and sea were both on the land. Before we left the *Diamond*, there was not a man on board who expected we should all reach the shore in safety; and to this moment, I don't think we would have done so, had we not used oil. I would not have risked landing in our own boats, had darkness not been coming on, with no signs of any assistance coming from the shore. I learned after I landed, that the people deemed it impossible for the lifeboat to live through the breakers, and were quite surprised to see us come ashore in our own boats. You can make any use of this you think fit.—I remain, &c.

WILLIAM PORTER,
First-mate S.S. *Amethyst*.

'Had the remarkable effects of the oil, as described by Captain Champion in your *Journal* of the 8th January been known to the crew of the S.S. *Borussia*, the wreck of which is narrated in your *Journal* of 31st July 1880, the vessel and crew might have been saved, or at least kept afloat until the storm abated, when the crew and passengers might have left her in the boats, with a prospect of being all saved, and a great loss of life might thereby have been averted. Besides, how often have we read of the danger, and even loss of life, in trying to take the crew off a wrecked vessel; and instances have sometimes occurred in which the crew have been left to perish, from pure inability to reach them. In such cases, the expenditure of a few gallons of oil from the one vessel or the other, might make the attempt not only practicable, but comparatively safe.

'As all vessels have now to carry a considerable stock of oil for the lights which they are bound to use, and which, in the case of wreck, is of

course lost with the vessel, the application of it towards saving the crew entails no further loss or expense; but in order to provide for saving the vessel without encroaching on her stores for the remainder of the voyage, I think the Board of Trade might very fairly insist on a sufficient supply being put on board for this special purpose, as a necessary part of a seaworthy outfit.

'There is, however, another view of this matter on which I beg leave to solicit your help—that is, the fitting-up and filling with oil of a proper tank in every one of our numerous lifeboats; this would contribute most materially to the safety of the crews manning them, which is a point of vital importance. It would also contribute greatly in many cases to the success of the endeavour to save shipwrecked crews, as the lifeboat might be able to spread the oil round to windward, or to currentward of the wreck, thus protecting her from the broken waves, so that the lifeboat could approach close to the wreck with increased ease and safety.

'The Royal National Lifeboat Institution, through its various agencies, could easily arrange this; and the builders of their lifeboats, I have no doubt, could soon devise a convenient mode of fitting up the tanks in each boat, and fitting them to spread the oil automatically, so that the crew might have no trouble beyond turning on and shutting off the tap as required.'

[Once more we commend the subject to the earnest attention of all sea-going men.—ED.]

THE FRANK BUCKLAND MEMORIAL FUND.

'A proposal has been made by some of the friends of the late Mr Frank Buckland to perpetuate, by a substantial testimonial, the recollection of his services to natural history and fish-culture, and generally to afford the public an opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to his memory, and showing their appreciation of his life-long work. For this purpose a subscription list has been opened. It is intended to expend a portion of the sum subscribed upon a bust of Mr Buckland, to be placed in the Museum at South Kensington, with the Collection which he so generously bequeathed to the nation. It is further hoped that the amount collected may be sufficient to supplement the income of Mr Buckland's widow by an annuity of one hundred pounds. Should there be any surplus after the purchase of the bust and annuity, the Committee propose that it should be applied to promoting the welfare of the fishermen of this country—an object which Mr Frank Buckland had so much at heart.—Subscriptions will be received by Messrs Cox & Co., bankers, Craig's Court, Charing Cross; at the office of *Land and Water*, 176 Fleet Street, London, E.C.; and by the Honorary Secretaries, T. DOUGLAS MURRAY, and E. S. BRIDGES (Lieut.-Col. Grenadier Guards), 34 Portland Place, London, W.'

We will also have much pleasure in receiving and acknowledging any subscriptions that may be forwarded to us for the above laudable purpose.—ED. *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

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DISCIPLINE.

It may be interesting to many in all classes to learn a soldier's ideas upon what has become one of the burning questions of the day, namely Discipline—concerning, as it does, more especially that large portion of the community represented by the army. It is a well-known fact that military men are aggrieved by the short time allotted to practice and exercise; and even outsiders ask whether the period allowed is really sufficient for teaching men to skilfully use the rifle, to perform manœuvres, learn the use of the bayonet, &c. But even supposing the time be sufficient to teach the soldier just the strictly necessary expertness in these things, it would appear that it is too short to admit of his acquiring that all-important virtue—discipline. That is a difficult art, which requires ample time for its acquisition. In these days, military men naturally enough desire that a right understanding of what discipline means should exist among those sections of society not belonging to the army; for there exists undoubtedly a prejudice against it in certain non-military classes. This prejudice existing, it is clearly a soldier's duty to endeavour to dispel it.

When a recruiting officer travelling in outlying districts, meets an intelligent healthy labourer's son, with his head set upright on his shoulders, and a straightforward, open, truthful expression in his eyes, he says: 'You look as if you were the man to command others; if you would like to be a soldier, I can help you.' And the lad answers: 'Yes, I should like it very much; but there is one thing: there is such strict discipline, a fellow can't do as he likes; I have heard father and mother and friends all say so; and I won't go to be schooled.' The officer shows him that there are those above him to whom every young man is bound to yield obedience, and that in the military schools he will be well thought of, and treated justly. But it is useless—this stupid fear of restraint stands in the way. Let us therefore endeavour to show that this prejudice is unjust, and that discipline is a right, good, and useful

thing, of which every man has daily need, not only as a soldier, but in every station of life.

Discipline signifies instruction in the qualities of obedience, order, and diligence. There are various kinds of discipline, each bringing with it its own peculiar faculty of correction and education. By the discipline of war, the path to unconditional obedience is pointed out. Discipline in the individual is the quality of being submissive to the will of another, or of carrying out the command of another, even if the performance goes against one's own conviction and nature. Discipline in a detachment of soldiers is the connecting bond, the disposing power, bringing to each man the certain conviction that he must carry out the command given in every point, whether it be by word or by sign. Discipline brings the certainty that suffering must be gone through, trial be borne, great and heavy self-denial—even that which falls heaviest on the northern nations, the giving up to a certain extent of home and family—be exercised, and these without rebellion or murmuring.

As a mother often denies herself for her children's sake, so must the soldier, so long as he is a soldier, forego in a great measure the enjoyments of freedom, that in his military capacity he may keep up a useful apparatus for the maintenance and freedom of his country. He must make his personal independence a secondary consideration, to render himself more available for the great business that lies before him—that, namely, of assisting to defend in the hour of danger his country's holiest possession, its honour.

There is much talk about the sacrifices discipline entails; but is it, after all, such a very dreadful sacrifice to submit to those in authority over us? Let the answer be given by every right-feeling man who has been under the command of another. Is there not an especial and strong feeling of content in continually living for the performance of duty, such as the soldier under arms must feel? Is there not a noble, warlike conviction nourished by the man who knows him-

self to be a part of a great military body, and a useful and disciplined member of the same, bringing his mite to its power and honour? A sound, pure, and bold nature feels proud and honoured thereby. The stronger this conviction of the necessity of discipline is among military men, the greater will be the unity of the army; and as unity is strength, it will draw from it its best powers. Nothing brings human beings closer together than strong rules, and hard work endured in common. Nowhere, therefore, do the love of fatherland and real true comradeship thrive better than in an army in which the true military spirit reigns, or in other words, where good discipline prevails. But if the bonds of discipline are weak, or are loosely held by those whose task it ought to be to brace and strengthen them, remissness and disorder will, as their certain consequences, bring disunion in time of peace, and dissolution, defeat, and dishonour in time of war.

It was said before, that discipline is not as a rule natural to man, and is therefore a quality which he must fight his way to. It is not a thing to be put on with the uniform; some time must pass before it becomes part and parcel of the man; how long a time, depends on his indwelling wish for obedience, on the behaviour of those in authority, and the circumstances under which he works. Danger mostly comes suddenly; and it may be he will have no time to accustom himself to the demands of a life of war, before it begins; he ought therefore to labour to do all that he can in time of peace to fill up the full measure of military education, to be ready for use afterwards. He should do his utmost to attain the spirit and soul of discipline, which will exert an improving influence both on his character and his nature. If every soldier, at all times, were so to fulfil his part, discipline would become the soul of every military body, and the bond of union held by the commander-in-chief would draw and unite each individual will in the army, until all became one.

Many believe that when danger comes, when the land is threatened, none of this acquired artificial discipline will be necessary; that individual qualities which all more or less possess, especially pride and courage, love of family, country, religion, and honour, will supply the lack. But this degree of trust should not be carried to excess; for when the sufferings and self-denials, the hunger and fatigue of field-life begin, when chiefs that are depended on, and comrades that are dear, have been taken away, and new, perhaps unknown ones supply their place, enthusiasm is apt to evaporate before the hard realities of the situation, and the man to be overcome little by little, unless the tough grip of discipline gives him strength to hold out against the monotonous sufferings of life during war. These are, in fact, much more trying than battle, with its moments of supreme and solemn exaltation. Love of country, enthusiasm, and pride, no doubt ennoble the soldier's mind, and support him in the fulfilment of duty; but these qualities are only useful when they work under the direction of discipline.

Discipline is as old as history. The ancient Greeks and, above all, the ancient Romans possessed the strongest discipline the world has ever known. It has been in all times and among all

nations; but its ruling power has sprung from very different causes. Among an uneducated people, it must be begun and kept up principally by punishment for dereliction, and the hope of reward for its observance. In a free and enlightened nation, where thought is deep, and general discipline can only be established by convincing all who wear their country's uniform, that however courageous, well found, and well commanded an army may be, and however highly educated its collected elements may appear, there is most certainly no hope of a favourable issue to a campaign, unless every man in the army upholds order and discipline in small things as well as great—unless, in fact, each man knows how to bring his own will, wishes, and ideas into complete subjection to the man above him. It has been said, that where a detachment is badly led, want of discipline may be excused; but one man's fault can never excuse another's. Even though it may at times unfortunately occur that an officer has but small gift of insight, and mean abilities, it is a thing that in no way concerns the obedience his subalterns owe him. He has authority, and that is sufficient. It is for them to obey, and obey with a good grace, for the sake of the authority with which he is clothed. It is his to command; it is theirs to honour, even although he may not understand how to fulfil his duty. This latter concerns those who appointed him; nor is it the subordinate's place to judge him.

Having spoken thus far of discipline in its connection with those who obey, let us now look at it in its connection with those who command. The maintenance of discipline implies very great responsibilities for the commander who is determined to enforce it in his detachment. It is much more convenient not to maintain it, more comfortable to let small things go, and the subaltern's slight offences to pass unnoticed. It is tiresome to speak out, and get only sour faces in return. No man cares to be called wrong-headed, testy, or trifling. But indifference leads to a dangerous pathway. The subaltern who begins by being displeased and giving saucy answers, will soon try something worse, and unless put at once in his proper military place, will be undisciplined in greater things, and work irreparable mischief. The best service is rendered both to him and to the cause of good order by taking heed of wrong-doing at once, and nipping it in the bud. The commander who desires to become popular and be called 'good-natured,' but who in reality is only weak and timid, seldom gains his end by neglecting to enforce discipline; nor can he obtain the real confidence of his men. But, on the other hand, the end will not be reached by always using hard words or by constant punishment and worry. The secret lies in the character of him who commands. Personal influence over the minds and wills and hearts of others, is a mighty power. Often it has its root in characteristics which are innate; but it can also be indefinitely developed by earnest self-searching, and patient study of the various phases of human nature.

No power or influence can be obtained over soldiers without a real kindly feeling towards them, and an impartial interest manifested for them both in and out of service. Time and labour must be spent for their improvement in

military service, and in their moral and bodily welfare. Let the officer remember the old rule, that he exists for the soldier's sake, not for his own. In the camp, he must be an example of courage, calmness, and superiority in every respect. On the march and under suffering, he must exhibit patience, endurance, and strength of mind. In his private life also he ought to show an example of order, trustworthiness, and good conduct, and in his whole character be upright, orderly, and unselfish. His character should command esteem, so that his subordinates may feel it an honour and pleasure to obey and work under his influence. His disposition ought to be open, free-spoken, and natural. Such a chief, who strongly and impartially sets up discipline in his command, will not only gain respect, but trust and devotion. The ranks have a quick eye for what is true and noble, and as a result, will unite themselves faithfully to the interests of such a man. He must also impress on his men the conviction that discipline is not only a thing to be carried out in his presence, but that it is a matter of conscience, and demands unequivocal assertion in the face of every undertaking, however new and untried. Last of all, every commander must show how he himself is under discipline, ready at every opportunity to set a good example in so serious a matter, and evincing due subordination to his superiors, even when their authority may happen to be but one day older.

With the changes brought by improved weapons of longer range into infantry tactics, discipline has become, if anything, more necessary to the soldier than ever. The more frequent changes in the lines of fire, and their increased length, take the individual farther from his superior's eye than in former times. He must obey an unseen chief, and this demands discipline all the more strict. It was remarked in the work of the German general staff regarding the Franco-German campaign, that the demand for discipline was far greater in our days; the war in question having made it evident that skirmishing tactics not only dissolved the army into small divisions, but mingled soldiers of many battalions together. Under such circumstances, a high degree of discipline was necessary to get the rank and file to obey the rearest officer—often a perfect stranger. The casualties of war having become greater, and the temptations to withdraw from danger stronger than in the days when the danger was less, the soldier's sense of discipline must now be fostered more carefully than before.

The opponents of discipline may ask: 'Is not discipline a pinching shoe on independence and self-reliance, a mere exclusive military institution invented by men greedy for power?' The answer must be: Ask the landed proprietor, the manufacturer, the engineer, or architect, who all have men to rule and direct; ask the civilian and the merchant with clerks and writers under them; the farmer who has labourers to pay; the tradesman who has apprentices and helpers on his premises; the schoolmaster with pupils; the fathers and mothers who have children to bring up—ask the head of a hospital or an orphan asylum, or any other institution; the captains of our ships, be they large or small—ask any man or woman in the community at large whose task it is to set others to work—if discipline can be set aside for

one moment in their relations with their subordinates? One and all will answer, No. Each will tell you it is the plaster and cement that keeps mutual labour from breaking up, little by little, into useless atoms—that it is this alone which allows the different parts of labour to grow into one strong efficient whole, bringing satisfactory result.

Discipline is therefore a delicate and costly plant; it must be watched with care if we wish it to grow and thrive; and put in a healthy soil, with one to tend and dress it in the person of a good commander, it will become a broad strong oak, able to face the fiercest storms. Discipline, to sum up all in a word, must in those who obey be grounded on self-government, and in those who command on self-abnegation; in both it must be rooted in a perfect fulfilment of duty.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ADRIFF.

THERE is something adventurous, exciting, something that braces the nerves and stirs the blood, in the very fact of setting out to seek one's fortunes, which is among the privileges that pertain to youth alone. In middle life, and still more as age comes stealing on, the memory of past failures may rob Hope of the radiant tints in which a youthful fancy loves to attire it; and the chill of repeated disappointments may prompt us to anticipate defeat, and perhaps to insure it, when boldness would have been the truer wisdom. Bertram, at anyrate, was young; and he felt so, as he stepped out eastwards, whither the noisy stream of traffic, gathering and growing in volume as it went, had already begun to flow. The day was a fine one, but bitterly cold. The iron-bound earth, and the aggressive wind that cut and stabbed as it darted around bleak corners, or howled through the hollow streets, seemed at cross-purposes with the pale bright sunshine that gave so small a modicum of warmth. There was stir enough in the City, and in those great arteries of human intercourse which lead to the antique capital of fabulous King Lud. To see the hurrying throngs, to hearken to the tramp of many feet, the hoarse hum and clamour of many voices, the roll and rumble of van and cart and carriage and ponderous wain, and then to lend credence to doleful newspaper reports as to the dead-lock of affairs, the collapse of trade, was a trial both to faith and reason. But Bertram had sense enough not to be too much encouraged by the bustle of London streets. There must always be a Babel, or babble of voices, always a rush and a roar, a trampling and a thunderous roll of wheels unnumbered, in the hugest city that the world has ever seen. And yet it was a bad season; which only meant that the poor and the weakly, the needy and the unfriended, would be thrust to the wall.

Bertram did his best, with a discretion beyond his years, in choosing the likeliest places where application should be made, to obtain employment. It seemed almost impossible that he should fail, willing as he was to serve, like Jacob, for cheap hire, and faithful as he knew himself to be. But nobody seemed to want him. The

times were really bad, the demand for labour really small, no doubt, as the papers had asserted, and, though those who were lucky enough to have a place might keep it, the enlistment of a new recruit seemed out of the question. Then, too, Bertram found how difficult it was, on such an errand as his, to deal with principals. The masters of each house of business might have been so many Oriental Pashas or Satraps, so difficult was it to obtain an interview. Most of the City-work seemed to be transacted by boys—boys of all ages, whiskered, moustached, or with faces hairless as a new-laid egg; but all with tight coats, neckties more or less brilliant, and breastpins of different degrees of gorgeousness. And these boys, whereof some were grave and polite, the majority rude and pert, were formidable buffers between their invisible employers and the tall, hungry-eyed young man who craved to be employed.

Bertram, as time wore on, became almost desperate. Wharfingers, down by the river, would have none of him. Nobody seemed to want a clerk, or an assistant, or a light-porter, in any shop, warehouse, or office. One old brewer, in a crooked lane of preposterous narrowness and mouldiness, dedicated to St Mildred, looked pityingly at the handsome, haggard youngster for whom he could find no niche among his vats and mash-tubs, and thrust his gouty fingers into the pocket of his drab trousers, meaning to give Bertram half-a-crown. But Bertram, by a quick retreat, escaped the proffer of the half-crown, though grateful for the kind word or two that had preceded its production. As a rule, people seemed too busy to attend to Bertram Oakley. He saw them, or a portion of them, rush out to luncheon at their City Bars, and absorb their sandwiches and stout with rough merriment, and go laughing back; but none of them would heed him—Bertram Oakley.

Bertram paced to and fro, beating his feet upon the pavement, in a side-lane leading to the river, and chafed his benumbed fingers, ere he proceeded to eat his own luncheon as best he might, still walking, for it was too cold to sit down on a door-step. His luncheon consisted of the lump of cake which the clear-starcher, late his fellow-lodger, had forced upon him at parting. It was not a fragment of wedding-cake, certainly, as we generally understand the composition of those splendid indigestibilities which figure in the middle of a bridal breakfast-table. But it was cake, heavy, substantial, sparingly ornamented with currants, and, as such, no despicable refreshment to one who had lately been on the shortest of commons.

Then Bertram resumed his quest. He was of a persevering nature, hard to discourage. Giving up the main streets, with their narrow-fronted glittering shops, he plunged into by-lanes and courts, still offering, and still in vain, to do honest work for low pay. Surely, in a great printing-office, where the click of the machinery was incessant, there must be a berth for him! Could he not be of use in yonder yard, whence the products of Ind and Kathay were being carted off with such regulated rapidity? Would his services be accepted by the law-stationer at the corner, who had probably deeds to engross, writings to copy? Alas, no!

When he tried farther afield, he fared, not worse, but as ill as before. He had left the golden heart of London now, and had passed Thames Street, and was among the unsavoury streets and lanes and yards that hem in the Julian Tower, as our classic-worshipping predecessors styled the Norman keep of William I., Duke and King. On he went, eastward, still eastward; but the electoral district of the Tower Hamlets could do no more for him than rich Cornhill, and plentiful Poultry, and auriferous Lombard Street, and Mark Lane and Mincing Lane and Capel Court, and the Aldersgate and the Bishopsgate and the Cripplegate, had done. Nobody wanted Bertram Oakley. It was a dull, bad season for trade; but I suspect that if commerce had been at its zenith of prosperity, the result of Bertram's endeavours would have been practically the same. 'Nothing for you here, young man!' or, 'No; I thank you,' were the civillest forms of stereotyped denial.

It is pitiable to think, in this country of ours and this age of ours, when theoretical selfishness is hooted out of court, when philanthropy is so rife, how an honest and capable man—and still more, woman—may wander, famished and forlorn, vainly praying for a morsel of food and needful shelter in exchange for fair work. The spirit of suspicion rules everywhere, as it ruled in the hard, brutal, old times when ears were nailed to the pillory and vagrants flogged at the cart's tail. Bertram Oakley, as he nerved himself for each fresh application, to be met by a sour denial, felt as though he were a leper, to be scared and hounded away from the dwellings of men.

Still on, among the squalid rows of houses, each like each, of the East End, the young aspirant to fame and fortune pursued his weary way, diverging from the direct course whenever a busier scene of industry tempted him to make a fresh essay. Once, the manager or deputy-manager of a silk-mill hesitated whether or not to avail himself of the services of so exceptionally intelligent a volunteer. 'Business is slack with us though, and seldom too brisk!' said the man in authority, after chewing the cud of his resolution, as it were. 'If you'd worked in a silk-factory, you see, instead of a woollen mill, why, then, there might have been a chance of it. As it is, young man, I'm sorry; but couldn't take it on myself to engage you.'

The only other encouragement which Bertram received, if it deserved to be so called, was at a skin-dresser's place of business, where the hides of almost every sort of animal hung in evil-smelling profusion across the wooden gratings of huge black buildings, entirely composed of painted wood, and where the proprietor's wife, a bustling Dame Partlet of a woman, was busy with the account-books in a little glazed office, as wives so often are in France, and so seldom in Britain. There was something in Bertram's pallid, handsome face and gentle bearing which impressed this motherly dame in his favour, so that she called, not her husband, but her son. The son was a fat, beardless young man, six years Bertram's senior, and he stood, meditatively chewing a straw, his hands in his pockets, while the applicant stated his qualifications for employment.

'Never in our line, then?' was his comment on what he had heard.

Bertram pleaded that he was quick to learn,

would be satisfied with little, and asked for a trial.

'I can't think of a thing to offer you except the shilling hare-skins, to be sure; but you're above that,' said the fat youth, biting his straw.

'Yes, he's above that,' rejoined his mother decisively. But Bertram was so evidently perplexed, that a short explanation became necessary. The shilling, he was told, was not the price of the hare-skin, as he might have conjectured, but the remuneration of the person who, barefooted, should pass his day in standing in a cask, and treading down a pile of fresh skins in succession, to impart the required suppleness.

'Only Germans do that sort of job,' added the mistress of the establishment; 'and they, poor wretches, can't make a living out of it.'

And indeed Bertram, frugal as were his habits, did not see his way to existing on five or six shillings a week thus obtained, although he was told that fierce competition and unholy jealousies often raged among the miserable foreign candidates for even such a post as this.

'Stick a sharp nail, some of 'em will, on the sly, through the bottom of another chap's cask, just to lame him, and get some cousin or brother a chance to take his place,' explained the fat young man, chuckling. 'Those foreigners are always up to games of some sort.'

Leaving the skin-dresser's yard, Bertram presently sniffed the pungent odour of hot tar, and heard the sound of mallets beating with hollow dissonance on cask and keg in a cooper's hard by, while the sight of masts and rigging towering above the low red-tiled roofs warned him that he was nearing the Docks. Should he go to sea? Such a project would not be with him so chimerical as with many a landsman, in his present plight. He was, if not a sailor in the full sense of the word, at anyrate no greenhorn, could haul, reef, and steer, and had helped, in snack and coaster, to battle with wave and wind. But Bertram felt instinctively that to go to sea, though it might be an escape from starvation, would be to turn his back on all his hopes and day-dreams; so he struggled on. A new idea suggested itself. He remembered the personal kindness with which Mr Mervyn had received him months ago, at Black-wall, and determined to make one final effort, and to crave the great ship-builder for employment.

INDIAN ROBBERS.

ROBBERY on the largest scale ever known was carried on once in India under the system known as Thuggee. This was the most extraordinary system of crime the world has ever seen. Its operations extended over thousands of miles of country. Its victims would have populated many a small kingdom. It carried on crime under religious sanctions and with religious ceremonies; made theft holy, and murder sacred. It killed in a cold-blooded, ruthless, wholesale way. It held human life as of no account. It had no respect for weakness, age, or innocence. When a company of travellers—against whom its operations were chiefly directed—had come within its coil, it allowed none to escape. It slew all: the father and mother, the grandsire and the babe in

arms; man, woman, and child. It used no baleful drugs, no deadly weapon. It dealt out destruction by the simplest of all means—a handkerchief. Though the confederation numbered thousands of members, it carried on its work of robbery and slaughter undetected, if not unsuspected, for years, even under British rule. But when we did detect its existence, we terminated the same at once and effectually. We set to work to root it out, and did root it out. We delivered India completely from that great curse and terror.

Gang-robbery with violence was also very prevalent in India when we first conquered the country, and for some time after. This is known in India as *Dacoitee*, and in many parts of the country all robbers and thieves were once called Dacoits. Dacoitee is of two kinds. The first is the attack on a shop, warehouse, or private dwelling. This is not the same as burglary in England; for whereas the burglar enters secretly, and only resorts to force in the last extremity, the Dacoitee is an open attack by an armed body of men. There is no attempt to effect a quiet entry. The place is carried by open assault. If a closed door bars the way, it is simply burst open. The robbers are well armed, carrying swords and iron-shod clubs, and sometimes even matchlocks; and resistance tends to wounds and deaths. This flagrant and open breach of the law we have also suppressed, in great measure, though not altogether.

The attack is generally made on the house of a rich banker or the shop of a jeweller in some small town where the police force is not very strong, or on the house of the rich zemindar (landowner) of a village. One case of the latter kind, which occurred in a village at the time when I was encamped not far from it, was managed thus. The zemindar was reported to have a large sum of money buried in the house—a common way of keeping it in India, the house being built in the usual eastern fashion—namely, round a central courtyard, entry to which was gained through a massive gateway. The doors of the dwelling-place were all on the inside, toward the courtyard. The lower story was simply an open corridor or cloister, and was used for domestic offices and the stabling of cows and horses, and had no windows on the outside. To its full height, there was nothing without but a smooth surface of wall. The upper story, the dwelling-place proper, had windows on the outside; but these, as usual, were very small, and high up. When the massive gates were closed of an evening the house was in fact a fortification, with the household for a garrison, and entry was almost impossible.

The old zemindar and his two sons were seated in the gateway enjoying the cool evening air. Their two or three men-servants were busied about the house, inside and outside. It was just getting dusk, when there was heard on the road which passed through the village the usual cry of pilgrims proceeding to some sacred shrine: '*Bom bom Mahadeo*' (Great great is Mahadeo), and '*Gunga mai ki jye*' (Victory to Mother Ganges). And now

the first pilgrim of the company came in sight. There was nothing suspicious in his appearance. He looked a simple pilgrim, and was barefooted; in one hand he carried his shoes; with the other he steadied the long bamboo pole which rested on one shoulder, and from each end of which hung the wicker-work baskets which hold the bottles, or rather flasks, in which water is carried from the sacred rivers to some far-distant shrine. He stopped in front of the old zemindar. 'How far is it, father, to the next good well by the roadside? for there we mean to rest for the night.'

'Two miles, my son,' replied the old man.

'The water in the well is good?'

'It is.'

'And the grove near it is a good one to sleep in?'

'Yes.'

'Perchance there is a *bunyn's* [grain-dealer's] shop near it where we could get some flour?'

'No; there is not.'

'Then, how far is the next well and resting-place?'

'Two miles more.'

'And is the water in that well good?'

'Thou askest many questions,' said the old man.

But the purpose of the questioning had been gained: the seeming pilgrims had been moving in single file; it had given them time to come up and form a group. Some of them had put down their poles and baskets as if to rest themselves. But now the baskets were slipped off, the staves taken in hand, and a rush made on the old man and his sons and servants, who were soon overpowered, and the robbers in possession of the house, while some kept guard outside. They carried no arms, so as to avoid suspicion after the robbery as well as before it. But a heavy 'male' bamboo club is a formidable weapon. Torture was soon applied to the old man to make him reveal where his treasure was buried. Two little grandchildren, a boy and a girl, were seized, and the heavy clubs held over their heads with a threat of dashing their brains out if the old man did not confess speedily. He did so. The rupees were dug up and distributed among the band, whereupon the robbers moved off, and kept together until they got clear of the village, when they separated, going across country singly or by twos and threes; and by the time the police arrived from the nearest station, they had a good two hours' start.

The second kind of Dacoitee is robbery on the highway. Here the gang of robbers attacks a party of travellers, robs carts conveying goods, and sometimes stops and plunders the mail-cart.

A trader was going from one town to another with a good deal of money and some valuable goods. He had with him two carts and two servants. As he was moving along a frequented highway, he deemed himself safe from all danger. But one evening, in a somewhat infrequented spot, a gang of robbers, having the semblance of fellow-travellers, suddenly set on him and his servants, overpowered them, gagged and bound them, and then taking them off the road, left them in a piece of scrub, where it was not likely they would be discovered until next morning. One of the robbers then dressed himself in the trader's clothes—almost every occupation in India

has a special dress—and assumed his part. Two others acted as his servants. They got into another and more frequented road, along which police stations were established at short intervals. Going up to the first one, the sham trader represented that he was most anxious to push on that night; that he had a good deal of valuable property with him; that he thought some robbers had got wind of this, and asked that he might have a policeman to escort him from one station to another. And so the police actually escorted the robbers with their booty to a large town at some distance off, reaching which, they soon disposed of the carts and all their contents.

Cattle-lifting is a form of robbery very prevalent in some parts of India, more especially in the neighbourhood of woods and forests, into which the stolen cattle can be driven. It prevails in the country lying between the Ganges and the Jumna, as the forest tract at the foot of the Himalaya affords the needful hiding-ground. A pair of stolen bullocks will be driven to this forest from the village where they were lifted, twenty-five or thirty miles off, in the course of the night.

The ordinary forms of robbery, simple theft from the house or person, done secretly and not openly, and where craft takes the place of force, are of course the most common. Here everything depends on quietness of movement and sleight-of-hand, in both of which, the Indian thief has attained great perfection. These come more natural to him, with his lithic body and subtler brain, than to the English thief, with his stronger and heavier body, duller and coarser mind. Then he is accustomed to go barefoot. His tread is habitually light, and not heavy, like that of the heavily shod Englishman. His limbs are naturally supple, and are made more so by the use of unguents, which enable him to roll himself up into a marvellously small space.

The delicious coolness of the night has succeeded the fierce heat of a day in May. The moonlight makes a mimic day; but how soft is its light, however bright, compared with the sunlight of a few hours before! A party of travellers having cooked and eaten their frugal evening meal, have now spread their carpets and quilts on the ground in the mango grove, and laid themselves down to sleep. All is now silent, save when the jackals rend the air with their horrid cries. A jackal gives a yelp on one side of the grove; another answers with a howl from the other side. These are not jackals, but confederate thieves, one of whom enters the grove at the end farthest from where the sleeping travellers lie. On his stomach he steals quietly along from one tree to another. Some leaves rustle; a traveller calls out; whereupon the stealthy one coils himself into a heap and lies dead-still, and will so lie for half an hour or more, if necessary. A 'jackal' howls quite near the grove, as if it had just crossed it and rustled the leaves. The thief drags himself along the ground again. At length he has reached the head of the sleeping row of travellers. He passes his hand quietly under the pillows. This fat man is the rich man of the party; that bundle which he uses as a pillow, probably contains something valuable. The dusky thief removes it gently without waking the snoring sleeper. He next makes this other man

turn over on his pillow by gentle touches on the face; and having got what he wanted, creeps gently away. One of the extemporised jackals gives a bark here, the other a short howl there; and the two thieves meet and decamp together.

When out for the night, the thieves strip themselves of all their clothing except a short tight loin-cloth, and smear themselves with oil, so as to be able to slip out of the grasp of any one seizing them. They seldom carry arms, in the ordinary sense, but strap a couple of light spear-heads to each fore-arm, with the points projecting beyond the elbows, with a backward stroke of which, they can give a severe if not deadly wound to any one trying to seize them. Generally, however, they carry a small sharp knife.

The houses of many of even the well-to-do natives have mud walls only, through which the thieves dig a hole to effect an entry. This requires long, quiet, and patient work. A great number of the Indian stories about robbers turn on this mode of proceeding: how one woman, alone in the house with her children, waited quietly until the thief put his head in through the hole, and killed him with a blow of an axe; how another waited with a rope in her hand, and the thief this time putting his heels in first, she tied his ankles quickly together and took him prisoner; but when the neighbours appeared, they found only a headless trunk.

English people in India are seldom robbed, though for half the year the doors of the bungalows in which they live are left wide open, for the sake of coolness, all night long. The chief reason is that the articles in the house are so different from those in use among the natives themselves, that the attempt to dispose of them would at once attract suspicion. A thief in India trying to sell a spoon or fork, would be like an English thief trying to dispose of an altar-cloth or rare gem. Another reason is, that every householder keeps a *chokedar* or private watchman, though it is not the personal prowess or vigilance of this often very aged man that protects you—he himself being a thief by caste or profession, and his salary forming the black-mail you pay the confraternity. Dogs, of which most Englishmen keep many, are also a source of protection. The native thief with his bare legs is especially afraid of them. A good many robberies, however, take place when people are marching about the country during the cold weather. It is so easy to enter a tent, either by creeping under the canvas or by making a slit in it; and this reminds me of a case in which one of these thieves showed a great knowledge of psychology. A lady and her husband were asleep in their tent; the lady was disturbed by a noise, and saw by the light of the lamp which hung from the tent-pole, that a thief was gliding about making up a bundle of things that he thought would suit him. This bundle he had placed on a table which stood not far from the bed. As he glided up to the table to add another article to the mass, his eyes and those of the lady met. She had half opened her mouth, in order to scream and awaken her husband, when the man made one long step to the side of the bed and simply made a pass with his hand over the lady's face. She was at once paralysed for several minutes; the man kept his eyes fixed on hers while he

gathered up his bundle of things; then just as the long-delayed scream burst from her lips, he dived under the curtain of the tent and disappeared.

MY UNFORTUNATE PATIENT.

FROM "THE NOTE-BOOK OF A LONDON DOCTOR.

CONCLUSION.

I CALLED at my usual time, perhaps a little earlier, on the following day, and was received by Mrs Meredith in the large drawing-room in the most chilling way imaginable. I could scarcely recognise in the arrogant, insolent woman before me, the soft-voiced rather nervous Mrs Meredith who had hitherto received me so graciously, and seemed to hang so anxiously upon my opinions respecting the invalid.

'I heard you were here last night,' quoth she. 'May I inquire for what reason?'

'A most natural one,' I returned. 'I felt anxious about your husband, and nothing could have been more fortunate for him than my visit.'

'That is quite a matter of opinion, Doctor Darrell. I was myself both surprised and displeased when I heard that you had actually taken it upon yourself—had the presumption to give orders—contrary to mine.'

'I think you must be under a mistake, Mrs Meredith,' I said. 'I found my patient in such a condition, and in the charge of such people, that I simply did what I considered right, and what you yourself would have approved of. I found Mr Meredith in a state of nervous tremor which was sufficient to inflict serious injury upon him in his weak and, I must say, unaccountable condition. I am not satisfied at all with the progress he has made; and I must request that you will allow me to have a consultation with one of our leading physicians—you can choose, of course, which you prefer—and also that Mr Meredith has a proper attendant. The idea of his being intrusted to the men I saw here last night is not to be countenanced for one moment. It is enough to kill him.—Has he had a good night? I should like to see him.'

'I do not choose that you should see him again,' she answered. 'I consider that you have very far exceeded your duty; and I must have a doctor who knows his place and keeps it. You do not suit me, Mr Darrell; and I shall discharge my obligations to you as soon as you send in your bill.—Good-morning;' and she glided off with a haughty gesture into the inner drawing-room, where, ensconced in an easy-chair, was her cousin Mr Henry Stretton.

Of course, after such a dismissal I could not attempt to see Mr Meredith; but the veil was pretty effectually withdrawn from my eyes. I saw that my patient had only one chance for his life—that, was through the prompt interference of his sister, Mrs Royston.

Do what I liked, I could not get the idea out of my head that he was being secretly poisoned. Something must have been administered to produce this overwhelming weakness, this childish sensibility. I could hardly believe it was the same beaming, stalwart, young fellow I had seen leading his lovely bride out of St George's. I came to the resolution, therefore, that if Mrs

Royston was unable to get her brother removed from the house in which he now lay, I should at once place the matter before a magistrate.

That same evening I had a telegram from Mrs Royston, and next morning she came. I found her to be a most taking, kindly, sensible person; and most genuinely anxious and distressed about her brother. Her husband was an invalid, she said, and unable to accompany her; but she had come at once, being all anxiety to hear what I had to communicate.

'I knew it must be about my brother,' she continued. 'I have written again and again to him, but received no answer; and as I am not on good terms with his wife, of course I could not go to see him.'

'You ought to go now,' I replied, 'and insist upon seeing him. He is very, very ill.' And then I proceeded to tell her of my evening visit, and of his entreaty that I should write to her. Here she burst into tears. I did not think it prudent, however, to say anything to her at this time as to the suspicions of poisoning which I had begun to entertain. But I spoke to her of my subsequent dismissal by Mrs Meredith.

'It is just what she would do,' said Mrs Royston, struggling hard to regain her composure. 'She forced a quarrel upon me directly she was married, and has latterly quite succeeded in estranging my brother and myself. She was a Miss Delacour when he met her, and lived with an aunt, a Mrs Stretton. Clarice was an orphan, and very poor. I heard she was engaged to Mrs Stretton's son; but when my brother came upon the scene, she threw young Stretton over, and married him. Poor Montagu was perfectly infatuated about her; but I soon saw his marriage had not turned out happily.'

'Has she handsome settlements?' I asked.

'O yes; two thousand a year as his widow. But I understand she has since got him to make another will leaving her everything he is possessed of, unconditionally.'

'And this Mr Stretton whom I have seen living at the house'—

'Is the son of her aunt Mrs Stretton, whom she threw over for my brother. He was educated to follow your own profession,' she added, 'and was considered skilful and clever; but his vicious and unprincipled conduct formed an insuperable barrier to his success, and I believe for the last year he has hung about my brother's house, and of late, I am told, has quite taken up his abode there.'

'You are quite sure about his being a doctor?' I said.

'Quite sure,' was the reply.

Here was the key to it all, I thought.

'Well, Mrs Royston,' I said, 'if you will take my advice, you will simply drive straight from here to Grosvenor Gardens, and insist upon seeing your brother. If you are refused, I would advise you to consult your solicitor how to proceed; only, do not delay.—Will you pardon me if I ask you a question respecting your family?'

'Certainly,' said she. 'Anything you like.'

'Is there hereditary insanity on either side?'

'Insanity?' she exclaimed. 'No. Certainly not. I never heard of a single member of our family on either side having such a thing.'

I inwardly trembled still more for Mr Mere-

dith; but Mrs Royston was eager to set off to see him, and I was hardly less anxious to see her go.

She returned late in the afternoon, to tell me she had gone straight there, and that on asking for Mr Meredith, there had been a long parley and delay; finally, the butler informed her that Mr Meredith was too unwell to see her. She said she must see him. He was her brother; and if it were only for a few minutes, she insisted upon being admitted. But an order came down to say Mrs Meredith would not permit any one to enter the house. She then drove to Mr Meredith's own solicitor, who was unfortunately out of town; however, his partner received her, and listened with great kindness and attention to her story, while she referred him to me for the condition of her brother.

'What can I do?' she asked. 'How can I insist upon seeing him?'

'I fear you cannot insist,' said he, 'unless you have sufficient grounds to allege that something unfair is going on. You must be very careful; and remember that the wife is all-powerful as regards the personal custody of her husband. I would recommend you to write to her,' he continued, 'and request an interview.'

Mrs Royston was terribly disappointed. She felt sure a letter would be of no use; but she wrote it, and sent it by a messenger, who was to wait for an answer. He returned, however, without a line, Mrs Meredith's footman having come down-stairs with a message to say there was no answer required.

'What am I to do, Mr Darrell?' she indignantly exclaimed. 'How can I rescue my brother?'

'I wish I knew,' I replied, boiling with indignation at the whole affair.

'I will go back again,' said she, 'and I will tell them that if I am not admitted to see my brother, I will apply to a magistrate.'

It was late in the afternoon now, and quite dark; but Mrs Royston was too anxious about Mr Meredith to think of herself. She had brought her maid with her, so, under that protection, I once more saw her off. She did not return until nearly eight o'clock, and was shown into my consulting-room, looking the very image of disappointment and despair.

'O Mr Darrell,' she cried, 'I need not apologise for coming back to you. I am in such distress. I have telegraphed for my brother-in-law, Charles Royston, to come up at once to me. My brother has been taken away from Grosvenor Gardens; they are all gone; and the servants declare they know nothing beyond the fact that the invalid was removed this afternoon—Mrs Meredith and Mr Stretton leaving at a later hour. Where can they have taken him to?'

'They have taken him to a lunatic asylum,' I said mentally. 'It will be safer for them if he dies there.' But I could not add to poor Mrs Royston's distress further than to urge upon her the necessity for immediate action. I was ready to come forward to prove the state he was in—the utter prostration, which ought to have precluded all attempts to move him; his anxiety to see his sister; and my own conviction that he was not being fairly or properly treated.

The next day, I had a long interview with Mr Charles Royston. He enlightened me still further respecting Mrs Meredith and her cousin; and

taking everything into consideration, we came to the determination that something must be done, and done quickly.

Of course, I did not accompany them to their solicitor's; but I heard his opinion was, that they were unnecessarily anxious, and he reminded Mrs Royston that, according to law, the wife was not to be lightly interfered with.

However, circumstances favoured us. I happened to be driving past Grosvenor Gardens, when at a crossing I caught sight of the housekeeper into whose hands I had intrusted Mr Meredith on the last occasion when I had seen him. Quick as thought, I pulled the check-string, and jumped out. Perhaps she owed a grudge to Mrs Meredith; perhaps she had a feeling of pity for her unfortunate master; perhaps the half-sovereign I slipped into her hand had a softening effect. I did not care what it was, so long as she *was* softened. I came to my point pretty quickly. I wanted to know where her master was.

'Well, sir, there's no doubt where he is, though we servants are not supposed to know. He is at II—;' naming a private lunatic asylum. 'Poor gentleman, we all said it was a shame! But after you left, Mr Stretton he went off and brings in two doctors; and the thing was settled soon enough. My mistress saw them first; and then they went up-stairs to see the master; and then Robson and Jones—the two men you saw in the dressing-room—got their orders to dress Mr Meredith as well as they could; and he was driven away. They carried him into the carriage.'

'And did Mrs Meredith go with them?'

'O no, sir. She is off somewhere else. It was Robson let out to me where the master was going; and I'm sure I hope I won't get into trouble for telling you, sir. I hope it won't go no farther.'

'You need not be afraid,' I said. 'I will promise that Mrs Royston will hold you harmless. But in the cause of humanity, you must give us all the assistance you can in order to release Mr Meredith.'

'Release him, sir! We can't interfere. If his wife puts him in, no one can take him out. Robson told me that much.'

'I think Robson was wrong,' I replied. 'But tell me your name; and also promise you will find out at once for me where Mrs Meredith is.'

'Forrest is my name, sir—Mrs Forrest. And I may as well tell you where my mistress is. She went down to Brighton.'

'Well, good-day to you for the present, Mrs Forrest. Here is my direction. But you will probably hear from me shortly.' And I drove off, tingling all over with mingled anxiety and indignation.

As may be surmised, I lost not a moment in communicating my information to Mr Charles Royston, who, happily for his sister-in-law and Mr Meredith, was a man of energy and decision, as well as prudent and far-seeing. He soon settled upon a course of action. It was useless to go to the asylum and demand Mr Meredith; useless to apply to magistrates until another course had failed; and beyond all, it was useless to delay a day or an hour, when the sands of the unhappy patient's life were swiftly ebbing away. Accompanied by his solicitor, he went to Grosvenor

Gardens, and there summoned all the servants together and briefly stated his case.

Like most evil-doers, Mrs Meredith had betrayed herself; and at the first movement in favour of their master, the servants one after another gave testimony against her. Before he left the house, Mr Royston had amply sufficient grounds for believing that he would succeed in getting the guardianship of Mr Meredith taken out of her hands. The next morning, he started for Brighton, and surprised Mrs Meredith, not altogether pleasantly, in the middle of a sumptuous breakfast, to which she and Mr Stretton were apparently doing ample justice.

At first, she treated Mr Royston very much as she had treated me, with arrogant insolence, in which Mr Stretton supported her; but they found that their visitor meant business. He was very quiet and very cool, and kept to his point with steady persistence. He began by asking her upon what grounds she had prevented Mrs Royston from seeing her brother; and Mrs Meredith, who did not dream how much was known, replied defiantly: 'Simply because I do not choose that she should see him.'

'And is it simply because you choose, that Montagu Meredith is now at II—, the same inmate of a lunatic asylum? Now, we shall understand each other,' he continued. 'I have come here because I know *everything*—because I hold evidence that will take Mr Meredith out of your power for ever. Your servants have come forward—your secrets are known—and I hold a power over you both,' turning towards Mr Stretton, who paled visibly. 'But for Meredith's sake, we want no unnecessary disclosures in public. If he lives, you have less to fear. If he dies, the law will decide. In the meantime, before I leave this room, you must give me a written authority to authorise me to withdraw Mr Meredith from II—, and to place him under the care of his sister. That is all I ask at present.'

And he got it. He came back in triumph; and I accompanied Mrs Royston and himself down to II—, where we found Mr Meredith still alive, and keenly conscious of his terrible and, what he had fancied, hopeless situation.

He wept like a child in his sister's arms, clung to her in tremulous terror, and besought her never to leave him, not to let him die there. She was deeply affected, but restrained herself nobly, while we settled matters with the doctor there, who had received the patient at the request of his wife, and on the verdict of two other medical men. These signatures being sufficient to incarcerate the sanest, the asylum doctor was free from all blame in the matter, and Mr Meredith had been subjected to no unkind treatment at his hands. But in his enfeebled state—to be watched day and night by an attendant, treated as a lunatic, separated from all his friends, and feeling himself in an asylum, was enough—more than enough to drive him into actual madness.

Whether my suspicions relative to secret poisoning were correct or not, they were greatly strengthened and confirmed by the tidings that Mrs Meredith and her cousin had vanished, taking her jewel-case and a large sum of money with them. They had been careful, before leaving Grosvenor Gardens, to remove or destroy everything that might lead to detection on the score of

poisoning, though my after-acquaintance with the patient and his symptoms was sufficient to convince me that his life had been assailed, and that in the subtlest way possible, by poisons such as only one skilled in medicine could administer. Stretton, in my mind, was doubtless the accomplice of the woman in this piece of villainy; but as the pair had by this time both got clear off to the continent, it was in vain to seek to bring them back. Nor, in truth, did Mr Meredith desire this.

After his release, the patient was taken to Manor End—there to struggle back through a painful convalescence into health again. For months and months, he wavered between life and death; but his naturally strong constitution asserted itself at last. He recovered—never to be quite the same man again, but strong enough to look forward to enjoying life once more. His first act was to free himself of all tie to his wife. And this, which to me might have been otherwise an unpleasant consequence of my interference between them, was rendered less unpleasant by the reflection that I had assisted in saving the husband's life, and prevented what might have resulted in a terrible crime on the part of his wife. Of the subsequent career of the guilty pair, no intelligence has ever reached me.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN MEDICINE.

WE have by this time heard of the employment of the electric light in many and various ways. It has been used for boring tunnels, working mines, and photographing dark interiors, and at the siege of Paris it was thrown upon the enemy's works at night. Everybody almost is now acquainted with it as occasionally employed in our streets and in large buildings. We are going to describe a use of it which is probably not so familiar to our readers.

Perhaps none of the sciences has benefited more than medicine by the great advances of recent physical investigation, and by the perfection and accuracy with which delicate instruments of all kinds can now be constructed. The development of chemistry, physics, and physiology has in a great degree revolutionised the healing art. Formerly there was a great deal of empiricism, a great reliance upon formulæ, and much semi-philosophic guesswork. With contemporary medicine, on the other hand, 'seeing is believing,' and many are the instruments for better seeing—that is, for better diagnosis of disease—which the recent inventions of science have made ready to the hand of the modern practitioner. Dissection and anatomy form of course a large part of the education of every student of medicine. But numerous instruments, such as ophthalmoscopes, laryngoscopes, &c., have been devised for viewing many interior parts of the living body.

The principle upon which these instruments are constructed is similar in all cases. Light, either daylight, or light from some artificial source, is collected and reflected upon the part to be examined. Who is not familiar with the primitive type of all these instruments, the bright silver spoon which the doctor put unpleasantly far into our mouth that time we had such a bad sore throat? Various and numerous are the degrees of medico-optical instruments, from this primitive reflector to the complex and ingenious appliances

which enable the man of medicine to see far into the throat, into the eye and the ear, and even into the stomach; in fact, wherever the interior parts of the human frame are accessible, ingenious instruments have been invented to make them visible. Sometimes light is thrown direct into the interior of the organism, at others it is introduced by means of reflection. To such perfection have these instruments been brought, that the various organs for which they are used can be seen almost as distinctly as if they were laid entirely open to view.

Ordinary oil lamps, candles, and gas have generally formed the sources of light used. In some cases, the brilliant light of the magnesium wire has been employed; but this is far too powerful a light for the human eye to support, though it can be used with advantage in diagnosing the throat, the ear, or indeed any part except the eye, the only organ sensitive to light. By the aid of the magnesium light and properly adopted lenses and mirrors, the interior of a rabbit's eye has been photographed, after the animal had been atrophied so as to be insensible to strong light. The magnesium light, however, in common with other sources of artificial light, has the inconvenience of considerable heat and smoke. The electric light, on the contrary, gives off no smoke, and the heat, though great at the luminous point, is confined to such a minute space that it is not practically inconvenient.

Many inventions, if not carried immediately into practice, get to be considered as useless or impracticable. This seems to have been the case with an invention for introducing the electric light into the human stomach for purposes of diagnosis. It is now many years ago since Bruck, a dentist at Breslau, was struck by the idea that it would be quite possible to illuminate the human stomach. An ingenious instrument-maker of Paris, M. Gustave Trouvé, took up the idea, and gave it tangible reality in the form of the very interesting but simple apparatus which we are about to describe, and which though constructed long ago, was only brought into general notice at the meeting of medical men and scientists at Baden-Baden in 1879. Hitherto, the reflected light of the sun or of lamps has been chiefly used to light up the accessible cavities of the body for diagnosis. Now, however, it is possible to light up these parts by the direct introduction of the electric light itself, which, with proper arrangements, gives intense light without an inconvenient degree of heat. A small piece of flattened platinum is welded on to the wires which convey the electric current; and whenever a strong and even current of electricity is made to pass along the wires and traverse the platinum, the metal glows into a white-heat of intense brilliance.

To obtain this high degree of light from the platinum, however, requires a very strong electric current, and a very powerful battery, an apparatus which every medical man by no means possesses, and which, if he did, could hardly be transported to the houses of patients, often at a distance. To meet this difficulty, the French inventor whom we have mentioned, in collaboration with the physicist Planté, has hit upon a very ingenious contrivance. This is a small 'holder,' by means of which it is possible to store up a large quantity of electricity in such a portable form that it may

be carried about by a medical man on his visits, to be used not only for the purposes of diagnosis by internal illumination, but also for other uses which modern medicine has found for electricity, especially in numerous affections of the nerves.

The holder is very simple. It consists of a wooden case which incloses a hermetically sealed glass cylinder. In this glass vessel are two coils of thin lead lamina, which are kept separate from each other by small pieces of wood, and are immersed in water acidified with sulphuric acid, which almost fills the cylinder. An electric current is allowed to act upon the lead plates for several hours. This decomposes the acidified water into its components, hydrogen and oxygen. The first of these attaches itself to one of the lead plates, and the oxygen combines with the second lead plate, making a super-oxide of lead, the formation of which continues so long as the electric current plays. After several hours' action, if the current is interrupted, it is found that the lead plates have amassed an immense quantity of galvanic electricity. This convenient little apparatus may be carried to wherever a supply of electricity is wanted for medical or other purposes. A piece of platinum has only to be connected with wires coming from the lead plates to afford a light amply sufficient for the purpose of diagnosis. The holder has been named by its contriver the *Polyscope*. It is further furnished with a magnetic indicator for showing the strength of the current, and a regulator for raising or decreasing it.

The wires proceeding from the polyscope may be used in many ways where electricity is wanted. One of the most common is to pass them up through the handle of tiny concave mirrors; the platinum is placed in the focus of the mirror, so that when the platinum glows, a brilliant stream of light is thrown out, and can be turned by a person holding the mirror in any direction. These little mirrors are used to examine the mouth or other cavities of the body, where the daylight, however skilfully caught and reflected, is insufficient for complete illumination of the part. It is possible also to illuminate the stomach; and this has been done. A tube is let down the œsophagus; the positive and negative wires are introduced, connected by the platinum, which can be made to glow at pleasure by turning on the electric current. The tissues of the human body are comparatively translucent, and when thus lighted from within, in a dark room, the internal organisation, it is said, is distinctly visible. By means of this instrument, which is termed a *gastroscope*, the interior of the stomach itself may also be directly seen. At the extremity of the tube is fitted a glass receptacle, inside which glows the incandescent platinum, thus forming a diminutive lantern, which illuminates the walls of the stomach. From these the light is received back again through what we may call a window slightly higher up in the tube, and falling upon a prism or a mirror, is deflected vertically upwards along the tube, where it passes through several lenses until it reaches the bend at the throat. Here again, by means of prisms, it is refracted into the horizontal direction, and reaching the eye-piece, conveys a distinct image of a small portion of the surface of the stomach to the eye of the diagnoser. Any rise of temperature is prevented by constructing the glass end of the

apparatus double, and keeping the space between the two glasses filled with a constant supply of fresh cold water, by means of two very small caoutchouc pipes inclosed in the main tube. A further improvement should also be mentioned. By the agency of a tiny wheel with teeth playing into a notched ring round the interior of the tube, and moved by a fine silk cord, the lower part of the apparatus may be turned round in such a way as to bring different parts of the stomach successively into view, without the necessity of withdrawing the instrument for readjustment each time.

Though as yet but little known, these instruments have been put to the test of practical use, and have been patented by Herr Leiter, of Vienna, by whom their construction has recently been brought to great perfection. After the care, ingenuity, and expense which have been lavished upon their elaboration, we can scarcely doubt that they will come in time to form part of the recognised stock of medical and surgical instruments.

A NIGHT IN THE FORE-TOP.

THE loss of the *Indian Chief* on the Long Sand, at the beginning of the present year, and the sufferings of her crew, created a large amount of interest throughout the length and breadth of the land. The following narrative of the incidents as they occurred, is no fiction, but has been derived chiefly from the account given to the writer by one of the most intelligent of the seamen who survived.

'You want me to tell you how we got wrecked on the Long Sand?' said my narrator. 'Well, sir, I'll try. I shipped as able seaman for a voyage to Yokohama; and I joined my ship at Middlesborough. The *Indian Chief* was a full-rigged ship of nearly thirteen hundred tons. A better manned craft never sailed; there were twenty-eight hands all told. The captain was a good man, a seaman and a gentleman; and my shipmates were as steady a lot of fellows and as good seamen as I ever came across. The two mates were fine men and good officers; and altogether things looked well for a pleasant and a prosperous voyage. We sailed from the Tees on Sunday morning; and all went well with us till the middle watch on Wednesday night. It is true that some of the gear worked heavily, and having a large quantity of iron on board, the ship was not very lively in stays; but for all that, she was a fine craft, and if she had had fair-play, she would never have served us the trick she did. I was in the starboard or second-mate's watch; and on the night in question, we came on deck at twelve o'clock. It had been a tolerably fine night when we went below at eight o'clock; but in the meantime, the weather had altered considerably for the worse; the wind, which was north-east, had increased, and was blowing a stiff breeze; the sky looked black and angry; and there was a good deal of mist about. We were under easy canvas, three topsails, top-gallant-sails, spanker, and forecourse; the mainsail was not stowed, but hung in the buntlines.

'The captain kept the deck; I fancy he had not much confidence in the pilot, who, let it be understood, had command of the ship for the

time-being; and before Mr Lloyd, the mate, went below, a long consultation was held. The upshot of this seemed to be that the pilot was advised to shorten sail and make everything snug. However, he did not seem to agree with this. When we had been on deck about an hour, several lights hove in sight; and I could see that the captain was very anxious about the ship's position. I heard him caution the pilot about the set of the tide, saying, that the flood would be sure to suck us in towards the mouth of the Thames. As the night grew, the wind drew more to the eastward, and we had to brace up the yards a little; but the wind was still free, and she laid her course south-south-west. About four bells we clewed up the top-gallant-sails; and the hands were just going aloft to stow them, when a squall struck us, and we were all aback. All hands were called, and the port-watch came tumbling up, some of them only half-dressed. We tried to box her off; but it was too late; and we had to shiver the cross-jack yards, and let her go off on the other tack.

"We were now on the starboard tack, heading for the Knock—so the pilot said; but she did not seem to make much of a lay of it, for I could see by our wake that she was bagging bodily to leeward. The pilot saw this too, for we had not been long on this tack when he sang out, "Ready about!"

"She did not come to very quickly; and when she got head to the wind, she came to a dead stop, and then began to fall off: so we had to put the helm up, and board the fore-tack again. After letting her get good head-way, we tried her again; but it was no use, and we had to wear her. We made two more tacks after this; in short, no sooner had we belayed the braces, than it was "Ready about!" again. The last time, as soon as we had braced up and trimmed the head-sheet, the foresail began thundering and flapping in a way that threatened to take the mast out of her.

"Board that fore-tack!" shouted the pilot.

"Fore-tack unhooked, sir," was answered back from the fore-castle.

"Clewed up the sail then, and see if you can hook it again."

"Before we could accomplish this somewhat difficult operation, the pilot again hailed us.

"Are you ready with that foresail?" he sang out.

"No, sir," answered the mate.

"Well, then, let them lay down sharply; we must try her without it."

"Almost before we could get down on deck, it was "Helm's a-lee!" and the ship luffed up into the wind. I think she would have come round this time; but when we came to "Mainsail haul!" when the yards were nearly square, we could not get them to move another inch.

"What's the matter there, Mr Fraser?" asked the pilot.

"Main-topsail brace foul of the cross-jack yard," called out a hand.

"Up there, and clear it."

"By this time the ship had got stern-way on her, and there was nothing left but to wear her. We brailled up the spanker, shivered the mizzen-topsail, and put up the helm.

"Main-topsail brace all clear," sang out a hand from aloft.

"By this time we had squared the fore-yard, and

hauled down the jib; and as the wind came on the other quarter, we hauled out the spanker.

"Port!" roared the pilot.

"Spanker-sheet foul of the tiller-ropes!" called out the man at the wheel.

Two or three hands rushed aft, and got the tiller-ropes cleared. The yards were braced, and she luffed up close to the wind; but it was too late; there was a cry of "Breakers ahead!" the ship was caught up by a big sea, and after grating two or three times, went broadside on to the sands!

All was now noise and confusion. Everything was let go, sheets, halyards, and braces. After some little time, order was restored; the captain took the command, and ordered us to clew up the sails; as to stowing them, that was out of the question. Every time the sea lifted her, the ship bumped back on the sand with a force that made every timber in her crack, and nearly knocked us off our legs. Every two or three minutes, the seas broke over us, and swept the decks fore and aft. At these times, the poor ship rolled over almost on her beam-ends, every timber groaning and creaking like a thing in agony. Every spar buckled, every rope strained, and every minute we expected that the masts and yards would come rattling down upon our heads.

The night was gloomy and dark, and the north-east wind was piercingly cold. After a time, we got a flare under-weigh, and sent up rockets; and our signals were answered by the light-ships. Apart from our being in such danger, the sight was a grand one. The red light of a tar-barrel illuminated the sea and the heavy clouds above with a crimson glare, the tall masts cutting out black and distinct against the red clouds. We kept the rockets going, and every now and then the light-ships answered. We all sheltered ourselves as well as we could, and waited for daylight. It was somewhere about high-water when the ship struck, and now the tide was ebbing fast; but the vessel still bumped violently. Nevertheless, we all took it to some extent easily. At this time, I do not believe there was a man on board but what thought we should get the ship off at daylight.

The time passed heavily, four or five hours of anxious suspense, and then the daylight began to appear in the east. As soon as it was fairly light, we eagerly scanned the horizon, to see if assistance was coming; but the morning mists limited our view. There was nothing to be seen but a cold hard sky above, and an angry sea below. We got our breakfast, such as it was, for there was no chance of lighting a fire in the galley. By this time it was dead low-water, and the ship lay easier. It was evident, however, now that we could see the hull of the poor *Indian Chief*, that if the gale continued, she would have to leave her bones in the sand. As soon as the flood began to make, the wind freshened; and from the look of the sky to windward, it was evident that we were in for more than an ordinary gale.

After breakfast, I went up into the rigging; the morning had now cleared, and I could see the low land trending to leeward, and away to windward a light-ship. As I was looking at her, she fired a gun. I wondered what it was for; and at last I saw a smack running before the wind; she luffed up under the lee of the light-ship and spoke

her. When she had done this, she bore down towards us, dipped her flag, and then stood away to the southwards. What it all meant, I did not know.

'With the rising tide, the gale came on with increased fury; and it soon became a question, not of saving the vessel, but of saving our lives. The sea dashed furiously over us, and the ship began to roll and labour fearfully. Wave after wave struck her, lifting her up, and then letting her fall again with terrific violence.

'All this time, there was no sign of assistance coming. We kept a sharp look-out for anything like a lifeboat, but we saw none. The captain and the mates kept going up into the rigging and sweeping the sea with their glasses; but nothing came in sight; and now hope gave way to despair. I myself had been up in the fore-rigging several times, straining my eyes in all directions. I could not believe that we should be left to perish; but still no help came. At last, away in the distance I saw the smoke of a small steamer. I watched, and waited. She came nearer and nearer; and at last I could see that she had a lifeboat in tow. A great lump rose up in my throat when I saw this, and my heart beat at a terrible rate. I sang out to the men on deck, and told them what I had seen. Somebody went aft, and told them in the deck-house, and all hands came swarming out, to have a look for themselves. At last, when she was a long way off, the lifeboat cast off her tow-rope, set her sails, and bore down towards us. It was a sight I shall never forget, and filled us all with hope and expectation.

'The sea upon the sand was like a boiling caldron; was it possible that the lifeboat could get safe through it? That was the question I asked myself; it never entered my head that she would not try. Several times she stood off and on, waiting, as I thought, for a good chance.

'Meantime, the steamer had put up her helm, and was steaming away towards the land. Then, to my horror, the lifeboat hauled aft her sheets and went after her. It was a cruel sight; and as she receded from my view, my heart sank within me with gloomiest foreboding. I went back into the fore-castle and sat down and buried my face in my hands. That was the bitterest moment I had ever passed, for I felt that our situation was now almost hopeless. I was sitting thus, almost in a state of stupor, when a great wave lifted the ship high in the air; and a second afterwards, she came down with a shock so tremendous that she literally broke her back. We all rushed out, staring about us in stupefied horror.

'Get out the boats!' roared the captain. I believe he was half bewildered, or he would never have thought of launching a boat in such a sea. The men too were beside themselves with terror. It seemed as if they were only now for the first time conscious of the desperate perils that surrounded us. I was quite sure that no boat could live in the tremendous waves that were raging around us; but still it seemed our last chance, and like the rest, I made a frantic rush for the boats. The lashings were cast off, and two boats were lowered; but scarcely had they touched the water, when they were dashed to pieces against the ship's side.

'Meantime, the captain's gig had been got into the water; she was a small boat, and would not

have held anything like half of us. Two hands were put into her, to bale her out. Suddenly, a gigantic sea struck the ship on her quarter; the boat's painter—a new rope thick and strong—snapped off like a pipe-stem; the boat was capsized, and the two poor fellows in her were pitched into the water. They were good swimmers, and for a minute or two they struck out for the ship. Another sea swept round the quarter and drove them back towards the boat, and they disappeared from our view. I thought it was all up with them; but the next minute I saw them struggle up on the boat's bottom. I watched them for some time, as they drifted away and then disappeared. Not a word was spoken. We all stood aghast, dumfounded—our last chance was gone.

'The scene as night came on was terrible indeed. The spectacle of the raging sea was truly terrific; every wave that dashed over the ship shook the masts till they trembled again. The mainmast rocked to and fro in a way that showed whatever might be the fate of the other masts, that at least was doomed. The raging of the gale was awful, and that and the cold struck terror into our hearts.

'After the destruction of the boats, I took shelter in the fore-castle. I was regularly cowed, for the prospect before us was truly appalling. The ship was settling down fast, and every sea now swept right over us, and we saw that very soon there would be nothing left but for us to take to the rigging. I don't mean to say that I thought at this time that there was any chance of my life being saved; but a fancy prompted me to have a good shirt or two to my back; so I put on two new shirts and all my shore-going togs, and one or two others followed my example.

'Just before eight o'clock, a tremendous sea swept the decks fore and aft, and burst right into the fore-castle. We all rushed out, and began to swarm up the rigging. The captain called out to us to come aft, as the foremast was of iron, and if it went by the board, it would sink. But we did not pay any attention to him; that last sea had given us a scare; and so on we went, the pilot, myself, and eight others; and we all managed to get safely into the fore-top.

'In the shelter of the fore-castle, it had been piercing cold; but when we got aloft, it was almost freezing. That cutting, biting north-east wind penetrated to our very marrow; and by the time I got into the top, my hands were so numbed that I could scarcely feel, so that I had some difficulty in lashing myself to the mast. There we sat, ten poor helpless creatures, almost in a state of stupor; but though we were half-frozen, there was none of us so paralysed but that we could fully realise the horrors that surrounded us. The remainder of the crew, together with Captain Fraser, Mr Lloyd the mate, Mr Fraser the second-mate, who was the captain's brother, and a fine young fellow whose name I do not remember—in all, seventeen in number, took to the mizzen-mast; and we could see them lashing themselves in the rigging. The moon had only just entered her first quarter, and even if the sky had been clear, she would not have given us much light. But the night, though fine, was cloudy, and it was only now and then that she peeped out from between the clouds, and cast a sickly gleam upon the troubled sea.

The sight of the raging water beneath us was appalling, but the sounds which met the ear were if anything more so. The wind howled and shrieked, the torn canvas flapped and thundered, the sea roared, and the loose ropes coiled and thrashed the air like whip-lashes.

'When the moon shone out, there was just light enough to show the three gaunt masts sticking up out of the water. Every sea that swept over us made the mainmast rock and oscillate, so that every minute I expected that it would go by the board. It made me cringe again every time it lurched to leeward, because the chances were that when it did so, one of the other masts would follow it. Nobody can tell, and I can't describe what my feelings were as I sat there in the top with nothing but a few shrouds and a frail shaking mast between me and eternity. How the hours passed, I cannot tell. We all sat on, cold and utterly miserable. All that I seemed to care for was, if the end was to come, that it might come quickly. I shut my eyes and prayed; yes, I prayed, and I hope in a fitting spirit. I read once in an old book that the way to teach a man to pray was to send him to sea and let him be shipwrecked. Well, all I can say is, that if a man can't pray to God earnestly with death staring him in the face, as it did me, he is not good for much in this world, and I am sure he is ill prepared for the next. There are a lot of people who scoff at religion and care nothing about God; but let them come and look death in the face as I did, and I fancy they'll tell you rather a different story. In the dire calamity that had befallen me, there was no one I could go to but God. I committed myself entirely into the hand of Him who ruleth the winds and the waves, and asked Him if it was His good pleasure to help me; and after that, I was comforted.

'There was a lot of things I thought about that night that I had not thought about for many a long year. I had never been a really bad fellow, and perhaps had a few errors and follies to answer for as most people of my class; but up in that top there, I found the score marked against me long enough in all conscience. When things go well with us, and we think death is far off, our sins are forgotten almost as soon as they are committed; but when death is certain, or at least appears so to us, it is then that the whole black catalogue rises up before us, and each item appears distinctly before us in a few seconds.

'I had been sitting ever so long looking into myself, as it were, when I opened my eyes and looked up. I was startled by seeing a black object coming down the main-topmast stay. It came nearer and nearer, and at last I could see that it was a man coming down the stay hand over hand. When he reached us, I found it was the mate, Mr Lloyd. "What's the matter, sir?" I asked in a hoarse whisper. "Nothing, my lad, nothing; only I could not rest on the mizzen-mast. Somehow, I seemed to have a warning that it was not safe."

'I made room for him; and then we sat on a long while, silent and motionless. For a time the storm seemed in some measure to abate; but the sky to windward looked black and sullen, and the swell of the vast waves seemed to mock at our frail security. Presently, it grew as dark as pitch, and the gale came swooping down upon

us with tremendous violence. The fury of the waves, as they dashed over the ship, I cannot describe. All at once, there was a fearful crash, followed by cries and shrieks. The main and mizzen masts had both gone by the board. The scene at this juncture baffles description. Utter darkness enveloped the doomed ship, over which the sea broke in tremendous waves, the noise of which and the howling of the wind almost drowned the agonising cries of the men on the fallen mizzen-mast. A minute or two afterwards, a gleam of moonlight shone out from between two clouds, and the scene that it disclosed will ever be engraved on my memory. The mass of wreck to leeward, the struggling forms in the waves, and the frantic cries of distress, I can never forget. It was a heart-rending sight, and the whole period of my life seemed to be concentrated into that one awful moment.

'The revulsion of feeling which followed on this scene of horror, left me in a state of torpor and sluggish indifference which seemed to me to be the precursor of death. I sat for a long time staring stupidly out into vacancy, when all of a sudden, on the top of a sea I saw a light. It vanished almost as soon as I had seen it, so I waited for a second or two, and then I saw it again.

"There's a steamer out there!" I cried, pointing out into the darkness. "I can see her lights."

"Lights!" replied the mate, after he had looked out for some minutes; "I can't see any."

"There! Can't you see it now," I cried, "out on the port quarter?"

"No," replied he despondingly; "I can't see anything."

"Well," muttered a man close to me, "if it is a steamer, she can't help us till daylight; and by that time we shall be food for the fishes, or else frozen to death."

'We sat on thus through that interminable night, now and then seeing the steamer's lights. What it meant, no one knew. At last, the day dawned, and a wild scene lay around us. The sea resembled a mad chaos of water; the portions of the waves that were not white with foam, looked green and angry; and when two cross seas met, they spouted up great jets of foam as high as the cross-trees. As to the poor *Indian Chief*, you never saw a more perfect wreck; the decks were blown up by the force of the in-rushing water, and the hull almost torn to pieces, the timbers started, rent, and twisted—a skeleton of a ship, with little but her ribs left in some places.

'I gazed and gazed about, and at last I saw—Was it true, or was I dreaming? No! it was no dream, for there was a lifeboat close to us, and a steamer in the distance! I shrieked out to my mates: "A lifeboat! a lifeboat!" They all sprang to their feet, as if they had been electrified. We shouted as loud as we could, and I seized hold of a strip of canvas, and waved it wildly. We were all almost mad with excitement. It was to us like a reprieve from death. There was no mistake about this boat; she headed right straight for the ship, never deviating an inch from her course. I knew by instinct that the men that were in her meant to save us. But would she ever get safely through that dreadful sea? It was a noble, but at the same time a painful sight. The

waves were rolling along in all their fury, beating down upon the sands with tremendous force. Several times a huge wave broke right into the boat, and she disappeared from our sight; but she rose again like a duck, shook her wings, and came on again. Once a monster wave came boiling after her like an angry demon, its huge crest curling right over the coxswain's head. It took the boat's stern, and hove it up till the gunwales were almost perpendicular. I dared not breathe, for I thought she must pitch over stern first, and capsize end for end. But no; the next instant she had cleared herself, and was coming right for us.

'By this time, we had reached the deck, and were making our way bit by bit along the lee rails till we reached the quarter. The lifeboat hailed us, telling us to make a line fast to a buoy and cast it out. We threw the buoy as far as we could; and after much trouble, it was picked up, and got on board the lifeboat, and so a line of communication was made. But it was a work of difficulty to get the lifeboat alongside; and when she did, she was tossing and plunging about in a way that made it difficult for us to get into her. Slowly, however, one by one, this was done. While I was waiting my turn, I could not help looking at the wreck of the mizzen-mast, and a sad and painful sight was there; but what was wonderful, there, among the entanglement of masts and gear to leeward, we found the second-mate alive. When I say he was alive, it is as much as I can say, for he was almost insensible, and quite off his head. Poor fellow! I could see from the first that death was upon him; but for all that, though it was a risky thing to shin out on to that mast to get hold of him, it was done; and he was got safely into the boat. It is very easy to say we all got safely into the lifeboat; but when I think of it, it seems marvellous how it was done; but it was done, and done gallantly. It was a grand, a noble bit of work; and twelve men were thus rescued from the jaws of death. At last, the steamer was reached, the lifeboat taken in tow, and we steamed away for the North Foreland.

'Our poor second-mate died about half an hour after we left the wreck. We did all that was possible to do for him; but it was of no use. The wonder is not that he died then, but how he lived through that terrible night.

'When the danger was over, and we settled down a little, we found that the men who had rescued us were Ramsgate men, and that the lifeboat and tug belonged to that port. They had come eight-and-twenty miles, and lain by us during the whole of that tempestuous night, on the mere chance of saving us poor sailors. What I say is, that it was a grandly noble deed.

'Of the twenty-nine souls that left Middlesbrough in the *Indian Chief*, only eleven reached the land alive. Their names were—William Meldrum Lloyd (chief-mate), James Sanderson (pilot), Malcolm Smith, George Gilmore, George Harris, Andrew Peterson, James Springer, Edward Basham, Charles Gilbert, William Coombs, and Charles Swanson. This last had a most miraculous escape. He was in the mizzen rigging when the mast fell, and was for some hours in water; but at daylight, though his collar-bone was broken, he managed to get back to the ship, and was eventually saved.

'When I look back on the dangers and privations which we all had undergone during that night in the fore-top, and find myself alive and well, it seems like a dream.' T. E. S.

HOW SIMON PEVERITT GOT MARRIED AT LAST.

MASTER WESTLEY, clerk and sexton in the small village of Woodham, was one winter's morning sitting by his cheery fireside, watching alternately the rain, fiercely beating against the latticed window-panes, and the brisk movements of his active little daughter, as she moved to and fro, busy about her household work. Presently she came in, bringing a hat, greatcoat, and umbrella, observing: 'You will be wanting these soon, father. It is nearly eleven o'clock.' She had hardly said this, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, followed by the abrupt entrance of a little middle-aged man in a state of great excitement, his face red, his hair rumpled, his boots splashed with mud, and his coat dripping with wet.

'Why, Simon, what on earth's the matter?' said the clerk. 'You don't look much like a bridegroom.'

'Bridegroom! No!' the little man exclaimed with bitter emphasis. 'Master Westley, you'll hev to tell parson I can't get married to-day.'

'Why, how is that?' asked the clerk.

'I can't get Mary up,' quoth the indignant and disappointed lover. 'I've been rattlin' at her floor, and throwin' stones at the winder, and shoutin' till I'm as hoarse as a rook; and I'm nearly wet through with the drippings from the husers [the eaves of the house]; but I can't get she up. She only jest put her head out of winder for a minute, to tell me 'twor no good for me to stand hocketting [making a great noise] there; for she'd never take the trouble to put on her best things, and go out in that powerin' rain jest to marry me.'

'Why, Sim! this is rather a bad beginning for people about to marry—isn't it? I'm afraid the gray mare will be the best horse in your team—won't she?' said the kindly old clerk, with a merry twinkle in his knowing brown eyes. 'However, I'd better go and tell Mr Howard, or he will be putting his surplice on for nothing. Shall I say to him that perhaps the wedding may come off to-morrow, if the weather is finer, and Mary will get up in time?'

'If she don't,' vowed Sim, glaring vengefully, 'she shall never hev another chance. I'm fairly sick of her tricks. We've been keeping company this twenty year and more, and now she don't know her own mind a bit better than a mawther [young girl] in her teens. But I won't stand it no longer. She ain't going to treat me like a dog, or a mat for her to wipe her feet on. There's Widow Biggs would hev me any day, and glad; and a nice comfortable woman she is too! The wedding-ring shan't lie long in my pocket for want of a wearer. And there, Master Westley,' said poor Sim, almost in tears over his frustrated plans and disappointed hopes, 'I'd meant this to hev been a reglar jolly day. I'd got in a barrel of beer, and a spare-rib of pork, and we wor going to hev parsties and frawns [pancakes], and a mort of good things beside, to make a reglar spree of it;

and now, it's all knocked on the head, and everybody knows I'm made a fool of into the bargain.'

'Cheer up, Sim!' said Master Westley. 'It is aggravating, I'll own; but Mary isn't a bad sort, though she has rather a cruggy [crusty] temper. She has been very true to you; and it would be a pity for two such faithful lovers as you've been, to part over a little tiff at last. I believe Mary is jealous of the little widow. You know people did say once that you were rather soft on her.'

'It was a big story!' burst out Sim. 'She tried to hook me; but I never gave her no encouragement.'

'Didn't you walk with her from church last Sunday? I heard that you did, and carried little Joey all the way home; and kissed him when you put him down at his mother's door.'

'Well, he axed me to give him a kiss, so I couldn't do no otherwise. There wor no harm in that, sewerly.'

'Certainly not. Only, you see, as Mary lives just opposite, and saw it all, she very likely thought you'd be better engaged kissing her, instead of hanging round the widow's door. Depend upon it, she's jealous; and she's got a highful spirit of her own, and is acting like this to make you think she doesn't care whether she has you or no. If she thought there was real danger of losing you, she'd come round in a minute, as tractable as you like.'

'But how can I make her think so?'

'Well, you won't be doing any work to-day, and it's dull tilling [tilling] about doing nothing. Take and brush yourself up smart, and go and have a chat with Mrs Biggs. Take some oranges and sweets for Joey. Don't look at Mary's house; and mind and make a grand show of petting and kissing the boy in front of the window, where she can see it all. She'll be more jealous than ever. But if she doesn't marry you to-morrow, I'll eat my head.'

'Ah, Master Westley, you're a deep one, you are!' said Simon, regarding his astute adviser with admiration. 'But it don't fare to be ezackerly jonnick [straightforward] to dew so; and I ain't fond of smarmin' babies over with kisses. Still, if you think it 'ull bring Mary up to the scratch, I'll e'en try it. If it don't, marry Sukey I will, without any more shilly-shallying.'

Master Westley then started for the rectory; and Sim paid his visit to the widow. He remained in her snug little house some time; and must have acted his part uncommonly well, for he had hardly reached home again, when he was visited by his old sweetheart. That eccentric spinster, ignoring her own wayward conduct that day, attacked Sim with a storm of reproaches, accusing him of fickleness and falseness in forsaking her for 'that sly, carneying, little widder; and after keeping company with me for so many years!' she plaintively added.

'No,' said Sim stoutly; 'twor no fault o' mine. I was ready to do my part this morning. It was you as run word. But I'll eat humble-pie no longer. If you don't want to hev me, I know one as does. I'll marry you to-morrow, if you like. If you don't, I'll never ax you again!'

Mary was a tall, black-eyed, comely looking spinster of forty or more, reputed to have a hot temper and a shrewish tongue; but for once she

kept both in check. It was evident that Simon meant to be trifled with no longer. Moreover, she could not help secretly admitting that he was right, and admiring his spirit and manly determination. It would never do to let so good a fellow and so faithful a lover fall a prey to a designing widow—not to mention the humiliation she would have to endure!

Next morning, the rain-clouds had cleared off, and a bright sun poured its rays through the old church windows upon Mr and Mrs Simon Peveritt as they walked from the altar-rails into the vestry, to enter their names in the parish register. Sim, with a broad grin on his face, laboriously executed a big black X as 'his mark,' informed the rector that he was 'a sawyer by trade' and that his 'owd gal had been of age this twenty year!' after which he turned to his friend the clerk, with a knowing wink, and said in an under-tone: 'We did it well between us, didn't we! Mary was up at six this morning, and bed to wait for me! I've got the whip-hand, to begin with; and I promise you I won't give up the reins agin.' Then he added in a louder tone, as they were about to leave: 'Now, Master Westley, you must come and help we eat the wedding-dinner. The pork and apple-sass will be none the worse for waiting a day; and my Missus and me 'ull make you as welcome as flowers in May. There won't be happier folks in Woodham. And, Master Westley, you shall hev some of the finest logs in my timber-yard, to keep up your fires this winter. I'm not the man to forget a good turn or an old friend.'

ONLY.

Jewels flashing in the air,
Presents meet for kings who wear
Diadems:
Only dewdrops on the leaves,
Which the wand'ring fancy weaves
Into gems.

Fairy palace, tree-infolded,
In the lines of beauty moulded,
Bright and fair:
Only sun-glints which are streaming
Through the painted windows, seeming
Rich and rare.

Sounds of wings celestial wheeling
Through the heavens, and voices pealing
On the breeze:
Only evening which is falling,
And the feathered songsters calling
In the trees.

Till Phoebus in his beauty brings
The gold-tipped Morning on his wings
A-gleaming:
And the many-hued creation
Sets the Soul's imagination
A-dreaming.

Southport.

DAVID B. AITKEN.

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DEGENERATION.

It may not be generally known that, amongst animals and plants, certain exceptions exist to the rule that living development means and implies progress. All animals and plants by no means attain as adults to a higher place and structure than they occupy at the commencement of their existence. Occasionally, the beginnings of life are in reality of higher nature than the completion of existence; and it can be proved that many living beings in their perfect state are absolutely of lower grade than when progressing towards maturity! It is to these curious facts in natural history that the collective name of 'degeneration' has been applied. The animal or plant which sinks or retrogresses to a lower place in the living world as time passes, and which thus develops backwards, so to speak, is said to 'degenerate.' It is of high interest to trace out several examples of this, and to note the inferences that may be drawn from them; since it may be shown that the analogies of degeneration may extend even to man's estate and affect even human destiny itself.

No condition of animal life is more effectual in inducing degeneration of structure than the adoption of a parasitic mode and habit of existence. The parasite lives on another animal or plant, and may be a lodger merely, seeking shelter and nothing more; or it may, when a typical parasite, depend upon its host for food as well as shelter. Such unwelcome guests are often a source of disease to the animals and plants which harbour them. But nature seems to revenge the host, by degenerating the parasite. An admirable law exists in nature, called the 'law of use and disuse.' Use and habit develop an organ or part, and judicious use increases the size and strength of living structures. Conversely, disuse causes atrophy, wasting, and decay of the organs of living beings. Applying this well-known fact to the animal which has adopted a parasitic existence, we can readily enough understand why a process of physiological backsliding is represented in its

history. With no need for legs or other organs of motion in its fixed condition, the parasite is in time deprived of these appendages. If it obtains its food ready-made from its host, nature will cause the disused digestive organs it once possessed for active use, to degenerate and to disappear. If at one time in its earlier career the creature was endowed with organs of sense, useful to an active animal, these will disappear by disuse when the parasite becomes fixed and motionless. There is, in short, no part of its structure which will not be affected, modified, and degenerated through disuse and it may be other conditions incidental to the parasitic life.

Illustrations of these remarks abound in the animal world. Take, for instance, the case of *Sacculina*, a parasite on hermit crabs. Each egg of a *Sacculina* first develops into a little active creature called a 'nauplius.' This organism swims freely in the sea. It possesses three pairs of legs, an oval body, and a single eye placed in the middle of its frame. Soon the two hindmost pairs of legs are cast off, and a kind of shell is developed over the body, and six pairs of small swimming feet replace the missing limbs. In this state it passes a short period of life, and the young *Sacculina*, like the majority of other animals, is apparently in the way of advance and progress. But the day of degeneration draws nigh. The two foremost limbs increase greatly in size; these members finally become branched and root-like; and the eye disappears along with the six pairs of swimming feet. The animal then seeks the body of a hermit crab; attaches itself by its roots, and then degenerates as the adult into the bag-like parasite whose roots, penetrating to the liver of the crab, absorb the juices of the crustacean host as food. Thus, a full-grown *Sacculina* is a mere sac or bag, which in due time develops eggs, and which drags out an inactive existence attached to the crab; water flowing in and out of the sac, by an aperture placed towards its lower extremity.

Another life-history which runs in parallel lines with that of the *Sacculina* is the develop-

ment of the barnacles, which attach themselves in large numbers to the sides of ships and to floating timber. Each barnacle consists of a body, inclosed in a shell, and attached to its floating log or ship by a fleshy stalk. From between the edges of the shell protrude some twenty-four delicate filaments, representing the modified legs of the animal, no longer used for motion, but serving, as a well-known naturalist puts it, to kick food into the barnacle's mouth. A digestive system exists, but there are no sense-organs in the shape of eyes. Now, the barnacle begins life as does the Sacculina. Its first stage is a three-legged oval-bodied 'nauplius,' which swims freely in the sea. This baby barnacle possesses a single eye, and a mouth and digestive system. Then it casts off its two hinder pairs of feet, and develops a shell and the six pairs of swimming-appendages, like the young Sacculina, whilst the two front-legs increase greatly in size. In this latter condition, the barnacle develops two large compound eyes in place of the single eye of its earlier stage. But the mouth and digestive system have disappeared, and the young barnacle's energies are now chiefly devoted to seeking a resting-place on floating wood. Fixing itself by the front pair of legs, and thus gluing its head to the object, the shell of the full-grown barnacle is soon developed, whilst the six pairs of legs become the brush-like tentacula wherewith food is swept into the mouth. A digestive system and nerves then appear, and barnacle-history may thus be regarded as complete. Nevertheless, a barnacle as a full grown animal is thus in some respects decidedly inferior to its youthful stages. Especially it wants locomotive powers; and its eyes are degraded; although, in possessing a digestive apparatus, it exhibits an advance on immature life. But the barnacle is not a parasite. It is merely a fixed and rooted animal, and as such has a necessity for a digestive system, which, as we have seen, disappears in the parasitic animal.

Degradation, thoroughly complete in Sacculina, and to a certain extent in barnacle-life, thus depends in the one case upon a habit of parasitism, and in the other upon fixity of body. The tendency of this process of backsliding is clearly enough seen in its power of rendering the adult—ordinarily a complex being—simpler in structure than the young. To impress these facts still more firmly on the mind, let us investigate the life-history of a species of prawn (*Peneus*) whose development runs in its earlier stages parallel with that of the barnacle and Sacculina. Prawns, lobsters, shrimps and crabs, form the highest division of the crustacean class. They greatly excel such forms as the barnacles in structure, as common observation shows. *Peneus*, as one of the prawn-group, begins life as does the barnacle or Sacculina, as a veritable 'nauplius,' with an oval body, a single eye, and three pairs of limbs. Then succeed other stages resembling those through which the crabs pass, and finally the features of the young prawn are in due course evolved.

From one common form, then, namely, the three-legged larva, which we name a 'nauplius,' we discover that animals so widely different as barnacles and prawns are developed. The fact testifies most clearly in favour of the idea, that

the development even of animals belonging to the same great class may vary in a most typical manner. The one development represented by that of the prawn proceeds along lines which are those of progress and advance; since the prawn is a much higher animal than its young. In the barnacle there is degeneration in some respects, but advance in others; so that the state of matters in the barnacle represents history intermediate between advance and decline. But in the Sacculina are witnessed degradation and retrogression of the purest type. The animal goes backwards in the world, until it sinks to the level of a mere tumour-like growth, attached to the body of its crab-host. Endowed first with powers of locomotion, these wholly disappear; furnished with an eye, that organ likewise vanishes away; and parasitism works its will on the animal's frame, degrading it to such an extent, that but for a careful tracing of its history, we could not have discovered that it was a crustacean at all.

The well-known animals we name 'Sea-squirts' present us likewise with examples of degradation arising, like that of the barnacles, from a habit of fixing themselves. Each sea-squirt or *Ascidian* resembles in shape a jar with two necks, as we find it attached to shells and other objects. Its whole frame is inclosed in a dense, tough, leathery membrane, through which the stimuli of the outer world can with difficulty pass. Yet the sea-squirt, rooted and fixed as it appears to be, begins life as a free-swimming tadpole-like being, which propels itself over the surface of the sea by means of its flexible and muscular tail. This tadpole-like body exhibits a superior structure in many respects in the eyes of a zoologist. For instance, it, of all invertebrate animals, possesses a representative of the spine or backbone of the vertebrates. It is the only animal which, like the latter group, has a nervous cord lying above this spine; it has an arrangement of gill-clefts like the fishes, and it has an eye which is formed just as our own eyes and as those of all other vertebrates are developed. Yet to what end is all this promise of high structure? Backsliding becomes the order of the day; the tail of the larva disappears; its internal organs are modelled on a lower type; its eye fades away; it fixes itself by its head, like the young barnacle; and it finally degenerates into the rooted, immobile sea-squirt inclosed in its leathery investment.

The topic of degeneration has, however, more extended applications than those which we have thus hurriedly chronicled as applying to the explanation of the lowness of some animal forms as compared with others. Physiology teaches us that there exists in all living beings from animalcule to man, a natural process of degenerative change, in virtue of which the worn-out particles of our tissues are perpetually being thrown off as their functions fail. The daily waste of our frames is in large measure a process of degeneration. Still more clearly is that process a degenerative one, which despoils us in old age of our teeth, whitens our hair, dims our eyesight, and wastes and changes in greater or less degree every organ and tissue of our body. So also, many diseases which affect us, apart altogether from the general breakdown and backsliding of structure that accompanies old age, are the results

of what physicians truly name 'degeneration.' Thus, so far from being any peculiar or abnormal action of life, degeneration is as natural to our existence and to that of living beings at large, as development and progress. The living being may in fact be said to occupy one of three positions in the universe of life in respect of the alterations to which it is subject. Either its race is progressing, or its species is declining and degenerating, or last of all, and more rarely, the living form is stable and at rest—in equilibrium, as one may put it. Nevertheless, there is no denying the fact that progress and advance are by far the most constantly represented condition of life. Were it otherwise, we should not find the universe of life so varied as it is; and the progress of development is by no means likely to be replaced to any momentous extent by the law of backsliding, whose effects we have endeavoured to describe.

The foregoing remarks would be imperfect, and even misleading, were we to fail to note that there is at least one aspect of degeneration in which it becomes related in the most intimate manner to both progress and advance. The development and rise of an animal in the scale of creation is accompanied as a rule by the disappearance of organs and parts which pertain to lower stages of life, and to its own immature condition. The tadpole in becoming the perfect frog exhibits degeneration in the disappearance of its tail; for the frog, as every one knows, is a tailless being. Then secondly, its gills degenerate and disappear through natural, or more popularly speaking, constitutional causes, inherited by the frog from its ancestors. Opposed to the degeneration of its gills is the independent development of lungs, which development evinces the higher nature of the lung-breather over the pure gill-breathing tadpole. Here, therefore, degeneration is working out the purposes of development. It is, in other words, wiping away and destroying the evidences of the lower nature which is being replaced by a higher stage and type of life. The young crab is tailed like the lobster or prawn; but degeneration of the tail converts the crab into a higher type of crustacean than the lobster, and internal change of like nature makes the perfect insect as well as the crab, a higher being than its larva.

If, therefore, we take a wide view of living nature—a view in which alone the true analogies of things are to be clearly perceived—we shall find degeneration at one time ruthlessly driving the animal form to lower confines of life; whilst at another time, we shall see the same process accompanying advance and progress hand in hand, and aiding the growth of the higher life by restricting and abolishing the evidences of the lower and imperfect existence.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—BERTRAM'S LAST ATTEMPT.

WHEN the project of pushing on to Blackwall itself, and of presenting himself to Mr Mervyn as a suppliant for employment, for the first time took definite shape in Bertram's mind, the sun, which had shone so brilliantly through the short winter's day, was sinking in the western sky, and gleamed opalescent through the smoke of London. From the river, a gray mist was beginning to

rise, clinging, as yet, to wharf-edges, against which the lapping water washed, but gradually creeping higher as the evening darkened. Bertram had been walking, now, for many hours, and was faint and weary, and sick of heart. He was not quite destitute; but the two or three shillings that his slender purse contained were too precious to be wasted, so that although he looked wistfully at the steamboats snorting and splashing their way down-stream, and at the omnibuses that demurely passed him, with half-open doors, tempting a possible passenger, he still continued self-denyingly to walk on.

He had not accomplished the long distance which, in such bitter and biting weather, he had that day traversed on foot, entirely without more sustenance than the clear-starcher's lump of cake could impart. But a slice of cold meat and a piece of bread, purchased at a wayside cookshop, gave him only a temporary strength; and as he plodded on, he began to realise the fact that he was very tired indeed. He had gone far, and had still some distance to get over; but his tread was no longer elastic, as it had been when he started that morning from the Old Sanctuary in Westminster, and the bag which he carried felt strangely heavy as he trudged on.

What was Bertram to do, if he should reach the yard of Mervyn & Co. too late, after business hours, and after the head of the house had departed? This was a Saturday; and, should he fail in obtaining the interview which he sought, his next chance would be on Monday. 'Call again on Monday,' from the watchman or porter left in charge, would be the merest commonplace rejoinder to a belated applicant; but, like so many other commonplace replies that we meet with in the world, it might be little short of a sentence of death to the hearer. Bertram's few pence and shillings would, he knew, last him but a very little time, when he should have to lay them out in payment for the cheapest accommodation that he could find in any decent, humble house of entertainment. And how if Mr Mervyn should not, on Monday, attend at the ship-building yard? Or how if his prayer to be employed should be declined, courteously, no doubt, but still declined?

Bertram began to feel, now, that he had been rash in rejecting the alluring invitations of the omnibus conductors, as their lengthy vehicles went rattling past. Fourpence—sixpence—would have been well bestowed in the saving of his waning strength. Overmuch fasting, voluntary or enforced, does tell upon the stamina. Bertram had stinted and pinched himself, prudently, during the sad weeks that had preceded the total breakdown of Groby, Sleather, and Studge; and now even Youth, with its wondrous powers of endurance, could hardly buoy him up. But his heart was a gallant one, and gallantly he pressed on. Should he be in time? Anxiously he looked about him, turning his weary head, for another omnibus, another pier where steamers called. He saw neither.

'Cab, gov'nor!' bawled out the ruffianly driver of a shabby cab, wearing on his unkempt head the battered white hat, with a rusty strip of black crape ostentatiously adorning it, which in London streets might be excusably considered as rather the distinctive headgear of a savage tribe, than

the outward and visible sign of Christian mourning for a deceased relative. 'Keh, I say!' reiterated this delectable charioteer, waving his whip. 'Blackwall, hain't it!'

'Yes; but I do not want a cab,' answered Bertram gently.

'That's because ye're so mean,' bellowed the cabman, who was three parts drunk. 'Eighteen-pence won't break ye, I should hope. Take you for a shilling,' added the driver, with growing exasperation, as he saw his offer tacitly refused. 'Very well; and the hoof, you sneak!—And *you*, come up!' The last summons, backed by a succession of stinging whip-cuts, was addressed to his lean horse, whose welled neck and scored sides bore token to the spiteful humour of his brutal master; and off jolted the cab at a crazy canter.

Bertram Oakley pressed resolutely on. More ships, more wharfs. Would the wharfs and the ships, and the marine store shops, never end? Tired and giddy, as he rambled on, he marvelled at the black defaced dolls, with scrimp woolly locks, that dangled over the greasy doors of these frequent emporiums; and wondered how empty bottles, scraps of rusty iron, lead, pewter, copper, how old rage and fresh dripping, came to be called marine stores. More ships, and then locked-up yards full of enormous anchors, broken capstans, old masts, coiled-up cordage—the shattered paraphernalia of ships. It seemed a dream, this long walk. The mist from the river had risen breast-high, like a shroud. The gas was flaring in shed and shop; and cheap viands, savoyes, hot pies, greens, fried fish, and potatoes cooked and uncooked, were being higgled over by plain-spoken sellers and shrill, slipshod customers of the feminine sex, with noisy children at their untidy heels. Still on.

Yes; the short-lived day was pretty well spent, the long night of mid-winter had almost begun. Hideous old boardmen, sandwiched between a brace of placards in large print, and with paper lanterns stuck on the crown of their frowzy hats, patrolled the streets, hoarsely inviting all and sundry to some neighbouring music-hall. Behind the thin red curtains of low public-houses which sailors patronise, lights glared, and fiddles squeaked, and there was silly riot and vapid laughter, as Jack Ashore, true to the traditions of his hazardous calling, spent in asinine fashion the pounds he had worked for at sea. Brawling knots of half-intoxicated people hung about the corners of the darkling alleys, and the policemen on their beat kept well away from the entrances of courts and the approaches to slimy causeways leading to the river, and moved along cautiously, like scouts in a hostile country, in the midst of wild hootings, outcries, and snatches of ribald song, that gathered force as darkness fell.

This—this, at last, must be Blackwall. Yes; that was the pier, to the right, at which Bertram had landed when first he visited the place in his capacity of a messenger from Messrs Groby, Sleather, and Studge. He remembered the baker's shop that stood opposite; the tobacconist's, hard by, with the obsolete wooden figure of the Red Indian above the door, supposed to present an accurate portrait of some American savage in the costume of his native country; and the public-house, the *Blue Anchor*, that seemed to be frequented by watermen rather than by sailors from

the vessels near, to judge by the fresh-water mariners who puffed their churchwarden pipes in its porch and bow-windowed parlour. Bertram had an excellent memory for localities. It served to guide him on, without losing his way, until he saw, dimly, through the twilight, the words 'Mervyn & Co.' painted in tall letters on the white board that topped the gate of the well-remembered yard.

'Hilloa! heave to, or, I'll know the reason why!' shouted a gruff voice, as Bertram set foot within the charmed precincts. The young man recognised the bark, so to speak, of the human watch-dog who guarded the place. 'I beg pardon; I have been here before,' he said with an effort to smile, as he halted. 'I hope I am in time to see Mr Mervyn?'

'What cheer, eh?' grumbled the janitor, bending his bullet-head forward to get a better look at the intruder.

'Is Mr Mervyn in his counting-house?' asked Bertram. 'If so, I want very much to see him for a moment.'

'Want must be your master, then, for he ain't,' was the surly response.

Bertram staggered. Weak and faint and ill, he had overtaken his waning strength to reach this place before business hours were over, never doubting that he should find the great ship-builder whom he sought. Curiously enough, although he had feared that Mr Mervyn—of the situation of whose private residence he knew nothing—might not attend at Blackwall on Monday, he had been all but certain of seeing him on Saturday, the hebdomadary half-holiday not having as yet become a parasitic British institution.

'Not here!' repeated Bertram, gasping, as he caught at the gate-post for support.

'Hasn't been here to-day, the Commodore,' said the veteran gate-keeper irritably. 'Have you got a letter? If so, leave it, and call for the answer.'

'No; I have no letter,' answered Bertram; 'but'—

'Then, sheer off, will ye, for I want to lock up the yard!' exclaimed the old sea-dragon, whose temper was on that evening shorter than usual. 'Monday, you can—— Why, what ails the youngster?' he added, half-ashamed of his roughness, as Bertram, repulsed from the gate, reeled, and caught at the strong wooden paling beyond, and then sank down, a helpless heap on the ground. Five or six workmen, freshly released from the yard, and who were lighting their short black pipes before starting on their homeward walk, came crowding up.

'Drunk!' was the verdict of one of these jurors, with a loud laugh at his own perspicacity.

'No; I don't think it—the chap's ill,' said a more thoughtful member of the group.

'Who's ill?' asked a pleasant voice, the modulated accents of which contrasted with the monotonous bass of the shipwrights.

'Only this young fellow, Mr Arthur. He was talking to Old Joe here, at the gate, and down he drops.—How goes it, mate?' said the workman, putting his powerful hand on Bertram's shoulder. Bertram, with haggard eyes, looked up. He saw, standing by, a pleasant-faced, gentleman-like young man, of perhaps five-and-twenty, with blue eyes and fair hair, manly and kindly of aspect.

'Did you want anything of us, my poor fellow?' asked the new-comer good-naturedly. 'But of course you do, or you would not be here, weak as you are. I think you can scarcely, by your face, be a hand in search of work?'

'Mr Mervyn's kindness, sir, emboldened me.'

'You know my uncle, then?' asked the gentleman who had been addressed as Mr Arthur. 'How did that come about? I never, to the best of my recollection, saw you here.'

'I came here last autumn,' Bertram said feebly, 'with a letter from my then employers, Groby, Sleather, and'—

'Is your name—let me see—Bertram—yes, Bertram Oakley?' exclaimed Mr Mervyn's nephew with sudden interest. 'If so, I have heard my uncle speak more than once of—— There! the poor fellow has fainted.—One of you men had better run for some wine—or better, brandy,' he added, putting some silver into the hand of one of the rough, good-natured shipwrights who started forward at his call. 'You can get it within a stone's-throw of the gate.'

Some brandy was speedily brought; and Bertram was with some difficulty induced to swallow a portion of the fiery spirit. 'I am sorry—to give so much trouble,' he said in a weak voice, as he reopened his dim eyes and tried to raise himself from the ground. 'You are very good, sir, to a stranger.'

'But you see, Mr Oakley, you are not quite a stranger to me,' said Mr Mervyn's nephew genially, as he assisted Bertram to rise. 'It is not often that our Principal takes such a fancy to any one, on a chance acquaintance, as he did to yourself; and it was but yesterday that he was expressing a hope that you had met with more appreciative employers, since Messrs Groby's bankruptcy, as you were evidently fit for better and higher things than to be one of their copyists. But you seem very weak. You are not ill?'

'It is fatigue, sir—not illness,' Bertram replied. 'I have been walking since the early morning, and was worn out and dejected enough, when, after many rebuffs, I bethought me that I would get so far as this, if my strength held out, and'—

'And seek aid from us? and employment?' said the other kindly, as Bertram hesitated to complete the sentence. 'For the second, I think I can venture to answer; and for the first, I know I can. It will be strange if there is nothing, no berth in Mervyn's Yard, or Yards, for we have branch establishments elsewhere, in which you would be useful. But this is Saturday night, and you cannot see the head of the firm until Monday. I must find you quarters somewhere near, in the meantime.—Ah, the *Greyhound*, the old *Greyhound* will be just the thing—cheap and quiet, and with a decent motherly old landlady, a tenant of my uncle's, by-the-by; so, if you are strong enough, I will walk round with you, and recommend Mrs Andrews to take all possible care of her lodger until, about eleven on Monday morning, you call at the yard.'

'I trespass sadly on your time, sir, and on your kindness,' said Bertram, almost with a sob, as he walked slowly on by the side of his new acquaintance. The generous treatment I have received here, so different from some of the greetings I

have had to-day, has almost unmanned me. And I was weak, somehow'—

'I can guess how. Lean on my arm, and we shall soon be at the *Greyhound's* door,' said Mr Arthur hastily.

On our side of the Channel, to express gratitude is a pain; to be thanked, still more distressing. Now, Alphonse and Jules, and Fritz and Max, are always ready to throw up their hands and beat their breasts, and fall on each other in a fraternal embrace, when some trifling service has been rendered on either part. But, if we islanders are less dramatically effusive, we are, I think, readier and more graceful, in our plain insular way, in adjusting the relative positions of the helped and the helper. 'I must introduce myself,' said Mr Mervyn's nephew. 'My name is Lynn—Arthur Lynn. I am a partner; and indeed,' added the young man cheerfully, 'I believe I represent the "Co." in our firm, since nobody else has an active share in it now except Mr Arthur Mervyn, who is my godfather as well as my uncle. And you have not peached on my time at all. People dine late in London, foolishly late, to my mind.—Here we are. This is the bar-parlour, where you can sit down while I speak a word to Mrs Andrews here.'

The word was soon spoken; and then Mr Arthur Lynn said good-night lightly and kindly, as it was in his nature to speak, and left Bertram Oakley in good hands.

SELLS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'PEOPLE who talk slang,' said the late Mortimer Collins, 'are those who either cannot or will not think; and there is no doubt that he is right. We have so many other contaminating influences creeping in daily and almost unavoidably to defile our 'well of English,' that the use of any gratuitous perversion of the language is certainly to be greatly deprecated. It nevertheless occasionally happens that such a word by common acceptance felicitously expresses the idea which it is intended to convey. 'Cheat, surprise, mistake, misadventure, *contretemps*'—none of these denotes so vividly as 'sell' that combination of circumstances resulting in discomfiture to some one. The following are a few examples of Sells proper, which, it must be borne in mind, are apart from that vulgar form of practical joking which is termed *hoaxing*.

A soldier, wishing to get his discharge, shammed deafness so successfully, that all the medical men who examined his case were deceived by him. No noise, however sudden or unexpected, had any power to disturb his equanimity; and he had acquired such perfect control over his nerves, that a pistol fired over his head when he was asleep did not—apparently—awake him. Grave suspicions as to the genuineness of his malady were entertained, notwithstanding. Like most malingerers, he was a little too clever and complete. Still, it seemed impossible to catch him tripping. A final examination was made; the doctors expressed themselves satisfied; and the soldier was presented with his certificate of discharge. Outside the door, he met a comrade, who whispered: 'Have you got it?' with an appearance

of eager interest. 'Yes; here it is!' was the unguarded reply. But the certificate, though filled in, was not signed, and the malingerer was a sold man.

Some time ago, a very amusing 'sell' was narrated in the pages of a magazine. A physician being summoned to attend a miser's wife in her last illness, declined to continue his visits unless he had some legal guarantee for payment, as he knew by experience the slippery character of the husband where pecuniary obligations were concerned. The miser thereupon drew up a document, formally promising, after haggling over the amount, that he would pay to Dr So-and-so the sum of £ —, 'if he cures my wife.'

'Stop!' said the doctor. 'I cannot undertake to do that. I will treat her to the best of my ability; but she is very ill, and I fear she will not recover.'

So the sentence was altered to, 'For attendance upon my wife, kill or cure,' the paper signed, and delivered over to the physician. His skill was unavailing, and the patient died; but when the bill came in, the widower quietly repudiated the debt *in toto*. In vain was it represented to him that the doctor held his legal acknowledgment; so the latter sued him for the amount in perfect confidence of gaining the day. The miser did not dispute the circumstances in court, but requested to see the document, which he then read aloud with great deliberation.

'And did you cure my wife, sir?' he asked, glancing over his spectacles at the plaintiff.

'No; that was impossible.'

'Did you kill her?'

Verdict for the defendant. Doctor sold.

An Irishman, finding his cash at a low ebb, resolved to adopt 'the road' as a professional means of refreshing the exchequer; and having provided himself with a huge horse-pistol, proceeded forthwith to the conventional 'lonely common,' and lay in wait. The no less conventional 'farmer returning from market with a bag of money' of course soon appeared, to whom enter Pat with the regulation highwayman offer of choice, 'Your money or your life!' a remark fortified by the simultaneous exhibition of the firearm in the usual way. The farmer, who was a Quaker, essayed to temporise. 'I would not have thee stain thy soul with sin, friend; and didst thou rob me of my gold, it would be theft; and didst thou kill me, it would be murder. But hold! A bargain is no sin, but a commerce between two honest men. I will give thee this bag of gold for the pistol which thou holdest at my ear.' The unsuspecting amateur Macheath, yielding perhaps to the Quaker's logic and solicitude for his spiritual welfare, made the exchange without a moment's hesitation. 'Now, friend,' cried the wily Ephraim, levelling the weapon, 'give me back my gold, or I'll blow thy brains out!' 'Blaze away, thin, darlint!' said Pat. 'Sure, there's niver a drop of powther in it!' The result was a sold Quaker.

The old sailing-ship yarn about the rollypoly pudding might come under this category. There was only one passenger on board the vessel, who took his meals in the after-cabin with the captain and mate, and who always suspected—not without

reason, it may be—that those two worthies defrauded him of his due share of the catables when they got the chance. One day a jam pudding or rollypoly appeared at dinner, just enough for three; and the passenger, who had a sweet tooth, was instantly on the alert to see that he got his fair and proper third. 'Mr —, do you like puddin'-ends, sir?' the captain asked, with his knife poised in air ready to cut the delicacy. 'No; I do not like ends, sir,' replied the passenger, who considered that he had as much right to the middle slice as any one else. 'Ah, well, then, me and my mate does!' was the gallant commander's observation, as he cut the pudding in two and deposited half on the mate's plate, and half on his own.

At a large hotel in Suffolk, the not uncommon dilemma arose of there being only one room in the house vacant when two visitors required accommodation for the night. It was a double-bedded chamber, or was soon converted into such, and the two guests—who were both commercial travellers—agreed to share it. One of these gentlemen was a confirmed hypochondriac, and greatly alarmed his companion by waking him up in the middle of the night, gasping for breath. 'Asthma,' he panted out; 'I am subject to these spasmodic attacks. Open the window quickly; give me air!' Terrified beyond measure, the other jumped out of bed. But the room was pitch-dark; he had no matches, and he had forgotten the position of the window. 'For heaven's sake, be quick!' gasped the invalid. 'Give me more air, or I shall choke!' At length, by dint of groping wildly and upsetting half the furniture in the apartment, the window was found; but it was an old-fashioned casement, and no hasp or catch was to be discovered. 'Quick, quick; air, air!' implored the apparently dying man. 'Open it, break it, or I shall be suffocated!' Thus adjured, his friend lost no more time, but seizing a boot, smashed every pane; and the sufferer immediately experienced great relief. 'Oh, thank you; a thousand thanks. Ha!' he exclaimed, drawing deep sighs, which testified to the great comfort he derived; 'I think in another moment I should have been dead!' And when he had sufficiently recovered, and had expressed his heartfelt gratitude, he described the intense distress of these attacks, and the length of time he had suffered from them. After a while, both fell asleep again, devoutly thankful for the result. It was a warm summer night, and they felt no inconvenience from the broken window; but when daylight relieved the pitchy darkness of the night, the window was found to be still entire! Had invisible glaziers been at work already, or was the episode of the past night only a dream? No; for the floor was still strewn with the broken glass. Then, as they looked round the room in amazement, the solution of the mystery presented itself in the shape of an antiquated bookcase, whose latticed glass doors were a shattered wreck. The spasmodically attacked one was cured from that moment. So much for imagination!

Some years since, a wealthy eccentric old gentleman, living at the West End of London, devoted the whole of his large fortune to the purchase of a collection of rare and beautiful jewels; and the contemplation of these became his sole pleasure

and occupation in life. Leading a very lonely existence as he did, it is not to be wondered at that a natural fear of burglars deepened at last in his mind into a morbid dread of being robbed; and in terror lest he should be deprived of his treasure, he caused a small room to be built in his house wherein he might deposit his valuables; and being an ingenious man, he constructed and arranged in it a sort of *mitrailleuse* of pistols in such a way that whoever opened the door would receive a dozen bullets on the spot—a condition which might well appal the stoutest-hearted diamond-fancier that ever came out of Newgate. The arrangement was rendered harmless to the owner by the manipulation of a certain secret string, known only to himself. But alas! no sooner was the thing fairly completed, and in comfortable working order, than the string slipped from his fingers one day as he was closing the door, fell down inside, and from that moment his collection of precious stones was as inaccessible to himself as to any burglar alive! Seven years after this, he died, having spent the greater part of that interval in gazing sully at the door which he himself had shut upon all he held dear on earth. A full account and explanation of the circumstances were found in his will, in which all his property was bequeathed to a married niece and her husband.

But all his property had been invested in those glittering crystals, and they were locked up behind that guardian door; and a battery of pistol-barrels is just as fatal to lawfully inheriting married nieces and their husbands as to feloniously acquisitive nocturnal visitors. What was to be done? After much deliberation, consultation, and investigation, the legatees came to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to effect an entrance into the back of the closet through the wall of the next house. Here another difficulty occurred. The landlord of the adjoining residence objected to having his wall knocked down on any consideration. Well, then, would he sell the house? Yes; at a price. He was told to name his own terms; and probably did not understate the value of the premises. Be that as it may, the house was bought; and then came difficulty number three. The tenants then in possession had a large portion of their lease unexpired, and they too had objections to breakage. But it was not a time to stand on trifles, and money was 'no object' with such a fortune at hand, so they also were bought out on their own terms. Then the wall was breached, the treasure-chamber reached in safety, and found empty of all but a species of huge revolver—a deadly piece of mechanism, but of no great intrinsic value. Somebody else had been beforehand in getting through the wall!

The humour of the situations in many old comedies and farces depends upon 'sells' of some sort. Husbands make love to their own wives in disguise at masquerades; one individual hears his character disparaged in the third person by another, who has no idea whom he is addressing; or the villain unwittingly selects as his accomplice the man against whom his machinations are directed.

At the Queen's Theatre one night about ten years ago, during the representation of a play at which the writer was present, a burst of applause

rose from the audience as an actor made his entrance in the second scene. He was no celebrated artist or public favourite, but an ordinary 'walking-gentleman,' unknown to fame, who played one of the minor parts, and seemed a little puzzled—as well he might—to account for such an enthusiastic reception. There was no doubt about it, though; the house rang with plaudits from pit to gallery; so, thinking that the public had at last awakened to a perception of the merits of true genius, he stepped forward to the footlights before commencing to speak his part, and by bowing five or six times, expressed his thanks for such a flattering ovation. And then the house rang again, but now with laughter and ironical cheers; and the poor actor became aware that the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had just entered the royal box, were the real recipients of the greeting he had so gracefully acknowledged.

The three-card trick as played at fairs and on racecourses is familiar to many; it is so old, and its mystery so well known, that it is wonderful any one can still be found to be duped by it. The performer, who is seated on the ground, shows two cards in one hand, a court card below, and a plain one above; and another plain card in the other hand. The three are then thrown down backs uppermost in a row; but although the court card is apparently placed in the centre, it is absolutely impossible for the quickest eye to detect whether it or the plain card falls first, the latter slipping imperceptibly over the picture card. He then bets that no one can tell which of the three is the court card. Those who are in the secret could no more follow the action than the merest novice; and if, under these circumstances, one bets on the position of the court card, the odds are really two to one against him. If the trick ended here, it would be open to no greater objection than any other form of gambling, and there might even be something to admire in the dexterity exhibited by the prestidigitator. But, unfortunately, a swindling element is generally introduced. One, two, or more confederates—technically known as 'bonnets'—artfully made up as farmers, or 'swells,' or something as unlike the rough card-manipulator as possible, mingle with the crowd, and by a preconcerted signal, of course always hit upon the court card, and win large sums of money. Encouraged by the spectacle of their success, the public put their money on; but somehow the same luck does not seem to attend their ventures; they do not guess the right card; and after a time, the game flags again. Then the performer looks away for a moment, on some pretext or other; and while his head is turned, one of the 'bonnets' steps forward, slyly lifts the picture card, bends one corner of it, and replaces it. The card performer then addresses himself to his business again; he again lifts the cards and once more shuffles, and places them without taking any apparent notice of the bent card. There is accordingly a rush to bet on the card with the bent corner—which is the wrong one after all! When the operator picked up the cards to throw them again in position, he rapidly and invisibly straightened the turned-up corner of the court card with his thumb, and at the same time bent one of the plain ones. So much for the

three-card trick as usually performed, and concerning which I trust my young friends may be strenuously on their guard.

Now, let me explain a special modification of it which I once saw on the towing-path at Putney, on one of the practice-days before the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and which involved a really very pretty bit of sleight-of-hand. The ordinary *modus operandi* had been carried out; the regular business of lucky confederates, corner-bending, and all the rest of it, was gone through; but somehow the bystanders who formed the circle seemed too wary to be trapped by such chaff as that, and neither the 'farmer's' lingo nor the manipulator's assumed carelessness induced any of the amateurs to tempt fortune. 'Won't any o' you gents behind try yer luck?' said the squatting performer, negligently dropping the cards and turning round, whereupon the honest agriculturist immediately lifted the middle one so that all could see it was the court card, and replaced it face downwards as before. 'I puts vive pund on that keerd,' exclaimed the farmer, 'if you doan't touch it agen!' Others would stake money on it too, on those conditions, which the performer did not seem inclined to accept. At last, however, after much demur, he agreed; a considerable sum was bet; the card—which he had not touched—was turned over, and was *not* the court card! A loud murmur arose from the dupes; cries of 'Duck him!' were heard, and for some moments the swindler's personal safety was endangered. But he turned the tide of popular opinion in his favour by appealing to the justice of the crowd. 'They tried to cheat me,' he shouted; 'they took advantage of me when my face was turned away; they'd have done me if they could, and now they goes for me when they finds themselves done instead. They tried to be rogues, and took me for a fool; but if there's bigger rogues than they, there's bigger fools than me!'

Such logic was irresistible. But how was the card so adroitly changed? The guileless farmer—who disappeared directly the row began—must have had a plain card in his hand when he stepped forward, which he exchanged for the court card as he put the latter down, by the process known among conjurers as double-palming. It was the neatest thing I ever saw, and the amateurs were decidedly, and very properly, sold.

The following anecdote is related as having actually occurred not many months ago in a large northern seaport city in England; and we have no reason to disbelieve it.

It was a Sunday, and it was raining as it never does rain but in the vicinity of mercantile shipping on the first day of the week. The docks boasted a little church or Bethel, which hoisted the Union-jack every Sunday morning, in token that service would be held there, chiefly for sailors. The clergyman who officiated weekly at the Bethel happened to be rather later than usual on the Sunday morning in question, owing to the difficulty he had in getting a cab, the rain having caused those vehicles to be in great demand. He arrived, however, a few minutes before eleven, and hurriedly bidding the driver wait for him till service should be over, he entered the sacred edifice—to find himself alone there. Possibly, sea-

faring people are not more prone to church-going in wet weather than their fellow-sinners who live ashore; anyhow, every seat was vacant. The clergyman was a zealous man, so he resolved to wait a quarter of an hour, on the chance of some waif or stray turning up. His patience was not unrewarded; for after the lapse of a few minutes, one very wet man came slowly in, and seated himself with some hesitation on one of the back benches. Even he, probably, had only put into that haven under stress of bad weather outside, all the public-houses and other congenial places of shelter being closed. Now, our parson was not only a zealous but a conscientious man—not always the same thing—and he resolved that had he but one solitary unit instead of a congregation, he would pursue the service in full to the bitter end for that unit's benefit—at least, as long as the unit would bear it—and he proceeded to do so, and accomplished it. At the end of the liturgy, touched probably by the patient endurance of his auditor, he condescended to address him personally, telling him that since the inclemency of the weather—we are not in receipt of information on the point, but we feel sure he said inclemency—had prevented the usual attendance at the church, he would forego the sermon he had prepared, and would content himself with making a 'few remarks.' This, however, his hearer begged him not to do, and expressed a great desire to hear the sermon; so, pleased with this evidence of intelligence among the lower orders, and gratified by the effect his eloquence was producing, he took the victim at his word, and let him have it. The text duly chosen, blossomed into firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and lastly; 'in conclusion' was followed by 'one word more,' and still the unit sat on undismayed. After it was all over, the preacher came down and shook hands with him, thanking him warmly for his attention; his gratification being somewhat diminished when he discovered the enraptured listener to be *his cabman*, the sum-total of whose 'half-a-crown an hour for waiting' had been materially augmented by the length of the worthy divine's discourse.

BUSINESS AND MATRIMONY.

BY A SOLICITOR.

I HAVE had a bad day of it—a bad, unsatisfactory, tiresome, wearing day. Things have gone wrong with me. I have been snappish and unreasonable with my clerks. My relations with my partner, usually working without friction, have jarred disagreeably. I have made several stupid mistakes, and generally mismanaged my business. Heart and head have alike ached. My digestion has been upset, and lunch has disagreed with me. I have successively lost three pens, my blue pencil, my red ink, my india-rubber, the second volume of Pridcaux' *Precedents of Conveyancing*, the statement of claim in *Brakelegge and Wife v. the Accidental Railway Company*, and my receipt stamps. These several articles have been restored to me by a trembling clerk from various corners of the office where I have myself at sundry times deposited them. I have inked myself and my linen until soap is

a mockery and pumice-stone a delusion. I have been of no advantage or profit to myself, my clients, or any one connected with me.

Has any great misfortune in business or society come upon me? Is there a bill due to-morrow which I cannot meet? Are my clients falling away? Did I sup last night on pork-chops, Welsh-rabbit, lobster, or pickled salmon? Nothing of the kind. The simple explanation of all my woes is, that at the conclusion of breakfast, and just before I left home, I had a quarrel with my wife.

It was nothing—a storm in a teacup, or rather in a coffee-cup, as usual. About ten inches by three of the above exhilarating but penetrant fluid on the clean white table-cloth. A little natural indignation on the part of the mistress at the blemishing of her otherwise spotless napery, accompanied by a few observations, better left alone, about stupidity, awkwardness, and the like. A quick and slightly sarcastic retort, delivered in my best manner. An angry and rather rude rejoinder from the wife. A decided but harsh set-down from the husband, and the mischief was done. Words were spoken—foolish, unreasoning words—which were none the less bruising and damaging that each of the parties would afterwards be perfectly well aware that the other ‘didn’t mean what he’ or she ‘said.’ There was brutal, blind wrath on the man’s side; there were bitter reproaches and cutting insinuations on the woman’s. You understand the whole silly business.

I have conquered, of course. Am I not a man? Is it not my right to rule? Shall I not be ‘master in my own house?’ Shall I ‘submit to be addressed in that tone?’ And so forth. Yes, I soothingly flatter myself, coward that I am, that I have made her say she was sorry, and beg my pardon. Having asserted what I call my marital dignity, I grant easy terms, and peace is signed with tears and kisses. Having missed two trains and an important appointment, I stride forth from my home, victor in the domestic battle. And I have the satisfaction of seeing looking after me a white and sorrowful little face, with the semblance of a tearful but all loving smile struggling to be visible, instead of the laughing look and merry nod which usually speed me on my way into the fight for existence.

And all day long the victory has recoiled upon the victor, and I may say, with the great captain of old, that many such successes would cost me—I do not care to think what. How will she bear the long day in the dull childless house, with the remembrance of her husband’s harsh voice and angry words? Will such enlivening distractions as the whirring passage of the butcher’s cart—the mechanical melody of the stray Savoyard, tempted for his sins into that unremunerative suburb—or the hoarse summons of the milkman demanding admission for his misnamed fluid, be sufficient to chase the gloom from her brow and the heaviness from her heart? It is to be feared not. But then, she was clearly wrong. She had not any business to go losing her temper because I accidentally upset my coffee, and say I was stupid and awkward. Of course I was quite

right to let her see plainly that I would not stand such nonsense. Equally, of course, I only spoke to her like that, for her own good. It is better for her to suffer—as I know she is suffering now—because it will conduce hereafter to her happiness, by establishing firmly in her mind a proper understanding of our mutual relations. And finally, it is all nonsense, and there will never be any peace in the house if I am always to—

I am afraid that last sentence conveys the most correct notion of my state of mind at the time. Did I go quite the right way to work? Was I entirely actuated by the laudible and conscientious motives above set forth? Was there no rudeness and bitterness, no want of consideration—how about that little headache with which she got up?—no self-conceit or stubbornness on *my* side? I am a hard-headed, hard-listed man of business, rugged and roughened from incessant contact with the asperities of life. My wife—in confidence, reader, she is much younger than I—is a sensitive girl, accustomed from her childhood to be admired and petted; a woman devoted to her husband, and loving him so much, that every hasty word he utters is to her as a cruel stab—a love which might surely excuse a little constitutional hastiness of temper. Could I not have borne the momentary irritation, and thereafter, at a more fitting season, have spoken gently a few words of loving remonstrance, which would have left behind them no sore feeling on either side; instead of ‘carrying on’ ridiculously, stamping my foot, and smiting my fist—to its detriment—against the furniture? Whereas, I can now only feel that I have done that which is a mistake both in social economy, in mechanics, and in law—that I have used more force than was necessary.

Now, I am going to suppose a case such as I know to be that of very many as I write—that is, the case of a young man of business, newly married, as yet without children, and with just sufficient means to maintain a small house in a suburb at some distance from his place of business, and without the means of keeping up a circle of acquaintance; so that he and his wife are sojourners and strangers in the land where they dwell, dependent entirely upon one another for company and comfort in their own nest.

Do not, I say to such a one—assuming that you and your wife love one another—begin the day by a quarrel with her. If you must quarrel—and I am afraid that, however devoted to one another, you will have your occasional tiffs—put it off until you come home. Then—a night intervening—there will be time for the consequent soreness to wear off. But if you value your happiness and peace of mind, and the unconscious digestion of your meals consequent thereon—if you have any desire that the long hours without you shall not be to your wife duller and more cheerless than is inevitable, do not found your day upon a matrimonial disagreement. You, remember, are going to your business, to do battle against the grim wolf which is ever hungrily watching your door, and your capabilities will be by no means improved by the consciousness that you have left unhappiness and peace. But you, at all events, will have something to distract your mind, to keep you from inordinate brooding. What will *she* have? Her household duties, you will say—her work, her

walk out, her book. Alas! these want the varied and interesting character of the business which occupies *your* day. They are too mechanical; they run in too unvarying a groove to take from her the mental leisure which she will infallibly employ in eating her heart over your cruel words and looks.

Business men for the most part have no idea, or rather forget to remember, how lonely a life is often led by their wives in the early days of married life. When the young ones have arrived, when prosperity has brought with it its increased social duties, this evil will have vanished. But at first, into what sort of an existence do you imagine, my friend, you have introduced a young and inexperienced girl who has been induced by the contemplation of your many mental and bodily excellences to forsake, it may be, the snug companionship and merry prattle of a family of brothers and sisters? Do you not feel that her ears must ache with the deafening silence of the house, that the longing for an occasional loving word or pleasant smile, for a sympathetic ear into which to pour her little prattle of household events—anent the turpitude of the cat, the doubt as to the success of a novel pudding, the stupidity of the servant, the possible becomingness of a contemplated cap—that this longing must weigh very heavily sometimes upon the girl you leave behind you? Do not, then, give her for a companion in the dreary house, and the solitary walk which constitutes her recreation, the image of yourself with a black frown and a stern eye, and sarcastic or angry words upon your lips.

The advantages of what I will call the 'sub-urban system' are few, and its evils, as it affects matrimony, are many. In the old times, before gigantic trade and overwhelming population made every foot of the essentially 'business' quarter of the town more precious than gold itself, the merchant-prince or the wealthy banker lived over his premises; and over the same he not unfrequently entertained royalty. Now, it is only the doctor who does this; and even he also has often his consulting rooms at a distance. Then, the husband and father was always on the spot, and within call of his wife and family; now, he is scarcely anything but a lodger, spending the greater part of his life away from them, and his home is little more to him than a place wherein to sleep. No doubt it is good for him to disconnect himself entirely from his work at the close of business hours, and to surround himself with entirely fresh scenes and interests. Perhaps, if he lives fairly out of town, the change to a purer air may be a benefit. He may derive health from the exercise which he takes in going to and returning from his office or chambers, and which otherwise he might neglect. But having said this, we have said all, or almost all.

If there be no family, but only the husband and wife, then the wife will be dull and lonely, nine times out of ten, in the empty house without her husband. She might not, truly, see much of him, even if his business were carried on at home. But the knowledge of his being there would be sufficient—an occasional glimpse of him would satisfy her. If, on the contrary, she be fond of society, and have many friends, the case will not be much improved. She will not be dull and wretched, no doubt; but then she will probably

be a gadabout. If she be not herself a gadabout, gadabouts will call on her, interrupt her household duties, and possibly endeavour to induce her to rebel against her husband. Man is the salt, the condiment without which the otherwise delicious compound called Woman speedily becomes rancid and unprofitable.

We shall not go back again to live over our shops. But against these evils there is happily provided a remedy simple and old-fashioned, but sure, certain, and palatable. It is called Love. And this same Love, if it be strong enough to 'make the world go round,' as the song says it is, will be also strong enough to make every man's own peculiar little globe revolve without friction. If the husband is obliged to spend a third of his life away from those he loves, let him be careful always to be with them as a kindly and pleasant remembrance. Let the wife take heed that her welcoming face shall be ever as the evening sun after a stormy day, chasing away from her husband's life the overhanging clouds, and lulling to rest the winds that have roared around him. Let each give the other cause to regard those hours when they are together, as a retirement into a shady and pleasant garden, where for both is to be found rest from all labours and troubles. So shall they still be near the one to the other, though they be apart; and so shall the sweet spirit of home be upon them both, making the rough highway of life smoother for the man, and cheering and enlivening for the woman its quiet and uneventful by-paths.

THE STRANGE STORY OF EUGENIA.

CHAPTER I.—STORNHEIM.

TWENTY years ago, I was sent from London with despatches to the court of the reigning Prince of Blankenwald. His Serene Highness received me with all courtesy; but the object of my mission was delayed in its attainment by the illness of his Prime-Minister, the Graf von Stornheim, without whom the Prince would do nothing. Weeks dragged on, and I received some sharp letters from the Foreign Office. On venturing a respectful remonstrance to His Serene Highness, he sent me to the country-house of the Prime-Minister with the necessary papers and full authority to act in concert with him. Two hours' drive from the capital brought me to Stornheim. The Graf's house was a large one—more comfortable than splendid in appearance, and situated in noble extensive grounds. On my arrival, I was at once ushered into the presence of that dignity. He had left his bed for the first time for many days, in order to receive me; but was unable to rise from a day-couch, where he was half-sitting, half-lying, after a recent torturing fit of gout. After the perusal of some papers, and a few minutes' talk, he begged me to leave them in his hands, to look over more minutely, and in the meantime to take some rest and refreshment. He was compelled, he said, smiling, to hand me over to the care of his wife, who was fond of my country-people, and was never so pleased as with an opportunity of returning the kindness she had received during a visit to England.

After a change of dress, which my journey had rendered necessary, I was conducted into a reception-room, where several ladies were seated. The eldest, Madame von Stornheim, advanced to meet me, and with a mixture of kindness and dignity, apologised for receiving me quite *en famille*. Her husband's illness had, she said, driven all their late visitors away, and they had had no time to collect others to meet me. There was, I thought, in this speech, kindly as it was said, a pretty clear hint that the presence of strangers was not desirable at Stornheim, and that I should not be expected to linger when my business was accomplished. I of course only noticed the agreeable part of the speech, and replied that such an apology was quite uncalled for, expressing a pleasure in finding myself in so charming a family group. The Gräfin and her three daughters were all tall, handsome women, in the German style, that is to say, with splendid fair complexions, and features and figures good, though somewhat heavy. She introduced a fourth lady as a niece of her husband's, the Gräfin Eugenia von Oberthal. In the last-named lady I immediately felt a strong interest. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and a complete contrast to her cousins. Slender and elegant in figure, she had a delicate oval face, perfectly regular features, a brilliant brunette complexion, and silky black hair.

Dinner was shortly announced; and during that meal I quickly became acquainted with my fair companions. Like most German women, they were accomplished linguists, and challenged me to talk with them in English, French, or Italian as I chose. Eugenia von Oberthal was the most silent; but when she spoke, I was struck with the judgment and sense of her remarks; or perhaps her singular beauty had predisposed me to be favourably impressed.

Before night fell, I had another interview with Graf von Stornheim. The precision and clearness of his views, and the mastery he had already obtained over the difficulties that had beset my mission, convinced me that he had not unjustly acquired the reputation of being one of the ablest men of his time. But I was not sorry that even his skill and influence could not prevent the accomplishment of my mission from taking some weeks to perform, and that he begged me to take up my abode at Stornheim until the end was attained.

It is not necessary for the telling of my story to allude again to my diplomatic labours. It is sufficient to say I was detained, not unwillingly, late into the autumn at Stornheim. Shooting-parties were organised in my honour, and walking and riding excursions were of frequent occurrence. Eugenia von Oberthal—*die schöne Gräfin*, as she was usually called—never joined these parties, nor could I recollect that she had once accompanied us out of the park. On my remarking her home-keeping habits, she calmly replied that she preferred staying with the children. Another peculiarity I observed in her was, that though always well dressed, and with a taste and elegance in which German women are generally strikingly deficient, she had always a cord round her beautiful throat, with the free end hanging down in front. It was precisely and most uncomfortably like the fatal noose with which Jack Ketch invests his patients. On one occasion, when our acquaint-

ance was far enough advanced for me to venture on a joke, I rallied her on the simplicity of her taste, and the plainness of the necklace she had chosen. A sudden silence fell on the company; one cousin became deeply interested in a photographic album; two walked away into the conservatory; and Madame von Stornheim, with an evident effort, began talking of some widely foreign matter. My curiosity was now piqued, and I determined to learn all I could about *die schöne Gräfin*. With this view, I tried to pique a younger son of Graf von Stornheim, who had returned from college. But I heard little from him that I had not already learned. Eugenia was a widow; though only three-and-twenty, her husband had been dead two years, leaving her with an infant, who died shortly after its father.

'Were her habits of seclusion consequent upon grief for the loss of her husband and child?' I asked.

'Probably,' was the dry reply.

'And the cord she wears round her neck, is it the insignia of some religious order?'

'What do I know? Women are fanciful, especially young and pretty ones.' And the young fellow puffed away at his cigar, with an air that seemed to say he had dismissed the subject.

I had been for some time aware that I was smitten with Eugenia, and I was now anxious to learn if my feelings were reciprocated. She seemed pleased in my society, and talked freely and readily with me. But she was too frank, too unembarrassed for love. Here again, I was thrown into doubt. This unreserve seemed a part of her character. I had never met a woman of her culture and station so direct and almost abrupt in speech and action. Circumlocution and hesitation seemed unknown to her. Her refined beauty and softness of voice and manner made her actions and words irresistibly pleasing. But when you recalled them in her absence, and the charm of her person and manner was wanting, you felt pained and offended by the recollection of something bordering on rusticity and bluntness. The longer I thought, the more undecided and irritated I became. The discomfort was insupportable; and one morning I determined to put an end to my doubts in the only effectual way. It was a morning of which every trifling incident is engraved on my memory with painful clearness. I had risen early, and thrown open my bedroom window to admit the fresh morning air. The suite of rooms assigned me at Stornheim looked out upon a noble terrace, from which you commanded a view many miles round of a varied and densely wooded country. But beautiful as was the scene, my eyes were quickly withdrawn to one more beautiful still. The cheerful sound of Eugenia's voice, and the shouts and laughter of a childish one, made me turn my eyes from the landscape and look upon the terrace. There was Eugenia running at full speed, carrying a child of five years—a grandson of the Graf's and a great favourite—pickaback. She flew like an arrow along the terrace, her little burden evidently in high delight. He had got hold of the hateful rope, and was pulling at it, imitating the sound by which we encourage a horse to full speed. 'You hurt me, Carl—you hurt me,' cried she in vain. Then falling on her knees so as to bring

the child's feet near the ground, she put him down, and with both hands loosened the rope, which had become taut with the child's pulling at it. While in this position, she looked up and saw me at the window; and nodding a cheerful good morning, took the child up again and darted away out of my sight.

Something in this scene, momentary as it was, inexpressibly shocked me. That hideous rope suggested thoughts so incongruous with the freshness, beauty, and grace of her who bore it! 'Was it, as the young Von Stornheim had suggested, worn for a whim, or was it inflicted as a penance for some?'—I could not finish the sentence. Crime and sin were impossible to such a creature; it was profanity to associate such ideas with her. I recalled all I knew of her—the strong affection of her cousins; the innocence and usefulness of her daily life; her popularity with the children, to whom she devoted many hours of her day, playing with them, teaching them, and often nursing them. While thus thinking, I unconsciously made my way down-stairs, and through a door on to the terrace.

Eugenia was now returning, leading her little companion by the hand. Flushed with exercise, her eyes sparkling, her hair blowing about her face, and laughing with almost childish glee, her beauty struck me as of an unearthly perfection. A certain sense of humility, a feeling that I was presumptuous to entertain the thought of her as a wife, kept me for a moment silent. But such feelings do not last long with a lover, and quickly, shaking them off, I gave her the usual morning greeting.

'It wants some time to the breakfast hour,' said I; 'will you walk a little way?'

'Certainly,' she replied simply.

'I have been a long time looking for an opportunity of speaking to you on a subject of the greatest interest—to me—at least,' I began.

'I know,' she said as coolly as before.

I did not like this. I do not believe any man likes to be anticipated in an offer of his hand, and I was disconcerted.

'May I hope, then,' I went on, 'that if you know the request I am about to make, you will grant it?'

'You mean to ask me to marry you. I cannot marry any one.'

'Yet you have been married?'

'Yes; but I must remain a widow till my death.'

'May I know the reason of your decision?'

'It is no decision of mine—it has been decided for me. Besides, if you knew my history, you would not wish to marry me.'

'Is it—is it?—I hesitated—anything to do with this?' and I touched the frayed rope that encircled her neck.

'It is,' she answered.—'We will now go in to breakfast; and afterwards, I will tell you about it;' and we walked back into the house without exchanging a word.

The reader will have thought I made but a tame appearance in the foregoing scene; and I cannot describe the chilling and deadening effect of Eugenia's calm commonplace words, and still more of her emotionless manner. I was prepared to speak with all the passion I felt; but an application of ice-cold water could not have more

thoroughly benumbed me. I was, moreover, intensely mortified to observe that she ate a good breakfast, talked gaily, and included me in the conversation. I was disgusted and angry, and hastily determined to dismiss her from my mind as thoroughly heartless.

That day and the next passed away without the promised explanation. In fact, I was mortified and sulky, and avoided her as much as possible. On the third day, a singular incident occurred, which painfully renewed all my interest in Eugenia. I was walking down a corridor leading to my rooms, when a door opened, and I perceived Madame von Stornheim slowly coming up a small staircase I had never before noticed, with her handkerchief pressed to her face. Out of respect, I paused in my walk, and observed a man, plainly dressed in black, following her. Where had I before seen him? His face was familiar to me, and brought back some painful association. I stood motionless in horror and surprise. He was the public executioner! He had been pointed out to me in the street at 11—Madame von Stornheim passed on, her head bowed, her face still hidden, followed by her hateful companion, and apparently unconscious of my presence. The mysterious pair stopped at the door of what I knew to be Eugenia's room. They walked in; the door closed behind them. I heard a faint sound of hysterical weeping, and roused to a sense of the indecency of my position, I walked away.

Eugenia appeared at dinner, cheerful and unconcerned as ever. Madame von Stornheim was absent on a plea of headache. She came into the saloon in the evening, however, very pale, and in evident suffering. She exerted herself to appear as usual; but in the midst of an animated conversation, I saw her turn deadly white. She rose, tried to reach the door, but suddenly swayed, and fell heavily to the ground. Eugenia ran to her, and reached her before either of her daughters, and with the assistance of an attendant, carried her out of the room.

That night was passed by me in a conflict of mind I cannot describe. My love for Eugenia had received a violent shock; but my interest in her remained undiminished—was indeed heightened by the mysterious circumstances I have described. My feeling of irritation against her was for the time overcome, or rather lulled by my curiosity; and after several hours of feverish agitation, I fell asleep, having resolved to claim the promised explanation from Eugenia in the morning.

It was the custom at Stornheim to serve breakfast in a large room for those who chose to take that meal in company. In compliment to me, most of the family had, since my appearance, adopted the English plan. On this occasion, however, the members of the family took their breakfast in their own rooms. I therefore found myself alone. After a pretence at a meal, I sent a footman to the Gräfin von Oberthal, asking her to give me a few minutes' conversation. He returned immediately, with the answer that the Gräfin would see me at once. He led the way to Eugenia's sitting-room, and knocking at the door, opened it. I walked in, and found myself in the presence of my living enigma. She was standing, scissors in hand, her graceful head slightly on one side, before a large table. Yards upon yards of coarse flannel were

spread out before her; a pattern was pinned on the end nearest to her, and she seemed rapt in consideration of how to cut it to the best advantage.

One of the most pleasing characteristics of Eugenia was her active charity. She never visited the poor, but had a kind of levee of her poverty-stricken protégées once a week. Money, clothes, and advice were dispensed by her with singular good sense and judgment; and she employed an old servant as a kind of almoner to visit those who could not leave their homes. I had been for some time aware of these facts, and they added not a little to the confusion of my ideas respecting her.

After the usual salutations, she abandoned her cutting out, as too noisy an employment, and taking up a garment already shaped, began sewing it with rapid and skilful fingers. Her appearance that morning was very striking. She had on a morning robe of rose-coloured cashmere, trimmed with black lace; a rich ribbon of the same colour as the robe, and mixed with black lace, was twisted in her hair, and fell on one shoulder, settling off her magnificent locks. Behind her was an open window, showing branches of vine swaying in a gentle breeze. Vases of flowers were about the room, and on the open piano stood my favourite song, *Who is Sylvia?* All about her betokened peaceful, womanly existence. My horrible doubts and conjectures vanished, and I was just about to make a passionate speech, when that fatal noose, partly concealed in the ample folds of her robe, caught my sight, and again chilled me.

'Eugenia,' I began, 'that there is some terrible secret connected with you, I am compelled to believe. But I cannot think it is anything disgraceful—anything that should prevent your becoming the wife of an honest man. Eugenia, be my wife! If the mystery that clings to you brings sorrow and trouble with it, let me share it. I have a sufficient fortune. If you prefer a life of seclusion, I will give up my profession, and we will retire to some quiet part of the world—anywhere you like.'

'I am not allowed to leave Germany; I am not allowed even to leave Stornheim. I am not allowed to marry. I told you so.'

'But why? You are over age. You have not joined any religious order!'

'No. I am undergoing a punishment.'

'A punishment! For what? What can you, so amiable, so gentle, have done, to merit such a death in life as you describe?'

'What I have done, the world calls a crime. I do not. I am ready to tell you the circumstances. I do not even ask you to keep it a secret. It is indifferent to me.'

That which follows was not told me at once, but in two conversations. But I give it as nearly as I can, in the form of a connected narrative, omitting the questions which I put from time to time.

CHAPTER II.—EUGENIA'S HISTORY.

I am an only child. My mother was by birth an Italian, but was brought to Germany at an early age, and married very young. Ever since I can recollect, there was a singular coldness in her manner to my father. For what reason I do not know, for he was one of the best of men. He appeared to worship her; and never, until one day, relaxed

in his efforts to win her affections. On the day to which I have alluded—when I was about eight years old—my mother seemed in a somewhat better temper; she was talking cheerfully, and looked up at my father with an unusual smile. He, delighted, bent over her, and taking her hand, kissed it warmly. She rose up fiercely, struck him with her clenched hand, and hurried from the room. My father, a man of unusual height and strength, staggered back some paces, and then stood as if turned to stone, his teeth set, his face rigid and white. He remained thus, with his eyes fixed on the ground, for some minutes, until I, thinking he was ill, went up to him and tried to reach his hand. He started, caught me up, and in a broken voice, called me his own Eugenia, his darling, the one comfort God had given him, again and again. From that day, we were nearly inseparable. He took the sole care of my education; and in order to lose as little as possible of my company, instructed me in all the athletic exercises possible to my sex and age. He made me an expert fencer and shot. I always rode with him to the chase; and accompanied him in long walks. But he was watchful for the first sign of fatigue; and our walks generally ended by his carrying me home.

Our country existence was, however, suddenly ended by a summons from the reigning Prince, who gave my father an appointment which compelled his residence in the capital. My mother was clearly nothing loath to avail herself of the opportunity thus afforded her of appearing at all the court balls and receptions. Her great beauty attracted universal admiration, and she was pleased with the sensation she created, though she always preserved a cold and haughty manner. Her warmest admirer was an Oberst von Halden, a rival and political opponent of my father's. He was, moreover, jealous of my father's influence with the Prince, and tried to undermine him in every way. His admiration for my mother at last took the form of persecution. She could not move out of doors without his following her; and at every reception at our house he was present. My mother did not conceal her irritation and dislike of his attentions; and gave strict orders that he should not be admitted. He bribed our servants, no doubt, for he continued his visits. On one occasion I was surprised by hearing high voices in my mother's boudoir. I looked in, and saw her standing with one hand grasping the bell-rope, and the other signing him to leave the room. He looked confused and angry, and obeyed her imperious gesture, saying: 'You shall pay for your insolence, Madame, and that shortly.'

I afterwards learned that he set himself in the most deliberate manner to annoy and provoke my father, whose perfect command of temper for some time baffled him. At last, a gross insult, in the presence of a large party, left my father no alternative but a duel, the result of which was that my beloved parent fell, shot through the heart!

An unaccountable change in my mother's sentiments now occurred. Had she been the most affectionate of wives, instead of torturing her husband for years, she could not have shown more grief at his death. She raved, and conducted herself in such a manner, that it was thought unsafe to leave her alone; and a watch was set over her night and day for some time. At last she fell

into a settled melancholy, always repeating the words: 'Had I, but had a son to avenge him!' One day I said to her: 'Mamma, I am but a girl; but I promise you I will avenge my father's death.' She changed towards me from that moment, and seemed to cling to me as my dear father had previously. She made me repeat my promise daily, and dwelt with delight on my words. She languished and died at the end of a year. Her last words to me were: 'Do not forget.'

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT ROSE-BEES.

BY A YOUTHFUL OBSERVER.

HAVING seen in Professor Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera* for April 1875 some interesting remarks about Rose-bees, I decided to avail myself of any opportunity that offered itself for discovering the haunts of these interesting little creatures, that I might note their habits. Being at Silloth—a small watering-place on the south coast of the Solway—in the midsummer of the same year, and being unable to walk about, I was wont to sit on some sand-hills which overlook the sea, to inhale the invigorating breezes, and watch the cloud-shadows as they chased each other over the broad breast of the neighbouring Criffel. As I sat one day on these sand-hills, thus occupied, a peaceful calm filling the air, and all things silent but for the rippling of the waves and the merry ring of children's voices, my attention was arrested by the hum of a bee; and looking round, I was delighted to see one, near me busily engaged in burrowing in the sand. Having always been interested in all kinds of natural history objects, and, by previous reading having obtained the knowledge that rose-bees build their nests in the sand, soil, and other places of like nature, I concluded that the wished-for opportunity had come; and upon closer observation, I found that there were several nests near the spot, in nearly every stage of construction, from the excavation of the hole to the filling up thereof with rose-leaves and pollen, and quite a colony of rose-bees at work. From that time the nests and bees were watched every day for fresh facts, and the following is the result of my observations.

If we follow the bee from the time of its nest-building in June, we find that the spot selected is free from the roots of grass and heather, which might interfere with its work. It settles down on an apparently suitable place—usually on a sloping part of a sand-hill, and on the side most sheltered from the weather—and begins to clear away the sand. It then scratches away the upper layer of sand, which is of course dry with the heat of the sun, and constructs a small hole about a quarter of an inch in diameter, burrowing exactly like a rabbit. Running into its tunnel, it gathers a small heap of sand, which it gradually moves outwards—itsself moving backwards—and finally pushes it back with its feet, till the sand forms a small conical hillock in front of the hole.

As soon as it has formed a tunnel about eight inches deep, it flies off in search of leaves. It does not confine itself to rose-leaves exclusively, but occasionally uses those of the laburnum, convolvulus, and French bean; though the rose-leaf is its favourite material, possibly owing to the serrations on their edges helping to bind them

together. A rose-tree in this instance was discovered about fifty yards from the burrows, where a number of the busy creatures were at work clipping away to their hearts' content. The bee does not take the whole leaf, but, hovering about till it finds one suitable, settles down and begins to cut. The pieces it cuts are of two different shapes—oblong pieces, about half an inch long and from a quarter to three-eighths of an inch broad, for the body of the cell; and small round pieces for the bottom and top. Having settled on the leaf, it begins to cut at the edge, and, with its right legs on one side and its left on the other, clips it in a curve of a parabolic or circular shape, according to its requirements. When cutting, it sometimes, though very seldom, crosses the midrib. To still maintain its balance when about to sever the leaf—as it is practically sawing off the end on which it is resting—its wings vibrate, and finally it flies off to its nest with the severed portion of the leaf curved up under its body, stopping often on its way to gather energy for a second flight.

Having arrived at its hole with its leaf, the bee draws it in, carefully arranging it, and with others—twelve in all, as I eventually found—forms the body of the cell. When it has got thus far in the construction of a cell, it flies in search of pollen and honey, which, converted into a paste, becomes the food of its future progeny. On this it lays an egg, and above all places the lid or lids—for it covers the egg with three separate circular pieces of rose-leaf; and in this fashion it builds seven or eight cells, the last so constructed that the lid fits exactly to the top of the cell. I took away some of these cells, and placed them in a greenhouse, to see if a new colony could be raised; but on looking a short time afterwards, I found, to my sorrow, that some snails had eaten them up, leaves, pollen and all.

One mysterious insect I have noticed hovering about the nests of these bees. It is like a rose-bee, but darker coloured, and about the same size. What is its duty? Is it a parasite? or is it an insect-pirate that comes to rob the bee of its honey or pollen? This seems the most reasonable conclusion; for it attacks the bee near the nest, flying back and forward over the holes until one arrives laden, when it pounces upon it, and a fierce struggle ensues. If the bee be laden with a piece of leaf only, the pirate speedily releases it, and lets it go into its hole; but if it be *not* laden with a rose-leaf, this assailant seizes the poor bee, throwing it upon its back, the struggle often lasting several minutes. The first impression of the observer is that it may be an ichneumon peculiar to these bees; but on scrutiny, this is found to be untenable; and as it cannot be its mate, the reasonable conclusion is that it is a robber, which steals its food from these bees when they are bringing the honey or pollen to their cells; and the fact that it always after actual seizure releases the bee without a struggle, when it finds it only laden with a rose-leaf, goes to confirm this conclusion.

Perhaps it would interest your readers to know how many pieces are required to form one cell. A cell was dissected, and found to consist of twelve parabolic pieces for the sides, one circular piece for the bottom, and three like it for the lid. Thus a bee has one hundred and twenty-eight

journeys to make for rose-leaves only, to build a nest of eight cells. How many more it must make for pollen and honey, can only be conjectured. The twelve parabolic pieces overlap each other again and again. Three form the cylindrical tube, or complete the circle; and the bee keeps on overlapping these first three with more pieces again and again, until it has got four times three in all, or has an average thickness equal to that of four times the thickness of a rose-leaf, presumably to make the cells sufficiently strong and impervious to moisture and the surrounding sand.

The rose-bees do not live in communities, but each makes its own separate burrow, often only a few inches apart from that of its neighbour; and though twenty or thirty bees may be seen upon one rose-tree, there is no hindrance to each and all getting what they require for the nests of their young. No strife disturbs, no envy troubles them. The only objects of their care and anxiety are their successors. Ever busy and anxious for the welfare of their offspring, they pursue their unwearying task till it is completed.

A TALK WITH A DETECTIVE.

A TALK with a detective is generally interesting, and often instructive. We have a very acute officer in the city, and from him I learned a little regarding the difficulty experienced in tracking criminals. Some years ago, an extensive forgery was reported to the police; and on the evening of the same day a serious burglary was carried out in a jeweller's premises in the city. There was not the slightest trace of the daring criminals. The detective department was in despair; and the usual outcry as to the inefficiency of the police began to make itself heard. The detective told off for the burglary chanced to obtain a slight trace of some of the missing property, suspicion having attached itself to the inmates of a certain house, owing to their lavish expenditure of money. Further inquiries only strengthened the suspicion; but although there was the strongest proof that the police were on the right trail, none of the jewellery or silver plate could be discovered. This was exasperating, more especially as the detective had been assured that the property was actually taken into that house. The officer went to the station very despondent, and sought to beguile his thoughts by reading a volume of Edgar Allan Poe's stories. He had got the length of 'The Missing Letter,' when he started up, blaming his own folly, and proceeded again to the suspected house. Acting on the suggestion of the tale, he determined, this time, not to look under carpets and into mysterious cavities, or to tear up hollow-sounding portions of the floor. Knowing now that the safest place to hide anything was where people would never think of looking—as in the case of the letter staring the searchers in the face from the mantel-piece—the detective, accompanied by another officer, went into the house; and there, outside one of the windows looking to the back-green, and attached by a strong cord to the lintel, they found a bag containing all the silver plate.

But there was no trace of the jewels, some of which were of great value. The officers had another look round, a little encouraged by their partial success. The main room was elegantly

furnished, the oriel window being gay with a rich parterre of flowers in handsome Satsuma ware vases. My informant went forward to the window, took hold of one of the plants, when it came away in his hand, revealing the fact, that the earth in the pot did not reach the bottom of the vase. In a few minutes, the whole property was recovered from the several vases. An arrest and conviction followed, with a sentence of ten years' penal servitude to each of the ingenious thieves.

While the prisoners were awaiting their trial, one of them dropped a hint which rather enlightened a turnkey on the subject of the forgery, which, as above mentioned, had also happened on the same day as the theft. The detective was at once made aware of the information, which at first appeared insignificant. But this 'trifle light as air' proved important enough. The slight clue was followed up with relentless perseverance, with the result of bringing to light the fact that the forger had spent large sums of money in the very house where the burglars had been arrested. It was easy to get information from the inmates who had not been taken into custody. The detective at last became aware that the man he was in search of was betrothed to a young lady, the daughter of a very prominent citizen. Curiously enough, the crime had not got into the newspapers; while, on the other hand, the authorities had been heavily handicapped through the absence of any photograph of the criminal. The detective called upon the young lady, when he had assured himself of the absence of her parents, and asked her quietly to show him her album. With great self-possession, the girl brought the book, and looked steadily at her visitor's face; nor did she exhibit the slightest feeling when the detective, with a half-smile, congratulated her on being a clever woman, although he thought she might have been even more so, if she had filled up the page from which she had taken the photograph which had faced her own. He left the house with the conviction that while the girl knew of the whereabouts of her lover, she was a match for the cleverest of criminal officers. Let me tell the story in the detective's own words.

'As I went about, considerably annoyed at the way we had been checkmated, I saw the girl come out of a shop. Strolling in, I purchased a small article, and learned from the garrulous shopkeeper that he had just sold a large trunk. Here was a new phase. The young lady, it was generally admitted, had a great regard for the young man, and would very probably do all in her power to save him. Did she intend to leave the city? That was the point to be determined. I also learned, through proceedings which I am not called upon to explain, that the young lady had a private account at a bank in the city—not the one where the forgery had been committed—and took steps to ascertain her money transactions; when, to my infinite surprise, I was told that on the previous day she had withdrawn a sum of fifteen hundred pounds, explaining that she wished to place it in an investment of a private nature. But imagine my astonishment when I learned that on a certain day, about the time the forgery was committed, she had lodged nine hundred pounds—a hundred less than the sum obtained by the forger. I now resolved to set my knowledge and authority

against a woman's wits, not at all hopeful of the result.

'I met her in the street, where she affected not to recognise me. I followed; and when we came to a quieter thoroughfare, she turned, and at once addressed me by name. After some expressions of regret at the nature of my duties, I let her understand all I knew of the case, at the close giving a threat to the effect that I might be called upon to arrest her as an abettor in forgery. Even this did not affect her. Another thought struck me when I saw something white peeping from her hand-basket, and I bluntly asked her for the letter she had just received at the General Post-office. Without a pause, she handed me a letter bearing the post-mark of New York. We had suspected that the forger was in America; but inquiries at the post-office had satisfied me that no letters had been received addressed to the young lady, and I also knew that fear of her parents would prevent any communication between the parties. So, when I received this letter, my labours seemed about ended; for this being the first epistle, and the contemplated flight being taken into account, there was every reason to believe that the letter now in my possession simply meant the speedy capture of the forger. The girl bowed and passed on; but there was something approaching a smile on her face as she parted from me. The letter was bulky, and the envelope had a somewhat frayed appearance, as if it had fallen amongst water. "With breathless speed, like a soul in chase," I tore the envelope open, only to find every sheet of paper perfectly blank! I looked them over and over again, went to the office, and tried sympathetic inks, obtained a microscope—in short, made every effort to satisfy myself that I had not been duped. At last, I confessed that the girl had been too much for me.

'Fortunately for my peace of mind, I had not acquainted any of my colleagues with the slightest idea of my partial success, so that they had no occasion to rejoice at my discomfiture—a discomfiture bitter enough; for when I made inquiries the next day, I found that my bird had flown. I instantly hurried to Greenock—this was before the days of the Atlantic cable—only to see the large steamer sailing away to the West. A few months afterwards, I received a letter in a woman's hand, bearing the post-mark of a little township in the Rocky Mountains. This was all it contained: "You're a smart fellow, but no match for a loving woman. An old envelope full of blank paper is quite good enough for such as you. Had you been more civil, I might have taught you the art of re-gumming old love-letters!—Farewell. I am quite happy."

SAFETY APPLIANCES FOR SWIMMERS.

As the season approaches when thousands of inland people resort to the coast to spend a portion of the summer months, we generally hear a good deal said about the various appliances for protecting or saving the lives of those bathers who *can't swim*, but we seldom hear any proposals made in behalf of the bathers who *do swim*. Yet these latter form a class which are not by any means exempted from danger; and never a season passes without numerous instances of bathers swimming too far out and being unable to return,

or being seized with weakness or cramp, and going to the bottom like a stone before aid can reach them. Were swimmers in such emergencies supplied with some simple means of floatage till help should reach them, many a life might be saved that is otherwise lost. In order to meet this want, Mr R. H. Wallace-Dunlop, C.B., has patented what he calls 'swimming-plates,' which are manufactured by Mr R. J. Hammond, 78 Edgware Road, London. According to the illustrated pamphlet supplied to us, these swimming-plates consist of flat oval plates attached to the hands and feet, and their use is said to be easily learned. These plates are intended to give floating power, diving power, endurance, and speed to swimmers, and have, we believe, been much patronised in America. They enable an average swimmer to carry a considerable weight in water, and to swim at a greater speed; while the increased buoyancy which they afford enables weak swimmers to go long distances, or to lie motionless on the surface, without the constrained breathing of ordinary floating.

There exists, no doubt, among expert swimmers a prejudice against all kinds of artificial aids; but such a prejudice is essentially narrow and ill-founded. To insist that we should not add by scientific means to our natural powers of floatage or locomotion in swimming, is no more reasonable than if we were to hold that boots and shoes were not supplied us by nature, and should therefore be discarded in walking. Man is not naturally a *swimming* animal; the power is one that must be acquired. In dealing, therefore, with an accomplishment which is in its essentials artificial, it cannot surely be out of place to make use of artificial helps. But the chief argument for the use of such appliances is the increased safety which they afford; and whatever is qualified to diminish the painful catalogue of deaths by drowning which every summer brings us, is deserving of candid and unprejudiced consideration.

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY KISS A ROSE.

MAY loving friends surround and cheer;
May heaven bless and keep her safe
From harm in every coming year.

I saw her tears fall softly down;
I saw her stoop the Rose to kiss;
Her hair was bright and soft and brown.

And was this Rose a lover's gift?
And did it speak of faith and troth?
Ah! shall I now the curtain lift?

O'ershadowed by that radiance mild,
Behold, a little breathing frame,
A fragile, pain-worn, workhouse child.

Her name is 'Rose'; and she is white,
White as a faded lily-flower;
But soon shall be an angel bright.

Over the low couch bent, I wist,
Holding the little hand in hers—
This was the Rose the lady kissed.

ELIZABETH GILES.

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SPARROWDOM.

WE all can sympathise with emigrants to distant colonies who would wish to see about them a number of animals with which they have been familiar at home. To this sentiment we trace the efforts of the Acclimatisation Societies, to whom thanks are on the whole due for their endeavours to meet a popular wish. Rivers in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand have thus been less or more stocked with Scotch salmon and trout: and some charming bird-songsters from northern climes are now enjoying themselves in the Antipodes. The inanimate world has even been drawn upon for a contribution to old-cherished feelings; the common wild daisy, the gowan of Scottish poetry, is now seen blooming in gardens many thousand miles from home.

As if everything that is good and praiseworthy were destined inadvertently to become a source of disquiet and regret, it has happened that some of the best meant efforts of the Acclimatisation Societies have become a subject of challenge. On a former occasion, we drew attention to the well-founded complaints of a settler in New Zealand regarding the pest of rabbits, an animal incautiously introduced into the colony, and which had increased in numbers to an enormous extent. Similar complaints still occasionally reach us through the newspapers concerning these four-footed depredators; though, as far as we can learn, by the use of precautions, and a stern persecution, the number of these creatures is materially checked. In a New Zealand Journal, the *Otago Times* for February 25 of the present year, we see a number of notices of the mischief produced by the incautious introduction of certain animals from England. Speaking of the wool produced in a particular district, it is stated that for the last season 'the clip has been exceptionally good, a fact due in a great measure to the use of the poisoned oats. It is predicted that during the next winter the rabbits will be practically exterminated, when this part of New Zealand will again assert its superiority as a grazing country.'

The meaning of this we assume to be, that the farmers, as a measure of protection, have been under the necessity of scattering about quantities of poisoned oats, with a view to destroy the rabbits which pollute or consume their grass. It is a stern and heart-rending necessity; for besides the loss of the oats, certain valuable birds may be destroyed. In another part of the same paper we read that 'a settler is fencing round his pre-emptive with wire-netting to keep out the rabbits. When such an expense as that is incurred, it may well be imagined that bunny is pretty plentiful in the locality.'

Much is said in the paper in question regarding the small-bird nuisance; and an Acclimatisation Society receives complaints 'of destruction to grain and turnip seed caused by greenfinches and sparrows; also, asking the Society to supply poison to destroy those birds, and to state what it purposed doing in the way of the removal of these birds from the country.'

'In the discussion which followed it was stated that this Society was not responsible for the sparrow plague; and that as to the greenfinches, their damage to grain or other crops was far exceeded by the destruction they effected amongst caterpillars, slugs, and insects generally during the greater portion of the year when there were no growing crops to eat. It was also mentioned that in the case of two greenfinches killed and examined in Canterbury, their crops were found to be full of seeds of the logweed, showing that therein at least they were useful; and it was further stated that prior to the introduction of small English birds, it was impossible to grow barley, owing to the ravages of caterpillars.'

'In acknowledging the correspondence, the Secretary was instructed to inform the writers that "This Society regrets exceedingly any losses in grain or other crops which settlers may suffer through the ravages of greenfinches and house-sparrows, and that the Governor has removed the protection of the law from these birds, so that farmers are now at liberty to destroy them."

In another paragraph the following information

is afforded. A gentleman addressing a meeting of the Otago Institute 'admitted that the Acclimatisation Society had made serious mistakes in the introduction of some birds. From personal knowledge, he could say that at the beginning of this year a field of oats had been literally stripped by birds, and the settler had in pure self-defence to lay poison for them. He thought no one could blame the settler for what he had done; but he regretted to say that the consequence was that with the others, a considerable number of valuable birds, such as partridges and pheasants, had been destroyed. The way in which birds spread over the country was very remarkable. Sparrows which had been introduced in Christchurch, were now as far down as Look-out Point, where they could be seen in large numbers.'

As to the history and acclimatisation of sparrows some amusing particulars might be stated. The sparrow is mentioned in the earliest writings, not however, as a valuable bird, but as one familiarly known to everybody. 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?' The remarkable thing about the animal is its audacity and determination of character. Wherever it goes, it insists within its sphere of trying to take the upper hand. Like the house-fly, it will thrive almost in any climate, is not dainty in feeding, nor does it find any difficulty in making good its quarters wherever it pleases to settle. Its impertinence improves by cultivation. The London sparrow, for example, is usually more resolute and provoking than the sparrows of a country district. Every part of Great Britain may be said to have its own sparrow population, which keeps its ground against all intruders. By people generally, sparrows are not much noticed; they are allowed pretty much to do as they like. You see them twittering on the house-tops, or squabbling among themselves for stray crumbs, that happen to be scattered about the roads or streets. The striking peculiarity in their conduct is, the exclusion of other small birds from any windfall in the way of food. Wherever he struts, the sparrow looks upon himself as master. Other birds are only endured, or tolerated flying about in swarms. Varieties of small birds contrive to keep aloof from sparrowdom, and in the midst of the multiplicity of fields, woods, and picturesque recesses, have not serious cause to accuse the sparrow of hostility.

Appreciated for his industry in clearing trees of small caterpillars and insects, it is not surprising that Acclimatisation Societies should have desired to make the sparrow one of their choice importations. It was a sentimental and natural desire, but a little heedless. Importers were probably not aware that they were creating a source of ornithological dissension, and that there might be some awkward consequences. Introducing sparrows was equivalent to naturalising a class of animals that would tyrannise over every feathered creature of like, if not greater dimensions. Such, we have been told, was the case at New York. The sparrows being installed in the public parks, speedily, as they increased in num-

bers, drove all before them. Not that the sparrow has the formidable appearance or character of a rapacious bird; he has not the characteristics of the *raptorial*; he has neither a hooked beak nor talons; on the contrary, he has a sleek, plump, aldermanic look; yet observed closely, he has formidable means of annoyance. He stands well upon his short legs; his plumage will undergo any kind of tussling without particular derangement; he is alert in his movements; his courage is equal to any occasion he may encounter; and he possesses a formidable weapon in his short stumpy bill. Believing that he is entitled to rule the roost in the small-bird creation, he arrives in his new foreign quarters ready for anything. He has come to conquer a new country. Let loose to survey the field of conquest, he views, we may suppose, with contempt the numerous pretty birds decorated in flashy colours with red head and bill, green breast and yellow tail. Though singularly beautiful, the Tanager is nothing in his estimation. His doctrine is war to the knife; the field must be his own; and it usually becomes so. The truth is, the sparrow is a guzzling little fellow, and much of his warlike spirit is due to an impulse originating in the stomach. We can conceive that he has no craving for the mere glory of fighting, but of securing all the food he can lay hold of. Hence, whether encouraged as a scavenger or as a scourge of insects, he will allow of no rival; and, generally speaking, other small birds get out of his way and let him alone. With this knowledge of the animal, we are not the least surprised that the sparrows introduced at Christchurch, New Zealand, have spread abroad in the neighbourhood, and are now to be seen in large numbers.

Admitting the intrusive and domineering character of the sparrow, there is another side to the question, which in fairness ought not to be forgotten. The sparrow is, on the whole, a friend to man, and you might almost say a companion. Though pert, he is more useful than mischievous. In winter, when snow covers the fields and roadways, he is put to his shifts, and deserves our compassion. It is a small duty incumbent on every one to throw out any waste food which will keep him alive at such an inclement season. This is a duty at least that we have always a pleasure in fulfilling; and are rewarded by the pleasure of seeing innocent creatures made happy. In France, we have been shocked by the scandalous manner in which sparrows and other small birds are recklessly destroyed; and for which cruelty, that country is suffering, in many respects, from a pest of insects. Outrages of this kind on Nature never pass unrevenged. W. C.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXV.—OLD FRIENDS.

MONTHS, several months, had come and gone since the cold winter evening when Bertram Oakley, a suppliant at the Yard gate of Mervyn & Co., had been repulsed by 'Salt-water Joe,' the dogged door-keeper, and had fallen, fainting, on the hard-frozen road beyond, to be observed there, fortunately, by Mr Mervyn's nephew and partner, Mr

Arthur Lynn. Times were changed now, for Bertram. Joe, the gruff nautical Cerberus at the gate, would almost as soon have thought of excluding 'the Commodore' himself, as this bright, sweet-tempered young fellow, whom nobody called 'Oakley' or 'Mr Oakley,' but who was everybody's 'Mr Bertram.' Never before had any recruit, whether, with hammer and adze, he took his place among the sturdy privates, or whether he plied a quill or handled a measuring-rule among the warrant or non-commissioned officers, so won the liking and esteem of all, as did this unfriended lad, out of far-off Somersetshire, who had once lain, half-dead, outside the walled-in inclosure.

Arthur Lynn had told his uncle, that Saturday night, of his encounter with Bertram at the gate; and when the young man, with new colour in his thin cheek, and new brightness in his eye, came on the Monday to present himself at the counting-house of Mervyn & Co., he found himself at once in presence of those who desired to be his friends as well as his patrons. There are philosophers who tell us that prosperity is harder to bear than adversity; that the traveller who hugs his mantle around him in ruin and storm, will let it drop from his shoulders when the sun shines. But Bertram's nature, in its straightforward honesty, was proof against the petty frailties that infest meaner minds. His frank gratitude towards his new employers showed itself in deeds, not in words; and tough old master-shipwrights, not easily stirred to encomiums, and experienced clerks, reported that Bertram Oakley was worth, not his salt merely, but that of half a score of ordinary neophytes. The young man had a salary now, which, if not high, was ample for his modest wants, lived in respectable lodgings near his work, and was regarded as the most rising subordinate of Mervyn & Co.

Do good looks help us in this world? It is a question which has often been asked, and variously replied to. Even where womankind are concerned, there is no certainty. The pretty, silly girl withers on the stem, like a faded rose, while the plain sensible sister has a home and husband of her own. A fair face often spoils a man's fortune, makes him a coxcomb and an idler, causes him to offend the opposite sex and his own through the fatuity of his self-love, and lands him at last a hopeless failure in the Great Arena. But to such a one as Bertram, good as gold, true as steel, a handsome face is a passport; and his utter freedom from vanity, and the noble simplicity of his character, helped to make him popular. There had been clerks before his time who were liked by clerks and overlookers; and others who were well thought of by the rough wrights who thundered with mallet and hammer on the sides of the growing ship; but never one who was so much a favourite with the patricians of the glazed counting-houses and the brawny plebs of the slips.

Bertram had leisure now, and set aside much of it, gladly, for reading. He loved books; and Mr Mervyn had given him access to those wired bookcases, the contents of which had attracted his longing eyes at a time when he had no more reasonable prospect of poring over the literary treasures there encaged, than gaping country-folks who are shown the sights of the Tower have of becoming the temporary possessors of the Crown jewels. And Bertram drew, not enjoyment only, but profit from what he read. It needs a special faculty to sift the dross from the gold, to winnow the good grain from the flimsy chaff; and this attribute the young man possessed, as surely as the bee can extract honey from the flowers on which he alights. But this comparative prosperity had not made Bertram unmindful of former friends; and he took the opportunity of a day on which his services were not required, to pay a visit to Dr Denham's daughters in Lower Minden Street. It was again the joyous season of the spring-tide, that bright, blithesome spring, which Bertram, as he plodded on weary feet among the purlieus of the Docks, had scarcely hoped to see once more. How had times changed with him since the frosty day on which he had wandered, forlorn and houseless, through the stale, unlovely streets of the Far East! It all seemed like a bad dream, that had passed away at cock-crow, that series of futile offers and harsh refusals, the flicker of reviving hope, the death-like chill of persistent failure. All that was over now. Bertram, as he turned the corner of Lower Minden Street, looked down at the sleeve of his coat, and smiled as he remembered how often he had hesitated to set his face that way, dreading lest Mrs Conkling the landlady should imbibe an unreasonable prejudice against her inmates, on account of the shabby attire of their only male visitor. But now the case was different.

'I am very glad to see you, very glad, and the more so, that I am so seldom at home,' said Louisa Denham, as she shook the young man's hand, in her scrumpy parlour.

'You and I are both, no doubt, very busy, Miss Denham,' answered Bertram, as he looked around him. The little parlour seemed unchanged; save in one important respect, was the same as when he had last seen it. There were flowers in the narrow window, gloomy, but for the colour and gloss of their bright petals and green leaves; but there was no sweet young face, crowned with golden hair.

'Yes; I miss my sister—I miss dear Rose—very much,' said Louisa, divining his thoughts. 'We had never been separated before; but— Well, Mr Oakley, it is all for the best, I am sure; and it would have been very, very dull for dear Rose, had she stayed always in this dull little bit of a room, while I went round from pupil to pupil and from piano to piano; for, I am thankful to say, that my kind friends of Miss Midgham's procuring have found me plenty to do in the

teaching way.—Yet a few years,' the brave little woman added, with well-feigned cheerfulness, 'and, if Rose does not marry, Rose and I will be together again.'

Why, at the very natural suggestion that Rose Denham, in the very dawn and flush of graceful girlhood, might marry, 'some day,' Bertram should feel a thrill of surprise and almost of indignation run through every nerve and pulse, the young man himself would have been puzzled to explain. Perhaps he had been so used to picture Rose as always and permanently under the care of her helpful elder sister, that the notion of the fortunes of the two being sundered, even for a time, struck upon him as something extraordinary and unnatural. He muttered some commonplace answer; but again Miss Denham answered his thoughts rather than his words. 'You are surprised, Mr Oakley, that we two, loving each other as we do, and otherwise so utterly alone in the world as we are, should have parted. So should I have felt, but for the necessity of the case. Fifty pounds a year is not much, you know, for two of us; and with all our economy, one, or both, must work; and how could I do my duty to my pupils and their parents while my mind was haunted by the image of my darling child, pining, moping here, like a neglected bird! And then Rose fretted herself because she earned nothing; and her poor, pretty sketches, and her embroidery, could find no sale in shop or bazaar. She has pupils of her own now—young children, with whom she will not, at any rate, wither away in forgetfulness of her own youth. It is better as it is. But you will think me very selfish, Mr Oakley.—And now I must talk about you. What have you done?'

Bertram's simple story was soon told. More than once, as he told it, he saw Miss Denham's eyes glisten, and noted the keen attention with which she hearkened to his narrative.

'That is fine—that is grand! I shall always honour Mr Mervyn's name for that. And I am so glad, for your sake, Mr Bertram. I wish I had been a man!'

How often do we hear that wish, stereotyped on feminine lips in all climes and ages, and the meaning of which is so various! With some, it implies ambition; with others, a restless impatience of the restraints and proprieties which hedge in women more straitly than they do us; while in Louisa's case it merely meant a guileless wish that she were able to make money faster, so as to get her beloved sister beneath her own protecting wing again, but in a home brighter and better than Lower Minden Street could afford.

'Rose is at Southampton—near Southampton, rather,' Miss Denham explained; 'for Mr and Mrs Denshire, whose children she teaches, live at Shirley Common, a mile or two from the town. They are kind people, so that my darling has begun her career as governess—nursery governess, under good auspices. She writes me word that

she is well and happy, Mr Oakley; and she writes to me often, and sees me in her dreams, she says, poor child! She left me but seven weeks ago; so it is no wonder if I miss her still, and find myself lonely in the evening. In the daytime, luckily, I have not much time for thought.'

Louisa Denham had not much more to relate. Hers was a life useful indeed, but uneventful. Of her only near relative, with the exception of Rose, her sister, she had seen nothing and heard little. Twice, in the summer of the preceding year, she had observed the name of Walter Denham at the tag-end of the long list of guests at some princely entertainment; whether at Macbeth House or Mandeville House, matters little. And once a lady whose daughters she taught, and who knew her history, had mentioned 'Uncle Walter' as a popular member of society at Nice; but even then as about to start for Rome and Naples, after the unstable fashion of such rolling stones.

'No; he never writes,' said Miss Denham, in reply to Bertram's questioning. 'We have had no further communication with him since he and his legal advisers pounced upon whatever could be seized in our unlucky home in Harley Street. But Sowerby and French I did see—at least one of them—thinking, for Rose's sake, I was bound, at the risk of being fussy and litigious, to make sure that there was lawful warrant for what had been done. It was all too certain. Mr Sowerby was polite, and gave me every facility for ascertaining the truth; but the oddest thing was, Mr Oakley, that I left Lincoln's Inn thinking better of the lawyers, and worse of their client, than before. It seemed to me as if the solicitors were not much more than puppets in the hands of that bold, bad man; that they did not know whether he were really rich, or as poor as he pretends to be; and as if they were half afraid of him. I daresay you consider me a soured, suspicious old maid.'

'No, dear Miss Denham,' answered Bertram thoughtfully. 'Your opinion of the gentleman we speak of coincides, somehow, with my own.' He hesitated as to whether he should mention the disreputable betting-man whom he had found, stunned and bleeding in a ditch, now a year ago; and his allusions to the Bank at Dulchester and to some nameless enemy; but he decided in the negative. After all, it was improbable that he should ever see Nat Lee again; and what of real consequence could the vagabond have to tell?

'May I come now and then to see you?' Bertram asked at parting.

Miss Denham would always, she said, be glad when Bertram could spare her the time for a call in Lower Minden Street. She had no idea of housing herself elsewhere, at least for some time to come. 'Mrs Conkling is a good woman,' she said; 'and I like Rose to remember me here, in this wee place.'

Bertram went from Lower Minden Street direct

to the Old Sanctuary. The cobbler-landlord was pleased to see him; and so were the few birds that knew their former acquaintance, and had survived the killing frosts of the rigorous winter. And there was the sturdy vine, whose powers of hibernation Bertram had half envied, rejoicing in its dull way, in the new-born life of the awakened year, and putting forth a coy leaflet, which had hitherto escaped the mischievous fingers of contiguous children, and which, to Bertram's fancy, seemed a characteristic though silent greeting to himself. But the clear-starchers, mother and daughter, were not there. 'Gone away, afore Easter, somewheres Lambeth-way—they'd relations somewheres over the water, Lambeth-way,' said Mr Browse. Nor was the man of leather enthusiastic when Bertram, in a glow, related to him the episode of the lump of cake.

'Yes, yes; a tidyish lot—didn't owe me nothing,' was his grudging comment; for Mr Browse was a woman-hater as well as a bachelor. Then glancing askance at Bertram's new coat and the smooth nap of his hat, 'Quite the gentleman now,' he said gruffly. 'It's too quick, my lad, too quick to last. Light come, you know, light go. The luck can't be all one way.' By which expressions, Bertram's ex-landlord probably meant to re-echo the old pagan superstition which bade men eschew the company of the over-fortunate.

(To be continued.)

'SENTRY-GO' IN FRANCE.

STRICT observance of orders is at all times imperative on the part of the soldier, and all departures from the rules laid down are deserving of censure and punishment. Yet at times this may place the private soldier on sentry-duty in the most awkward predicaments. The accidental forgetting of the necessary password on the part of an officer wishing to pass, may entail upon the sentry the displeasure of his superior by a refusal; while a breach of orders would place him in jeopardy of his liberty, or even endanger his life. Perhaps in no European army are the duties of sentries so strictly enforced, and departures from the rules so severely punished, as in the French army. As an instance of this: just after the Franco-Prussian war, the Adjutant-major of a certain *corps d'infanterie*, in order to test a new sentry, who had been placed upon a responsible post, approached, and affecting to have forgotten the word, at length, by means of threats, prevailed on the ignorant soldier to allow him to pass without giving the word. This he immediately reported; the result being that the poor young fellow was sentenced to be shot; this decision fortunately being commuted to banishment to Algeria, by influence brought to bear from high quarters.

This Adjutant-major at length met with a well-merited rebuff, as the following narrative—the dialogue of which we give in English—shows. Finding a newly joined man placed on a similar duty, he determined to repeat his former experi-

ment. Fortunately, however, the sentry had already been warned by his comrades, and was resolved not to be outwitted. As the night wore on, he observed the officer approaching alone, lantern in hand, and at once challenged: 'Who goes there!'

'Officer of the guard!' at once came the response.

'Approach to the word, officer of the guard,' continued the sentry.

The officer approaching, said: 'I have forgotten the word, and you must let me finish my round without it.'

But forewarned, the only reply made by the sentry was: 'The word! Stand back, or I fire.'

'I have forgotten the word, I tell you,' persisted the officer.

'Can't pass without the word,' was the only answer made by the sentry, as he kept him at bayonet's point.

'You know me perfectly,' insisted the officer in a tone of chagrin. 'I am your officer—your Adjutant.'

'I don't know you. Keep back, or I fire,' was the only reply vouchsafed him.

'You dare not fire on your superior; and as it is, I will have you severely punished for thus detaining me from my duty.' So saying, the officer seized hold of the bayonet, and endeavoured to force his way past.

The sentry once again shouting, 'Stand back!' drew away his bayonet, and made as if to charge the officer.

Stepping back, the officer drew his sword, and came on again, but was instantly disarmed by the sentry. Seizing hold of the muzzle of the rifle, he next endeavoured to wrest it from the sentry's grasp. The sentry being new to the corps, and knowing perfectly who his opponent was, refrained from firing, not knowing what the consequences might be of firing on his superior, even though the pass had been refused. In the struggle, however, the rifle went off, and the bullet whizzed past the officer's ear, carrying with it a piece of his head-dress. Half-stunned, and utterly confused by this unexpected turn of affairs, the officer lost his presence of mind, and actually took to his heels; and without reflecting on the probable consequences of his act, he reported the fact of his being fired on by the sentry, who was immediately marched off to the guard-room a prisoner.

Next morning, a court-martial was convened; and the sentry, after having been charged with firing on his superior, was asked what defence he had to make. In a few simple words, he explained that he had been placed on duty at a certain spot, with strict orders not to allow any one to pass without giving the countersign; that an officer, whom he now recognised to be the Adjutant, had endeavoured to force past without giving the word, and on being prevented, had seized his rifle, which had gone off by accident.

The Adjutant-major, on being interrogated, could not but admit the truth of this statement; and the Colonel, a severe but just disciplinarian, amid the cheers of those present, gave judgment as follows: 'The Adjutant will remain in his quarters during the next eight days, having unnecessarily endeavoured to cause a private to perform a breach of duty. The name of Private D— will be entered on the *ordres du jour*, and remain there during the same period.'

This was equivalent to eight days' imprisonment for the officer, and to the highest praise given to privates; the entry in the *ordres du jour* being read to the assembled regiment at each morning parade as follows: 'Monsieur le Colonel compliments Private D— on the zealous performance of duty under the most trying circumstances.'

This public rebuke to the officer had a salutary effect. 'However, to his credit be it said, he never attempted in any way to molest the sentry for his share in the affair.

Numberless amusing instances might be related of the fix officers occasionally find themselves in by forgetting the password. Two sentries were mounting guard inside the walls of the prison at F—, one at each angle, with strict orders to detain any one attempting to pass without giving the sign. The Lieutenant on his round of inspection passed the first sentry, giving the word correctly enough. When half-way between the sentries, a sound on the outside of the wall attracted his attention, and whilst endeavouring to investigate the matter, the word quite slipped his memory. Finding his suspicions groundless, he approached the second sentry, and was again challenged; but in spite of his utmost endeavours, he could not remember the word. 'Can't pass without the word,' was all the reply given him. Returning to the first sentry, he was challenged as before, but as he could not give the word, was not allowed to pass him either. No entreaties could prevail. The sentries, not knowing but that he was testing them, and rather enjoying the joke, if the truth must be told, proved obdurate to all persuasion. Here then he was kept all night between the two, shivering and cold, till the gray dawn appeared, when he was relieved by the change of guard.

It is usual in France, when quartered in provincial towns, for the Colonel of a regiment to post a sentry before his door, with orders not to admit any person without a special password. This is mainly to prevent his being disturbed by the trivial complaints of the civic dignitaries. It so happened that the Colonel himself returned very late one night from a concert, and discovered, to his dismay, on being challenged, that he did not know the pass. He endeavoured to gain admittance to his own house, but in vain; the sentry was not to be moved; and although he recognised his Colonel well enough, he knew his duty better than to allow even him to pass without

the word. Away the Colonel had to go to the nearest guard-room and get the word there, before he might go to bed. He enjoyed a hearty laugh at his own discomfiture, and highly commended the sentry—who was secretly quaking—for his unwavering devotion to duty.

Just at the termination of the last French war, the sentries placed on guard over the various prisons had rather a lively time of it. In many towns containing a large criminal population, they were often shockingly maltreated, or even murdered. The reflections of sentries thus placed, especially if young or newly enlisted, must be anything but pleasant. Each time a spot is approached which may conceal a lurker, he knows not but that he may be struck down by some cowardly blow; and as the long, dark silent night creeps on with lagging steps, its depressing influence, combined with the feeling engendered by the uncomfortable pressure of his accoutrements, all tend to produce an unnatural state of nervous excitement. Even the most brave and reckless spirits of a regiment hate and dread this duty. Place them in any position of imminent peril where the danger is seen and known, and they care not a straw; but this unknown, unseen danger causes even the stoutest heart to shrink. A good story is told of a new sentry placed on this undesirable post. News had been received of an attempted escape on the part of some prisoners in a neighbouring jail, and the orders were doubly strict. He paced up and down on his beat, using his eyes and ears to the best advantage. Time wore on, and there was nothing seen or heard to excite suspicion, and he began to be less careful to note all that was passing. For a moment he paused, thoughtfully; but rousing himself, he lifted his eyes, and saw, away up on the prison wall, some white object moving, as it seemed to his excited imagination, towards the ground. He watched it attentively for a moment or two in the dim uncertain light, and observing that it continued to move, challenged at once: 'Qui vive?' No reply came to the summons, but still the movement continued. He challenged again and again, and receiving no answer, was convinced that a prisoner was attempting to escape. Levelling his rifle, he took steady aim, and fired; on which the object disappeared for a moment, but soon reappeared. The Guard immediately turned out, to find the cause of the alarm. Upon being interrogated, the sentry explained, that having observed a prisoner escaping, and receiving no answer to his challenge, he had fired at him.

The officer in charge also perceived the moving object, and proceeding at once to the prison, turned out the jailer, and entered the cell only to find it empty, and not in use at all. On further investigation, however, they found a prisoner's blouse hanging just below the window. It appeared that the owner, having got wet during the day, had hung it up to dry, from the cell below, on a projecting nail, taking advantage, as he fondly hoped, of the friendly cover of darkness. It augured ill for the safety of any prisoner who might have been in it, that when examined, a bullet-hole was found right through the centre.

This formed fine laughing matter to the jailers and the military, between whom there was but very little love lost; and the poor sentry got anything but commendation for his zealous performance of duty.

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

DAFT BAUBIE.

FROM time immemorial there has existed in nearly every Scottish village or hamlet some poor creature partly or altogether insane—one who is looked upon as an institution of the place. In the village in which many years ago I resided, we seemed to have had something more than the average share of 'daft folk;' but the one who clings closest to my memory is Barbara —, or 'Daft Baubie,' as she was invariably called. Even so far back as I can recollect, Baubie was an old woman, but still erect, and capable of exertions that would have tried many men, and left most women, twenty years her juniors, hopelessly behind. She was somewhat above the medium height, rather spare than otherwise, with features that in her youth may have been pleasing, but which were now strongly marked, and bronzed by exposure to the sun. There were many stories current among the younger villagers to account for her insanity, one party holding that she went mad for love, the other that she was driven mad by religious fervour. The older portion of the community, however, was well aware that Baubie's disease was hereditary, and had come to her from generations of ancestors who had been afflicted in a greater or less degree than herself. At this distance of time, I am unable to say whether the paroxysms of her disease followed each other at any certain intervals; but I recollect that, in her same intervals—extending to weeks, or perhaps months at a time—she was invisible, being confined to her house, where she lived with two bachelor brothers, both of whom, like herself, were well stricken in years.

It was a thatched building of a single story, but from its great length and breadth, capable of accommodating, even comfortably, a much larger family than Baubie and her brothers. On opening the one door facing the street, you were at once confronted by the *hallan*—a wooden partition running to the right, and forming a lobby of some length, while it served at the same time to insure privacy, and to add to the comfort of the inmates assembled round the kitchen fire. I can only recollect being once fairly inside this house, with leisure to note its peculiarities, and this was some years after the time of which I now write; for it was a question of daring among us of the younger fry as to who should, on the occasions of Baubie's seclusion, penetrate farthest into the interior and remain there the greatest length of time. There was in these attempts a spice of danger; for with Baubie, even at her best, no time was lost in choosing her weapon, and whatever came to hand did duty as a missile, not always in a futile way, the moment she became aware of the presence of an intruder. Notwithstanding this, we were sufficiently well acquainted with the peculiarities of the lobby and *hallan*, the latter of which sustained a col-

lection of articles more varied and heterogeneous, I believe, than was ever elsewhere displayed on a surface of the same extent. Nails had been driven into the boards in every spot where a nail could possibly be inserted, and on these were hung the various articles of this curious museum.

Exactly opposite the door there had been originally cut in the *hallan* an opening of about a foot square, which had been covered by a sliding panel; this opening having been intended as a means of easy communication with persons whose business required only an answer at the door; but it no longer served the purpose for which it had been intended. Its panel was securely fastened, and served to support a huge wooden platter known in Scotland as a 'treen truncher,' or in other words, a wooden trencher. Above this was hung another vessel of the same kind, but smaller in size; while below it, of all things in the world, was suspended the wheel of a barrow which had been cut out of a solid piece of timber. On a row of nails driven into the *hallan* at its greatest height, and extending along its whole length, hung strings of egg-shells, which strings bore specimens of the eggs of every bird found in the district, from the peahen and goose to the wren and titmouse, besides those of some birds which had not been seen there for many generations—such as the eagle, the wild swan, and the ptarmigan. It may be doubted whether even Baubie's brothers could have named the collector, as it is certain they were altogether ignorant of the completeness, curiosity, and value of this great oological collection. Filling up the spaces between were many sea-shells, but these were, comparatively speaking, neither curious nor rare. In several places, and so fixed as partially to obstruct the passage, hung large bundles of carded wool, which had probably been long ago prepared for the spinning-wheel by the mother of those who now lived here. There were also parcels of herbs, wrapped, like the wool, in stout paper, and ready to drop into dust at a touch. There were heads of hoes and other gardening and field implements, besides scores of other things useful and useless. These, like everything else in the house, Baubie and her brothers included, were browned by 'peat-reek,' and tarnished by the tear and wear of time.

As I have already said, I do not know whether the paroxysms of Baubie's disease followed each other with anything like regularity; but it was customary to hear the remark, 'Baubie's in her tantrums again,' which indicated that the term of her seclusion was over; and forthwith she was to be met at all hours of the day, and often far into the night, either in the village street or somewhere in its immediate neighbourhood. Wherever or whenever met, her talk was incessant, and her anxiety to be somewhere else irrepressible. Her conversation, if conversation it could be called, commenced as soon as she came within hearing of the person addressed, and was continued for a minute or two with great volubility at the point of meeting; and then, as she passed onwards, urged by her restless desire to be on the move, the babblement only ended when the somewhat shrill tones of her voice could no longer, in the distance, be resolved into words. But still her talk went on to imaginary hearers, whose loves and hates and works and ways were either forgotten or had been long since buried in the dust. Now and again, her

shrill voice would be raised in song or psalm, paraphrase or hymn; and the rapidity with which the chorus of some humorous old Scottish song was tacked on to a verse of Sternhold and Hopkins, might have seemed blasphemous, as it was certainly grotesque, had not the mental condition of the poor creature excused her aberrations.

Although sometimes irritated to the point of being dangerous, by grown or half-grown persons, it was remarked that Baubie's good temper in the presence of children was unfailing. Indeed, it was pleasant to observe the abounding glee with which she would pour forth to a group of children the stores of her incoherent memory. Nursery rhymes, songs, and fairy tales, confusedly jumbled with psalms, hymns, and passages of Scripture, were repeated with a volubility and vehemence that bore down all obstacles, and doubtless gave as much pleasure to her round-eyed audience as they certainly did to herself.

Baubie's great season, however, in which she never failed to be out and about, was that portion of the summer that was devoted to the 'castin' o' the peats.' In this rural employment of digging and stacking peat, which although somewhat laborious, is usually carried on with as much merriment as haymaking itself, Baubie took great delight; and her appearance on the 'moss' was as regular as that of the season. To whomsoever she offered her services—and no one ever thought of refusing them when offered—she gave at least full value for the food and wages she received. During the time this labour lasted, no irritation, no sudden change of mood, prevented her from doing faithfully and well that portion selected by herself as her own share; while any interference on the part of her co-workers, even in the way of kindly and well-meaning help, was fiercely resented and promptly put down. Meanwhile, a stream of talk was kept up, diversified only by scraps of secular and sacred song, as incessant and voluble as if she had no other business on hand. As in the case of any one who at all times and at all seasons gives utterance to whatever comes uppermost, Baubie's constant and unlooked-for breaks into the conversation of others were at times, from their startling appositeness, the cause of much mirth as well as surprise. Oftener, indeed, the point of Baubie's interruption lay in a species of malicious innuendo that from any one else would not have been tolerated, but from her could only be borne with whatever show of grace the victim could summon to his aid. In this connection, it was very curious to note what a keen recollection Baubie had retained of the scandal of bygone days, and with what an amount of critical skill she could at times contrive to turn this knowledge to account. Any man who had been guilty of an indiscretion dating back even as far as thirty or forty years, was obliged, in pure self-defence, so long as the 'peat-castin' lasted, to be on his good behaviour with Baubie.

Time wore on, and in the summer of 18—, Baubie made her customary appearance at the 'castin' o' the peats' among the workers of the village. It was observed that, although still energetic, willing, and voluble, she had aged visibly; and that her locks, never very carefully confined, were this year scantier and whiter than they had been even one short year before. It was also observed that her irritability was greater

than formerly, and that on one or two evenings when returning homewards, she had complained of being tired, a thing that never had occurred before. No one, however, paid much attention to these signs of change, and things went on very much as usual, until within a day or two of the season's work being finished, when Baubie's self-control seemed to have fairly broken down, and her sudden and causeless outbursts of temper became violent and frequent. On the eve of the day when this labour for the year at the peats was ended, and following a time of great excitement, Baubie, after starting homewards with her fellow-labourers, declared her intention of going no farther until she had rested. As the village lay little more than two miles from where this resolution was come to, and there were still at least two hours of daylight, no one thought it prudent to offer counsel which might only excite her without having the desired effect. Baubie therefore seated herself on a tuft of rushes, and called to one of her companions to come and sit down beside her 'and she would sing him a sang he had not heard for thirty years.' But the company passed on, and left Baubie singing by herself, in a loud shrill voice, the following scrap of an old Scottish ballad, that sounded far across the moor:

As I was walking all alone,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the tither did say:
'Where sall we gang to dine to-day?'

'In behind yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naeboddy kens that he lies there,
But his hawk and his hounds and his la-lye fair.'

On the following morning, Baubie was absent from her accustomed place on the peat-moss; but as this was the last day, she was not much missed, and little notice was taken of her absence. 'Oh, she'll be in ane o' her tantrums,' was probably all that passed in relation to it. In the afternoon, however, one of her brothers made his appearance with the information that on the previous night Baubie had never come home. This was the first time that she had been for a whole night from under the shelter of their own roof. The news was at once passed along the whole line of peat-cutters, and a consultation was held among the seniors, by whom it was resolved at once to institute a search. No time was lost: orders were given, parties organised, and the search began at once. But the difficulties in the way were great; the moor was of great extent; nor was there evidence to show that the poor creature might not have taken any other direction, as well as that which would lead her back to the trackless and treacherous moss. When night closed in, and the searchers met at the place of rendezvous, no trace of Baubie had been discovered. Next day, the entire available population of the village—indeed, of almost the whole district—was engaged in the search with the same result, failure. On the third day, it was determined to confine the operations entirely to the moss, and to make the search of that as thorough as possible. During the course of that day, Baubie was found, alive and conscious, not very far from the spot where she had been last seen. She had not fallen a victim to the treacherous character of the peat-bog through which she

had wandered, but had evidently been stricken down by some sudden ailment.

She was very quiet now; the restless gleam of madness had left her eyes; her only words were: 'Tak' me to my mither.' The troubles of her stormy existence for nearly fifty years had altogether faded from her memory, and she was now only conscious of the younger, fairer, and happier portion of her life. She was carried home very tenderly. The news of her coming had preceded her arrival, and kindly hands had made every preparation, much needed in the miserable dwelling. When laid on her bed, she gazed round on the well-known neighbours who stood by, with looks that gave no sign of recognition. 'Mither?' she murmured, and listened as if for an answer. For some time she lay perfectly still. At length she raised herself to a sitting posture, heaved a deep sigh, and said: 'Oh, but she's lang, lang o' comin'. I maun gang and seek my mither!' She fell back very gently on her pillow, and departed on her quest!

THE STRANGE STORY OF EUGENIA.

CHAPTER III. EUGENIA'S HISTORY—continued.

LEFT an orphan in this cruel way at the age of sixteen, I became at once an object of the utmost interest in Blankenwald. The Prince and Princess immediately transferred to me the friendship they had shown my parents. A place near the person of the Princess, and apartments in the palace, were assigned me. I became the pet and plaything of the whole Court.

When I arrived at the age of eighteen, they busied themselves to find me a suitable husband, and proposed as the most eligible, Graf Albert von Oberthal, a distant cousin. I felt neither liking nor aversion to marriage; it even seemed in some measure to promise to help the accomplishment of the design I had always kept in view.

Von der Halden had never received an adequate punishment for his crime. Duelling, as you know, had been strictly forbidden in Blankenwald; but it had been found impossible to put it entirely down. It was punishable by the severest penalties short of death. But Von der Halden was ably and powerfully defended. An old story was raked up of a previous quarrel, in which my father had, it was said, been the aggressor; and the only result was the deprivation of all his official appointments, and a recommendation to retire to his estates in the country.

Three years had now passed since the duel, and Oberst von der Halden was recalled. Some political crisis had arisen in which it was thought his well-known abilities would render him useful. One evening, my royal mistress sent for me, and with much agitation told me Von der Halden was to be presented at court next day, on his return from retirement, and that she would excuse me from my usual duties, in respect for my feelings. I replied, that I had no objection whatever to meet Von der Halden, but that, on the contrary, I desired it. The Princess looked at me with sur-

prise, but said no more. During the presentation at court, I was standing beside my mistress's chair, and had a full view of Von der Halden, and he of me. I am considered very like my mother, though, compared with her, I am but as a copy by a feeble hand, to the original of a great master. To increase the resemblance, I put on one of my mother's dresses, the last she had worn at court. It was of black velvet, cut in the old Venetian style, with rich point bodice and sleeves. When Von der Halden saw me, he started, turned pale, and appeared to forget where he was. He seemed to regain his composure with difficulty.

We met subsequently several times; but master as he was of all the arts of dissimulation, Von der Halden could never conceal the dislike, and almost terror, I inspired him with. On one occasion, when he was compelled to offer me his arm, I felt it tremble as I placed my hand on it; and he replied, to some casual remark of mine, in unintelligible monosyllables. The indifference with which I met the destroyer of my parents, excited universal remark. Some attributed it to an excess of Christian charity; others, to a singular callousness of nature. My husband took the former view. He never could bear me to be in the presence of Von der Halden, and besought his 'dear injured saint,' as he called me, not to subject her health to so severe a trial.

All this time, I had never lost sight of my object, and waited patiently, feeling sure that 'the Lord would one day deliver mine enemy into mine hand.' I have said my father had made me a good shot. My skill with the pistol was remarkable, and I had always kept up the practice. Shooting at a mark was a favourite amusement with the young people of Blankenwald. My favourite weapons were a small but exquisitely mounted pair of pistols, without which I never travelled. One of them I kept in my pocket. I knew that chance must some day bring me face to face with Von der Halden, alone. The day came. In an avenue of the palace pleasure-grounds, I came upon him. At a few paces from him, I stopped, and took my pistol from my pocket. 'Von der Halden,' I said, repeating his words to my mother, 'you shall pay for your insolence, and that shortly.'

He stared stupidly at me, and stood motionless. I raised my arm, took steady aim, and fired. He gave a leap into the air, and fell dead, shot—as he had shot my father—like a dog. The noise of the report was heard at the palace, and I was soon surrounded by a frightened crowd. I showed my pistol, and related what had passed. The consternation was great, and no one seemed to know what to do. At length the head of the police was summoned. He took my statement down in writing; and I was conducted in a close carriage to the Schwarzer Schloss, a prison where state criminals were usually confined. Here, my position in society and the state of my health secured me unusual indulgence. Books, and working and writing materials, were allowed me. On two points, however, the authorities were inflexible: none of my friends or relations, with the exception of my husband, were admitted, and a female jailer was with me day and night.

When Albert was permitted to see me, the change in his appearance was dreadful; and his language shocked me extremely. He asked me, in a kind of agony, how I could stain my hands with the blood of a fellow-creature. 'Where was my love for him,' he demanded, 'or for my expected child, who would for ever be branded as the child of a murderess.' I in vain tried to make him see that mine was an act of retribution, and a solemn duty to my parents. He became so wild and unreasonable, that I was not sorry when the interview was at an end.

I was also much annoyed by the line of argument taken by the counsel engaged to defend me; and I think you will say justly. My trial took place shortly, and excited unprecedented interest. The royal family were present, and watched the proceedings with intense attention. The counsel for the prosecution described my act of justice as one of savage revenge, fostered by my mother, and carried out with a degree of cold cunning scarcely credible in a girl of nineteen. The late Von der Halden he represented as a victim in the first place of my mother's rage for admiration. She was, he said, of the most dangerous class of coquettes, a woman who encouraged admiration and then pretended indignant virtue. The duel, he acknowledged, was a deplorable fact; but the fate of the combatants might have been reversed. Moreover, he denied that Von der Halden had been the aggressor. The late Von Stornheim, he contended, stung and irritated by my mother's complaints of Von der Halden's attentions, had been the provoker. A romantic story had, he said, been got up that the late Von Stornheim had fired in the air before receiving Von der Halden's fatal fire. Yet of the four witnesses present, two had deposed to the fact that the pistol had exploded in his hand as he raised it; and the state in which the weapon was found confirmed their evidence. But leaving these details undiscussed, he contended that Von Stornheim had fallen in a combat conducted according to the accepted laws of honour—that it might be the fate of any man whose rank rendered him amenable to such laws. He begged my judges to dismiss from their minds the absurd interest that had been excited by the discussion of the romantic and melancholy history of my parents, and of my rank, sex, and personal gifts. My extreme youth, and the fact that I was shortly about to become a mother, were, he admitted, powerful pleas for mercy, and he would not urge that sentence of death should be passed upon me, though so diabolical, deliberate, and premeditated a murder had well merited it; but that I should be for ever deprived of the power of committing another. In other words, that I should be confined for life in a criminal prison.

The false and insulting statements contained in this speech did not nearly so much irritate me as those of my defender. He did his best, however, to clear the characters of my parents, the one from the charge of violence, the other from that of coquetry. Myself he described as an imaginative, impressionable girl, with all the fiery impulses of the Italian character overlaid with the phlegm and deliberation of the German. He asked his hearers to consider the effect on such a one of the loss of parents whom I devotedly loved, through the cruelty and profligacy of a relentless enemy. Un-

luckily, he said, these most natural feelings and affections were stimulated to the utmost by the injunction, even the commands of a dying mother. He dwelt at length on my personal gifts, and on the agonising position of the young and promising nobleman to whom I had been not a year married, and the dreadful stigma on the unhappy child to whom I was about to give birth, should I be degraded to a felon's fate. Much had been said by his learned brother about my disregard for law, and my presumption in venturing to punish an offence according to my own wild notions of justice. But, he would ask, what had the law done for me, that I *should* respect it? The circumstances of the duel, be they as they might, would be sure to be placed before me in the most partial light, and my father's death described as a cruel and cowardly murder. What would my reasoning be? That the man who had murdered my father, and grossly insulted my mother, was punished. As how? By the forfeiture of a few appointments, the income from which bore no proportion to his princely revenues, and by a retirement to the most beautiful part of Germany. After three years of this mild, he might fairly say nominal punishment, he reappears with all his honours restored, and prosperity doubled, before the eyes of the girl his guilt has orphaned. What wonder was it that the outraged daughter had taken the law into her own hands, and dispensed it according to her own ideas of justice. Wild the act was certainly, but the provocation was resistlessly strong.

Another plea he urged for me, and here was the sting! He contended that my mother's inconsistent and unwisely conduct, and her causeless rancour against an affectionate husband, betokened some mental derangement. There was no doubt, he said, that *I had inherited her malady!* He spoke with scorn of the suggestion that I should be condemned to perpetual imprisonment, with its concomitants of severe labour, and coarse food and clothing, as a merciful alternative. Better far put me at once to death, than condemn me to a life of lingering torture and degradation. No! He urged that my total acquittal on the ground of intense provocation, and a morbid sense of filial duty acting on a deranged mind, was not an act of mercy, but merely of justice, and the only course open to my judges.

A hum of approbation followed this speech. Applause is unusual in a German court of justice, and it betokened that the sympathy of the lookers-on was with me.

I have not spoken of witnesses. In fact, they were few, and for the most part unimportant. My full confession had rendered them unnecessary. The only important evidence was that of the medical men, who were examined at great length as to whether I was responsible for my actions or not. Opinions were divided; but the majority was in my favour, if favour it may be called to declare me *mad*, when my judgment was as clear, my sense of right and wrong as sound as ever. Be that as it may, my life was saved by the trifling majority, though my liberty was gone for ever. Three days were consumed in this wearisome procedure. The evidence was exhausted, and the President proceeded to sum up. This he did with great elaboration; but, briefly stated, his conclusion was, that I had not been guilty of murder in

its most revolting form, nor yet innocent of slaying, and that I *was* responsible for my actions.

The sentence passed upon me by the court I cannot give in the exact words, but the effect was: That I was to be closely confined in prison, but without hard labour, for one year; that on my release, I was to find two good sureties to undertake that I should present myself every 10th of October, the anniversary of Von der Halden's death, at the Schwarzer Schloss, where the hangman for the time being was to place round my neck a noosed cord, which I was never to remove, but to wear conspicuously at all times above my upper dress.

I was, after the passing of the sentence, at once removed to the Schwarzer Schloss, more strictly guarded than before, but with greater indulgences. I was also allowed to see Albert, when he had recovered from a nervous fever which had prevented his presence at my trial.

At the end of three months, my child, a son, was born, and for a time my health visibly declined. My child too was weakly, and it was thought we should both die. These facts becoming known, a strong movement took place in my favour. Von der Halden had been universally disliked; and I was popularly regarded as an instrument of Providence in his destruction. Petitions were signed in every town, and deputations were sent, begging the Prince to remit the rest of my sentence. With some difficulty and after some signs of a public tumult, he agreed to restore me to my husband's care under many stringent conditions.

On the day of my release, in spite of every precaution to insure privacy, crowds assembled at the prison doors. The road along which I had to pass was lined by cheering, shouting, excited masses of people. To Albert, this ovation was a deadly infliction. He shrunk into a corner of the carriage, pale, and trembling in every limb.

In the country, to which we retired, my child and I soon recovered. But I was rendered very unhappy by Albert's strange conduct. He appeared to have conceived an aversion for me, which extended to my child. He was compelled, by the terms on which I was released, to keep a kind of guard over me; but it appeared to afflict him with acute distress. If he could avoid it, he would never look at me, and his child he never noticed. One day, I surprised him praying that God would release him from a trial too great for human strength, and that He would mercifully take to Himself the unhappy child while it was yet innocent. A short time after, Albert was found dead in his study-chair. His death was pronounced to proceed from *angina pectoris*. But my own opinion is somewhat different. As if in answer to his prayer, my child soon sickened and died, and I was once more alone in the world.

My uncle, Von Stornheim, as my nearest existing relative, was compelled to assume guardianship over me, which he did with much reluctance; but he has long become reconciled to my presence. My yearly visit to the Schwarzer Schloss was found to be so inconvenient, and attracted so much notice, that it was instead agreed that the executioner should come here, with his detested presence, on the 10th of each October.

Here ended this strange woman's story. One characteristic remark she made in answer to a question I put to her.

'My killing Von der Halden was no crime, for I feel no remorse.'

CONCLUSION.

Before I heard Eugenia's account of her life, I should have regarded the end of my visit to Stornheim with regret. Now I was relieved to find that in three days at most my business with the Graf would be finished, and I might turn my back for ever on the scene of my first, and what I felt would be my only love passage. The interim I devoted to a steady attention to my correspondence, which I had allowed to get somewhat in arrear; and in order as much as possible to avoid awkward meetings with Eugenia, took out my dog and gun into neighbouring coverts, and tried to secure good nights by long and tiring excursions.

I was returning one evening through the grounds, when I met the Gräfin von Stornheim, who turned back with me. She was evidently desirous of beginning a conversation on a subject which she had some difficulty in introducing. Without appearing to notice her embarrassment, I spoke of the rapidly decreasing days, the approach of winter, and other topics which naturally present themselves when one is making conversation. She appeared not to hear me, and interrupted me. 'My dear young friend,' said she, 'I cannot suffer you to go from us without expressing my sympathy—my regret—my—the feeling—' Indeed, she continued, speaking with great emotion, 'I saw from the first your attraction towards my unhappy niece, and if a warning could have saved you, I was ready to give it. But one never knows in these cases—a hint would have been of no avail; and I was not at liberty to tell you all.' Madame von Stornheim turned her still beautiful face towards me. Her eyes were full of tears, and her distress was clearly genuine.

'Dear lady,' I replied, 'do not torment yourself. You are right. Having once seen Eugenia, no warning would have saved me. Let that pass. But tell me—your opinion will have great weight with me—is Eugenia mad, or is she?'—

'Wicked, you would say? Who shall solve the problem? In the middle ages, or in a time of disturbance, such a deed as hers would have been deemed heroic. There is in Eugenia the material for a Judith, a Joan of Arc, a Charlotte Corday. But in these times of order and peace, the heroine is a criminal. I have studied Eugenia closely for two years, and my impression is that hers is a stunted abnormal character. She seems insensible to pity, fear, or grief. Affections she has none—or rather,' said she, correcting herself, 'they are very limited. It was noticed that the deaths of three near and dear relations, her mother, her husband and child, affected her outwardly but little. And a singular thing has been remarked by all who know her—that she never sheds a tear. But Eugenia has some great qualities. Her conscientiousness and sense of duty are ruling principles. We have no security save her word that she will not attempt her escape from Stornheim. Yet, though her evasion would expose us to disgrace, perhaps to ruin, we have no anxiety whatever on that point.'

She is charitable, as you know; and in sickness, there is no such efficient nurse. Where mere pity and sympathy would render others useless, the very absence of those qualities renders her invaluable.'

'Does she show no dislike, no feeling of degradation, when that horrible thing is placed round her neck?'

'Not the least,' replied Madame von Stornheim, shuddering. 'I am the only sufferer. It is provided by the law that one witness must be present. Since Graf von Stornheim's failing health has incapacitated him, I am compelled to be his substitute. The annual visit of that wretch invariably costs me a day's illness. Eugenia wonders at me, and asks what in the world it can matter.'

This was the last time Eugenia's name was mentioned between us; and the day after, I took my leave of Stornheim for ever. I parted from Eugenia without a sign of emotion on her part, but I fear on mine with a miserable attempt at composure.

At my request, Madame von Stornheim wrote to me from time to time. Eugenia, she said, showed no change; she was apparently happy and contented.

A gap of six months occurred in our correspondence. I had been uneasy, and written several times without reply. At last it came. It was to tell me of Eugenia's death. A fire had broken out at night at Stornheim; and sufficient warning had been given for all to quit the building in safety, it was thought, until a cry was raised that Eugenia and Carl—the little boy of whom I have already spoken—were missing. The fire had now made such way, that the stoutest men hesitated to go in quest of them, when Eugenia appeared at the nursery window, which she had opened, showing the child clinging to her. She placed the boy on the sill, and appeared to be trying to beat back the smoke, to give him air. Stornheim was a two-storied building, and the nursery was on the second story. A ladder was brought with all speed under the window; one of the men mounted, seized the child, and descending with him to the level of the uplifted arms below, delivered him in safety. He reascended; and attempted to help Eugenia down. She made the first few steps in safety; but whether the smoke and heat had affected her head, or whether she was giddy from the unaccustomed height, cannot now be known. She made a false step, fell, and was taken up—living, but frightfully and fatally injured. She lingered a few days in great suffering, borne without a murmur of complaint. Her beauty remained to the last, and to the last she insisted upon wearing her ghastly necklace. So profound and still was the sleep into which she had fallen, that they could not tell when she passed from it to death.

On her death, her uncle sent for a famous artist of Blankenwald to take a portrait of her, of which I obtained a copy. It represents her lying on her death-bed, her hands clasped on her breast, her long black hair lying in clusters on her shoulders. Her wonderfully chiselled features are thrown into strong relief by a taper placed at her side. The firm but delicate mouth is smiling.

It only remains to add that the evident desire to die with the visible memorial of her crime was looked upon by Eugenia's relations and myself with heartfelt relief. We looked upon it as a sign

that the Divine Mercy had before her death awakened in her a sense of guilt, and that a noble but perverted nature was thus reconciled to its Creator. In this hope, the last consolation of my declining years, I humbly rest.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ELECTRICITY is now applied to so many purposes, that we are becoming as familiar with it as with steam. The awe and wonder which its employment at first excited, have long ago given place to a settled conviction that it represents a power which man has at his disposal, and which can be made to do all sorts of hitherto impossible tasks. The electric battery, for most purposes where an electric current is required, is gradually giving place to the more economical dynamo-machine, in which magnets form the source whence the electricity is drawn. The old frictional machine is seldom seen outside the lecture-theatre, where it is still used to instruct the young in the principles of electric science. What is known as frictional electricity has not often been applied to any useful purpose, save that of education. Recently, however, a clever adaptation of it has been conceived by Mr Kingsland Smith—a transatlantic miller—in the construction of a purifier of flour, which separates the bran and middlings from the finer material. The flour, shaken mechanically, so as to bring the coarser particles to the surface, is passed beneath an india-rubber-covered cylinder, which revolves against a fixed rubber. The effect is the same as that which occurs on rubbing a piece of sealing-wax: the cylinder is electrified, and the particles of bran are attracted to it, until they are scraped off into a receptacle prepared for them. The finer flour then passes away quite freed from its impurities. The proprietor of the mill where this electric purifier has been in constant use for some time, estimates that the saving effected by it amounts to ten cents per barrel of flour. We may mention that the separation was formerly effected by air-blasts, necessitating extra engine-power, as well as cost in wear and tear.

A paper lately read before the Society of Arts by Mr C. Walford—On the increasing Number of Deaths from Explosions, with an Examination of the Causes—is likely to lead to very good results. The subject is treated in a most exhaustive manner, and the various explosions which have occurred from time to time are classified under different headings. Perhaps the most interesting of these is that relating to explosions of dust in different manufactures—notably in flour-mills. Colliery explosions of course come in for a large share of attention; and a table is given showing the number of such disasters occurring in each month of a particular year. This table is compiled with the hope that it may be compared with the barometric and thermometric readings during the periods given, with a view to indicate some means of future avoidance.

The electric light has found new employment at Sandy Hook, on the coast of North America. A buoy has been placed there furnished with a machine which, by means of the rise and fall of the waves, compresses air. This air, when it reaches a certain density, is made to move a

dynamo-electric machine, which causes a carbon loop in a vacuum tube to glow with light; at the same time a powerful whistle sounds. The buoy has been placed in position at the expense of the inventor, and pilots and navigators are requested to report upon its efficiency.

The inventor of celluloid—which our readers may perhaps remember is an imitation ivory composed of collodion and camphor—has compounded a new material for buttons, boot-heels, &c. It consists of leather-cuttings soaked in hot water, to remove oil, dried, ground to powder, and pressed into moulds by hydraulic power.

In an article which appears in an American paper on the Utilisation of the Waste of Cities, the various items are reviewed which go to make up the sweepings of the streets. It is noted that a large percentage of iron is present in the dust; due to the attrition caused by the tires of wheels and the shoes of horses. This iron can be picked out in appreciable quantities by means of the magnet.

Mr Major Thorp of French Creek, West Virginia, has patented a cattle-shed for use as temporary shelter in open pastures or fields. The roof of this shed is pivoted to an upright in connection with a kind of windmill; so that the shed is turned as the direction of the wind is changed, thus shielding the inmates from direct exposure to the storm.

It is now a matter of history that the failure of the first Atlantic Cable was due to defective insulation. In other words, the gutta-percha covering of the wire was porous enough to allow the water to leak in, and the electricity to leak out. The impossibility of separating the gutta-percha from its impurities, was the cause of this condition of things. An improved method of preparing the insulating material, which was patented by Mr Tuman, insured the success of the later Cable. This method, effective as it was, represented a complex process of boiling and masticating, which extended over several days. The same inventor has recently perfected a plan by which the gutta-percha is in a few hours far more thoroughly purified, and rendered more valuable as an insulator; and the Post-office authorities have adopted the system. The saving of cost is so much, that it may possibly go far to help in that consummation, devoutly to be wished, a reduction in the tariff for telegraphic cable messages.

Mr Preece, the well-known electrician of the Postal Telegraph Department, has lately pointed out a difficulty which will arise should electric wires take the place of the gas-pipes beneath our streets. The powerful currents circulating through them will cause such electrical disturbances in the neighbouring telegraph wires, that communication will be seriously interfered with. We may rest assured that means will be found to obviate this difficulty when it arises, which, according to present prospects, will be a long time hence.

'The harmless, necessary cat' has been convicted on good evidence of having carried an infectious disease from house to house, to the prejudice of the occupiers; at least, so say certain American physicians. The proofs of this delinquency are not given. A more likely source of contagion has been pointed out nearer home, in the case of certain jurymen who were obliged by law to view a body—a case of scarlet fever—while another

sufferer in the same house was lying ill of the disease which had in the one case proved fatal. The useless practice of forcing this duty of identification on jurors—generally men with families—when it could be so much better performed by the doctor in charge, points to a channel by which disease can be carried, which should at once be stopped.

It has long been a matter of notoriety that the British Museum had become so choked with specimens, that there was hardly room in the vaults for the cases which contained them, and which for the same reason could not be unpacked. Plans were proposed for extending the building; but as these were not deemed satisfactory, it was resolved to build a special Museum to hold the zoological, geological, botanical, and mineralogical collections. This building—designed on the most sumptuous scale—has just been opened at South Kensington; and the parent Museum is thus relieved of its surplus riches. The new building is adorned with architectural presentations of the objects which it contains; and even its terra-cotta walls bear figures in relief which, though they seem to have been stuck on in a haphazard fashion, have a capital effect. It is noticeable that many of these—in the case of fossil representations—have been moulded from the real objects.

H.M.S. *Colossus*, a very recently devised addition to our navy, is to be fitted with a propeller of manganese bronze, in place of one of gun-metal previously ordered. This change has been brought about by the results of some experiments lately conducted at the works of Messrs Maudsley, the contractors for the engines of the ship. In these experiments, one-inch bars of both metals were operated upon by being placed upon supports twelve inches apart, while pressure was applied to the middle of the bars. In the result, it was found that the manganese bronze would bear with impunity a blow of double the weight which broke the gun-metal. From these experiments, it was proved that the new propeller will save weight in machinery; while at the same time a thinner blade, offering comparatively little resistance to the water, can be employed. We may mention that the new metal differs only from ordinary bronze in the addition of a small percentage of manganese.

An attempt, but not the first, to introduce sky-larks to the fields of America has recently been tried, and so far with success. That is to say, two hundred birds were imported from England last summer; and most of them have survived the winter, and are in good condition. Ere now, they have doubtless been set free to wing their way skyward.

It has been found that the ravages of the *Phylloxera*—which has caused such destruction among the vines in the Bordeaux and other districts of France—do not extend to vines planted on sandy soil. Bearing this fact in view, an extensive system of land-reclamation was commenced some two years ago in the sandy soil of Arcachon. The method of reclamation adopted is that practised by the Duke of Sutherland in Scotland, and has proved so successful, that three hundred acres of vines were planted last year. A far larger district, near Marseilles, is now to be put to a similar use; and we learn that one of the gentlemen interested in the scheme has,

through the courtesy of the Duke, inspected His Grace's property, and has received a Report by the land-reclamation agent who carried out the Sutherland improvements.

Important progress has lately been made in the matter of armour for ships of war. The iron plates used for this purpose have hitherto been of such enormous thickness, in order to withstand the impact from shots of high velocity and immense weight, that ships had to be constructed of an unwieldy size, in order to bear the weight put upon them. Some experiments carried out with steel-faced armour-plates justify the hope that the old plating of iron will now become a thing of the past, and will be replaced by the newer and far tougher material. Hitherto, the armour has invariably cracked and split in all directions under the impact of the projectile, even if it succeeded in stopping its progress. The new plates not only shatter the projectile itself, but exhibit no wound beyond the dent caused by the collision. The steel-faced plates are made by a process not yet divulged, by Messrs Cammell & Co. of Sheffield. The experiments on behalf of our own government have been followed by similar trials in France, with the result that the French ships of war now in process of completion will be protected by the new armour. The long-continued battle between big guns and armour-plates may therefore, for the present at any rate, be considered over, the victory being in favour of the latter.

The recent deplorable dispute in the Transvaal has had one good effect in pointing out a humiliating fact which there is no gainsaying. The British soldier, with the most perfect weapon of precision of modern times in his hands, has not yet learned how to use it. In other words, he is but an indifferent shot. The class from which our recruits are drawn seldom have an opportunity of handling a firearm until after they have received the Queen's shilling. With rifle-practice represented by a few dozen cartridges fired at a target under the best conditions of light and wind, he is expected to acquit himself as a first-rate shot amid the hurry, confusion, and carnage of the battle-field. We are happy to note that the whole system of musketry instruction is now under revision; and we may hope that, in the future, English soldiers will not have to look to their enemies for lessons in the use of the rifle.

For some months past, part of South Kensington Museum has been lighted by sixteen electric lamps of the 'Brush' type. These lamps replaced rows of gas burners which surrounded the two galleries in question. The actual saving effected amounts to twelve shillings and twopence per hour, which, after making the necessary deductions for interest on capital and depreciation of machinery, represents an annual saving of three hundred and sixteen pounds. It must be remembered that artificial illumination is only required here during seven hundred hours in the year; so that the economy is really greater than it would at first seem to be.

Some sensation is now being caused in Vienna by the exhibition of photographic prints which are luminous in the dark. The production of these curiosities is a very simple affair. An ordinary photograph is brushed over with castor-oil and turpentine, so as to render the paper semi-

transparent. It is then painted on the back with a phosphorescent compound, and mounted upon cardboard. After exposure to sunlight, it will retain its luminosity for many hours.—We may here mention that the agents for Balmair's luminous paint—Messrs Ihlee and Horne, London—have recently introduced a new form of lamp. It is simply a square tin can covered with the paint, which after exposure to light, is filled with hot water. The heat has the curious effect of more than doubling the amount of light given out.

An ingenious form of measuring-bottle for the use of those unfortunates to whom physic is a necessity, has lately been invented by Mr J. M. Dodge of Chicago. The neck of the bottle is placed at one side, and is bulged in such a way that after inversion some of the contained liquid remains within it. The neck is graduated, so that any required amount can be separated from the bulk of the liquid. This reserved portion can afterwards be emptied into a glass without any of the other fluid escaping. We have also seen some very handsome American bottles (Walton's patent) for druggists' shelves, which seem to be an improvement on the kinds ordinarily used. For further particulars apply to the Apothecaries' Company, Glasgow.

Mr Andrew Jamieson, Principal of the Glasgow Mechanics' Institution, who has been experimenting with selenium in relation to its connection with the photophone, has recently brought a paper embodying his observations before the Society which he represents. The form of selenium cell adapted by Professor Bell is of rather a complex nature, and certainly difficult for any one but a philosophical instrument-maker to construct. Mr Jamieson points out how a most effective cell can be made by simple means; and the following is his manner of going to work. A glass plate or tube one and a half inches wide, and four inches long, is tightly wound at its centre part with two separate silk or cotton covered wires. The outer envelope of these wires is afterwards removed by the application of a red-hot iron, so as to expose the metal. There is thus left a series of bare copper filaments, insulated from one another by the double thickness of cotton or silk still remaining between them. The cell so formed is now heated, and a selenium bar applied, which soon melts over the metallic surface. Mr Jamieson has conferred a boon upon experimenters by showing them a very simple way of constructing a novel instrument.

Mr Brearey, the Honorary Secretary of the Aeronautical Society, has suggested a flying machine upon a somewhat novel principle. It is to consist of a kind of kite with a boat-like car, and is to be furnished with light apparatus, worked by steam or other motor, which will create wave-motion in the air, similar to that of skate and other flat-fish in their progress through the water. It has before been pointed out how prone enthusiasts are to take their ideas of what can be done in air from what is actually done in water, forgetful of the fact, that one fluid (air) is elastic, the other quite the reverse.

The ever-increasing importance of the by-products of the gas retort—from ammonia to the beautiful aniline dyes—forms a remarkable instance of the value of applied chemistry. A new

discovery in connection with these has recently been made by a Mr Sanders of St Petersburg. By a mixture of coal-tar, hemp-oil, linseed-oil, spermaceti, sulphur, and some other ingredients, he has been able to produce a material having all the properties of india-rubber without its disadvantages. It will bear extremes of heat and cold without injury, is very elastic and tenacious, and unaltered by long exposure to climatic influences. This last property would point to its application as an insulator for telegraphic purposes; and we shall doubtless soon hear of some trials of its capability for this work.

We learn from *Design and Work*, that smooth, strong, and pliable parchment can be manufactured from the palmetto of Florida and other Southern States. The parchment can be washed, rubbed and handled just like a cloth, and the writing will not be effaced. It can be cheaply manufactured, and is likely to come into general use for legal documents, &c. As much as sixty per cent. of the weight of the palmetto can be utilised in the process.

From another source we learn that it is now possible to *hear* plants growing. At a recent meeting of the Silesian Botanical Society, an apparatus was shown, in which the growing plant is connected with a disc, having in its centre an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and thus on a scale, fifty times magnified, denotes the progress of growth. Both disc and indicator are metal, and when brought in contact with an electric hammer, the electric current being interrupted at each of the dividing interstices of the disc, the growth of the plant is as perceptible to the ear as to the eye.

We understand that Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has received from Her Majesty's Minister at Bern a despatch pointing out the necessity for all British subjects intending to reside in Switzerland to be provided with a passport or a certificate of their birth, which they must produce to the local authorities in order to obtain the ticket of residence without which no foreigner is allowed to remain in any canton.

The great defect of iron and steel for purposes where durability is required, is their liability to decay by corrosion. To prevent this, Mr George Bower, St Neots, recently read a paper before 'The Iron and Steel Institute,' in which he proposes a simple and, it is affirmed, an effective remedy, by forming upon the surface of these metals a film of magnetic oxide. The process, which is not expensive, is carried out in a firebrick chamber, in which the articles to be coated are placed, and connected with which is a set of 'gas producers'; a series of oxidising and deoxidising operations are then gone through, the thickness of the coating on the metal depending upon the number of such operations. From three to six hours are required for these, according as the articles are for indoor or outdoor use. Rusty iron can also be so treated—the rust indeed being thus converted into a thoroughly protective coating.

Referring to the paragraph on telescopes which appeared in our last 'Month,' we have ascertained that the instrument measuring thirty-three feet six inches was greatly exceeded by one erected about the year 1853 at Wandsworth Common by the late Rev. J. Craig, Vicar of Leamington. This monster refracting telescope was eighty-five feet of

focal length, with an object-glass thirty-four inches in diameter, and weighed nearly five tons. In shape it resembled a cigar, and was suspended outside a brick tower forty feet high. It was, however, never completed as the ingenious designer intended, but was afterwards pulled down and disposed of. Such was the fate of 'The great Craig Telescope.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PROPOSAL FOR AN INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE-STAMP.

OUR postal system is perhaps, considering its vastness and complexity, one of the most remarkable organisations of the present century. Yet, comparatively perfect as it is, the operation of experience is every now and again suggesting some amendment, or discovering some little detail in respect to which an improvement might be admissible. For instance, it has been resolved recently to issue a special penny stamp which shall do away with the present distinction between receipt and postage stamps of that value. This will clearly be an advantage; and the astonishing thing to outsiders is that there should be a necessity for having, in any case, a distinction between stamps whose value is equal. One form of penny stamp ought surely to serve all the purposes for which a stamp of this value is required; and so on with stamps of other values.

We would in this connection suggest one respect in which a further improvement might be made on our stamp system, namely, by the issue of an *international stamp* which should be accepted as of equal value both in this country and in certain specified foreign countries. The advantages of such a reform are obvious. Under the present arrangement many inconveniences exist to those who have much correspondence with foreign parts. Premising that as a rule editors return all ineligible manuscripts, provided they be accompanied by stamps for their re-postage, we will take the case of a literary person in America who sends a contribution to a magazine or other periodical in this country. He must either be at the trouble of making and preserving a duplicate of his manuscript—which in some cases may mean the work of a few days or weeks, and consequent loss of valuable time, which authors can, as a rule, ill afford—or, the contribution proving ineligible, he must run the risk of never seeing his manuscript again. He need not inclose stamps for its return, as his stamps are of no value in this country; consequently, for this reason, many manuscripts are entirely lost sight of, besides being the cause of much trouble and annoyance to all concerned.

Now, it seems to us that this state of things might be easily rectified. Were a series of *international stamps*, of the usual graduated values, to be issued, guaranteed to carry letters or packages either from America, the continent, India, Australia, or elsewhere, to this country, or from this country to any or all of these other countries, the difficulty would be obviated, and an immense advantage conferred not only upon the literary and commercial world, but upon the respective communities generally. Under such a system, the author, instead of spending valuable time in making duplicates of his manuscript, would then

be able, as at home, to inclose the necessary stamps for its (possible) return, and all parties would be benefited—the revenue of the Post Office, perhaps, most of all. In this way also, applicants for foreign situations, or for information from abroad, would be able to secure a reply by inclosing the necessary return-postage; from the impossibility of doing which at present, much inconvenience and anxiety are not unfrequently caused. Many other cases might be adduced to show the advantages of such a stamp as that here proposed; but enough has, we hope, been said to make it clear that at present a great inconvenience exists, and that its removal might be easily effected by the issue on the part of the respective postal authorities of an international stamp such as we have ventured to suggest.

'THE PRINTERS' INTERNATIONAL SPECIMEN EXCHANGE.'

In September last year, a handsome quarto and vellum-bound volume, originated and issued by Messrs Field & Tuer of 'N. Leadenhale Presse,' E.C., appeared under the above title; and now a second volume, a companion to the first, has been issued. Each volume is composed of a collection of specimens of printing—principally letterpress printing—sent in by such printers as desire to exhibit their work in this fashion, and at the same time to share such benefit as is to be derived from comparing their own work with that of other three or four hundred of their fellow-craftsmen. The idea of such a book was first suggested in *The Paper and Printing Trades' Journal*, and is one worthy of all commendation. Printing is an art admitting, like all other arts, of an infinite variety and modification of design, as well as all degrees and qualities of execution, from the poster on the wall that may be read at a hundred yards' distance, down to the pocket and miniature editions of Scripture and other works, printed from types so small and delicate as almost to resemble a collection of needles. Between these two extremes, endless modifications are possible, and much scope is afforded the workman for the exercise of ingenuity and taste in his art.

The specimens presented in these volumes are in most cases highly commendable, especially those which have been achieved by the ingenious and tasteful adjustment of types and rules, borders and ornaments. That both compositors and pressmen are likely to find direct advantage from this comparison of each other's work, along with the critical remarks made by the editor upon each specimen, the volume under notice is the best proof. The least satisfactory specimens are those in which colours have been largely used. Colour-printing requires to be governed by much judgment and taste, so that the respective tints or colours may be kept in due subordination and relation to each other. In many of these specimens this has not been attended to, and we have combinations of red and blue, red and green, red and green and blue, &c., so unduly balanced, that at first sight it is almost impossible to tell which colour has formed the groundwork, or whether there is any such groundwork at all. If blue and red, for instance, are properly subordinated to each other, the effect is good; but if there

is as much of the one colour as the other—and this more than once happens in these specimens—then the effect is questionable as a matter of taste.

We would also suggest that more attention might be given to the production of excellent specimens *in black alone*. This, after all, is the true direction in which the art must be cultivated; and the fine specimens of printing that come to us from America and France, even in the case of some of their weekly periodicals, show that we in this country have not yet by any means attained to perfection in this, the chief branch of the art. In the meantime, it is highly satisfactory to observe that the taste and execution displayed in the second volume are decidedly an advance upon the first; and all lovers of good printing must wish Messrs Field & Tuer the success their *Exchange* deserves.

ON A JUNE MORNING.

THE meadow-lands with golden king-cups glow,
Strown o'er their velvet carpet of pure green;
Mingled with snowy pink-tipped daisy stars,
And yellow-petalled cowslips.

From the thorn,
The fragrant-blossomed thorn, the blackbird pipes
A carol jubilant; and close at hand
His brother-minstrel, the brown, bright-eyed thrush,
A rival challenge, with full-swelling throat,
Sounds on the fair June morning!

Bush and tree
Gleam 'neath soft silver mist; whilst incense sweet
Of countless flowerets, wet with glittering dew,
Falls grateful on the sense. And Bird and Flower,
Meadow and woodland, with bright beauty crowned,
Silent, yet eloquent, alike proclaim
The power and wisdom of the Maker's Hand!

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LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

WHEREVER poverty and traffic mingle in our great cities, there is to be found in the by-streets, congregating on door-steps and disappearing down alleys, a weird race of little women—torn and worn with work, grave and sharp-featured from looking after their own interests, tangle-haired and pale-faced, themselves neglected while they take charge of others. Who does not know them by sight, and is heart-sore at seeing them, with their odd mixture of childishness and familiarity with all old-fashioned misery? They carry about babies while they are babies themselves; they scrub steps as soon as they are able to walk up them; they play bo-peep in and out of public-house doors; they learn to steal, and relish beer as soon as they are big enough to go across the street without being run over; the School Board lays hold of them, and they learn their letters; but they know far too much before they know the letter 'A.' They are the countless offspring of city poverty—the old children.

We grieve for them, because, as compared with what childhood ought to be, they have no childhood. But at the opposite social extreme in the highest classes, there are others to grieve for, who, in a far different way, are robbed of the charm of their life's early irretrievable spring-time. Affluence also can be made, and by degrees is being made, through the fashion of the time, a state of life in which there is very little childhood. Luxury and indigence seem here for once to work out the same effect; of course the two conditions produce specimens of human nature as different as black from white; but in neither case is the human phenomenon a child.

Simultaneously with the spoiling of childhood, the decay of boyhood goes on at the very top of the scale. Every one admires boyhood at its best—crowded perhaps with thoughtless faults; but frank, generous, showing manly instincts without alloy of worldly calculation, and yet hiding much individuality from strange eyes by that honest schoolboy bashfulness, which is in itself a mystery.

Unfortunately, whoever knows anything of our great public schools cannot fail to know that, side by side with this true and noble character, there exists another character among our gilded youth, and the name of the second type is legion. The boys of the fast legion are not boys at all, but diminutive men of the world. They are not content with the annual match at Lord's; probably they have not aspired to be of a rowing Eight, and do not care to 'go in' for cricket or football. They have their books on the Derby; they pick up some knowledge of hunting and shooting in holiday-time; and manage to keep up a more momentous sporting connection at school, or at least to know all about the sporting world. They have their clubs and dinners, their news at second-hand from London seasons, their choice tailors and big debts, their well-developed taste in brands of claret and champagne, and their ways and means of descending to brandy-and-soda. The public schoolboy of this description has been before now praised by the so-called 'Society journals' for his one all-atoning merit: 'With all his follies and vices, he is a gentleman.' Another contemporary has gone so far as to acknowledge boastfully that 'few of our boys are religious, many are profane, the majority are dissipated, and all are extravagant; but they still retain the essence of the spirit of a gentleman—refinement.' What wonder is it that, when such a false standard is accepted, many a son of wealth should find premature vapid dandyism a pleasant exchange for plain hearty boyhood?

Worthy to stand on a par with her elder schoolboy brothers is the latest product and toy of society, the little lady of fashion. She is a child in years, her age only twelve or thirteen; but a child in nothing else. Some mother, unworthy of the name, and with more vanity than sense or love, has brought out her charming little daughter five years before her time, to be shown off in the whirl of fashion, at Prince's and at Hurlingham, at Ascot and Goodwood, at the flower-show and the Opera, and at crowded 'kettledrums' and garden-parties—at which last species of assembly,

indeed, the little ladies of fashion muster in full force as a necessary part of the arrangements. The diminutive *belle* is in appearance like a plate cut out of a fashion-book. She wears a short dress; but that is her only sign of childishness; for the rest—face, figure, and costume are made studious imitations of a grown woman fresh from the hands of milliner and maid. Her face quickly enough learns the looks of her elders, when her manners and conversation are copied from theirs. She is perfectly self-possessed, and can venture any amount of impudent criticism, knowing that it passes for artless chatter; while her rudeness is reported as laughable *naïveté*. She has plenty of admirers, and knows how to keep them in hand; she has learned to flirt while others of her age are blissful at children's parties; she is herself in many cases the flattered plaything of men of the world, while her country cousins are playing with their swings and skipping-ropes. There are, of course, times and surroundings where children appear at the assemblies of older people, and appear as children with a grace and charm that makes them a thousand times welcome; but the atmosphere of the place and company is very different from that in which the small *belles* become forced flowers too apt to lose their bloom. As an instance of the happy advent of the little ones, even into the midst of the glitter and excitement of festivities, we can call to mind recent bazaars for the charities of London, where royal children appeared most lovably and gracefully in a new character; going about among the throng as flower-sellers, selling button-hole nosegays, and with such deft little hands winning plenty of bright coin for the poor.

Even among children who are younger than the little lady of fashion, and with parents who are wiser, we fear there is much being done, unwittingly, to make childhood unchild-like. In dress, there is a gradual return to the custom of making the denizens of the nursery go abroad in their best as men and women cut short. The small folks of two and three centuries ago represented the extreme of this custom; with long dresses and rich brocades, or with powdered wigs and square-skirted coats, they were like *beaux* and *belles* of the period seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass. We do not want to go back to that mistake. But there are many steps being taken towards it—one, for instance, when matrons in charge of preparatory schools parade their juveniles two deep, rebels at heart, clad in knickerbocker suits, kid gloves—and top hats. There is another step being taken towards the mistaken old custom, when children assemble for their Christmas parties all too richly dressed for the games they are to play, the little maids of nine and ten, half proud, but wholly embarrassed by having their plump arms covered with eight-buttoned gloves and silver bangles. In itself, the practice of dressing children for enjoyment in costly stuffs of exquisite make, is proof positive that the little wearers are being trained to be unchild-like in their thoughts and amusements. They are not meant to be glad in using their limbs at frolicsome play, as Nature has intended that they should; they are meant rather to derive pleasure from their own personality; and every one knows that properly constituted children, though they do delight in what they call 'looking

nice,' utterly forget what they look like, the moment they begin to play. It was not one of these new-fashioned, over-dressed children that was lucky enough to be the one little maiden that has interested the child-world most. We are glad that Alice in Wonderland did not wear a French costume and silver bangles; but—how could she? If she did, she would never have had imagination enough to find a Wonderland at all. No little girl could be more charming; though we should be sorry to insinuate that there are not thousands throughout Merrie England quite as charming. But in the case of the sweet, tender, quaintly thoughtful Alice, it is a well-fitting part of her individuality that she was a very childish child, with hair brushed smoothly back, simple short-sleeved dress, and the good old-fashioned pinafore worn not for ornament, but as the useful sign-typical of childhood.

While they wear the costumes of more advanced years, the little people are initiated into advanced ideas. It is said that at least in this respect there are in English life some fortunate obstacles to the growth of the young idea, which, unless in school-life, is a much more rapid process on the continent. One boon at least comes from the custom of dining apart. Even when many strangers are present, young Louis and Julie partake of the late family dinner, and exercise those large ears which are the proverbial distinction of little pitchers. Tom, Jack, Harry, and Kate, who only come on a birthday to the indigestible luxuries of the 'grown-up' dinner, are happily later in learning the wonders of the world.

Out of all this early familiarity with older grandeur and older ideas, and also out of the modern free use of money and pleasure in costly clothing, there comes, as the natural result, the frequent copying of one grown-up notion, which is hateful in men and women, but dreadful and pitiable in a child. It is contempt of the poor. In the mind that is fresh from the creative touch of the Father of all, there ought surely to be no instinctive shrinking from that least of all distinctions among humankind—a poverty-worn look, a shabby garment. There ought to be but one feeling instilled into the hearts of high-born children towards other children less fortunate in worldly goods; and that one feeling, quick to take root in truly child-like hearts, is a generous but delicately unobtrusive sympathy with those who feel as keenly as themselves all childish instincts, but who have less comfort and joy, whose young lives are wedded to hardship and want.

The very opposite to this sympathetic attitude is that of the finely attired daughter of riches, who betrays towards her poorer sisters ugly symptoms of that very ugly thing, childish snobbery. Yet how often both habits of mind find exercise, and the worst shows itself unmistakably even in the sanctuary, where all children ought to know that they kneel as equals. The one child will be nobly ashamed to have the slightest movement mistaken for a shrinking from the poor girl that happens to kneel beside her; the other child, on the contrary, will cast side-glances at the poor intruder, and watch for a chance of sidling away from the possible touch of her clothes, though already she is far from contact with that disgusting thing—another human child's old dress. A few years ago, there was on this point a lesson

deserving immortality given by a poor little peasant girl in a church of Northern Italy. A child well used to wealth and fine dresses, was kneeling beside her governess, when the peasant knelt down near them, quietly saying her prayers. The richly dressed child looked at her: 'Valene!'—the most disdainful word in which an Italian can say—'Go away.' But to the great delight of the governess, the little peasant flashed back her answer: 'If I came into *your* mother's house, into her drawing-room, you might say, "Go away!" But when I come here, it is *my* Father's house as well as yours.'

In a word, then, if we grieve to see in our cities the unchild-like children of poverty, we must not forget that the children of the richer classes are apt also to become in their own way unchild-like; and that it is easy, through pride of display, or under pretext of indulgent kindness, to take away its rightful attributes and its natural charm from the shortest, sweetest time of life. Who is there that would not plead with the poet, 'Come to me, O ye children, for ye are living poems, and all the rest are dead!'—the dear prosaic young folks, who know next to nothing of fashion, and still less of the great weary world—who play noisy games in and out of doors, and sometimes make our heads ache—who talk delicious nonsense at their play, and perhaps tease us with queer questions—who beg for stories untiringly, till they find out that the older head is tired. Child-like children, rich in faith and love, and contentedly poor in pocket-money, *these* are the 'living poems,' unconsciously charming—and mostly in pinafores.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XXVI.—OVERHEARD.

'They don't half like it. It's useless to deny that, Cap'n. It's a big job, you see, Cap'n, a heavy job. And the sentence, if it came to the worst, would be a heavy one too—wouldn't it? Lagged for life, or, anyhow, for twenty years, to Portland Island and Dartmoor and the Bermudys, is no joke.'

'Isn't it?' demanded, in tones of suppressed scorn, another and a deeper voice. 'I'll tell you what, you, Chelsea Ned, I've come to be sick of the world I live in, and ashamed of the lily-livered swabs I'm forced to consort with. Lagged for life, ye lubber! Why, when I was first at this work, it was death, not life, that was the punishment. A chap couldn't whip up a beggarly crown's worth of anything, but he felt as if Ketch's cold fingers were already fumbling at the hempen cravat round his neck. And most of my early mates did die at Newgate, they did.'

'I can well believe you, Cap'n Jack,' responded the first and smoother speaker, in a tone of even fulsome servility.

The spot selected for this singular conversation was as lonely, to all appearance, as though it had not been within the radius of the Metropolitan Postal Delivery. To left and right spread a moist series of marshy fields, the rank pasture of which seemed to serve no ostensible purpose. Indeed, a herd of seals would have been more appropriate there than a flock of browsing sheep, so much did

the surroundings partake of a marine character. Instead of mushrooms or coy violets, ancient anchor-stocks and huge rusty boilers of broken-up steamships seemed to be the natural outcrop of the black and oozy soil; while close by, under the parapet of green and slimy stones, resounded the ceaseless wash and gurgle of the great river.

Very little life, animal or human, was to be seen habitually in these tracts of marsh, intersected by weedy creeks, above which the tall bulrush gently swayed in the summer air; but the very solitude of this uninviting locality had a certain weird charm for Bertram Oakley, who would often ramble there, book in hand, after working hours. He was returning now from one of these evening rambles, when the sound of voices struck upon his ear; and the matter as well as the manner of the discourse seemed to him so extraordinary, that he could not forbear from lingering to hear more. No one could have been less addicted to mere curiosity than Bertram. Talking age, or whispering lovers, as the poet puts it, might have chatted or prattled to their hearts' content unnoticed by him. But here were rogues, and rogues of a dangerous sort, openly plotting against honest men, and Bertram Oakley felt as if he would be false to the duty that we all owe to the society we live in, and live by, if he turned selfishly on his heel. So he listened.

It was evening already. The sun was going down, between bars of gold and gules and sable, gorgeous beyond any coat-armour that herald of the middle ages ever drew, over London. London lay to the west. To the east was, far away, the surging sea, ever answering, ever influencing the big river, whose very life was knit up with the busy, heaving ocean. There was another Thames, a baby Thames, a rural Thames, high up above Teddington, above Reading, and Goring, and Henley; but the real navigable Thames was below bridge, the highway of shipping, studded with ships as the Milky-way with stars, the Thames that throbs responsive to the sea. There are fields beside the river, almost as wet, and almost as green, as the polders of Holland. This was one of them, with a rushy creek running up into it, and half a boat set endways, as an harbour, in the swampy soil at the head of the creek, wherein a small boat lay, close to the bank. The rude harbour made by the old segment of a boat, set up endways, screened Bertram from observation, and allowed him to be, unsuspected, a third party at the interview that was in progress. There was little reason, there, to dread eavesdroppers, though the cloudy smoke and the red glare of London itself were so near and so perceptible in the western sky. It was a solitary spot. Here and there might be seen, dotted about, a lonely farm; or the house of some market-gardener, who risked ague for the sake of gain; or a tavern, with Dutch gables of cracked wood, and bankrupt aspect, hardly to be reached dry shod.

Cautiously, Bertram looked round the westward side of the old boat that formed the harbour, and to which some dried-up tendrils of the scarlet-runner, dead and blackened, yet clung, and gained a glimpse of those whose conversation had arrested his progress. Two men, one old, the other youngish, some three-and-thirty, at a guess. The first was by far the more remarkable. Standing, as he was, in a small boat, leaky and in need

of fresh paint, which was nestled into the muddy water at the head of the creek, the man looked less like a dwarf than like a giant cut short; while from beneath his shaggy white eyebrows, his red, deep-set eyes looked out, full of fire and energy, as if the whole vicious power of that strong vitality had condensed itself into the gleam and glare of those truculent eyes. Yet the man must have been old, very old, for the hair that streamed down, unkempt, from beneath the boatman's fantailed cap of coarse waterproof that he wore, was as white as snow. His dress was the coarse garb of a river-side mariner; but it was his wrinkled, weather-beaten face which would have attracted attention anywhere—the audacious, evil face of a veteran miscreant, a grim survival from a buried past, the hideous proof that age may exist without claim to respect or sympathy.

The fellow whose feet were planted on the slushy bank of the creek, and who wore a brown greatcoat, the worse for wear, was merely, to look upon, a longshoreman, such as London fosters in only too great profusion. Every one whose duty or business leads him where such men abound, knows the untrustworthy vagabond that hangs about causeways and river-side stairs, that can pull an oar, yet is no waterman; who knows the rig and flag of every ship, but never saw blue water; the vermin that prey on silly sailors and careless ship-owners, the amphibious thief, scamp, and idler. Such a one was Chelsea Ned. Even vulgar Chelsea, far above bridge and bridges, has her water-knaves, as well as dangerous Deptford, and historic Greenwich, and picturesque Erith.

But it was curious to see how the tall ruffian from Chelsea cringed before the short, thick-set occupant of the boat, and to observe the undercurrent of vanity that warmed the heart of the elder villain. 'Ay, ay,' said the old man meditatively; 'eight-and-sixty years! eight-and-sixty of this fun. Ah, there's not a many like me left.'

'No, indeed, Cap'en,' assented the man from Chelsea.

'Why, my boy, I'm the last River Pirate left. All hanged of the old gang but me,' was the next boastful speech.

'I should think so, Cap'en Jack,' was the meek reply.

'And you flinch, ye swabs, from going in for a big prize like this,' struck in the old mariner promptly. 'When I'm here to lead you, and there's a hundred—a hundred for each man—to be made by it. Sneaks, that you are! A set of pitiful light-horsemen, as you call yourselves, and skulking mud-larks, that buy a copper ring-bolt from a ship's boy, or think yourselves heroes when ye cut a Richmond barge adrift; and when there's a chance like this, it's too hot or too heavy for your hefting, eh, my lad?'

Chelsea Ned, the longshoreman, had his share of vanity too—there are few of us exempt from it—and a sort of flush reddened his sallow face as he winced, perceptibly winced, under the outspoken contempt of his savage auxiliary. 'We'll not be backward, Cap'en, when the time comes to be up and doing,' he made answer sulkily. 'But what my mates and I want to be sure of, Cap'en, is whether we're certain of the swag we run the risk for. Suppose this blessed *Golden Gate* goes ashore down Barking way, or anywhere

except Drowned Point, in Bully's Reach, where shall we be then?'

The veins on the low forehead of the old pirate swelled ominously, and he struck the iron spike of the boat-hook that he held, with vicious energy, into the wet turf of the bank. 'What d'ye take me for?' he asked, in a growl that a grizzly bear might have envied. 'Be I one of your Jemmy Jessamy, dandy-jacket watermen, that can just row a wherryful of gaping gabies for a Sunday's pleasuring? or am I Cap'en Jack, that knows every inch of the river and every wash of the tide, as a parson knows verse and chapter? That clipper, when we cut her from her moorings, at the hour I said, on Sunday d'ye hear, goes on to Drowned Point, and no other, or may I never taste rum again!'

Positive conviction is so contagious, and the words of a speaker who thoroughly believes what he says carry such weight with them, that Chelsea Ned's hesitation seemed to evaporate at once. It was in his former deferential manner that he made answer: 'No offence, Cap'en, no offence! I never doubted your word, for one; but some of the coves are new to the trade, and rather timorous about it. We'll be ready at time and place, if you'll have your own below-bridge men, the heavy-horsemen, ready too. But if the watch on board the ship should be spry enough to give an alarm, or'—

'So much the worse for them,' grimly interrupted the fierce old mariner in the boat. 'The watch! We've strength enough, I reckon, to tie them neck and heels, gag them, and clap 'em under hatches. Forty year ago, I'd have set them a-diving; but folks have got too chicken-hearted, I suppose, for the regular thing, nowadays.' And the aged malefactor seemed really to deplore the comparative mildness and humanity of the degenerate times in which he lived.

After this, came an interlude of low, muttering talk, of which Bertram's quick ear could only catch, at intervals, a fragment. 'Keep your chaps soberish'—'Moon's young and night dark'—'Turn of tide'—'Lots of boats, and the carts ready at a whistle.'

Then the conference broke up. Bertram could hear the splash of the oars, as the old river pirate pushed out his leaky skiff from the hiding-place; and could hear, too, the heavy, shambling tread of the tall longshoreman as he walked slouchingly away, neither of this precious pair of confederates suspecting the presence of a listener at their colloquy. When the sounds had ceased, Bertram raised his head, and surveyed the field. The field was empty; a black dot on the river represented the departing boat.

'The *Golden Gate*,' he said slowly. 'Our ship! Mr Mervyn's ship! The robbery planned for Sunday night too, when all hands are away.'

CHAPTER XXVII.—COUNTERPLOT.

The feelings of Bertram Oakley, as he hearkened, an unsuspected listener, to the talk of the two river robbers, were of no very agreeable description. He had not been long at Blackwall, active in the discharge of his duties, before he learned that the river Thames, like most other things natural and artificial, has its evil influence as well as its good one. It is an artery of trade, without

which London would not be London, nor England England; but it is a fostering place as well of the petty vermin who prey on trade. The mischief which these aquatic thieves do is, after all, very small, when reckoned in tabular columns of figures. They are minor purloiners, petty-larceny knaves. The fierce river pirates of the earlier years of this century, the men who robbed and scuttled West Indians at anchor, are as dead as Turpin and Sheppard. But the mudlark and the light-horseman survive, pilfering, purloining, receiving stolen goods; though it is rare that the heavy-horseman, who pillages ships adrift, appears upon the scene.

This was an exceptional case. The *Golden Gate*, a magnificent clipper-ship, full-rigged, launched from the Yard of Mervyn & Co., was lying some way down the river, waiting, in her maiden freshness, for her trial trip to the Antipodes. A noble ship she was, one of those giants of the sea whose towering masts and immense spread of canvas first enabled them to take full advantage of the steady trade-winds, and with lavish splendour of accommodation for passenger traffic. Steam, as always, can beat sails; but at that time economic reasons made the huge sailing-ships the best carriers for men and goods between the Old World and the Infant World across the globe, and the *Golden Gate* was the pattern and model of a host of others, bespoken by a Company, and ordered, under strict contract as to time, from Mervyn & Co.

And there lay the *Golden Gate* at moorings, new-fitted, full of gilding and colour and silk hangings, and gleaming copper and brass, her stores on board, and most of her valuable assorted cargo shipped; but with no crew on board. She had not yet, in fact, been formally and legally 'given over' to her new purchasers, and had no commander, no fore-castle-men or petty officers on board. There was what, in Thames parlance, was called 'a watch,' left on board by Messrs Mervyn. It consisted of an invalided man-of-war's man, and his son of fourteen; a black ship's cook, honest and merry as a negro can be; a sailor-boy of twelve; and a storekeeper. Bertram shuddered to think of poor Juba the black, and lame Trenchard and his boy, and the other child, and Mr Swaine the quiet storekeeper, confronted by Captain Jack and his gang. There was a dog, to be sure; but what could the dog do?

That the robbery was for that night, Bertram could not doubt. He knew, almost as well as the aged miscreant who had planned the scheme, that in about an hour and a half the ebb-tide would be running strongly down to seaward. That, if it was dark enough, and if the set of the tide exactly served, would probably be the time selected for the attack. It was Sunday. Mr Mervyn and his nephew were absent. The Yard was closed. The workmen were away. It was an evening of rest, of prayer for the few; of noisy, coarse enjoyment for some. The thieves had chosen their time well.

Bertram, as he walked slowly back towards Blackwall, regulating his pace so as to avoid attracting the notice of the longshoreman, whose gaunt figure was still visible in the gloaming, felt himself sorely perplexed. The Yard was closed, and contained no one, excepting Old Joe the gate-keeper, and the night-watchman. The very tele-

graph office at the railway station would probably be shut up; and even if a clerk could be summoned, a message to Mr Mervyn would produce little effect. Long before aid could come from London, the work of plunder—of murder, possibly, for the satellites of Captain Jack were not likely to be scrupulous in suppressing the resistance of the faithful few in charge of the clipper—would be completed. As useless would it be to hire a wherry, and warn Trenchard and his companions of their danger. The sheep-dogs were all too weak to beat off the swarming wolves from the fold.

Bertram had a long walk before him. It led him past the new, tall ship, the stately *Golden Gate*, lying at anchor, unsuspectingly, in the deep-water channel, her paint bright and glistening, the brailed-up canvas lying in snowy festoons along her yards, and her lofty masts overtopping those of coal-brig and Dutch trader, as the sky-piercing spire of some cathedral lords it over the belfries of ordinary churches. Bertram heard the tinkle of her bells as they struck the hour, and heard the dog bark on board of her, responsive to the barking of other dogs on board of other vessels at anchor within hearing. It was late enough now for her lights to burn, and bright and clear they shone at stern and bow. There was a dull red glow from the galley-fire where Juba reigned among his kettles and saucepans; but no human form was visible. The handful of poor, faithful fellows on board the fine new Australian clipper obviously apprehended no danger but that of a possible collision with some Irish steamer or outward-bound Indiaman.

Bertram, on reaching Blackwall, went straight to the police station. Here a disappointment awaited him. The superintendent was away, and the commanding officer for the nonce was a spruce young sergeant, whose glossy whiskers seemed to have been developed to the detriment of his brains. He declined to lend any credence to Bertram's story.

'We, of the Force,' said the sergeant, tightening his belt and pulling up his stiff black stock as he surveyed Bertram with supercilious disbelief, 'can't afford to waste our time over all the fancies of the Public. Of course, when we're wanted, here we are. Duty's duty. When an information is properly signed, and sworn to, of a felony committed, then the police can act. But with moonshine, and mare's-nests, and cock-and-bull stories, the less the Force concerns itself the better. The Public should not cry out before it's hurt.'

And indeed the young sergeant, who had but a single disposable constable under his orders, appeared to consider that against that impersonation the Public, for the moment represented by Bertram Oakley, he had a genuine grudge and substantial cause for complaint. 'Besides,' he added, presently, 'if it's on the river, the Thames Police should see to it.'

To the waterside station of these aquatic guardians of order, accordingly, Bertram repaired. There he obtained a more respectful and a more patient hearing from the Acting Inspector left in charge; but there, too, he was doomed to disappointment.

'It's a queer story, and an unlikely thing to happen,' said the officer ponderingly. 'But I'd

not take on myself to say the conspiracy may not be a real one. That old Captain Jack, Mr Oakley, is only too well known, below bridge, as a desperado of the worst sort. He was as near being hanged once, I've heard, as— Well, well! The worst of it is, you see, that the galley is not here. If she gets back from Deptford in time to be of use, I will lay the case before the Superintendent, and I have no doubt of his immediately taking steps to protect life and property.'

These interviews, while affording but cold comfort, had of necessity consumed much time. The tide had turned, and was running, strongly and swiftly, out towards the Nore and the sea, aided by the freshening south-west wind. The vessels at anchor, save only such as were moored, stem and stern, swung round at their anchorage, and the lap of the muddy wavelets, and the gurgle and splash of the river, grew louder as the ebb set fairly in. Still, what was Bertram to do? Already, perhaps, the old pirate and his ruffian gang had quitted the lairs where, like night-hawks whetting their beaks for prey, they had been lurking, to rush upon the rich prize. No hope could be entertained of any effectual assistance from neighbouring craft. The few coasters or foreign vessels within hail, weak-handed, and with their commanders probably ashore, would pay little heed to the sounds of scuffling or outcry on board the new clipper.

Ha! That was an idea at last, that promised help! Bertram had strayed on until he found himself standing in front of the wooden porch of a large public-house, of decent repute, yecept the *Shipwrights' Arms*, whence through the red-curtained windows came the sounds of many voices, mingling with the jingle of glasses. This, as he knew, was the tavern especially patronised by the brawny artisans in the employ of Mervyn & Co. He knew the men, and the men knew him. He resolved to make an appeal to them, pressed, as he was, for time. Bertram, his mind once made up, was not one to hesitate as to the execution of his project. A moment, and he was in the middle of the great room, with its sanded floor, and little green-painted tables, around which sat, drinking and smoking, singing and conversing, a miscellaneous company, in various stages of intoxication. All, or nearly all, desisted from their occupation to peer inquisitively through the clouds of tobacco smoke at the intruder on their riverside haunt.

'Mervyn's men, I want you, want your help, lads, to save your kind master's property from robbers' hands, and to save the lives and limbs of those left in charge of it!' cried Bertram, springing upon a window-sill that the audience might get a better view of him.

'Then there was a clamour of voices. 'What's up?' 'Is the yard on fire?' 'Quiet, mates, and let Mr Bertram speak!'

'This is what's up,' answered Bertram quickly. 'A set of blackguards are gone to cut adrift the *Golden Gate*, to rob her of her fittings and cargo when she grounds in Bully's Reach, with the ebb that's running strongly. The watch on board will be overpowered, and perhaps flung into the Thames, unless we take boat and go quickly to their assistance. I promise every man who joins, in Mr Mervyn's name, that he shall be rewarded.

But, lads, I know your honest hearts too well to think it needs that to make you bear a hand, like Britons, in this pinch!'

It is generally safe, as more experienced speakers than Bertram have approved, to appeal to the nobler sentiments of a crowd, when you use a language that the popular mind can comprehend. When men are gathered together in any numbers, they seem, somehow, to be ashamed of being selfish.

'I'll go, for one,' shouted a big shipwright in his shirt-sleeves, flinging his pipe to the floor as he jumped to his feet. 'It's a shame, I say, to let a finger be laid on whatever belongs to Mr Mervyn—and the *Golden Gate*, too!'

'I'll bear a hand!' 'We all will!' 'Hurrah for young Oakley!' 'Come along, my hearties!' shouted a score of willing voices. There were some dissentient grumbings, however, and there were those who affected to disbelieve the tale. But Bertram persisted, and, his personal popularity assisting, he carried the majority along with him. Out of nine-and-twenty volunteers he was, however, obliged, as delicately as he could, to decline the services of those who were too drunk and noisy to be fit for the expedition. There remained a compact body of nearly twenty strong fellows, who embarked willingly on board of boats that lay moored at the foot of the stone stairs, and the use of which the watermen to whom they belonged were ready to grant in hopes of future recompense. Wisely, Bertram had forborne to mention, before that mixed assemblage, the names of Captain Jack or of Chelsea Ned.

'Pull away, lads, and with a will!' cried Bertram, as the boats pushed off.

SOME STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

FROM a number of communications addressed to us from time to time on the intelligence, cleverness, and sagacity of our humble four-footed friend the Dog, we make a selection of anecdotes bearing upon these and other traits in his character. In all the cases given, the stories are within the personal knowledge of the narrator, and may therefore be taken as strictly authentic. The first is from a minister of the Church of Scotland, who writes as follows:

Dogs are always credited with kindness, sagacity, and faithfulness, but not often with humour. My experience, however, has led me to conclude that, as a rule, they have an intense sense of the ludicrous. It varies, of course, with different breeds, a large dog inclining to fun, while an English terrier is generally a cynic; but every dog, except ladies' lapdogs and obviously stupid animals, has some sense of humour in his character. Some years ago, I had a fine retriever who had the most unmistakable enjoyment of fun. This was indeed a kind of failing in poor Humphry (he is now dead), and led him into excesses he afterwards plainly regretted, both as a dog and as a minister's dog. But though I must say he had a becoming sense of his position, and on visitation or at a session meeting, conducted himself with blameless propriety, he could hardly resist an opportunity for a practical joke.

One minister who visited my manse occasionally, was a favourite victim. The good man, who

had not a gleam of humour in his disposition, was morbidly afraid of all dogs, and was quite convinced that Humphry in particular was bent on assaulting him. It was in vain to assure him that Humphry was the very paragon of good-nature, and to point out that when we were all out walking together, he never once offered to annoy him. My friend was persuaded that if Humphry only got him alone, he would play some trick upon him. In fact, he would not take a turn in the garden without assuring himself that that 'brute of a dog' was not prowling about; and I now think he had reason.

One day, having satisfied himself that Humphry was out of the way, he went out to a favourite walk that ran along beside a high hedge, and began to ruminate over some theological problem, as he paced backwards and forwards, free from all anxiety. Then, to my amusement, as I freely confess, I saw Humphry's black but most intelligent countenance peeping out from an opening in a hedge at the upper end of the garden, and watching with keen delight his unsuspecting prey. He then squeezed himself through, trotted down the garden in a stately manner; and just as our friend was approaching the end of the hedge, Humphry presented himself, and gave one bark. That bark can hardly be described; but all my readers who know the sound of fun in a dog's bark, can imagine it. The look of dismay in the minister's solemn face as he found himself thus suddenly at his tormentor's mercy, was a study; and he began to retire backwards, as from the presence of royalty. This proceeding, Humphry, who was simply playing on the man's nervousness, watched with much relish; and then, when it had landed our friend half-way up the walk, he hurried along the other side of the hedge, and repeated the former bark—this time *behind* the minister, whose self-possession now gave way, and gathering up his coat, like a child wading through water, he made a clean bolt for a neighbouring summer-house. Humphry was quite unable to follow him. He lay down on the grass, and literally rolled in an ecstasy of delight.

When I arrived on the spot as a relieving expedition, Humphry had recovered himself, and was seated before his friend's place of refuge, listening with much complacency to a string of conciliatory remarks: 'Fine fellow,' 'Poor dog'—as if he had been a lapdog—and suggestions such as 'Pussy, pussy, sh—sh, cats,' but steadily maintaining his position of watchfulness. But as soon as I made my appearance, he seemed at once to realise his undignified and inhospitable conduct, and hurriedly retired from the scene with an expression of deep repentance in his ears and tail. After this unfortunate incident, I could no longer stand up for his innocence, and was obliged to shut him up during the minister's visit, lest the very sight of the man should be too much for Humphry's virtue.

By accident, I learned one day another of Humphry's standing jokes; for, as I said before, he was the most staid of dogs when with myself. One of my elders, a most kindly and useful man, was little, and slightly deformed; and I noticed that Humphry took much interest in him. However, they were excellent friends; and I never suspected how much the elder suffered for this friendship, till I saw him coming along by the

side of the church, and pressing himself against the wall, while Humphry accompanied him, giving derisive barks, and inviting the little elder out to the open road.

'Dear me, John, you are not afraid of Humphry. What in the world are you doing?'

'I daurna leave the wa'!' said the poor man, who proceeded to explain that the moment he did so, Humphry, if in a mischievous mood, would run in between his legs and capsize him on his back. But he added, with a kindly look at Humphry, who remained at a safe distance: 'Dinna thresh him, for he's a fine dog; and it's jist his natur—he's that fond o' a joke.' A rather rough one, however; and I induced Humphry to abstain from it in future. But as often as he saw the good little man shuffling along the road, a gleam of suppressed fun came into his expressive face.

On another occasion, I heard a great noise, made up of women scolding and dogs barking, in our village washing-green; and looking out of my gate, I saw that in the centre of the green was spread a large washing, and on the central shirt sat my little English terrier. What had made him take up that position, I cannot tell, except pure mischief; but there he was sitting, and receiving the angry threats of the woman in charge, with an ill-natured growl and a gleam of his teeth. Up above on a knoll, I saw that Humphry lay stretched, viewing the whole affair with deep interest, and joining in the conversation at intervals with a most comical 'bouf.' The moment I showed myself, both dogs recollected some business they had up the way, and disappeared, while I made an apology to the good housewife. 'But why did you not drive Jackie off your shirts?'

'Drive him aff! Little ye ken him. He's jist a wee Sattan, and hauds oor green in bondage. But I wonder sic a sony beast as Humphry wud coontenance sic tricks; only a'budy kens he'll dae onything that's droll.'

Yes; that was his failing. The kindest of dogs, the pet of all our children, the protector of all little dogs, and the most affectionate of companions, he was apt to forget himself on such occasions. His penitence afterwards was, I believe, really genuine, for he was a dog of fine feelings; but it was too short-lived, and nearly every week was signalled by some new escapade. Yet he was perhaps the most popular character in our district, was welcome in every house, and when he died—poisoned, as we supposed—Humphry was universally regretted. 'So Humphry's dead,' said one whom he often teased. 'Weel, he'll be sair missed, for he was a droll dog.'

My mother used to tell a good story of a Newfoundland. My grandfather was fond of driving high-spirited horses, and on one occasion my aunt refused to go into the conveyance, and determined to walk; my mother, however, ventured. Their Newfoundland dog was with them, highly delighted, like most of his kind, to follow the gig. On their way, they came on an ill-looking couple, who evidently attracted the dog's attention also; for on reaching them, and apparently taking note, he left off following the gig, went back to my aunt, came with her past the people, and then set off at full speed after the gig.

Another incident my mother used to speak of, when she considered herself saved by a Newfoundland dog—whether the same one or not, I do not know. She was very fond of collecting seaweed; and knowing her proneness to be tempted to go into danger, a dog was usually with her. On this occasion she wished to pass a point where the sea was lashing up; but the dog would not move. She tried every effort to induce him, but tried in vain. Baffled completely, she had to go round by the street, the faithful animal now going quite willingly. Evidently, he had comprehended the danger, and determined to do his best to make his mistress avoid it.

My friend Kate S—, while on a visit to us, told me the following story of a dog, which belonged to her father some years ago. Mr S—, a clergyman, kept a great many hens, which laid very well, excepting, as it seemed, on Sundays; for when the places wherein they deposited their eggs on the week-days were visited on Sundays, there was never an egg to be found in any nest. This could not be accounted for; and Mr S—, at last growing tired of missing his eggs one day in the week, left a member of his family at home one Sunday, in addition to the servant who usually remained, while the rest were at church, to watch. The person so left had suspicions as to the honesty of Gip, the pet dog of the family. At all events, Gip was kept in ignorance of the fact that any one was left on the watch; and soon after church-time, the watcher saw him stealthily going towards the fowl-yard—a very extensive one. The watcher took measures to observe his further proceedings more narrowly, and saw the dog take the new-laid eggs in his mouth carefully, one by one, and hide them in a heap of rubbish in the orchard. When he had completely robbed the hen-roost, he proceeded to scratch a hole, to which he transferred the eggs in a more leisurely manner; then scratched the mould over the hole again, and left the place. This discovery was made known to Mr S— on his return from church; and further watching during the week revealed the fact, that Gip went every day to the hole and partook of his stolen goods. After sucking one or more eggs, he scratched the earth over his storeroom, and went 'back to busy life again' with quite an innocent bearing.

Gip was especially fond of one of the boys of the S— family; and when, as sometimes happened, this boy was sent to bed in disgrace, the dog would follow him to his room, climb over the side of his crib, and remain lying beside him all day, snarling at any one who came near. Mrs S—, the mother of this boy, has a little dog now, named Flop, who loves her so, that when she leaves home, it whines and cries, while the tears positively run down its little face; and this distress begins when the preparations for her departure are being made.

My dog Jim lived in our family quite fourteen years. His mother was a very well-bred and game-looking Scotch terrier, and his father a nearly white Skye; but notwithstanding the good looks of both his parents, Jim was an ugly, thin, long-legged creature; a very pretty head and bright eyes being his only beauties. He had also a black nose and black paws, as signs of good blood. He attached himself to a few persons with par-

ticular affection; but he was polite to all of whom he was not afraid. He was very intelligent, though not very apt at learning what are called 'tricks,' but which ought more properly to be called 'accomplishments;' and had a faculty for putting this and that together, which certainly in many instances was startlingly very like clear reasoning. But the instances are so interwoven with one's everyday life, and so likely to seem only commonplace when written—although to us who noted them they were very interesting—that I forbear to set them down here.

He considered cats as things to be chased; but he was polite to our house-cat, although positively sulky when she came and sat by him on the hearth-rug. One day, we saw him tearing down the street after a cat; but when he came up to her, he recognised her as our cat, turned away at once, and came home hastily, his tail down, and with the appearance of one who is thoroughly ashamed of having committed a silly mistake. His eyesight became defective for many years before he died, and owing to this, he would mistake persons at a distance for members of his own family. I remember one day at Buxton being seated near Cavendish Villas, and looking down into the public gardens. Jim was standing beside me, and presently I saw his tail gently wagging, and looked to see who was near that he recognised, but for some little time could find no reason for the wagging of the tail or the cocking of his ears. At last, I saw a gentleman standing watching the ducks in the ornamental water some little way off, whom I at first thought was my father, as Jim evidently did, and for the same reason, namely, a trembling of the right hand, which was violent enough to agitate the stick upon which the right hand rested. My father unfortunately suffered from this form of paralysis, and Jim had recognised the peculiar symptom in this stranger. When the gentleman began to walk towards us, Jim advanced to meet him; but before he reached him, he discovered his mistake, and returned with tail down and abashed looks, as in the case of the hunted cat. I remember Jim's mother used to wag her tail in the same gentle manner when the feet of her master's children pattered across the nursery floor overhead.

Jim became nearly blind and very dull of hearing in the winter of 1867, and although he always started out to walk with my father—then in very feeble health he came home again in a few minutes, barking and scratching at the garden door until some one let him inside the walls, when he would hurry to his particular corner in the dining-room, where he was out of the way of being stumbled over or disturbed. My father was not obliged to remain in his bed more than four or five days before he died; and on one of these days, Jim, who had never done such a thing before, went out at the front door, sat down in the middle of the path, and howled long and dismally. I went out, and patted and spoke to him; but he did not appreciate my caresses, and returned to his corner without so much as a wag of his tail. As I have said, he was never known to howl before, and he never did it again. When my father died, Jim curled himself up on the mat outside his door, and there slept all day, although it was winter, and there were fires, which he keenly appreciated

usually, in the sitting-rooms. He kept the most striking proof of his power of reasoning—for so one is tempted to believe it was—to do honour to my father's memory. The funeral—a walking one—was starting, when Jim suddenly emerged from some part of the garden, looking almost young again, with his tail well up, and deliberately headed the procession, going before it through the little town of Dursley, Gloucestershire, up to the cemetery of St Mark's Chapel, which was quite three-quarters of a mile from our house—a long way for a dog who for many months had seemed to think that to be away from home to the extent of only a few yards was too much for his strength. I am told that when inside the church, he sat quietly under a seat, but not near any one he knew—he had no affection for my brothers, who had not lived at home for years—and headed the line again as the funeral party went out, and took a place by the grave, gently wagging his tail as the service was read. I, watching for the return of the funeral party, saw him enter the gate before them; and I was told that he had come home first all the way, as he went. He trotted quietly to his usual place, with his tail still well up, and a look about him as if he was conscious of having done his duty. He never went out walking with any of us after this, and seemed to care very little for anything, although he lived without pain and discomfort to himself apparently, until 1870. His conduct at his master's funeral made quite an impression on our cottage neighbours, one of whom said to one of my brothers, who returned home from South America three months after my father's death: 'Ay! poor old Jim, sir, he followed your father to his grave with the rest of them.'

One of the most intelligent dogs that I think ever existed was a fine brown retriever, of what is called in the neighbourhood of Castle Granard, 'Lord Forbes's breed.' He was of unusual beauty, a perfect specimen of his kind; highly trained to retrieve by land or water; of sweet disposition, a most affectionate companion; and, with reason, considered to be invaluable. His gentleness towards little children was invariable; even an infant would be as safe in his charge as in that of a nurse. He particularly enjoyed romping and playing with older children, joining them in their games. 'Puss in the Corner' was especially entered into with great delight, running and barking vigorously at each change of position; and if a dog can be said to laugh, he certainly did so. No game was thought complete without 'dear old Bob' as one of the players. His tricks and accomplishments were numerous. Having passed his life amongst soldiers, he had learned a great variety in the course of his extensive education. He had of course been taught to balance a biscuit on his nose while the orders 'Make ready, present, fire!' were pronounced, waiting with military discipline till the last syllable was said, when he threw up the biscuit, and caught it in his mouth. He would shut a door at command, standing on his hind-legs and forcing it to with his fore-feet; shake hands with all visitors, offering first one paw and then the other; and also ring the bell, being greatly troubled where there was no bell-rope to pull with his teeth.

A valet could not have more courteously fetched

slippers, or taken boots to be cleaned, returning them when ready for use. A pair of goloshes, however, were one day given to Bob, with directions that they were to be taken down-stairs. Perhaps, for some peculiar reasons of his own, he may have thought the intention was to get rid of them; at anyrate, they were never brought back, and not having been required for some days afterwards, they were not at first missed. When asked for, they could nowhere be found. Every part of the house and outbuildings was examined without effect. At length, it was recollected that they had been intrusted to Bob, as above described. His assistance being requested, he appeared anxious to explain the mysterious circumstances of the case, wagging his tail and looking very wise; but the goloshes still continued lost. Bob had frequently been noticed burying his own discarded property; and as a forlorn hope, it was suggested that in this manner he might also have hidden the overshoes. His favourite region for secreting bones and such unconsidered trifles was known, and thither Bob, seeming highly amused, led the way. The ground did not look as if it had been lately disturbed, yet, for a last resource, it was decided to make an investigation. The earth was carefully removed; and at some depth below, the goloshes were laid open to view. No gardener armed with spade and rake, could have concealed them more effectually, or done his work in a more skilful manner.

Bob had acquired a curious trick of lying completely motionless on hearing the word of command 'Dead!' and although he might be left for several moments, never rose till permission was given to do so. Nothing could exceed his dexterity at finding articles purposely hid, in most unlikely places. Letters lodged on boughs of trees, nearly out of his reach; gloves, whips, sticks, left in hedges; handkerchiefs dropped at any distance—all were alike discovered and restored. The more difficult a task might be, the greater gratification its mastery afforded. He was always greatly excited at the sight of a gun; and one of his favourite performances was a pretence of being out shooting. A walking-stick served for this purpose; and he went through all the assumption of anxiety during the process of loading, cocking, and firing 'the gun.' No sooner was the exclamation 'Bang!' made, than he bounded forward to find 'the bird' with great glee, seizing on any available object, such as a shoe, to represent 'the game.'

While engaged in any of his tricks, Bob always walked with a conceited species of strut, that can be best described by comparing it to the gait of a circus-horse which is supposed to be dancing or marching. He had not the least objection to music generally, having been accustomed to it from his earliest years; but nevertheless showed a strong and incurable aversion for anything approaching to the tone of a flute. Possibly this dislike may have arisen from the primitive and unmelodious efforts of some juvenile member of a military band. So inveterate was the prejudice, that merely pretending to play on a ruler, whistling a tune, bore too close a resemblance to be calmly endured. Bob took great notice of any change in the expression of his friends' faces; an endless amusement thereby was afforded to children, through leading him to watch, while they

made a series of grimaces, during which his eyes were eagerly fixed on their countenances. He cleverly affected to be extremely angry, growling and barking, though evidently realising the joke. Bob also observed the faintest alteration of voice, and even of accent; for if addressed in an Irish brogue, he became wildly excited, doubtless hailing the sound as a pleasing reminiscence of his native land.

Bob was equally at home on sea or land; and he would leap from great heights into water, and swim and dive like a duck, to recover whatever might be thrown in for him. During a shooting expedition, he had, as usual, much distinguished himself by his professional services, and none present had more fully appreciated good sport. The last pheasant that had been shot could not be found. After a prolonged delay—during which he was invisible, having received orders to find it—and as evening was coming on, further search was abandoned. He was repeatedly called and whistled for, but in vain. Collecting the other dogs, the shooting party reluctantly started for home without him, their destination being many miles away. About ten o'clock, a welcome summons resounded at the hall door, where Bob made his appearance, walking in his most conceited style, holding the pheasant, perfectly uninjured, in his mouth, which he politely presented, showing every sign of satisfaction at the successful result brought about by his own perseverance.

As Bob advanced in years, his morals, upon the one subject of the Game Laws, sadly deteriorated. He began by killing forbidden birds and rabbits, bringing them, with a touchingly innocent demeanour, as if only well-meant contributions to the larder. Later in life, he became a regular poacher, remaining out all night whenever an opportunity could be found; and, not contented with descending to such evil courses himself, he succeeded in contaminating another dog—which knew nothing of field-sports beyond orthodox rat-catching—by inducing him to join in these disreputable practices. When the erring pair came home at early morning, after their nocturnal excursions, it was too obvious that they had not merely been occupied in hunting rabbits, &c., but, lamentable to relate, had also eaten them! The guilty, yet mischievous expression of the principal offender on these occasions, can be better imagined than described. Such reprehensible tendencies involved a necessary curtailment of liberty. With this single exception, our old friend continued to the close of a long and memorable career, a highly refined and most original character, a veritable gentleman amongst dogs.

A CLIFF ADVENTURE.

In the far north, long ago, when I was a boy, my brother and I used to be expert cragsmen—if I may use the term. Few things gave us more pleasure than to scale all the steep precipices, of which there was no lack in our neighbourhood. These precipices ranged from one hundred to four hundred feet in height. We were never troubled with giddiness, and boy-like in such a pastime did not know what fear meant. I dare say if there had been nothing whatever to procure, the 'danger's self' would

have been 'lure alone.' Dangerous it certainly was, and many a narrow escape we had. I shudder now at the thought of the places in which we ventured. I have often since these far-away days looked at some of these places, and wondered at our foolhardiness, and I would not for any consideration now attempt to repeat some of our escapades. But to add zest to the thing, there were multitudes of birds' nests in those precipices—hawks, gulls, kittiwakes, guillemots, puffins, cormorants, and many others. We made a fine collection of eggs; and any that we might obtain beyond our own requirements, we could always exchange with friends or dealers for others not procurable in our part of the country. Moreover, many of the commonest kinds of eggs, as those of all the gulls and guillemots, were excellent eating when fresh and boiled hard. One of our adventures very nearly proved tragic.

We had often tried—but had always failed—to obtain any ravens' eggs for our collection. We were anxious to procure specimens, and determined that somehow or other we should. Now, be it known to those who are not acquainted with the character and habits of the 'bird of ill omen,' that he is one of the most sagacious and cunning of the feathered tribe. He builds his nest high up in the most inaccessible cliffs, so that it is almost always impossible to reach it except with the help of a rope; and even with such assistance, it is no easy task. We knew of a raven's nest about fifty feet from the top of a very steep and bare precipice of four hundred feet which there was no possibility of scaling in the usual way. Above the nest, the cliff was partly overhanging; and beneath and on both sides, except the spot chosen for the nest on a solitary shelf, it was smooth and steep as a wall. For many years, the same pair of ravens, safe and unmolested, had occupied this spot and reared their broods; but with the pertinacious ardour of boyhood, we were resolved they should no longer find that their eyrie was impregnable, and we laid our plans accordingly. It was necessary to have recourse to a rope, that one of us might be lowered down from the brow of the cliff; also a pulley, in the form which sailors call a 'block,' was required; for one of us would of course have been unable to haul up the other with the single rope only; but the doubling of the rope by means of the block would diminish the weight and pressure by one half, and bring the task well within our strength. Accordingly, we obtained a coil of about forty fathoms of rope, such as is commonly used for the sheet of the sail of a small boat; also a small block and a strong oak stake.

The brow of the cliff was a smooth grassy sward, the turf being hard and, to all appearance, tough. We secured one end of the rope to the stake, which we drove firmly in the ground right above the raven's nest. My brother was to make the descent; I was to stand by the rope and manage the lowering and hauling up. A small piece of wood to sit on having been attached to a loop of rope and secured to the lower end of the block, all was ready for action, and the descent commenced. Slowly I paid out rope. I could not see over the cliff, but was quite within easy ear-shot, and every second or two the shout came up: 'Lower away, lower away;' at last it was: 'Hold hard;' and in a little: 'All right. Haul up now.'

I knew that the prize was won, and began to pull away lustily and cheerily; but when I had recovered not more than three or four yards, to my horror and dismay, I noticed the treacherous soil yielding to the strain, and the stake being drawn. I had barely time to seize the stake-end of the rope. Another moment, and the stake would have been wrenched out of the earth and dragged right over, and— Well, I daresay I should have held on; I am sure I should; but that would have been of no avail. My poor brother must have fallen down, down till the block caught the stake with a jerk, which would have fetched me over too, if I had kept my hold; and down those terrible hundreds of feet, we should both have been dashed to inevitable destruction. As it was, the situation was dreadful enough for us both. For some time at least, I could hold on, but that was all. It was beyond my strength now to haul in one yard of rope.

'Haul away, can't you!' shouted my brother, little thinking what a frightful thing had happened.

I paused a moment before answering. I was afraid, when he knew the truth, that he might faint or lose his presence of mind at the appalling position in which he was placed. I did him injustice. A braver, cooler spirit never beat in breast of man or boy. 'Don't be alarmed,' I cried; 'the stake is loosening a little.' 'That is how I put it, to lessen the shock to his nerves. 'Keep still a moment,' I added, 'till I see what can be done.' But in truth I could not think what was to be done. I could do no more than keep my place and my hold.

'Has the stake entirely slipped its hold?' he cried.

'I fear so—yes,' I replied. 'But don't be afraid; I can easily hold you as you are till we think what can be done.'

He knew the worst then; we both knew too well the peril of the situation. Had he been only a few feet from the brow of the precipice, he might have got up by the rope hand over hand, for he was light, wiry, and active, and his muscles strengthened and toughened by constant exercise, gymnastics, rowing, cricket, and the like. But nearly fifty feet! It was out of the question—it was impossible; and we both knew it. Moreover, we had no hope of help coming. There was not the slightest chance of any one passing that way; for the cliff was far away from human habitation, an isolated headland at the extremity of a peninsula, where a few more than half-wild sheep grazed; a place, therefore, which no one had occasion to visit except the owner of the said sheep, two or three times in a year. Of all this, we were perfectly aware.

'What's to be done?' at last I cried. 'But at any rate don't get shaky.'

Firm and clear came up the reply: 'Shaky! old fellow. No! that I shan't, and I know you won't either. I know you won't let go. We shall do yet, never fear. I am thinking of a plan.' And then, after a moment's pause: 'I have it. If you hold hard by the stake-end of the rope, and slip the other over, I'll slide down till I reach some footing. Wait till I shout that I'm all ready, and then kick the rope out as far as you can, that it may not come down on my head. You understand?'

'All right,' I shouted back, instantly comprehending, and immensely admiring the ready wit of the device. 'Be careful in moving. Don't jerk. Give the rope a twist round your legs, and slip down slowly.' It was not without danger that this could be done, and everything depended upon steadiness and nerve. Haste or flurry would in all probability have been fatal. He had to disengage himself from the loop in which he was sitting, pull himself up a few feet, and get firm hold of the rope with hands and feet above the block; and to accomplish this, hanging as he was in mid-air, was no easy matter, as the reader will readily understand. In a few seconds, I knew by the strain on the stake-end of the rope, that he was transferring his weight to it alone.

'Now then,' he cried; 'pitch away; I'm ready.'

There was no tension now on the longer end of the rope. With both hands, therefore, I grasped firmly the stake, and kicked the coil as far as I was able. 'All right!' my brother shouted. 'Hold hard now, and I'll slide down slowly.'

We knew the rope was not long enough to reach all the way down to the rocks and boulders, where the sea was grumbling; but we had good hope that a hundred feet or so down he would find footing. In little more than a minute, I felt the tension suddenly cease, and grew deadly faint from the terrible fear that he had lost his hold. The next instant, to my inexpressible joy, I heard his far-off shout: 'Right now, old fellow. I've got good footing, and will be up directly; it's all plain sailing now.'

I ran along the brow of the cliff, to a point from which I could see him. I seemed scarcely able to realise that he was safe till I actually did see him. He was nearly half-way down; and we waved mutual congratulations to one another. After a few minutes' rest, he passed along laterally for some distance, and then ascended by an easy part of the precipice which we had often before traversed. At last he set foot on the green turf, where I was anxiously waiting him. Each looked at the other's flushed and streaming face, and I am bound to acknowledge, that though we tried very hard, we ignominiously failed to repress a little blubber.

THE COST OF A GENERAL ELECTION.

IN the delusive expectation of curbing the extravagant propensities of energetic electioneering agents, and limiting the profuseness of their uninquiring clients, Parliament has, in its wisdom, enacted that every candidate for a seat in the House of Commons shall furnish a detailed account of the money expended on his behalf; the latest result of which enactment is the publication of a Return of the charges made by Returning Officers, and of the total expenses incurred by each candidate at last year's General Election.

Before proceeding to analyse this curious Parliamentary Paper, we must premise that it is by no means so complete as it might and should be, owing to many of our legislators and would-be legislators, for reasons best known to themselves, declining to fulfil the requirements of the law. The senior members for Liverpool, the members for East Staffordshire, and the candidates for the representation of Radnorshire, omitted to furnish

the officials with any account of their disbursements; the like reticence having been shown by no less than seventy-six out of a hundred and seventy-one Irish candidates. For some few cases of similar default, there is reasonable excuse. The returns for the two divisions of Shropshire and the borough of Shrewsbury are wanting in consequence of the papers relating to them having been destroyed in the fire at the Shrewsbury Town Hall; while the Sheriff of Derbyshire declares himself unable to render detailed particulars of the election charges in the three divisions of that county, owing to his Officer having wilfully destroyed the books and papers from which alone the information could be obtained.

Imperfect as the Return confessedly is, not a little interesting and curious information may be gathered from its half-hundred pages of figures. First in order come the unavoidable or official expenses, representing the cost of polling-booths, dies, ballot-boxes, ballot-papers, advertising placards, stationery, clerks, sundries, and fees to Returning Officers; the amount (in contested elections) ranging from twenty-six pounds in the Yorkshire borough of Richmond, to eighteen hundred and sixty-one pounds charged in the city of Manchester.

The compiler of the Return has thought it worth noting that the Returning Officer at Waterford received only thirty pounds from each of the successful candidates, and twenty-five pounds from the unsuccessful ones; out of which sum, after paying all expenses, he had but ten pounds eighteen shillings left to pay himself for his trouble. This dissatisfied gentleman had certainly good reason to envy his brother-officials of King's County and Stoke-upon-Trent, seeing that their labours were rewarded by the receipt of two hundred and sixty-five pounds in the one case, and of two hundred and ten pounds in the other. At Grantham, the presiding Officer was contented with the modest fee of four guineas; and some still less exacting gentlemen were satisfied with obtaining a fourth of that sum from the successful candidate only. At the University of Oxford, no official charges whatever are made, whether the seats be contested or not; and the same rule obtains at the University of London, all expenses being charged to the parliamentary vote for the University. In Scotland, the Returning Officers receive nothing for themselves, not even being repaid their outlay for travelling and other personal expenses; an arrangement seemingly to the mind of the Officer concerned with the election for Tipperary, who claimed and took nothing for his valuable services.

Were the official charges the only ones to be met, men owning but moderately filled purses might have a chance of winning their way into parliament, which is scarcely possible as things really are. In the lesser constituencies, money melts in a mysterious way; and to fight the political battle in a large constituency runs into thousands of pounds; even where economy is the order of the day. Take Birmingham as an example. Here the old members eschewed the employment of paid canvassers, and had the benefit of a perfect party organisation; and yet Messrs Bright, Muntz, and Chamberlain had severally to expend more than two thousand pounds: which means that each of these gentle-

men pays something like four hundred a year for the honour, while it lasts, of representing the great hardware town, their only consolation being that their discomfited assailants were the poorer by seven thousand pounds.

In forty-two English and Welsh boroughs, the legally legitimate disbursements of the candidates exceeded five thousand pounds. More than twice that amount was spent in contesting York; in Southwark, the expenditure reached L.15,570; in Lambeth, it came to L.18,272; and Manchester was only won and lost at a cost to the contending parties of L.20,540. Six candidates for the suffrages of the 24,042 electors of the City of London expended L.13,507; nearly ten thousand pounds more than it cost to elicit the opinion of the 28,524 voters of Edinburgh, the exact expenditure there being L.3602; while Dublin, with 13,599 electors, extracted L.5711 from the pockets of its political wooers. Glasgow proved the costliest of the Scottish burghs, the election charges coming to L.14,584; Kilmarnock followed at a respectful distance with L.6072; Dundee and Ayr being the only other burghs in which the expenditure exceeded five thousand pounds. Belfast election cost L.11,174; that of Down County, L.12,170; and that of Antrim County, L.14,416. Argyllshire is the one Scotch county credited or discredited with costing aspirants for its representation above ten thousand pounds; thereby emulating the example of no fewer than thirty-three English and Welsh county constituencies.

In five of these thirty-three constituencies the expenditure amounted to more than twenty thousand pounds. In South Essex, L.20,057 was spent; in Montgomeryshire, L.20,091; in South Durham, L.22,088; in North Durham, L.23,923; and in South-east Lancashire, L.25,782. This being the largest sum set down in the record, it is well, perhaps, to note how the money went. Here are the items: Returning Officer's charges, L.1251, 19s. 4d.; agents, clerks, messengers, and canvassers, L.4592, 4s. 6d.; hire of conveyances, L.6148, 6s.; printing and advertising, L.9566, 11s. 10d.; all other expenses, L.1220. Total, L.25,782, 1s. 8d.

The Lancastrian bill of costs is no guide to the apportionment of expenditure in other places. Different agents, different notions. One will put his trust in volunteers; while another acts on the principle that if you want work done, you must pay for the doing. Mr Jones believes in the efficacy of oratory, and is all for public meetings, properly packed, of course. Mr Brown worries the electors with communications by post. Mr Robinson thinks it necessary to cover every available inch of wall with glaring posters, strong in the faith that the battle is to be won by out-billing the enemy; an expensive method this, especially if the enemy's agent is of the same opinion, when it proves more profitable to the printers than to the gentlemen who have to pay the piper.

In county contests, 'hire of conveyances' is necessarily a formidable item, since many voters have to be brought from far-distant homes; and it is nothing uncommon for two thousand pounds to be spent in that way. Some parliamentary aspirants would have held themselves fortunate in escaping so easily. In North Lancashire, it cost L.6135 to convey the electors to the poll; the candidates for

South Durham expending L.6536; and those for the northern division of that county, L.7330 for the same purpose. It was worse still in Montgomeryshire, a county registering but 5291 voters, for there the expenditure upon conveyances reached L.7819, the beaten candidate expending L.5828, 4s. 10d., or at the rate of L.2, 17s. for every supporter that found his way to the polling-booth. After this, the sums spent upon carriages and cabs in the borough elections seem moderate enough; but it is hard to understand why it should take L.3663, 16s. 2½d. to pay for conveyances at East Retford with an electoral roll of 8278, when the 63,398 voters of Birmingham could be sufficiently provided for by the expenditure of L.1480.

Sir George Elliot is credited with having paid most dearly for his seat, his disbursements amounting to L.12,726, 14s. 8d.; while Mr Whitworth is to be congratulated upon winning Drogheda without opposition, be it understood—at the cost of half a sovereign. Very different was the fate of Mr Wynn, who expended L.13,453 in vainly wooing Montgomeryshire; every vote he polled costing him L.6, 13s. 3½d. Sir W. A. Franklin's ten friends at Thirsk cost him just L.13, 19s. 6d. apiece; Mr Jones's five supporters at Droitwich represented the result of an expenditure in the salt town of L.73, 0s. 2d.; by spending L.521, 12s. 2d., Mr Margarini obtained sixteen votes at Chester, at the rather exorbitant rate of L.32, 15s. per vote; an achievement capped by Mr Davis, whose nine Dundalk votes cost him L.37, 12s. 2d. each.

Here is the 'average cost per vote polled' by some of the more notable members of the legislature: Mr Gladstone, 1s. 4d. at Leeds—L.1, 14s. 1½d. at Millthorpe; Lord Hartington (N.E. Lancashire), 13s. 10d.; Sir William Harcourt (Oxford), 10s. 8d.; Mr Bright (Birmingham), 1s. 10d.; Mr Chamberlain, 2s. 1d.; Mr Forster (Bradford), 3s. 9d.; Mr Fawcett (Hackney), 10d.; Colonel Stanley (N. Lancashire), 14s. 3d.; Sir R. A. Cross (S.W. Lancashire), 9s. 8d.; Lord George Hamilton (Middlesex), 8s. 11d.; Mr Goschen (Ripon), L.1, 9s. 5d.; Lord Randolph Churchill (Woodstock), L.2, 4s. 2d.; Lord Elcho (Haddingtonshire), L.4, 13s. 9½d.; the last being the highest rate, with one exception, paid by any successful candidate at the late election. The exception is Mr Cameron, whose average cost per vote polled at the election for Inverness was L.1, 16s. 4d. Curiously enough, we must go to a Scotch constituency for the minimum too; for Mr Anderson came off victorious at Glasgow at an expense per vote of fivepence-halfpenny; his colleagues paying respectively 1s. 1½d. and 1s. 2½d.; while one defeated candidate's votes cost him 8s. 9½d. each, and the gentleman who was at the bottom of the poll paid 11s. 0½d. apiece for his 11,071 votes.

At the General Election of 1880, fifty-nine out of eighty-three English counties or divisions of counties were contested at a cost altogether of seven hundred and eighty-one thousand pounds; one hundred and seventy-four borough elections entailed an expenditure of six hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds; the Welsh counties and boroughs extracted a hundred and one thousand pounds out of the pockets of politicians; the Scotch elections did the same to the extent of one hundred and ninety-eight thousand; while one hundred and four thousand pounds

were distributed among the Irish constituencies—making a total of one million eight hundred and eleven thousand pounds. To this something considerable must be added for the missing returns, and we shall be within the mark in setting down the costs of a General Election—the perfectly legal costs only—at the enormous sum of two million pounds sterling. What the actual cost is, one may guess, but no one will ever know.

SELIS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

TALKING of legerdemain, reminds me of a little incident I witnessed in a country town last winter. A conjurer who was giving an entertainment for a charitable purpose, was much hampered and annoyed during the course of his performance by a gentleman in the stalls, who continually raised frivolous objections, or sought to impose vexatious conditions, and who constantly favoured his neighbours with audible explanations of what was going forward, such as: 'Up his sleeve!' 'I saw that!' and remarks of a similar nature—one of those extraordinary individuals who actually pay their money for admission to an entertainment of this sort for the sole purpose, 'as it seems, of stopping it, if possible!' Any fool can prevent a trick being done; but that is not quite the same thing as finding it out; and the nature of the objections raised by such gentry is generally found to be something similar to challenging a pianist, who has just executed a brilliant fantasia, to repeat the same standing on his head, or with the cover of the piano shut. The prestidigitator causes a sixpence to vanish from his fingers; they immediately want the same thing done with a four-post bedstead or some such trifle; and should he confess his inability to do so, they exclaim: 'Ah, no!' in a tone which not only might induce people to think they have discovered the secret, but which leads one to believe that some notion to that effect really exists in their own minds, or whatever it is that takes the place of mind in these unhappy persons.

I have seen Herrmann treat such a person capitally by bringing him up on the stage to assist him, and taking the rest of the audience into confidence while mystifying the person thoroughly. Thus, the confident amateur would be requested to draw a card from a pack, put it back, and shuffle. This he would do vigorously, to prevent the possibility of detection. Meanwhile, Herrmann, turning his back to the audience, would reveal to them the identical card in his hand. It had been adroitly removed in the act of passing the pack to be shuffled; and the idea of the volunteer assistant assiduously mixing the remaining fifty-one cards for nothing was irresistibly funny. But the suspicions of the determined-not-to-be-done amateur would now be aroused by the general laughter; and Herrmann, making a feint of throwing something under a handkerchief or behind a chair, would induce him to dart round in pursuit of it. The moment his victim turned, the card was stuck on his back with a minute pellet of beeswax in full view of every one. Nothing behind the chair; nothing under the handkerchief; nothing in the magician's hands, sleeves, or pockets. Pack carefully re-examined; card disappeared! 'Go and ask that

lady for it,' the Professor would say, indicating some one at the very back of the theatre; and hesitatingly, dubiously, watchfully suspicious ever, the now bitten biter would proceed thither, seeking in vain to account for the universal amusement at his expense. 'No; not that lady—the one on the other side!' And so, under these new sailing orders, he would be sent threading his way all over the theatre, fresh shouts of laughter arising *behind* him, whichever way he turned. Finally, Herrmann would direct him to some very little child, who would innocently find the card at once, amidst great applause—and the sold one was silenced for the remainder of the evening.

On another occasion, our conjurer adopted a different method. Biding his time, and submitting with apparent cheerfulness to much annoyance from a knowing youth, he came at length to the 'Mouchoir du diable' and other sleight-of-hand feats connected with handkerchiefs; and here he introduced the old trick of tying the handkerchief around the leg, and removing it under cover of another without unfastening the sealed knot. It was interpolated with a purpose, no doubt, for every schoolboy knows the secret of it—the handkerchief, though seemingly passed twice round the leg, is in reality simply hitched in a couple of folds behind—and the victim swallowed the bait readily. Everybody knew how that was done, he observed contemptuously.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the performer, who had not chosen to overhear previous remarks. 'Did you say you knew how it was done? This is the trick for which the elder Döbler received a valuable diamond ring from the Czar of Russia; and unless you are a connection of that potentate, I think you are hardly likely to be in possession of the secret. But I will repeat it for your especial benefit.' (Proceeding to do so.)

'Will you let me put it round your leg?' was the challenge.

'Certainly. Come up here.—Now, take the handkerchief yourself.'

A little staggered by this unexpected compliance, the doomed one began to examine the handkerchief minutely, testing its elasticity, and holding it up to the light.

'Oh, if you suspect the handkerchief, use your own by all means. It is a matter of indifference to me.'

Poor young man! How eagerly he caught at the offer, made the exchange, and knotted his own snowy cambric tightly around the Professor's knee! Then the knot was sealed in due course. 'There!' exclaimed the knowing one, with a glance full of confident triumph towards the audience. 'I will bet you a sovereign that you don't get that off without untying the knots or slipping it down over your foot.'

'Oh, I am here to conjure, not to bet,' replied the entertainer. 'Still, on this occasion, since you propose it, I don't mind wagering a sovereign with you, provided the rest of the company do not object to such a transaction, and the sovereign be applied to the funds of the Hospital in aid of which I am here to-night.'

Agreed *non. com.*

'The conditions are clearly stated and understood—are they not? I am to remove the handkerchief from my leg, leaving the knots and seal

intact, and keeping my foot fairly on the floor the whole time. You have tied and sealed it yourself, and will recognise your own unaltered knot and unbroken seal. Furthermore, the handkerchief is your own.'

'Yes; that is so,' said the unconscious wretch.

'Then,' replied the conjurer coolly, 'lend me your penknife or a pair of scissors, and I will speedily disencumber myself without breaking either knot or seal!'

A great forgery having been committed, whereby a bank was robbed of thirty thousand pounds, the culprit succeeded in getting safely out of England, and escaped to the Argentine Republic, where there was no extradition treaty. He was believed to have taken the whole of the plunder with him, as his wife—who was narrowly watched—certainly held no portion of it, and no letter addressed to him had passed through the post-office; so a private detective of great reputation was employed by the bank authorities to go out to the River Plate, and endeavour either to recover the money, or to lure the forger into a position where he might be captured. This detective was an educated man, and well fitted to carry out the rôle he assumed—that of Major R—, travelling for his health, and intending to pay a short visit to Buenos Ayres before proceeding to Valparaiso and Peru. Unlimited powers, official and unofficial, were conferred on him; he was supplied with letters of introduction to the leading people in the Republic; and of course there was to be no question of expense. Thus furnished, he set out.

On arrival in Buenos Ayres, he discovered that his man had gone some leagues up country. Following up the track, he found him living in apparent great poverty, employed as a shepherd by an English *estanciero*, to whom the would-be Major R— happened to have a letter of introduction. In this way, he had no difficulty in making acquaintance with his intended prey—gradually and casually, to avert suspicion. One day, he asked him openly whether his position in life had not been very different from that in which he found him, as his speech and manners were those of a gentleman; and after a little hesitation, the shepherd confessed that such was the case—presently telling a plausible tale of misfortunes in business, &c. Professing pity for him, the kind-hearted Major lent him money, and took him back into the city, where he entertained him at one of the best hotels as his guest, having mentioned to him confidentially that he wished to invest a considerable sum in land out there, and promising to install him as manager of the estate. All this time, the thief was supposed to be carrying the money hidden about his person; and it was to devise some strategy for obtaining this with certainty and safety, that the detective postponed the *dénouement* of the plot so long. At length, when he had excluded every other possible place of concealment, and seemed to have won the man's entire confidence, he went to the captain of the British man-of-war lying there, and revealed himself in his own character—for nobody, till then, had the least inkling of the truth—and together they arranged a very nice little trap. The officers of the gunboat were to give a grand picnic, followed by a dance on board; and all the best people in Buenos Ayres were invited—Major

R—and his friend among the rest. The 'friend' was delighted at the prospect, and drew largely on the Major for the wherewithal to present a besitting splendour of appearance on the eventful day. As they strolled down to the wharf together arm-in-arm, you may be sure that Major R's heart beat high with the triumph already in his grasp—one of the cleverest captures ever planned by an emissary of Scotland Yard. Hiring a boat, they soon arrived alongside the man-of-war, where the poop was already crowded with ladies.

'Jump up,' said the Major, as the gangway ladder was lowered: 'we're just in time.'

'Well, no, Mr G—,' returned the forger, calling the detective by his real name. 'I don't think I'll go on board; but I'll stay here in the boat and listen to the music, while you go up and dance!'

If the officer did not feel sold at that moment, no man ever did. The best of it was, the audacious robber had not one penny of his booty with him, and was much too wary to trust the post. Both he and his wife—who joined him soon afterwards—were obliged to work for their bread until the arrival of their governess—who had never been suspected of complicity—with the whole sum. But how he discovered his adversary, was never known.

By the way, this same detective is said to have had another 'sell' a few days later. He went on board the mail-steamer just come in from Brazil, as he thought he might obtain an English newspaper. If he got one, he certainly had plenty of time to read it; for the steamer happened to be in quarantine, and he had to undergo the horrors of seclusion at Ensenada for three weeks!

A well-known London diamond merchant went out to Brazil to buy precious stones, seeking them, naturally, not in the big cities, but at the smaller places along the coast. The local steamer to which he had trans-shipped was one day about to leave some out-of-the-way port—Maceio, I think—when an Indian came on board selling skins; he also displayed some little shining pebbles, which he did not seem to set much store by. The merchant—reputed to be one of the best judges of a stone in England—saw at a glance that they were small diamonds, and carelessly offered a few reis apiece for them, which the Indian gladly took; then, appearing to have thus discovered a new branch of commerce, he produced an immense one attached to a string around his neck—one so large and valuable, that the dealer, in his eagerness to obtain it, was thrown off his guard, and offered so much for it that the dusky possessor's suspicions were excited. When I say 'so much,' I do not suppose the sum was intrinsically great, perhaps not more than a shilling or two; but it was out of all proportion to what he had paid for the others. The Indian refused. More and more money was promised, and displayed before his eyes in glittering piles. Rum, knives, shawls, and all sorts of commodities were thrown in; but without avail. If the pale-face wants this bit of stone so much, he might be supposed to argue within his 'untutored mind,' it must be of some great power or value—perhaps an amulet or charm of supernatural virtue. Superstitious and obstinate, like all his race, he would not part with it on any terms; but hastened to

conceal it about him again, and hurried on shore. The merchant was frantic; such an opportunity was not to be allowed to slip without making some effort. He paid the fine—no inconsiderable sum—for detaining the steamer in port another day, and roamed all over the neighbourhood, searching high and low for the Indian. No glimpse of him, however, could he get, nor any tidings of his whereabouts. At last, on the following morning, when he had given up the quest in despair, and the vessel was again about to proceed on her way, the innocent savage made his appearance on board once more, and expressed his willingness to sell the diamond. But in the interval that had elapsed, he seemed to have discovered, from some unknown source of information, its actual worth, and he now asked for it a sum which would be a fair equivalent for a gem of that size. Nor would he take less, nor allow the stone to pass from his hands until he had received the money. The bargain was made; the gold-laden Indian paddled back to his native wilds; and the steamer getting under-way, soon left his canoe a mere speck on the waves.

After settling certain transactions on paper relative to his note-of-hand, which had just been cashed from the ship's chest, the happy purchaser sped to his cabin, locked himself in, sat down to gloat over his newly acquired treasure, and—report says—fainted. Paste! A good imitation, certainly, but to his practised eye, unmistakable paste. He had been misled by the genuineness of the small stones; and his eagerness to secure the large one for comparatively nothing, and utter absence of grounds for suspicion, had caused him to disregard the little opportunity he had for examining it. The whole thing was a most ingenious plot, devised by some Yankee swindlers, who, with the 'noble red man' as their ally, had been waiting for him ever since he arrived in Brazil; baiting their hook with a few real sprats, they landed a whale. When I told the story to some diamond dealers in London afterwards, they refused to believe that so experienced a man could be deceived by a sham. The story leaked out in quite another quarter, however, in a short time. It was not the excellence of the paste that had imposed on him, but the artful misdirection of the attention.

SOME CURIOUS FASHION FREAKS.

PROBABLY no human being has ever existed who at some time of his life has not felt some anxiety to heighten his beauty or hide his defects by his attire. Beauty may not need 'the foreign aid of ornament'; but from the poor savage with tattooed face and shell necklace, to the noble dame whose charms are enhanced by the flash of her diamonds and soft laces, the poet's advice has been practically scorned and disregarded. Every subject has its humorous side; and we select a few amusing instances of the ingenuity of both sexes in efforts to make themselves more lovely in each other's eyes.

The adoption of the fashionable *écru* colour in linen and lace has a parallel in the twelfth century. Isabella, daughter of Philip II., made a vow not to change her linen till Ostend was taken. Unfortunately, the siege lasted three years, a prolongation of time which did not possibly enter into the lady's head when her vow was

made; yet her character for veracity was so high that it was believed she kept her vow; hence the ladies adopted as the fashionable colour a yellowish dingy shade which they christened *l'Ischcan*.

The ladies of Greenland paint their faces green and yellow. It is not many years since that at the French court no lady was considered in full dress whose colour was not heightened by rouge. In ancient Persia, aquiline noses were much admired; and when there were rivals to the throne, other claims being equal, he who possessed the handsomest nose was proclaimed king. Consequently, noses were as much as possible moulded by art. If the Peruvian ladies wear rings in their noses, ours do in their ears, which according to the dictates of Fashion, either sweep the shoulder, or diminish to tiny pearls screwed against the ear. The tremendously piled-up coiffures of the reign of Queen Anne, or indeed of five years ago, are an imitation, certainly a cleaner one, of the head-dress of the inhabitants of Natal. They, we are told, wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, of the stiff fat of oxen. They anoint the head with a purer grease, which mixed with the hair, serves to cement on the headgear which lasts for life!

A good excuse for wearing beards and moustaches is given by an author in 1640. He thinks they tend to make men valorous, and says: 'I have a favourable opinion of that young gentleman who is curious in fine moustaches. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them is no lost time; for the more he contemplates them, the more his mind will cherish and be animated by masculine and courageous notions.' An old clergyman of the time of Elizabeth gives us a droll view of the *noblesse oblige* principle, when he says, in excuse for being proud of the longest and largest beard in the country round, that he lives 'that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance.'

The wigs that used to be combed out with such grace by the young gallants of the last century, whether in a lady's drawing-room, at court, or in church, were most expensive adornments. Steele laments that even in his day they cost forty guineas. Mrs Thomas, the clever friend of Pope, mentions that her grandfather 'was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being employed some hours every morning in starching his beard and curling his whiskers.' It is recorded that in the reign of Elizabeth—who seems equally to have patronised the follies of fashion and the wisdom of great men—two lovers sitting side by side could not take each other by the hand. The gentlemen then wore enormously stuffed-out doublets, and the ladies immense farthingales. That Elizabeth left three thousand dresses in her wardrobe is a fact well known; that she possessed a complete costume of every known country, may not be known so well. Her extravagance seems excessive; though in the reign of earlier kings, the passion for gorgeous apparel was equally great. Sir John Arundel, in the reign of Richard II., had fifty-two new suits of gold tissue alone. Fuller in his *Worthies* gives us a peep of the expense a priest of Queen Mary's time went to, that he might worthily honour his religion. In his will, he bequeaths to various parish churches and persons, 'my vestment of crimson satin, my vestment of

crimson velvet, my stole and fanon set with pearls, my black gown laced with taffata.'

About 1776 the ladies in England were in the habit of wearing immense head-dresses, made of hair, wool, wire, and feathers. Foote ridiculed it on the stage on one occasion in presence of the king and queen, his head-dress being one yard in width. It was so contrived that as he left the stage it fell bit by bit to pieces, causing great amusement. Her Majesty, who was noted for the smallness and good taste of her head-dresses, laughed very heartily at the exhibition. In a newspaper of that period, a humorous story is told of a lady in Covent Garden, who happening to look over her window whilst wearing one of these immense head-dresses, attracted the notice of the people below. Seeing this, she endeavoured to withdraw; but unfortunately the head-dress had caught on a nail in the upper part of the window, and extrication was for the time impossible, her position affording infinite diversion to the spectators. 'At length,' says the chronicler, 'by a violent jerk backwards, she withdrew her head only, docked of its enormous superstructure, which hung on the aforesaid nail for near an hour—to her no small mortification and confusion—a glaring monument of her fashionable folly.'

When the French nation reached its height of folly and wickedness, just before the Revolution broke out and flooded the land with misery and bloodshed, all who desired to be considered connected with the aristocracy carried about with them at least one *pantion*. These were small wooden dolls, which by pulling a string, suddenly jerked out arms and legs; exactly like those which may be seen adorning the hats of 'swells' on a Derby day. The rage for them was immense. Nobles, gentlemen, and even grave ecclesiastics were to be seen carrying them about and playing with them. A somewhat similar rage for comfits existed in the reign of Henry III. of France. When the body of the Duc de Guise was found after the battle of Blois, he had his comfit-box in his hand.

In 1586 the ladies carried hand-mirrors attached to their châtelains, and, like Narcissus, were perpetually admiring their own charms. This excited the deepest indignation of Jean des Caures, a stern old moralist of the time, and he emphatically menaced them with the extremest penalties of the other world.

Who would have believed that so late as 1751 the dress of a dandy should have consisted of a black velvet coat, a green and silver waistcoat, yellow velvet breeches, and blue stockings! A satirical writer of about the same period gives a biting sketch of one of his contemporaries: 'A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff-breeches, without any money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings but no legs; a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of a sixpence on a block not worth a farthing.' No doubt the same gentleman could paint a picture of the dress of our own time which would appear as ridiculous to the gentleman with the green coat as his own does to us.

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ISLAND LIFE.

IN looking at the distribution of animal and vegetable life over the various countries of the globe, the question of how the distribution has been effected must have occurred to many. So far as the larger divisions, or continents, of the globe are concerned, no particular difficulty at first sight presents itself; but in the case of the numerous *islands* that dot our larger seas and oceans, we at once find ourselves face to face with considerable perplexities. Take the case of the island of St Helena, for instance. It is situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, eleven hundred miles from the coast of Africa on the east, and eighteen hundred miles from that of South America on the west. When first discovered, nearly four hundred years ago, it was found to be densely covered with a luxuriant forest vegetation, which was afterwards almost entirely destroyed in various ways, not least by the ravages of goats bred from those which the Portuguese at first introduced on St Helena, and which in course of time overran it like a plague, leaving the island almost a desert. The destruction of the trees was also accompanied by the disappearance of many kinds of animals originally found on the island. Then take the case of the Azores in the North Atlantic, situated eight hundred miles from land—a group of islands extremely fertile, and abounding in animals of many kinds. In both these instances, which are only two among thousands, the question which presents itself to the scientific mind is: How did life, whether animal or vegetable, manage to reach these distant, solitary, ocean-girdled spots?

So long as men were content to believe that all the variety of life which we see around us was due to acts of 'special creation,' no serious difficulty was to be found in answering the question; but with a wider and more accurate knowledge of the wonderful processes of nature—of the remarkable operation of natural laws—it was at once found that to account for this distribution of animal and vegetable life on scientific grounds, a problem of

great delicacy and difficulty had to be encountered. The name of Mr Alfred Russell Wallace has long been distinguished in connection with the efforts that have been made to solve this problem, and his recent work on *Island Life* (London: Macmillan & Co.) is his latest and fullest contribution to the literature of the question.

Madagascar may be taken as typical of some of the difficulties of the question. This large island, containing three times the territory of England, presents an extraordinary instance of the anomalies in the distribution of animal life. It lies two hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Africa, and yet its mammalia differ entirely in all essential characteristics from the mammalia of the neighbouring continent. Madagascar possesses no less than sixty-six species of mammals which are not only different from those of Africa, but from those of any other existing continent. 'Africa is prominently characterised by its monkeys, apes, and baboons; by its lions, leopards, and hyenas; by its zebras, rhinoceroses, elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, and numerous species of antelopes. But no one of these animals, nor anything like them, is found in Madagascar.' Of the lemurs, there are six genera and thirty-three species on the island—half its entire mammalian population; and nowhere else are these creatures found in such abundance. Then the carnivora of the island are represented by a peculiar cat-like animal, *Cryptoprocta*, forming a distinct family, and having no allies in any part of the globe. In the rodents—the rats and mice—of the island, one genus is said to be allied to another which is indigenous to America; and the Colubrine snakes are represented in Madagascar, not by African or Asiatic genera, but by two American genera. Of the lizards of the island, certain of the genera are again found to be allied to families which are exclusively American.

These facts are very extraordinary, for they show us, that while few of the animals on the island are represented by African families, many others are represented among existing mammals only by families to be found in the far-distant

and utterly foreign continent of America. The explanation which Mr Wallace gives of this peculiar state of things appears to be a reasonable one—namely, that the island of Madagascar was at one time connected with, or formed part of, the continent of Africa, but, with its stock of mammals, was detached therefrom at a period long prior to the descent into Africa of the different race of animals which now inhabit that continent. Thus we have a collection of mammals existing on the island such as we may suppose to have inhabited Africa previous to the immigration of its present mammalia. These have almost completely obliterated all traces of their predecessors, for whom we must therefore now look to the piece of land which was detached from the continent while the older race of animals still inhabited it, and which now forms the great island of Madagascar.

But while islands offer the best subjects for the study of distribution, the continents nevertheless present many interesting phenomena. Mr Wallace tells us, for example, that when an Englishman travels by the nearest sea-route from Great Britain to Northern Japan, he passes by countries very unlike his own, both in aspect and natural productions. He skirts the sunny isles of the Mediterranean, the sands and date-palms of Egypt, the cocoa groves of Ceylon, and many other places, and after a circuitous journey of thirteen thousand miles finds himself in Japan. Yet what is his astonishment—after placing between him and England such enormous tracts of land, and with so little in them that is familiar to the English eye—to find himself once more in a country the natural objects of which are in many instances identical with those of his far-off home! Thus, 'he finds the woods and fields tenanted by tits, hedge-sparrows, wrens, wagtails, larks, red-breasts, thrushes, buntings, and house-sparrows; some absolutely identical with our own feathered friends, others so closely resembling them, that it requires a practical ornithologist to tell the difference. If he is fond of insects, he notices many butterflies and a host of beetles which, though on close examination they are found to be distinct from ours, are yet of the same general aspect, and seem just what might be expected in any part of Europe. There are also of course many birds and insects which are quite new and peculiar; but these are by no means so numerous or conspicuous as to remove the general impression of a wonderful resemblance between the productions of such remote islands as Britain and Yesso.'

On the other hand, if an inhabitant of Australia sails to New Zealand, a distance of less than thirteen hundred miles, he will find himself in a country whose productions are totally unlike those of his own. 'Kangaroos and wombats there are none, the birds are almost all entirely new, insects are very scarce, and quite unlike the handsome or strange Australian forms; while even the vegetation is all changed, and no gum-tree, or wattle, or grass-tree meets the traveller's eye.' But still more striking contrasts than these are to be met with. There are two islands in the Malay Archipelago, named Bali and Lombok, each about as large as Corsica, and separated by a narrow strait of but fifteen miles. 'Yet these islands differ far more from each other in their birds and quadrupeds than do England and Japan. The birds of

the one are extremely *unlike* those of the other, the difference being such as to strike even the most ordinary observer.' Such an instance is useful 'as proving that mere distance is one of the least important of the causes which have determined the likeness or unlikeness in the animals of different countries.'

Instances of a similar kind might be given from the western hemisphere; but the above are sufficient to indicate the nature of the problem with which the scientist has to deal in determining the laws and incidental causes that have to do with the phenomena of distribution. Many of the questions arising out of this problem are of singular complexity and interest; and even the solution which Mr Wallace's long experience of the subject enables him to attempt, may not in many points be accepted without considerable discussion in the scientific world.

One of the first things to note in considering the solution which our author advances, is, that the geographical divisions of the globe do not correspond to its zoological divisions. Thus the term 'Europe' does not give, with any approach to accuracy, the range of any one genus of mammals or birds. They may range into Siberia, or into Asia Minor, or Palestine, or North Africa. Consequently, for the purposes of the naturalist, the old geographical divisions are discarded, and a series of zoological divisions substituted. Thus Europe, with north temperate Africa and Asia, form what is called the Palearctic Region; Africa south of the Sahara, the Ethiopian Region; Tropical Asia, the Oriental; Australia, the Australian; North America, the Nearctic; and South America, the Neotropical Region. The various families of birds and mammals are not distributed over this region in any regular or continuous way; but are often discontinuous, and appear as it were in patches, to connect which, or to account for which, is one of the problems of distribution to be solved. Hence it is necessary to make some inquiry into the different powers of dispersal of animals and plants, into the nature of the barriers that limit their migrations, and into the character of the geological or climatal changes which have favoured or checked such migrations.

It is impossible within the limits of a magazine article to give any adequate idea of all that is involved in the elucidation of these important questions; though a few words may be said on the interesting subject of the dispersal of animals. As is readily conceived, a wide extent of ocean forms an almost insuperable barrier to the dispersal of all land animals, and even of birds; for, though the latter can fly far, yet they cannot go thousands of miles without rest or food, unless in the case of aquatic birds, who can find both rest and food on the surface of the ocean. Without artificial help, therefore, neither mammalia nor land-birds can pass over very wide oceans. 'The exact width they can pass over is not determined, but we have a few facts to guide us. Contrary to the common notion, pigs can swim very well, and have been known to swim over five or six miles of sea; and the wide distribution of pigs in the eastern hemisphere may be due to this power. It is almost certain, however, that they would never voluntarily swim away from their native land; and if carried out to sea by a flood, they would certainly endeavour to return to the shore. We cannot

therefore believe that they would ever swim over fifty or a hundred miles of sea; and the same may be said of all the large mammalia. Deer also swim well, but there is no reason to believe that they would venture out of sight of land.

'With the smaller, and especially with the arboreal mammalia, there is a much more effectual way of passing over the sea by means of floating trees, or those floating islands which are often found at the mouths of great rivers. Sir Charles Lyell describes such floating islands which were encountered among the Moluccas, on which trees and shrubs were growing on a stratum of soil which even formed a white beach round the margin of each raft. Among the Philippine Islands, similar rafts with trees growing on them have been seen after hurricanes; and it is easy to understand how, if the sea were tolerably calm, such a raft might be carried along by a current, aided by the wind acting on the trees, till after a passage of several weeks, it might arrive safely on the shores of some land hundreds of miles away from its starting-point. Such small animals as squirrels and mice might have been carried away on the trees which formed part of such a raft, and might thus colonise a new island; though, as it would require a pair of the same species to be carried away together, such accidents would no doubt be rare. Insects, however, and land-shells would almost certainly be abundant on such a raft or island; and in this way we may account for the wide dispersal of many species of both these groups.'

But such causes as these can scarcely be accepted as sufficient to account for the dispersal of mammalia as a whole; and whenever a considerable number of the mammals of two countries are found to exhibit distinct marks of relationship, Mr Wallace thinks we may be sure that an actual land connection, or at all events an approach to within a very few miles of each other, has at one time existed. A great number of identical families and genera are in fact to be found in all the great continents, and the present distribution of land renders it easy to see how this dispersal has been effected. All the great land masses radiate from the arctic regions as a common centre, the only break being at Behring's Strait, which is so shallow, that a rise of less than a thousand feet would form a broad isthmus connecting Asia and America. Continuity of land may therefore be said to be general over the globe; the chief exceptions to this being Australia and a number of large islands. These islands are divided into two classes—(1) those which have been formed in the ocean by volcanic or coralline agency; and (2) those which have simply been detached from continents by the sinking or submergence of the connecting land. On the first class of islands, the oceanic, there is no trace of indigenous mammalia or amphibia, but they usually contain an abundance of birds and insects, and a sprinkling of reptiles. Continental islands, on the other hand, are never far from land, and always contain some land mammals and amphibia, as well as representatives of other classes and orders. It is therefore suggested that all the animals and birds which inhabit the oceanic islands must have reached them by crossing the ocean; or they must be the descendants of ancestors who did so; and that those which inhabit islands adjacent to continents,

may partly have been left there when the separation from the mainland was effected.

But, in Mr Wallace's opinion, the key to the many difficulties which have hitherto prevented the student from forming a clear conception as to the way in which the distribution of life over the globe has been effected, is to be found in the permanency of land masses, and the evolution of species. Some of the author's views will, as already observed, provoke discussion; yet these views, if found to be right, will rank in the future as conclusions of primary importance. He holds, for instance, that in the main the great land and ocean areas of the present time have been permanent ever since the beginning of the geological record. The great ocean depths have been stable; but the shallows and their associated land areas have been subject to incessant changes of level relatively to the surface of the sea, in consequence of the combined influences of upheaval, subsidence, and denudation. The result of this theory is, that while the same area may have been at one time sea, at another land, in frequent succession, yet the great land areas have always been approximately where they are now. Then as regards the effect of the evolution of species on the dispersal of animals, he considers he has established the fact that wild animals are by no means so constant in size and minor characteristics as has generally been assumed. In some extreme cases, it is found that the size of proportional parts may vary to the extent of twenty-five per cent.; and that in many cases it may be three, four, six, or nine per cent. These great variations, in conjunction with incessant climatic and other changes, are sufficient, in his opinion, to account for the present distribution of animals into zoological regions and districts.

So much for his general conclusions. But too much stress must not, as Mr Wallace points out, be laid on isolated causes. The phenomena of distribution cannot be adequately perceived if looked at from a specialised point of view; since every fact is but a link in a great connected series of changes, the beginning of which is to be found in ages long since gone by, and the continuation of which will stretch into the distant future. It is a singularly complicated and difficult question, yet presents points of immense interest to students of nature, who, whether they should or should not agree with Mr Wallace's conclusions, will not rise from the perusal of his book without a deep impression of the masterly way in which he has treated a subject at once so wide and so complex.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE RESCUE.

THE moon was young, the night was dark, and the ebb-tide, aided by a brisk westerly wind, went rushing furiously down. The boats, which, under Bertram's leadership, had pushed out into mid-stream from the slimy stairs below the *Shipwrights' Arms*, went fast too, strong backs bending to the oars, strong arms waiting, idle. Along the lower reaches of the Thames, everybody who lives anyhow, by the water and the keels that ride upon it, can row a bit, as the saying is. But the rowing on this occasion was more vigorous than skilful, the boats yawed in a manner that wasted time and

toil, and it was not easy to avoid awkward contact with vessels at anchor. 'Ahoy, ahoy, hoy there!' rang out the hoarse hail from aboard a South Shields or Newcastle collier, as they passed. 'Boats, ahoy!'

'What cheer?' inquired the big shipwright who pulled the stroke-oar in Bertram's boat, whose designation in the Yard was Long Tom, and who had been the first to volunteer.

'I'm Cap'en of this brig,' responded the interlocutor, a large man in red flannel shirt and Guernsey blue suit, as he leaned over the grimy gangway; 'and I've noticed something is wrong with the *Golden Gate*—the new full-rigged clipper a cable's length away. She's slipped her moorings, and gone down with the tide, and I heard a row on board, and cries of "Murder!" and "Help!"'

'Just as I feared!' exclaimed Bertram excitedly. —'Thank you, Captain.—Give way, lads!' And off went the boats, the oars quivering as the men put their strength into the stroke. It was needful to steer carefully, for half-a-dozen clumsy coal-hoys and red-sailed lighters were moored in the track, and when the boats gained clear water it was evident that the *Golden Gate* was gone from her anchorage. There were the tall masts dimly visible, afar off.

'She's rounding into Bully's Reach,' cried a waterman, as he espied the drifting vessel, 'and she'll ground on Drowned Point, I bet a hundred.'

'Pull, men, and pull with a will!' exclaimed Bertram, as he gathered up the tiller lines, and steered his best. Round went the three boats into Bully's Reach, Bertram's leading, just as the tall ship broached to on a half-sunken tongue of land—Drowned Point, no doubt. There were carts visible on shore. The rescuers could even hear the stamping of the horses and the cracking of the drivers' whips. Three or four small boats were buzzing around the ship, like flies around a slaughtered animal. Plainly, the robbers were eager to make sure of their booty.

'Hurrah!' shouted the sturdy wrights, on catching sight of the enemy. It was impolitic, but it was British; it was a manly impulse that prompted the cheer, which Bertram could not check. Frenchmen, I am afraid, under the same circumstances would neither have cheered nor fought. It takes a great idea, or a dribble of money at stake, to make the modern Gaul exert himself. But these Thames shipwrights came on to the fight, as if fighting were sport.

'Hurrah! We'll trim their jerkins! Col'ar hold of her with the boat-hook!' bawled Long Tom, who was presumably a Kentish man, and talked the dialect of the land of hops and cherries.

'Landsharks!'—'Ware!'—'Rouse!'—'Knock their brains out!' were the responsive cries on board the stranded ship. There were hard knocks and fierce resistance as the shipwrights forced their way up the ship's side, holding on to chain and rope, scrambling and avoiding as best they might the blows that were aimed at them from the deck. Bertram, who was among the foremost boarders, received a heavy blow or two, and might have got a fatal stab from the drawn 'snickersnee' of grim Captain Jack, whose wicked eyes shone brighter than the knife-blade, had not Long Tom the shipwright wrrenched the weapon out of the

old river pirate's gnarled hand. But the struggle was yet uncertain when the galley of the Thames Police dashed up, and there were daring men and glittering cutlasses swarming over the ship's bows; and the rogues who had been busy, with bag and hatchet, among cabins and storerooms of the new clipper, fled breathlessly, and the carts started at a gallop, and all was rout and dismay.

'One, two, four, six prisoners,' said the business-like Superintendent of the Thames Police; 'but one of them is Captain Jack.'

Captain Jack, with Long Tom's knee pressing on his deep chest, as he lay on the deck, answered by a curse. No chieftain of a Red Indian tribe, Comanche or Sioux, captured by the white men, could have been more stubborn than this obstinate desperado. He hardly knew, as he lay, gasping but unconquered, whether to swear the most at his late confederates or at his captors; so he swore roundly at both. 'A lot of helpless duffers!' 'Malingering lubbers that couldn't look a cow in the face!' such were the mildest terms in which he described his associates; while he branded the police as 'white-livered sons of sea-cooks that durstn't—no, they durstn't,' perhaps missing the kicks and cuffs which, half a century ago, were wont to lend zest to a caption.

'Clap the darbies on him! Put the bracelets on the kit of them!' said the Superintendent at last; and the touch of the steel handcuffs seemed to produce a sobering effect on the old man, and on the five scowling or snivelling knaves who were also in custody. Some mischief had been done, but not much. Black Juba lay at the entrance of his cook's galley, bleeding and stunned; while Trencard the ex-man-of-war's man, and the two boys, were found in the fore-castle, roughly handled, but not seriously hurt, and with pieces of ratline tightly knotted round their galled wrists. Mr Swaine the storekeeper, who had hidden himself at the first alarm, was ignominiously unearched in the bread-room, and prayed Bertram and the others, whom he took for pirates, to spare the life of the father of a family.

Not much had been spoiled—nothing, or next to nothing, carried off. A hundred pounds, or at the outside, two, might pay for silk and gold and brass hacked away, or ripped off with the knife, for doors smashed, and stores purloined. But Juba the black, whose head was fortunately of average negro thickness, and whom a jorum of rum-and-water, and a little rough kindness, greatly revived, had really been severely maltreated; and Bertram himself had a cut on the forehead and a bruised wrist, while most of the men had sustained contusions or other hurts.

'Still, hurrah for our side!' shouted Long Tom the wright in triumph, though the blood trickled down his face as he said it, and every good fellow on the honest men's side joined in the cheer that floated far over the desolate Essex flats and the Kentish marsh opposite. Perhaps the happiest person present was the shrewd Superintendent of the Thames Police, as, with the prisoners, ironed, and hustled into the thwarts and stern-sheets, he bade his crew row back to the station stairs. He had broken up a formidable gang. He had saved property, and life perhaps. Although Parliament was sitting, the morning papers would find room for some praise for the zealous and able chief of the

civil force that had captured Captain Jack. But even in his cup of bliss there was a drop of gall. The gamekeeper who has trapped the pheasant-eating fox, the French *garde forestier* who has shot the wary wolf so long the terror of the fold, feels a sort of regret as he pockets his reward. Where shall he get another wolf, or discover a fresh fox? With the conviction of the aged pirate, the Superintendent felt that he was parting with the last element of romance in his profession.

Then a guard was set. It would need tugs, and steam, and tow-ropes, and cables, to bring the clipper back next day to her anchorage; but in the meantime it scarcely required the presence of the men who stayed on board, or the glow of lamps and fires to scare away the thieves, already scared, who in far-off squalid dens were bewailing the overthrow of the promising project which young Bertram had spoiled.

CHAPTER XXIX.—PROMOTION.

Those were pleasant days, pleasant weeks, which succeeded Bertram's exploit of the relaking of the *Golden Gate*. That grand ship had spread her acres of snowy sail, and on them been wafted over endless seas to far-off Anstralia. But Mr Mervyn remained, and so did kind, frank Mr Arthur Lynn, and so did the rough shipwrights to whom the young man, their leader, was a hero. Bertram never forgot how his cheeks had tingled with manly shame when Mr Mervyn, his employer, had given him public thanks, and public praise, before all the clerks and workmen; or the cheering; or Arthur's friendly pressure of the hand. They had offered him no money, and he was glad of that, though pecuniary rewards had been liberally dealt out among the rugged wrights who had fought to protect the property of Mervyn & Co. But Mr Mervyn had hinted at promotion, less as a boon than as a well-earned recompense; nor was it long before the promotion came.

One fine evening in the early summer, when there were seas of May-bloom on the aged hawthorns—Queen Elizabeth's hawthorns—in the so-called Happy Valley of that royal Park of Greenwich where once monarchs aimed the arrow, or spurred the steed, to the detriment of the dappled deer, Bertram was returning from a solitary ramble under the leafy shades of the spreading Spanish chestnut trees, when his way led him past the colonnades and lawns and stately roofs of that Naval Hospital which was once a palace, and is now an anomaly, and past the great Greenwich hosteries which overlook the Thames, and where whitebait dinners, ministerial, municipal, or private, are still solemnly eaten. There was a drag at the door—there were two drags at the door, whether of the orthodox *Crown and Sceptre* or of the more glittering *Trafalgar* matters not, no unusual sight on an evening in the latter part of June. Many Londoners, who have the means and the leisure, prefer to go on wheels, as in the days when macadamised roads were a wonder of the world, to suburban pleasure-resorts, instead of being dependent on the snorting steam-horse. These two four-in-hand carriages were not, it may be conjectured, the private property of any members of the British aristocracy chronicled by Burke and Debrett. There was silver-mounted harness that glittered and rattled as the sleek-coated horses

tossed their heads and champed their bits, and some flaring device of mock-heraldry was emblazoned on the panels; but the whole equipage had a coarse, flashy air, and the behaviour of the leering helpers who held the vicious-eyed horses by the bridle, or rubbed hissing at the gleaming lamps and burnished door-handles, was barely respectful. Hotel servants can generally form a tolerably correct estimate of their masters' customers. As Bertram lingered, the party of revellers came out, young men mostly, in evening costume, with flashing studs and spotless shirt-fronts and flushed faces, and voices thick with wine and foolish talk, laughing as they came. Among them were seniors, with dyed hair and moustache, or purple whiskers looming large, hollow-eyed, cruel and keen, hawks among the pigeons. Foremost of all was one whom Bertram fancied that he knew.

Nat Lee—the vagabond of the ditch—the bruised and plundered welsher, who had been thankful, last year, to lean on Bertram's arm, and to sip brandy that Bertram paid for—the former denizen of Rundle's Hotel, Limbo Street, Piccadilly—could this be Nat Lee? A distinguished gentleman, it would seem, well dressed, perfumed, and with a self-confident bearing that just stopped short of vulgar swagger. It was easy to see, by the deference which the others paid him, and by the air of assurance with which he gave orders, that he was the lion of the party. Showering small silver about him with a lavishness which procured him many a 'Luck to your Honour!' and 'Thank ye, my lord!' from the hangers-on of the hotel, he climbed to the box-seat of one of the two drags, and gathered up the reins in his gloved hand.

'Are you all right there?' he called out. It certainly was the voice, as well as the face, of Nat Lee.

'No, no!' cried another voice, in answer, the voice of a foolish-faced, florid young man, whom any Jew, or any waiter in Christendom, would have accurately classed as a patrician, and none the less as a dolt. 'Wait for me, Fitzgerald, I only want another cigar, old man.'

Fitzgerald! Could that resounding patronymic be the lawful property of the man who had once been a clerk in the Dulchester Bank, and whom Bertram identified with his former disreputable roadside acquaintance. Lee, or Fitzgerald, whichever he was, caught Bertram's eye, changed colour, and turned away. 'Look sharp!' he cried, as his young friend clambered to his perch on the roof; and then, with a savage stroke of the whip and jerk of the reins, drove off.

As Bertram crossed in the ferry-boat to Black-wall, his mind dwelt, in spite of himself, on his recent encounter with one who was, he felt convinced, no other than the wayside vagabond whom he had found in evil plight in the ditch. There are ups as well as downs in the careers of adventurers as bold and shrewd as Nat Lee, and even his assumption of an aristocratic surname was not, after a minute's reflection, as unaccountable to Bertram as it had seemed at the first. There are silly lads among the golden youth of London, as of Paris or Vienna, ready enough to accept the sparkling counterfeit for sterling coin, on race-course and in billiard or card room, so long as champagne flows and laughter rings, and

who reverence knowledge of the world, according to their narrow ethics, beyond all earthly gifts.

Had this man, Bertram asked himself, any connection with the misfortunes of his early benefactor, good Dr Denham—anything to link him with Uncle Walter, the hard, polished virtuoso of Kensington? Certainly, this Nat Lee, if such were his name, had spoken of himself, and of the Old Bank at Dulchester, as though his former doings there had left an indelible impression upon his mind. Certainly, too, he had made bitter mention, grinding his teeth resentfully the while, of some enemy who should, in default of black-mail, pay in person or in reputation for the wrong he had done. But it was faulty logic, so Bertram felt, to identify this nameless enemy with Mr Walter Denham; and even granting that his scampish acquaintance had treasured up some grudge, after all these years, against the younger son of his old master, that by no means implied that Nat Lee had anything to tell, the telling of which would benefit the doctor's orphaned daughters.

As the ferry-boat crossed from the Kentish side of Thames to the bleak flats of the Essex shore, Bertram's gaze turned instinctively to the spot where, not many weeks since, the *Golden Gate* had lain at anchor. It seemed but yesterday that the attack upon the fine new ship had been followed by the defeat of the marauders. Already—for Metropolitan prisoners do not now languish before trial, as did the late Mrs Brownrigg of ogreish memory, according to the *Anti-Jacobin*—Captain Jack had been sentenced to a lengthy term of penal servitude, well deserved, and sundry of his accomplices to minor degrees of the same punishment. Bertram could still see the hardened face of the incorrigible old sinner, as he stood scowling in the dock, and remembered the defiant 'Thank ye, my lord—that won't hurt me!' with which this veteran foe to social order had received the judicial doom. The judge had praised Bertram in open court for his bravery and devotion; and the spectators then, and the newspapers afterwards, had echoed the praise. It seemed quite an old story now, although it had happened so recently.

When Bertram reached his lodging he was surprised to find his employer's nephew, Arthur Lynn, there, and waiting for him.

'No, there's nothing wrong,' said the good-natured young man, laughing at Bertram's anxious looks. 'Quite the contrary. My news to-night is good news, or I shouldn't have been in such a hurry to bring it to you, myself. You see, Bertram, that my uncle and I have been planning for you a little surprise—that's all.'

'A surprise—Mr Arthur—for me!' echoed Bertram, scarcely able to believe his ears.

'Why, yes,' replied Arthur Lynn, who had seated himself on the narrow window-sill, and was swinging himself backwards and forwards with an air of simple-hearted enjoyment. 'You surely did not think that Mr Mervyn and I imagined we had wiped out the debt of gratitude we owed you for your conduct the other night, by the cheap payment of a hand-shake and a few words of thanks? We at any rate'—

'There was no debt—nothing due—and the gratitude, dear sir, was all on my side,' burst in Bertram eagerly, and flushing crimson. 'What

do I not owe to you—I, who was a homeless lad, almost a beggar, when you took me in and gave me what I craved for, the opportunity to work and be useful! It is your kind heart, Mr Arthur, that exaggerates the little I did—my plain duty.'

'It is your noble spirit, my lad, as my uncle said this very day, that leads you to make light of your own courage and sense and prudence,' answered Arthur Lynn, shaking his head. 'However, Bertram, we acknowledge our obligation to you, and mean to prove it otherwise than by mere compliments. I did not know that a vacancy would occur so soon; but—You are aware that we have a branch building Yard, for yachts chiefly, and steam-vessels in which speed signifies more than stowage, at Southampton, are you not?'

Yes, Bertram knew that.

'Mr Weston is the manager of the Yard, and has been so these fifteen years. He is an able agent, and an experienced one; but he cannot attend to everything single-handed, and with one pair of eyes to rely upon, especially as we are extending the business, and shall instantly send down a fresh batch of shipwrights, with Long Tom for their foreman. We want an Assistant Manager, too. Can you guess whom we have picked out for the post?' said Arthur Lynn; 'and if so, will you accept it?'

'You are too generous to me, Mr Arthur,' said Bertram, almost sobbing. 'How can I thank'—

'Only go on as well as you have done before, that's all, and it will be our good fortune to have put the right man in the right place,' interrupted Arthur, catching up his hat. 'These papers—see, I will leave them on the table—will give you an idea of your duties, the salary, and so forth; and on Wednesday, at latest, you should arrange to start for Southampton.—By Jove, I shall lose the train! Good-night!'

And Bertram was left alone. Strange, that when the first surprise of the good news had calmed itself, the image of Rose Denham should float before his mental vision. 'I shall meet her there,' he thought.

A DAY OR TWO IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

THE Isle of Man possesses few rivals as a field of operation for the hardy pedestrian not afraid to risk the traditional horrors of a few hours' sea-voyage. Pure bracing air, beauty and variety of both inland and coast scenery—the former of course on a small scale—and a curious feeling of remoteness, which brings a delicious sense of relief for a time from the cares and labours of a busy world, combine to render this quaint little island the very place for a ten days' walking tour. It must be frankly confessed, however, that by fastidious persons a drawback to the island as a place of resort may be found in the great number of visitors who overrun its towns every summer. But to those who do not mind coming in occasional contact with such, the island will be found to be a most agreeable spot in which to spend a holiday.

Little is definitely known about the early history of the Isle of Man. The people are of Celtic origin, the Manx language having strong affinities

with the Irish and the Gaelic of the Highlands. The island was long under the rule of the Earls of Derby, from whom it passed by succession to the Dukes of Athole, and it was not till 1829 that the Crown obtained full possession of it, by the purchase of the rights and privileges of the latter family. It has never been represented in the Imperial Parliament, but possesses an independent form of government, to which it adheres with the utmost tenacity. The executive power lies in the Governor, who is appointed by the Crown. The Parliament, or as it is called, the Court of Tynwald, consists of the Governor and Council, forming the upper, and the House of Keys, forming the lower house. In 1866 a reform bill was passed, enfranchising the people who elect the members of the House of Keys, a general election taking place every seven years. Justice is administered by two Deemsters, or judges appointed by the Crown, and by the High Bailiffs of Douglas, Ramsey, Castletown, and Peel. The tax-gatherer and the rate-collector are almost unknown in the Isle of Man. There is neither income-tax nor poor-rate, and only in the towns is there any local rate, and that but a small one.

The best view of Douglas Bay, which is the natural approach to the Isle of Man, is obtained when nearing the island from Liverpool; the whole outline of the coast, with its variations of light and shade, its green hills, its dark cliffs, and its rocky headlands, here appearing to advantage. The first object that strikes the eye is Maughold Head, a bold promontory, forming the north-eastern point of the island, and which seems to start up suddenly from the water's edge; while behind it, the summits of Snaefell and North Barrule, the two highest mountains on the island, rise gradually into view. Towards the north, the coast is bold and precipitous, with lofty cliffs, that dip sheer down into the water, divided here and there by deep gullies, through which the mountain streams find their way to the sea. Southwards, the high lands shelve gradually down, till at Castletown the country is quite flat. From this point the land rises once more, till its rugged coast-line terminates in the Calf, a huge mass of isolated rock, separated from the rest of the island by a gully or channel some five hundred yards in width.

The town of Douglas is a curious mixture of the old and the new. The old part, which is chiefly confined to the vicinity of the quay and harbour, reminds one of Dieppe, with its narrow tortuous alleys, its quaint old market-place, and its all-pervading odour of fish. The only building in Douglas which has any pretensions to architectural beauty or historic interest is Castle Mona, the ancient residence of the Dukes of Athole when they were lords of Man. It is an imposing-looking building of massive limestone, and stands in a commanding position on the margin of the bay; but it too has yielded to modern necessities, and has been transformed into an hotel.

But as it is not in the town of Douglas that the chief beauties of the Isle of Man are to be seen, we must seek for the charms of Mona elsewhere. A walk across the island from Douglas to Peel—a distance of some ten or twelve miles—will give the traveller a good idea of the prevailing characteristics of the inland scenery. The road is for the most part a level one, running through the valleys of the Glas and the Neb, streams which

can hardly be dignified by the name of river, being the exact counterpart of Tennyson's 'Brook.' If not the 'grayling,' at all events the 'lusty trout' may be found here, and will constitute an additional element of attraction to the angler. Indeed, a good day's sport may be had on any of the chief streams of the island, the best of which perhaps are the Sulby river and the stream running through Glen Rushen. Trees are not plentiful on the Peel Road or elsewhere; but the green hills which bound the valleys on either side attract the eye of the pedestrian by their variations of shade and colour, and the picturesque form of their outlines. Midway between Douglas and Peel, the road skirts the base of the mountain of Greeba—a hill which, as regards the Isle of Man, is the centre of the earth, and whence, on a fine day, England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland may be clearly descried. Near to it stands the chapel of St Ninian, a ruin with a curious legend attached, which may perhaps be cited as a good example of the folk-lore in which the Manx people delight. Tradition says that the completion of the chapel was hindered by an evil spirit, or to give it its vernacular name, a *buggane*. The fiend apparently did not object to the construction of the walls; but whenever an attempt was made to cover in the building, he either carried off the roof bodily, or smashed it in by supernatural force. Anyhow, the chapel never was completed, and remains without a roof to this day, though perhaps the sceptic will not find it difficult to account for this phenomenon without having recourse to supernatural agencies.

At St John's, about three miles on the Douglas side of Peel, is Tynwald Hill, an artificial mound some eighty feet in diameter, and about twelve feet in height. Here, on the 5th of July each year, are promulgated all the laws that have been passed by the Manx Parliament during the preceding twelve months. The ceremony, which is somewhat imposing, is made the occasion of a great gathering of people from all parts of the island. The Governor, the Deemsters, the Coroners, and the other chief officials attend service in the chapel of St John, and then walk in grand procession to Tynwald Hill. Here they take up their positions, and the laws are proclaimed with due solemnity, the people meanwhile standing in a circle round the mount. This custom is said to date back more than a thousand years, and, as the Manx people are intensely conservative, may not improbably last a thousand more. The rest of the day is given up to merrymaking and the business of the fair, which is always held at St John's on Tynwald Day.

Peel itself is nothing more than a prosperous fishing village, and is chiefly remarkable for the ruins of its celebrated castle. Every one who has read *Peveril of the Peak* must be familiar with Sir Walter Scott's wonderfully accurate and graphic description of this famous stronghold, which he never saw. Standing some fifty yards from the land, on a rugged island, which is in reality the spur of a ridge of rocky hills gradually shelving down to the shore, Peel Castle cannot be surpassed for romance and picturesqueness of situation. Formerly, an almost impregnable fortress, owing to the massiveness of its walls and the strength of its position, for the last hundred years it has been nothing more than a beautiful ruin,

the red sandstone of which it is built having crumbled away under the fury of the storms to which it has been exposed for many centuries. Waldron's description of Peel Castle, as it appeared at the beginning of last century, is exceedingly quaint and interesting, though not a few of his statements might challenge comparison with some of the wondrous stories to be found in the pages of Sir John Mandeville. He says: 'This castle, for its situation, antiquity, strength, and beauty, might justly come in for one of the wonders of the world. Art and Nature seem to have vied with each other in the model, nor ought the most minute particular to escape observation. . . . Being entered, you find yourself in a wide plain, in the midst of which stands the castle, encompassed by four churches, three of which time has so much decayed, that there is little remaining besides the walls, and some few tombs, which seem to have been erected with so much care as to perpetuate the memory of those buried in them till the final dissolution of all things. The fourth is kept a little better in repair; but not so much for its own sake, though it has been the most magnificent of them all, as for a chapel within it, which is appropriated to the use of the bishop, and has under it a prison, or rather dungeon, for those offenders who are so miserable as to incur the spiritual censure. This is certainly one of the most dreadful places that imagination can form. The sea runs under it, through the hollows of the rock, with such a continual roar, that you would think it were every moment breaking in upon you; and over it are the vaults for burying the dead. Within it are thirteen pillars, on which the whole chapel is supported. They have a superstition that whatsoever stranger goes to see this cavern out of curiosity, and omits to count the pillars, shall do something to occasion being confined there.'

Peel Castle is now merely a romantic pile of ruins. Two of the chapels mentioned by Waldron, still remain, dedicated respectively to St German and St Patrick. The former, indeed, is still the cathedral of the diocese of Sodor and Man; for although it has long been in a dilapidated condition, it has never yet been replaced by another, and open-air services are held amongst the ruins during the summer months. A few interesting inscriptions may still be deciphered on the tombstones in this chapel; though of the diversities of tongues mentioned by Waldron, not more than two or three can be traced at the present day. The most curious of these epitaphs is one to the memory of Samuel Rutter, formerly Bishop of the diocese, who was buried here in 1663. It is in Latin, composed by the good prelate himself, who invites those who visit his tomb to be merry at the expense of the smallness and gloom of the episcopal residence. The consecrated portion of the castle was used as a burying-ground by the inhabitants of Peel till a comparatively recent date. The story goes that a whole funeral cortège was one day engulfed during their transit to the cathedral while a violent storm was raging; and the horror inspired by this circumstance stimulated the townspeople to provide a suitable cemetery on the mainland. On the top of a hill overlooking the sea near Peel Castle, is a remarkable burying-place in the form of a tower, bearing the suggestive name of 'Corrin's Folly.' This Corrin is said to

have been a rigid Dissenter, and wishing to show his utter disregard of the prejudice in favour of burial in consecrated ground, constructed this strange mausoleum for himself and his family.

The walk across the mountains from Peel to Port Erin is one of the grandest in the island. The coast is bold and rocky, indented by frowning headlands and precipitous gullies. The views of the sea and cliffs on the one hand, and of the mountains and glens on the other, are exceedingly fine, and gain by contrast with each other. But of all the majestic and precipitous headlands to be found in the Isle of Man, Spanish Head, the most southerly point, is the grandest. It rises straight out of the sea to a height of more than three hundred feet, pierced by numerous chasms, which bear evident traces of a volcanic origin. It derives its name from the fact that several of the ships of the Spanish Armada were dashed to pieces here in the awful storm which proved England's best ally. Opposite Spanish Head is the Calf of Man, a rocky island, some five miles in circumference, but containing very little cultivated ground. It is, in fact, a mere pile of lofty crags, some five hundred feet high, inhabited only by rabbits and sea-fowl. The Sound which separates the Calf from the mainland is full of dangerous currents; and the iron-bound coast in this neighbourhood has been the scene of many a fearful wreck. Perched high up on Spanish Head lies the village of Craigneesh, a primitive little spot, inhabited by the most primitive and conservative of folk, who pride themselves on being the real aborigines of the island. They neither marry nor give in marriage outside of their own circle, and hold themselves as much aloof from the rest of the world as is possible in these days. Inability to speak English is with them considered an accomplishment, though, happily, the progress of education is daily more and more restricting this accomplishment to the elders of the community.

About four miles to the north-east is Castletown, the ancient capital of the island. It still retains the nominal distinction of being the metropolis, though the seat of government has been virtually transferred to Douglas. Castle Rushen, to which the town owes its name, is the chief fortress of the island, and is said to have been built by Guttred the Dane, a son of King Orry, the great King of Man, about the middle of the tenth century. Its walls are of immense thickness, in some places not less than twelve feet; and time has so solidified the mortar used in cementing the huge blocks of limestone, that it is now as hard as the stone itself. The walk from Douglas to Peel and Port Erin, and back again by Castletown, embraces the southern half of the island, which is in many respects the most interesting. A first-rate walker might manage it all in one day; but he would undoubtedly miss a good deal by hurrying over it. To enjoy the scenery thoroughly, at least two days would be required; and three or four might be spent pleasantly enough on the way.

The walk from Douglas to Ramsey—the chief town in the north of the island—is for the most part within sight of the sea; indeed, in some places the road is hewn out of the solid mass of an overhanging cliff, like the famous Axenstrasse on the Lake of Uri. Ramsey itself is the largest town after Douglas, but is considered more select

and aristocratic than the latter. Exceedingly good fishing may be had in the bay, which is open and unprotected, and will not bear comparison with Douglas Bay, or some of the smaller ones in the south of the island. But trees flourish better here than in the south; and the beauty of Ramsey lies in the wooded heights that rise above the town, and form a most picturesque background to the view as seen from the middle of the bay.

There are not a few other places in the Isle of Man which the traveller with time at his disposal should by no means omit to visit. Foremost among these is Injebreck, a lovely spot, which recalls Moore's description of the vale of Avoca in *The Meeting of the Waters*. 'The soft magic of streamlet and hill' casts its spell over the mind of the spectator as he watches the streams of East and West Baldwin mingle their waters under the shadow of the lofty peaks that tower up on either side; and the traveller from town will feel grateful that he is privileged for a short time to tread 'the cool sequestered vale of life' apart from the busy haunts of men.

THE FAMILY DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER I.

'THEY are worth several lacs of rupees.'

I had no very clear idea what was the exact value of a lac of rupees, when I answered Cousin Martha as to the supposed value of Aunt Purpose's diamonds. I knew, however, that it represented a large sum; and then, I did not care to confess an absolute ignorance on the subject, especially to Martha, who is quite two years my junior, although a good many say that she looks the older of the two. We were sitting in my little four-roomed cottage before the open casement, and with my small brown delf teapot between us, were refreshing ourselves with an early cup of tea. Although we are both unmarried, yet we prefer occupying separate tenements, the Misses being too captious and domineering in disposition to agree well together. We are decidedly non-gregarious. Hence, we live apart, and have everything to ourselves. There were but three born Misses living—Aunt Purpose being one by marriage only—Patience (that is, myself); Martha; and Robert, a grasping, avaricious old bachelor. I know that it is not nice to detract one's relative; but Martha perfectly agrees with me in my estimate of our mutual cousin's character; therefore I think I may be allowed to record it. The last generation of Misses consisted of four brothers, the eldest of whom was Robert's father; the next, mine; the third, Martha's; while the fourth, who died childless, had been the husband of Aunt Purpose.

We of the younger generation had long been settled in our parents' native village of Nettlethorpe, happy, to a certain extent, in our mutual carpings and bickerings; when a great excitement was imported into the even tenor of our lives by the news that Thomson—the local house-agent—had been written to by Aunt Purpose, authorising him to take, in her name, a moderately sized house in our primitive little hamlet.

Now, one word about Aunt Purpose. Uncle Job, her husband, had held an official appointment in the East Indies, where he had met and

married her. Nothing was heard of them for some years; and then news arrived of his death. Again an interval of silence occurred, to be broken by the intelligence that our widowed relative, whom we had never seen, was about to come and live in the midst of us, actuated thereto by a wish to end her days amongst her husband's kindred, as she had none of her own. The fact of her being a stranger to us, would have been sufficient to have awakened a certain amount of interest in her arrival; therefore, our unusual excitement may well be understood when Robert discovered, by some means or other—he is such a terrible orfe for sifting and prying into things, but there! men always are so curious—that she was the owner of a most wonderful and almost priceless set of brilliants, that had been presented to her by a great Maharajah, to whose children she had been governess. Again, it was said that she was penurious and miserly in her habits, as we knew our uncle had been. He had left her everything at his death; therefore, she must be, we argued, at least comfortably rich. East Indians are never really poor. Their wealth is proverbial. Kithless and kinless, save for ourselves, her approach filled us with joyful anticipations; and already in imagination each one of us saw himself, or herself, the owner of her matchless jewels and sole inheritor of her wealth. Martha and I were just discussing our second cup, and speculating as to the time of the old lady's arrival, then daily expected, when suddenly my little maid-of-all-work, whom I had despatched to the village on a marketing expedition, dashed into the room with her arms full of packages, and her tongue charged to its extreme tip with gossip.

'Well, Mary, what is it?' asked Martha, who saw that the child was bursting with news.

'Oh, if you please, m'm, she's come, and drev all the way in 'obson's one-orse shay, with a great screaming green poll-parrot in a brass cage beside the driver, and a black woman all in white, and a red silk pocket-handkercher tied over 'er 'air, and su'thing just like a lot o' little gold pimples agrowin' out o' one side of 'er nose.—I should not have bin so long, m'm,' she added, turning apologetically to me, as she at length paused in her lengthy harangue to get back her breath, 'but I stopped to see 'em take in the luggage and things.'

There was no need for any name to be mentioned. We both knew that she could only be referring to Aunt Purpose. A rigid cross-examination followed; but all that we could elicit from our informant was that Mrs Missle was a little, shrivelled-looking old woman, with a very yellow face, and a pair of bright black eyes just like a bird.

'Did you see Mr Robert there?' I asked uneasily.

'No, m'm; though, if you please, m'm, I eered at the post-office as Muster Robert 'ad gone to Southampton to meet 'is aunt.'

'Just like him! Sly and mean in all that he does!' was Martha's indignant comment as she rose and began to put on her shawl and gloves.

I wanted to be by myself to think over matters, and decide as to my conduct with Aunt Purpose, so I did not press her to stay; and I could easily see that she was quite as eager to leave me.

'Ought we to call to-night?' I asked her,

resolving that whatever underhand means Robert might have taken to forestall us in her favour, we two would be loyal to each other.

'I don't think so,' she answered in her usual doubting, hesitating manner. 'You see, she has chosen to come quietly and without telling us the time of her arrival; so I think it would be much better if we were to leave it now till the morning. She is certain to be tired after her journey. You might, however, send Mary round a little later to inquire after her, and with your love.'

After Martha had left me, I sat cogitating and considering. To wait till the morrow seemed a long time, when we knew that Robert was already laying siege to Aunt Purpose's affections. I felt uncomfortable at the idea of letting him have the field all to himself. At any rate—I argued to myself—there could be no harm in just going to see how matters were. 'Fair-play is a jewel all the world over,' I could easily explain everything to Martha, afterwards.

The determination was speedily put into execution; and I was soon equipped for my visit. As I passed out by the larder, my eyes fell upon a small corn-flour *blanc-mange* that I had made that morning. 'Poor thing!' I said to myself as I took up the dish on which it stood, and covering it with a small napkin, placed it in a basket; 'I daresay her appetite is not of the best; and then those East Indians always have bad digestions. I will take it to her. I am sure it will do her good. There's a whole pint of milk in it.'

Rose Cottage, whither I was bound, was about ten minutes' walk from my abode; but as I walked very fast, it could not have taken me more than eight, at the outside, to reach it. A strange servant-girl opened the door to me—one of that stupid, interfering Thomson the house-agent's importations. As if he could not have found a good honest girl in Nettlethorpe—one that we all knew—instead of bringing a stranger into the family!

'Aunt Purpose—Mrs Job Missle, I mean—has arrived, I believe?' I began, as the girl stood filling up the doorway, as if to bar my entrance.

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Will you give her this, with my love? Say, her niece, Miss Patience Missle, brought it. It is a little *blanc-mange*, and is made quite plain, without any flavouring.'

She took it from me, and would have left me standing on the doorstep—no Nettlethorpe girl would have dared to treat me thus—but I pushed by her.

'I will wait here,' I said, as I walked straight into the little sitting-room at the back and seated myself on a very hard-bottomed chair.

A door on one side led into the kitchen. Peeping through it, for it was half-opened, I saw the black attendant. She was dressed just as described by Mary; but she was holding something in her hand that, at that moment, excited in me a great deal more curiosity than either her colour or her costume. It was a small fancy basket of a peculiar pattern, that seemed very familiar to me. The sight of it awoke a sad misgiving at my heart, more especially as it was filled with eggs of that peculiar dark hue common to the poultry of Brahma and Cochinchina. Now, Martha possessed a basket the

exact counterpart of the one held by the black woman; and when I add that she owned half-a-dozen pets of the second-mentioned breed of fowls, my misgivings will be readily understood. To relieve my doubts, I crept into the kitchen, and overcoming my repugnance to people of colour, peeped over the black woman's shoulder. She gave a start, and rolling the whites of her black eyes at me, muttered something in her own language.—Yes; I was right! Martha had deceived me! There, on each egg, in her large skewery handwriting, was the name of the hen by which it had been laid, and the date of the interesting event. It is indeed disgraceful, when one's own flesh and blood turns against one! I returned to the little sitting-room, and then the servant came down.

'Missus is very much obliged to you, ma'am, for the *blanc-mange*; and she hopes that you'll excuse her, as she's too tired to see any one to-night.'

'How long is it since Miss Martha called?' I asked, taking the bull by the horns at once.

'She has only just left, ma'am.'

'Did she see your mistress?'

'Oh, dear no, ma'am. She had a message just like yours. Nothing more, ma'am.'

We had now reached the porch; and I was about to put a number of questions to her about her mistress, when a rough, hoarse voice called out: 'Get out, get out! Mind your own business!'

It so startled me—I thought it was the black woman—that I allowed the girl to close the door upon me before I recollected that it was only the parrot, whose cage had been hung just within the lobby. Vexed at my foolish conduct, I hastened homewards. As I neared Laurestinus Villa—Robert's residence—I met him. He was looking very hot and tired.

'What do you think, Patience?' he asked in a mysterious voice as I stopped to speak to him. 'She hasn't arrived. That fellow Thomson sent me a wild-goose chase to Southampton by telling me that she was coming over in the *Ruby*. Well, the *Ruby* is in; but she has brought no Purpose Missle in her.'

'No,' I answered with a quiet triumph, for I was glad that he had been done; 'of course not, because she came in the *Stella*. I read the name on her luggage. I have just come from the Cottage, where I was received most kindly. If you had come back by the express instead of waiting for the parliamentary, you would have had the pleasure of travelling with her.'

'Then, you've seen her?' he groaned in an anxious tone, as he mopped the perspiration from his dusty face, for it is a good five miles' walk from the station.

'Well, no—not exactly. The fact is, she is too tired to see any one to-night; but she sent me such a kind message.' With this I left him.

I knew, however, that he would never rest without going to the Cottage; so, as soon as I got home, I planted myself at my bedroom window to watch his movements. In a short time I saw him come out into his garden. His face had been washed and his coat changed. First, he picked two or three large sycamore leaves, with which he lined a small flat punnet basket that he held in his other hand; then he advanced to the south

wall, and stopped before the nectarine tree about which he makes such a fuss. One, two, three. Oh! how carefully and reluctantly he picked the ripe fruit! I could not help smiling as I watched him. I knew the action must have gone to his heart. He says that he sends the produce of his garden to his friends; but I know better. They are paying friends, and their address is not a hundred miles from Covent Garden Market. Robert is too genuine a Missle to give a *quid* without receiving a *quo*. The fruit was carefully arranged in the basket, and covered with more leaves; and then I saw him start off down the road to—I was as positive about it as if I had followed him every step of the way—Rose Cottage. Martha was right in stigmatising him as both mean and sly. It was too bad of him. His income must have been nearly double ours, which could well have stood an increase. His gallantry as a man should have made him remember that we were of the weaker sex, and he should have given way accordingly. But there—man again!—it is never anything else with them but self and number one, while we poor women may go to the wall or do the best we can.

WILL POULTRY-FARMING PAY?

THIS is just one of those questions to which an off-hand answer cannot be given. It is difficult to say either 'Yes' or 'No,' for the reason, that the experiment of poultry-farming on a large scale has been so rarely tried in a way to insure success. One or two experiments in poultry-breeding on an extensive plan have, however, lately been ventured upon; but no statistics of the results, so far as we know, have yet been offered to the public.

One reason why those who require to purchase poultry have to pay so much for it, is because of its having to pass through many hands, each exacting tribute before it reaches our tables. Indeed, much of what we consume has hitherto come from France, Belgium, and Holland; and nowadays we are beginning to receive supplies from places more distant. It is somewhat surprising—considering that in London alone there is annually consumed over three and a half millions of domestic fowls, in addition to a million head of turkeys, geese, and ducks—that successful attempts have not yet been made to cultivate for home consumption on a large scale. But even in France, surprising as the statement may prove to many, there is no such establishment in existence as a farm solely or chiefly devoted to the rearing of poultry. From inquiries conducted by the writer of this paper, in Normandy and Brittany, and in districts to the south-west of Paris, as well as in the capital itself, it became evident that in no instance was a flock of over two hundred and fifty domestic fowls kept in one place, by way of a commercial speculation; indeed, it would be quite safe to assume that, throughout France, the stocks of fowls kept by individuals do not average half a dozen. But, as we all know, there are thousands of persons in France who farm, or possess in their own right, a little bit of land, nearly every one of whom keeps a few fowls as an adjunct to his business of farming or gardening, and to which he is enabled, from the paucity

of their number, to devote the closest individual attention. By such means the French have obtained a reputation for the excellence of their poultry, much of which, in consequence, finds its way to the London market. It may be stated that the value of the eggs and poultry imported into this country from the continent in 1879 amounted to L.2,728,009; a small proportion of the sum is, we believe, paid for game; but substantially the money so expended is for poultry and eggs, the number of the latter imported in 1879 being 766,707,840.

It will be obvious enough from these figures that there is abundance of room at the present time for the breeding of poultry on some systematic plan. Just now, our supplies for table use, so far as they are provided in our own country, are chiefly collected from cottage cultivators, from persons who keep from half-a-dozen to twenty hens, and who either rear a few broods every season for the market, or keep their fowls only to lay eggs, for which there is a constant demand at remunerative prices. In the case of rearing a brood of chickens for market, great pains are taken to have them ready for sale at a time when they shall be of more than ordinary value. 'Spring chickens'—young fowls hatched early in the year, and carefully fed and fattened for the London season, which begins in February—bring a high price even to the cottagers who rear them, the cost to the consumer being correspondingly enhanced. The persons who travel in the county of Surrey, which is famed for its fowls, for the purpose of buying, and who are locally known as 'higglers,' will give at the rate of twenty-one shillings, or even more, for a dozen; these will be carried away to some centre of the trade, to be resold to an agent with a London connection, at probably a profit of four or five shillings per dozen; and these spring chickens, after being well fed for ten days or a fortnight, will be killed, plucked, and 'set up' for the London wholesale dealer at Leadenhall or Newgate Market, who is supposed to sell what he has consigned to him on commission, charging a percentage. These fowls will ultimately find their way to the clubs, restaurants, and private houses of the Great Metropolis; those who purchase them having paid to the retail dealer prices varying from eight to fourteen shillings a pair. In the very height of the London season, when the supply is not equal to the demand, 'fancy' prices can easily be obtained. It would not, we believe, be an extravagant estimate to say that seven shillings a pair could readily be obtained in the spring months for twenty thousand pairs of well fattened and nicely prepared chickens, if the breeder were to send direct to the poultry commission agents in Leadenhall Market. Taking the average market price for Surrey fowls—not the West End retail price—it was six shillings and threepence per fowl during January, February, March, and April 1880; and for about eight months of every year, similar prices are quoted. Sussex fowls are priced at about one shilling and sixpence less per head; whilst Boston (Lincolnshire) are cheaper; and Irish cheapest of all.

Enormous numbers of poultry are raised in Ireland for the Scottish and English markets. In Belfast, there are dealers who do nothing else but buy fowls for exportation to Liverpool and Glasgow, to be placed in the English and Scotch

markets; the more extensive dealers having also a retail shop, in which to dispose at a cheap rate of such fowls as are unfit to be sent across the water. These dealers attend all the little markets, and purchase their supplies from the small and large poultry-rearers, who arrive with their produce in carts, or in creels carried by donkeys. Much of the business is done by 'jobbers,' who correspond to the Surrey and Sussex 'higgler.' They intercept the peasantry, and small farmers on their way to market, and are usually successful in making a deal, which they turn over to the wholesale buyer at a penny or twopence of profit on each of the domestic fowls, and of from threepence to a shilling on each turkey. Some of these jobbers who have a little capital, make a profit of from a hundred to five hundred pounds per annum, as they enter into contracts to send all their purchases during the season to the men who export; and having thus secured an outlet, they attend all the out-of-the-way markets, and obtain pretty nearly a monopoly of the business, making, as we may say, their own prices. Some of the large Irish dealers will purchase a hundred dozen of fowls a day for export; and a Liverpool retailer has been known to dispose of seven hundred cock-turkeys received from Ireland in one week, that amount of business being done *after* Christmas week. These figures present some idea of the magnitude of the Irish poultry-trade. The best part of Ireland for the production of common fowls is Ulster, the breeders in that province paying great attention to the various crosses, and to the rearing and feeding of their poultry. In Dublin, they produce fine capons and ducklings much earlier than in any other part of Ireland. There are no distinct poultry-farms in any part of the country; but active farmers, when harvest is early, will purchase from the small breeders two or three hundred geese, and have them herded on the stubbles for a few weeks. A large trade is also done with Ireland in living geese, which are in large demand by English farmers who have early stubbles, in order to be fattened for Christmas.

An impression is prevalent among those who are only half informed on the subject, that a fowl may be kept for 'almost nothing'; and consequently, to keep a hundred hens and cocks would cost very little money, whilst the produce in eggs and chickens would yield an ample profit. On such an hypothesis, some enthusiastic persons exclaim: 'Why not start a poultry-farm, and breed chickens in thousands!' It is possible that some day such a scheme may be inaugurated, and also possible that it may prove a success. But before real success can be achieved, before it can be demonstrated that poultry-farming will pay—which is the grand aim and end of all such schemes—there is much to consider, and not one but a hundred details must be encountered before money can be earned. It was a saying of an eminent agriculturist, that almost anything could be achieved in farming if a person liked to spend twenty-two-and-sixpence in the pound in achieving it; and there are persons now engaged in the poultry-trade, or who at any rate keep fowls, whose eggs probably cost them a halfpenny each more than they can obtain for them; and whose chickens, for which they receive one shilling and ninepence a-head, cost, to hatch and breed, half-a-

crown apiece! That, of course, would never do in poultry-farming as a business. The farm must be made to pay; and how to balance accounts and leave a balance on the right side, is the question.

It undoubtedly pays our cottagers to keep half-a-dozen fowls, because the doing so involves but little extra expenditure; the fragments of the family food, with such little additions, in the way of slugs and worms, as they can pick up about the door, serve to fatten them; and as a rule, there are no bounds to the ground they may range over. As for the sitting, or as she is termed in Scotland, the 'clocking hen,' she monopolises the attention of the mistress of the cottage; and the little chicks are most carefully attended to as soon as they begin to make their appearance. When, however, we come to extensive poultry-rearing, the conditions are vastly altered. When food has to be purchased by the ton-weight, and a rent of from thirty to fifty shillings paid for every acre of ground devoted to the fowls—when special houses have to be built for their accommodation—when interest has to be charged for use of capital, and considerable amounts have to be expended in wages—the pounds, shillings, and pence incidental to the maintenance of a stock of poultry numbering a thousand head, present a totally different aspect from what they do when examined in connection with a cottager's dozen of hens, managed by the cottager's wife, and costing almost nothing for food. It is possible, however, to make it appear on paper that a handsome profit will be realised by the fowl-farmer; nor is it at all impossible that the success which can be shown in theory might with due care become a reality, if the affair be gone about in the right way.

Those venturing upon the organisation of a fowl-farm on an extensive scale, would require to be well advised before doing so; as the outlay, in the shape of expenditure for stock, the erection of proper buildings, and the payment of rent and wages, would undoubtedly be very considerable. The selection of the particular breed or breeds of fowls to be kept, would in itself necessitate a considerable knowledge of the trade. It would have to be determined, too, at the outset whether the farmer was to 'go in' for eggs, or for breeding and selling chickens and fowls. 'You see, sir,' said a Surrey 'higgler' to us, upon a recent occasion, 'some hens is good layers, and some is good sitters, and you don't generally do in both. Them as buys chickens and fowls, like to see 'em plump and white. For my part, sir, if I was going for to produce instead of to lay, I would keep none but Dorkings—they always plumps out nice, and makes a good price.'

There is at the present time a wonderful variety of hens in the country; but the best layers are found to be Andalusians, Minorcas, Hamburgs, and Leghorns. The first two classes lay very large eggs in proportion to their size. The following is the number that may reasonably be expected from these varieties. Andalusians, one hundred and eighty-five, six eggs to the pound; Minorcas, about the same number, the eggs weighing eight to the pound; Hamburgs, one hundred and fifty-six eggs, about ten of which weigh one pound; whilst Leghorns will sometimes lay as many

as one hundred and sixty, of nine to the pound. Houdans are also very good layers; as are likewise the La Flèche breed. The number of eggs given are calculated on the average, some individual fowls probably laying a few more, some a few less, than the numbers given above. Many circumstances conspire to affect the laying powers of hens, as an early season, suitable food, and a good run of ground. The Andalusian fowl would perhaps be an excellent one with which to stock a farm designed to produce both eggs and chickens, as the latter feather quickly, and grow with rapidity. Pullets of that breed have been known to begin laying when they were nineteen weeks old.

It will perhaps be found, when 'hen-farming' on a large scale is entered upon, that the best mode of procedure will be to separate the stock into collections of, say, a hundred each—each to be provided with a separate living-house and run. And in the matter of providing a hen-run, the farmer must not be niggardly of his space; for a thousand or twelve hundred fowls, there should at least be a run of twenty-five acres of ground, of the most varied kind. The land may of course be utilised in the production of food for the animals, as lettuces, greens, potatoes, barley, &c.; whilst a part of it might be utilised as an orchard for the production of fruit. Portions of the ground, half an acre here and there, should also be frequently turned over for the benefit of the hens; it would admit of their finding a large supply of worms and larvæ, of which they are very fond.

It has been calculated that fowls *en masse* may be fed at a fraction less than a penny per week for each animal; and with the data we have given, it should not prove difficult for any person to determine the L. s. d. of fowl-farming. The expenditure will resolve itself into rent, taxes, and wages—a thousand fowls would require at least three attendants—as well as interest on money expended on the original purchase of fowls, and on the buildings and alterations involved. The cost of food for a thousand animals would be about four pounds a week. The income would of course be made up from the sale of eggs at, say, one shilling a dozen; the sale of chickens at, say, one-and-ninence or two shillings each. An item in the credit account would necessarily be the valuable manure obtainable from a large stock. The receipts from the orchard would enter into the account, as would also the quantity of food produced on the acreage of ground. As regards the cost of a healthy breeding and laying stock to be acquired gradually, a fair price would probably be five shillings per head. There is an annual percentage of loss from accidents and disease; but such can only be calculated from experience. Various contrivances for the artificial hatching of eggs have lately been patented, and some of these, if successful, might be brought into use in poultry-farming. In various accounts of trials of hydro-incubators which we have perused, it is said that in some cases ninety per cent. of the eggs have been hatched. If that should prove to be true, there can be no doubt that the use of these artificial hatching-machines will become an important factor in the increased production of poultry.

We have in the foregoing remarks kept chiefly

in view the increasing of our supplies of domestic poultry. Turkey-rearing is more difficult; and the production of ducks and geese is a separate branch of the business.

PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.

A GOOD deal has been written from time to time on the subject of printers' blunders. Few more entertaining topics could be discussed, and fresh material may be gathered almost any day from the newspapers, and even less ephemeral publications. Though many of the 'atrocities' which emanate from the type composing-room are intensely ludicrous, yet, as a rule, they are rather productive of merriment than mischief. The casual reader can, however, but faintly realise the mental agony inflicted by these fantastic tricks upon the unfortunate author whose brightest gems of thought and sentiment have been destroyed; or upon the public speaker, who finds that his oration, as presented to the world, contains expressions which he did not use, and never would have used. The editor can set himself and the orator right by correcting such errata in the next issue of his paper, and can have revenge by discharging both the compositor and the official whose duty it was to revise and correct the 'proofs;' but these considerations afford little comfort after all the little world you move in has laughed at the blunders. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that no compositor or reviser, however careful and experienced, is infallible, and that the successors of the delinquents might next day perpetrate even greater enormities. The author, it may also happen, is probably as much to blame as the compositor, as his manuscript may have been illegible, incomplete, or inaccurate. The majority of writers for the press leave far too much to the printer, not only in the matter of deciphering their scrawling caligraphy, but in punctuation and various other minor but essential details. Yet, on the other hand, there is no absolute safeguard against being victimised, for the most legible manuscript, even print itself, may be bungled by carelessness or stupidity in the composing-room.

The perversity of some printers is tantalising in the extreme. They frequently take it upon themselves to alter and amend what they, in their wisdom, suppose to be wrong, while it is really perfectly correct; and they as often adhere persistently to the manuscript, when it might be apparent to the meanest intelligence that a word has been omitted, or that, from some other cause, the sentence is imperfect or erroneous. Or they may substitute one word for another, making utter nonsense of the context. For instance, a compositor put into the mouth of one of Mr Gladstone's most ardent admirers the statement that the right honourable gentleman was 'the *spout* of the Liberal party,' when 'spirit' was the term employed. Another represented the Christian religion as enjoining *mahogany*, when it should have been 'monogamy;' while a third makes a *savant* learnedly state that 'the civilisation of the nineteenth century is a *country organ* [purely Aryan] development.'

The omission or addition of a single letter, or the substitution of a wrong one, sometimes pro-

duces the most comical results. A glowing writer is made to speak of certain of the works of Nature as 'silent preachers of *immorality*' [immortality]. It is rather imposing on the credulity of the public to state that 'a waterman rowing by at the time of the occurrence was knocked down, and one of his *cars* [oars] was carried at least thirty yards away;' and it seems an ungenerous reflection upon the bravery of the Peruvians to say that they 'expected to accomplish great things with their *feet*' [feet]. Still more unkind was it to describe the table decorations at a recent fashionable wedding as being composed of *pot-house* instead of 'hothouse' flowers. A Scotch evening paper congratulated a gardener not long ago on having, at a local horticultural show, produced the 'best six jargonelle pears fit for the *stable*' [table]. The *violent* [for violet] bouquet which, according to another contemporary, was presented to a lady at a public demonstration, should have been at the same exhibition. What sort of a biblical education had the compositor received who was responsible for the following? 'If they are true men, they would refuse to sell their birthright for a mess of *postage*.' And what is to be thought of the profane individual who, in setting up the verdict 'died by the visitation of God,' altered the fourth word to *hesitation*?

It may be thought that most of the errata we have quoted must have been due to illegible writing, and in all probability they were. One would expect that people who have sufficient leisure to make poetry, should also have time to write out their effusions in a legible hand. Such is not always their practice, however; at least poets seem to complain as much of the printer's tricks as other classes. In a poem by a young lady, the line, 'Oh, for a heart full of sweet yearning!' occurred in the manuscript. But in print the last word appeared as *yearling*; and the poetess very naturally wrote to the editor that the compositor who had set up her effusion was a calf. There is a funny sketch by Max Adeler, in which he describes an interview between the editor of a newspaper and an outraged poet, who has come to complain of the publication of his contribution, entitled *The Surcease of Sorrow*, in which the line

Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross,

is rendered:

Take away thy jeering monkey on a sorely glandered boss.

And in another verse, the words

I am weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves,
has blossomed into:

I am wearing out my trousers till they're open at the knees.

These, of course, are fictitious blunders; but it is not too much to say that they are founded on fact, and do not exaggerate very greatly the printer's capacity for burlesque. That versatile individual, however, makes an occasional essay in tragedy as well. A western newspaper reporting the annual meeting of the Glasgow Maternity Hospital, announced the other day that the

children *burned alive* in the Hospital during the year numbered two hundred and twenty-three, and at their own homes nine hundred and sixteen. It is necessary to explain that the word 'burned' should read 'born.' Serious consequences might have resulted from the statement which appeared in an editorial article, to the effect that a certain eminent statesman was 'very fond of his *opium*,' had it not been satisfactorily explained that the editor wrote 'opinion.' What a sensation must have been caused in aristocratic circles by the announcement in a London journal of the Duchess of Hamilton's 'bankruptcy,' when it was only Her Grace's 'birthday' that was referred to! It was probably from a due sense of the fitness of things that a compositor, anxious that she should follow the example, perhaps, of one of her own heroines, married a novelist to a *prisoner*, whereas it was only a 'Prussian' to whom she had been espoused. Another London compositor was equally unhappy in spreading the intelligence that a certain lady had 'died of her marriage,' when it should have been of a hemorrhage. Alluding to Mr E. A. Freeman's peculiar political opinions, a writer was made to say, 'Coming as it does from one who has gained real distinction as a *barbarian*,' &c., when the complimentary word 'historian' was intended. In the same article, Mr Gladstone was represented as addressing a noisy *snob*, instead of a 'mob.'

Careless writing, with imperfectly formed letters, and a general appearance of dash and haste, is as frequently the cause of such blunders as the stupidity of the printer. It may have been due to some such cause that a person who advertised for a gardener, adding the information that there was 'no glass'—that is, no greenhouse—had the worry of seeing this appear as 'one glass;' naturally attended with inquiries from interested applicants wishing to know 'if it was in the forenoon,' and whether or not it was 'hot.' Again, a lady who was desirous of securing a housemaid, sent an advertisement to that effect to the local newspaper; but the notice when it appeared mortified the lady by representing her as advertising for a 'horseman.' There is a rollicking song by a certain Scottish Professor, in which he says:

I can like a hundred women,
I can love a score.

But a compositor who put this in type changed the last word into 'scone,' thus dividing the learned poet's loves and likings between the Court of Venus and the baker.

Transposition of lines and words is also a frequent source of blunders, which in such cases are mainly due to the compositor. During an epidemic in a country-town in Scotland, three or four children in one family died in one week. About the same time, there occurred a marriage of some distinction in the district; notices of both events duly appearing in the local paper. But the friends of the married pair were staggered to read, after the enumeration of the names of the officiating clergymen, and those of the happy bride and bridegroom and their relations, the startling announcement that 'they were all interred yesterday in the cemetery.' It turned out, on explanation being required, that these words should have been appended to the notice of the death of the children above mentioned; but the compositor, in

a moment of stupidity or forgetfulness, had placed them instead after the notice of the fashionable wedding.

Numerous blunders are to be found where technicalities, proper names, and figures occur; but these are often detected by the initiated alone. To those unacquainted with the game of golf, for example, 'nursed a short put' is not much more unintelligible than 'missed a short put,' the phrase used by the reporter. The curiosity of bibliophiles and entomologists must have been excited when they read of the sale of a book entitled '*The Theatre of Woodbugs*;' and though the former might unravel the mystery, it would hardly occur to the general reader that the work in question was *The Theatre of Worldlings*. Proper names are peculiarly liable to mutilation, as may be readily imagined. By the misplacing or multiplication of figures, some of the most astounding statistics have been produced, and we may sometimes read of events occurring on the 30th of February, or equally remarkable dates.

Were even the most carefully conducted newspaper to present its readers, say once a month, with a record of all the typographical errata which creep into its columns, the list would probably prove one of the most interesting features of the publication. Yet, after all, considering the great rapidity with which the daily journal is composed and printed, the wonder is, not that mistakes occur, but that they are so comparatively rare. Our larger daily papers have literary matter in them equal to double what is comprised in an ordinary three-volume novel; and when it is remembered the greater portion of this matter has to be put in type in less than twenty-four hours, it is little short of marvellous that such great accuracy is attained. The daily newspaper may justly be regarded as one of the most striking illustrations of what can be accomplished, when the pressure of the time demands it, by human ingenuity and organisation.

ON THE USE OF FLOWERS.

Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the Earth.

M. HOWITT.

I AM so fond of flowers, that I must ask your forbearance if I seem to give their cultivation too high a place amongst the duties and pleasures of life. They always seem to me to be so fresh and pure, as if just from the hand of God, that I think their value can scarcely be too highly estimated. One of the first uses of flowers is, I believe, the delight and refreshment they give to many a weary wanderer; and the help they often are not only in pleasing the eye, but of calling the anxious heart away, unconsciously, from its cares and troubles. The practice of taking a bouquet of flowers to a Sunday-school adult class, and having this carried to the bedside of some sufferer, has increased of late years, and is, I believe, a source of good to those who are sharers in the mission. The men or women who take part in such a class, look anxiously and hopefully for their turn to

be the bearers of such a treasure to their sick friend or neighbour.

Flowers have a very refining influence. The young lady who in her daily walks culls the season's brightest wayside gems, small and retiring though they may be, has her perceptions cultivated, her gentle touch improved, and her love of the beauty of form and colour intensified and increased. I have sometimes been amused to watch the gathering of a bouquet by two equally kind sisters. One, who 'does not care much for flowers,' yet delights in giving pleasure, takes her garden scissors, cuts the brightest and perhaps the largest flowers she sees, never stopping to notice that some of the petals are faded, and others following rapidly the same way. She looks here, and takes a flower she thinks is bright; there, and cuts off a handful; and having, as she believes, gathered a large and beautiful bouquet, she hands it to the lady whom she has thus stepped out of her course to please. Perhaps if we could unperceived follow those flowers to their destination, we should see the half of them lying wasted, fallen to pieces, and quite unfit to ornament the room for which they were intended; and by the thoughtless cutting of those full-grown and showy flowers, the garden may for that day have lost its brilliance. The other sister, who loves flowers for their purity and beauty, glides from plant to plant, cutting off one blossom here, which will scarcely be missed from its modest position; another there, which will bloom in full freshness in the vase—a bit of sweet-scented beauty which by its removal improves the garden, while it adds to her treasures; and so from flower to shrub, and from rose-tree to flower again, she flits along—the selection being intuitively made with such perfection, that no blossom is misplaced, or a single fading flower added to the posy.

This nicety of observation and touch does not end in the service of the garden. A mind that responds to the beauty of the floral world will never be satisfied with imperfect or coarsely finished work of any kind. The handling of flowers so constantly sets before the eye their perfection, that by-and-by the aim at perfection in all that is done becomes, as it were, second nature.

The pleasure that flowers give to invalids among the poor, who rarely see any, might teach some of us a lesson we should do well to learn. The first time I saw this was many years ago, when I was a very young housekeeper, and was startled one Sunday morning by the request, from a working blacksmith, for some grapes for his sick wife. We had no greenhouse or vinery. Our little bit of garden was most unassuming, and I could not think what made the man come to me. However, I told him that I believed a friend of ours had some early grapes and if I could get some, his wife should have them in the afternoon. My husband walked out with me to our friend's house. Some grapes were most willingly given for the invalid, and some flowers for ourselves. I took two or three pretty and sweet flowers—I remember that a carnation and two sweet-peas formed part—tied them together; and we took them with the fruit to the sick woman. We were taken up to her bedroom. There she lay, pale and emaciated, with that ominous flush on her cheeks which too

truly confirmed her husband's words. We handed her the longed-for grapes. She was 'much obliged.' But when I held out to her the few flowers I had brought, she snatched them so eagerly, that I was startled and awed to see the delight they gave to one who was evidently so near the confines of the Unknown.

I called again in a day or two, and saw the flowers carefully preserved and looking bright in a doctor's medicine bottle close by her bedside. That scene taught me a lesson I have never forgotten, and I hope it was not without its use also.

This reminds me of what occurred in a country town one autumn, now some years ago. A very young lady, the grand-daughter of the late vicar, was married. The bridal party was large, and the bride lovely. A poor young girl, dying of consumption, who had received much kindness from her more favoured friend, was brought by some kind neighbours into the market-place to see the wedding-party pass. The bride was told of this; and on leaving after the breakfast, she sent her bouquet to her afflicted friend. Who can tell the good done to each of these two girls by that thoughtful act? The lovely white flowers would speak, oh! so eloquently of the loving giver; and who shall say they did not lead the fading girl to trust more and more implicitly in the love and mercy of her ever-present God? And would not the heart of the bride be touched and softened by the remembrance that her bridal flowers, in all their purity and beauty, had brightened the room where sickness and sorrow dwelt?

I am often sorry that so few young ladies now take pleasure in the practical part of gardening. I believe they lose much healthy enjoyment. In sowing annuals, watering them, clearing away the weeds as soon as they appear, planting a few bedding-plants in a piece of garden, they would find much health-giving amusement, and might pass many profitable and pleasant hours.

THE 'WHITE WATER' OF THE ARABIAN SEA.

With reference to the phenomenon of what is known as the 'white water' of the Arabian Sea, a correspondent writes as follows: 'If the call of duty or pleasure should at any time induce any of your readers to undertake the overland journey to India, they must not fail to give instructions to be called from bed should the nocturnal phenomenon of the "white water" occur. It is more frequently seen in the months of July and August, and is principally confined to a narrow belt to the eastward of the island of Socotra, known in the charts of that sea as the Line of the Strongest Monsoon, and wherein the rain-clouds on quitting Central Africa on their passage eastward are *apparently* confined. Should the moon be above the horizon, an undisturbed night's rest may be anticipated, as the writer has never known the phenomenon to occur in the presence of that orb.

'To give the reader some idea of this remarkable and striking appearance, we will suppose ourselves in a steamer, about two hundred and fifty miles to the eastward of Socotra, in the position named, and in the latter end of July; time, one A.M. The monsoon is blowing strongly and steadily—the night, star-light and clear—a

light fleecy scud occasionally passing rapidly to the eastward; and the good vessel bowling along at the rate of fourteen or fifteen knots an hour. Suddenly we discover a light hue in the water, which in a short while assumes a snow-white aspect, and in the course of a quarter of an hour extends to the horizon in all directions. The transformation of the water is perfect, the usually green colour of the sea having been replaced by an appearance of whiteness like that of milk. And yet, if you draw a bucket of the water for inspection and analysis, you will find that it is beautifully clear, not a vestige of anything white being visible; nor can the microscope discover anything over and above the ordinary quantity of minute life always present in sea-water within the tropics.

'The deception seems to me to admit of easy explanation, it being the result simply of reflection of colour. The vessel is passing through a light misty atmosphere, inappreciable to the eye while within its influence; and the white watery vesicles held in suspension are, in some favourable condition of air and water, reflected on the surface of the latter. When the phenomenon has lasted about an hour and a half, to the experienced eye signs of its dissolution will become visible: the vessel is, in fact, passing out of its influence, the skyline of the horizon ahead marking the limit of the mist. When clearly defined, the horizon-limit assumes an intense blackness, through which the stars shine brilliantly; and when at length the ship apparently shoots through it, the transformation seems to have been effected by magic. Looking astern, the misty atmosphere through which we have passed is distinctly visible; the intensely black sky is gradually lowering as the steamer speeds onward, presently dipping below the horizon, and obliterating all traces of this weird and impressive scene.'

LOVERS STILL.

THE moonlight of romance was ours
In that remembered month of May;
We bowed to Love's compelling powers;
Yet, Love, I love thee more to-day.

Love's morn with golden glamour rose;
He held us in imperious sway;
Yet loved we not so well in those
Bright days as, Love, we love to-day.

Then Pleasure took us by the hands,
And led us up Love's shining way;
But now our love through Sorrow stands,
And Grief has made us one to-day.

As stalwart smiths alternate bring
Their blows with all the might they may,
So Hope and Fear have wrought the ring
That keeps us lovers still to-day.

More solemn blessing than the priest,
Grave Time has given us; so we pray,
When Death shall stay Life's palling feast,
We shall go lovers, as to-day.

H. B. BAILDON.

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ASYLUMS AND THE INSANE.

BY A 'MAD DOCTOR.'

WHEN one considers that a considerable proportion of the population of the United Kingdom—namely, one in every three hundred and fifty—are insane, it is almost incredible that such an amount of ignorance should exist even among the educated classes on the subject of asylums and the insane. One notion, by no means uncommon, is, that an asylum is a sort of menagerie in which are confined demons in human form—men and women who are chained up who make day as well as night hideous with continual noise, whose minds are complete wrecks, in which nothing but the lowest animal attributes predominate—people who with distorted faces, dishevelled locks, and fantastic garb, never cease to gibber forth incoherent ravings and blasphemy. Now, there must be some reason and origin for this undoubtedly popular notion; and when we come to consider it, the reason is not after all far to seek; for so lately as 1820, there was amongst philanthropists and medical men generally, almost entire ignorance of the whole nature and treatment of insanity. On account of this ignorance, the condition of the insane at that date was the most deplorable to conceive; they were looked upon as outcasts of the earth, and were reduced to a condition which it is not in the power of language to describe.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that we owe the great advance in the understanding and consequent treatment of insanity to two great French physicians, Esquirol and Pinel, whose names on this account alone will never cease to burn brightly among the luminaries of science. During the time of the Revolution, when Robespierre and his colleagues were in power, Esquirol was much struck by the condition of the Bicêtre, a large prison-like building in which all the mad folk were incarcerated, chained up in cells like so many wild beasts; sleeping, when that luxury was possible, on stone floors, sprinkled with filthy straw; and whose food was thrown to them as to

dogs, by a surly jailer, only too ready to use the stout whip with which we always find him armed in old pictures. He applied to the government for power to introduce reforms into these dens of cruelty and darkness. By them he was given *carte-blanche* to do as he pleased. The authorities at the time having 'other fish to fry,' never gave the subject a thought; so Esquirol, unloosing their chains, gave them liberty, food, and light; and found, as he expected, that not only did they refrain from at once tearing themselves to pieces, as their keepers protested they would, but that a gradual and manifest improvement took place in their mental state.

Thus began a new era for those visited with the greatest of all human afflictions. It would be interesting to trace the gradual spread of the new principle, inaugurated by Esquirol, all over the world; but space forbids: suffice it to say, that from that day to this, steady increase and improvement in our knowledge and treatment of insanity has gone on, until, at the present moment, hundreds are devoting their energies and lives to this cause. It may not be generally known that towards the end of the last century the public were admitted to a well-known London asylum to view the lunatics at the modest charge of a penny a head. From this the asylum derived an income of upwards of four hundred pounds a year, until the revolting practice was put a stop to.

Asylums nowadays are of two great classes—private and public; the essential difference between these being, that in the former, patients are maintained at their own or friends' expense; and in the latter, by the parish. The asylum buildings are generally spacious and handsome, situated in extensive grounds; and in these grounds one finds, as a rule, a church or chapel, in which divine service is conducted on Sundays, and at which, on an average, two-thirds of the total number of patients attend. The usual church service is gone through, the patients joining heartily in the singing, and displaying a decorum which would be creditable to any congregation. Another notable feature of the asylum the writer is now

describing is the Farm, which not only affords congenial employment to many patients, but is, if well managed, a source of income to the asylum estate.

The best idea of the patients and their surroundings is to be formed by accompanying the superintending physician in his morning visit, as he sets out armed with book and stethoscope, bent on seeing all those under his care, questioning some, encouraging others, and having a kindly word for every one. The first ward entered is the receiving ward, where recently admitted patients are quartered, their peculiarities and propensities studied, their bodily and mental state carefully inquired into, and the lines of treatment considered. Visitors will be at once struck by the brightness and cheerfulness of the ward itself. Structurally, it consists of a gallery or promenade, at one end of which is the 'day-room,' in which the patients can sit and sew, and where they can mess if necessary. The walls of both gallery and day-room are hung with pictures, statuettes, and other forms of decoration. Creepers and flowers adorn the window-sills and tables in profusion. A piano also is there, which bears evidence of being well used; and an aquarium, the latter affording a never-ending fund of amusement.

There are many fallacies in the public mind about the insane, prominent among which is the notion that if a person be mad, he must be lost to all reason, and be quite incapable of employing or amusing himself and others. One instance may be given in refutation of this idea. One day I saw a lady whose resources did not admit of her being in a private asylum—and there are many such persons—seated at a piano, when she gave a most charming and correct rendering of the *Moonlight Sonata*. This finished, she turned round, and asked me no end of absurd questions, some of which I remember were: Did I write the Psalms of David, and was I the son of Abraham; and if so, what was the definition of a minor key. Thus, then, this woman who was quite incapable of conducting her affairs, or mixing in society, seemed quite happy, and was quite able to amuse herself and others by her musical talent. The ward may contain thirty patients, under the immediate control of two nurses, of whom the patients are generally very fond. The nurses are fully aware that in many cases the patients under their care are peculiarly sensitive, and need coaxing and consideration, combined with firmness; and as a rule, kindly requests to join in games, or do some sewing, or like work, are met with ready compliance. It must be mentioned that the duties of these nurses are of an extremely responsible and anxious character; demanding incessant activity and patience, to induce those under their care to take their food, to work, to join in their games and recreations, and to perform in a becoming manner the duties of everyday life.

The next ward is the infirmary, to which all cases of severe bodily and mental illness occurring in the house are sent; and it need only be said that the same order and cleanliness here prevail; added to which, are all the usual hospital appliances for the nursing and management of the sick. Here, naturally, the cases are of a very hopeless and unfavourable character; yet careful attention

to their comforts is everywhere apparent—water-pillows, modern wire mattresses, comfortable seats, and all the relief that medicine and sick-diet can afford. What a different picture this, from the chains, whips, and stone floors of a century ago!

Next, the visitor is shown what might be termed the ward for the worst cases. Here the number of the nurses is greater, as many of the patients are at times violent and dangerous, chiefly as a result of the brain disease termed epilepsy, in which the patient is subject to fits, before or after which, he will become extremely violent, and assault or attack those nearest to him, under the transient delusion that they are going to kill or injure him. Although the worst types of humanity are confined here, the same order and control are observed as elsewhere. We learn that restraint and seclusion—the latter meaning temporary solitary confinement—are quite unknown; strait-jackets and manacles being things of the past. The excitement and fury of epileptic mania is treated on the more rational system of long exercise in the open air, which naturally induces sleep and rest at night, the temporary attack soon passing off.

These three kinds of wards, briefly described, are the chief types met with in asylums. Many new asylums have special wards for convalescent cases, these often taking the form of detached cottages, where a sort of trial may be made of the patient's ability to cope with the battle of life; for many patients who seem quite rational and well conducted when under asylum care, where all their wants are supplied, at once break down when they return to their homes, and are thrown to a great extent on their own resources.

A great source of anxiety to an asylum physician is the suicidal tendency of many of his patients, to frustrate attempts at which never-ceasing vigilance is necessary. At times, however, the ingenuity and determination which the insane, and notably the melancholic and depressed, will display in carrying out their sad aims, evade all watchfulness. A few instances of this may be of interest. A butcher, middle-aged, was brought under asylum care, suffering from melancholia, the assigned cause being intemperance and hereditary predisposition. On the morning of the 9th of April, shortly before nine A.M.—and it may be here noted as a remarkable fact that the majority of suicides occur in the morning—he had finished breakfast, and there was no apparent change in his mental state, he having joked with the attendant in charge of the ward, and employed himself in dusting, as he was in the habit of doing. He then went into a little four-bedded room opening off the ward, carrying his duster with him, took from the wall a looking-glass that was hanging up, and placed it on a bed resting against the wall. He also took from the wall a small glass-framed Scripture text, the words on which were, 'God is my helper,' and covering the text with the duster, so as to make as little noise as possible, he broke the glass. He then appears to have covered his right hand with the duster, so as to get more purchase, and deliberately kneeling down by the side of the bed, so as to enable him to see the whole operation, with a piece of the broken glass he inflicted a large deep ragged wound on the left side of the neck, severing such important blood-vessels that he died from hemorrhage in a few minutes.

Another patient I remember, an elderly gentleman, finding himself so closely watched that he could not make any open or flagrant attempt, had recourse to tearing a bit of bandage off the dressing for an ulcer on his leg, and stuffing this into his mouth. Luckily, he was noticed after he had crammed about a yard down his throat. He was livid and unconscious, and could only be brought round with difficulty.

Another form of attempted suicide commonly met with is the persistent refusal of food; this, however, is readily combated by a well-known mechanical method of injecting food into the stomach. One patient I remember was fed in this way for eight months; for so long a time did all attempts to induce him to eat in the ordinary way prove fruitless. It is not always, however, with the desire to end their existence that lunatics obstinately refuse food; it is as often owing to the delusion that the food is poisoned; or that a voice prompts them not to eat; or that they have no inside. One old lady, I remember well, on my urging her to take her food, replied: 'My dear doctor, what is the use when my inside is made of wood?' This woman, though rational in many ways, maintained this curious fancy against all argument.

Let us now turn to a brighter aspect of asylum life—namely, the amusements and recreations. These in summer take the form of lengthened walks into the surrounding country, picnics, and so forth. Nearly every asylum has its cricket and football club. These clubs play among themselves, or try their fortune with those of the neighbouring villages. The matches are looked forward to all week, and the utmost good-will and pleasure prevail during the play.

Then in the winter months, the long evenings are beguiled by the weekly entertainment, consisting of instructive and amusing readings, music, songs, dances, and occasional dramatic performances; to which all contribute, more or less—doctors, patients, and nurses. Every season confirms the value of these entertainments as a beneficial and sustaining agency in mental distress, directly by the healthful stimulus they impart, and indirectly by breaking up the somewhat monotonous existence of those who are too feeble for active employment. By the smile on the face of the habitual melancholic, one is assured of their advantage, and is reminded of one of Luther's sayings, 'Music is one of the most delightful and magnificent presents that God has given us.' More than one patient has assured me that he owes his recovery in a large measure to the rousing, exhilarating effect of the weekly entertainment.

Let it not be supposed, however, from the above remarks that all the requirements of the insane are fully provided for, and that no assistance is desired from the benevolent public outside; for it is remarkable that whilst Infirmarys, Hospitals, Workhouses, Homes, &c., are well remembered by the charitable and philanthropic, the asylum and its patients are too often overlooked. The following are some of the channels in which aid might be acceptably rendered—newspapers, books, and other publications for the library; pictures or prints for the wards; flowers and fruit; entertainments of any kind, musical or dramatic; lectures, readings, magic-lantern exhibitions, &c.

Here, then, is ample scope for the charitable to show real and practical sympathy with those who are less intellectually healthy than ourselves.

It is certainly not too much to say, that by the above means, we may hope for a higher recovery-rate among the curable cases, and to soothe, cheer, and interest the hopelessly insane. We are encouraged in our endeavours by the fact, which is probably not generally known, that the recovery-rate has gradually increased from a figure which were better left untold, to a proportion not far removed from fifty per cent.

In this short article, I have tried to convey an idea how the insane are cared for in this country. I say in this country advisedly; for although we owe the initial step in our progress in this direction to the French, yet in no country has the principle been so earnestly and vigorously carried out as in Great Britain. I have left untouched many points of interest connected with this subject, notably private asylums and supposed undue detention in them. These I hope to treat of at some future time.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXX.—AT SOUTHAMPTON.

BUT a little way 'Above Bar'—as natives of the ancient city of Southampton are apt to say in speaking of that antique barrier-gate which Ascarpart the Giant and the valiant Sir Bevis so stoutly defended of old against Paynim foes, according to the veracious lays of the minstrels—stands a row of fair white mansions which bears the name of Portland Place. There is one of these mansions which stands detached, with gardens and stable dependences of its own, and which also has the advantage of an outlook over the famous old Archery Grounds that are the boast of the adjoining shire. House and gardens belonged to Mr Weston, Manager of the Branch Yard of Mervyn & Co., and who, having some share in the business in addition to the high salary attached to the responsible post he filled, was regarded by his neighbours as relatively a wealthy man.

It was a fine summer's afternoon; and the scent of flowers and the hum of bees came pleasantly through the open windows of the Westons' drawing-room, where all the family group, with the exception of the master of the house, who had not yet returned from the vicinity of the Docks, might be seen. It consisted of Mrs Weston, kind, plump, and motherly, one of those women whom it is difficult to imagine as otherwise than married and busy with household cares; her two daughters; and a third young lady, whose degree of kindred to Mrs Weston herself could only be computed by the learned in Welsh cousinhood; but who, as a ward of her husband's, had for some years made that house her home—Miss Carrington by name.

The last-mentioned member of the family group was undoubtedly the one who would have been the first to attract, and probably to rivet, the notice of a stranger. Julia Carrington may have been a year or two younger than the elder of the Weston girls, a few months older than the youngest; but their round, pleasant faces merely served as a foil to the brilliant loveliness of their kinswoman. A dark, flashing-eyed beauty was

Julia Carrington, tall, graceful, and with raven hair, and creamy complexion, and lips and teeth that could be likened to coral and pearls alone, however hackneyed the simile may be—such a girl as we see, perhaps, twice or thrice in a lifetime, and whom the imagination willingly accredits with an almost unlimited power of wringing or breaking the hearts of men. There were those who, confessing that Julia was exceedingly beautiful, nevertheless declared her dark beauty to be of an un-English type, alien, foreign, Spanish or Italian, rather than what befits our cloudy skies and island hearths. One love-lorn curate—who never told his love—the Rev. Septimus Shyson, had mentioned in confidence over the social teacup to a brother of the cloth clerical, that her haughty, pitiless charms reminded him of the patrician damsels of ancient Rome.

There are wards and wards, as there are heiresses and heiresses. Some girls are by nature so submissive to the merest semblance of authority, that their guardians have an easy task. Others, like high-mettled fillies, kick over the traces, and give infinite trouble to the respectable men on whom the provisions of some will have devolved part of the powers of a father. Miss Carrington went into neither of these extremes. Indeed, she was too clever, and her guardian, Mr Weston, too sensible and straightforward, for much jarring of volitions to be probable. She was in legal leading-strings as yet, being but twenty years of age; but soon she would be her own mistress, and mistress of the three thousand a year which her father, a former partner and remote connection of Mr Mervyn, had left her. It was not a great income, in these days when incomes are really great, but it was almost wealth; and was enough, at all events, to earn for Julia Carrington the prestige of heiressdom. For four years past, Mr Weston had by consent received five hundred a year for the maintenance of his ward, whose allowance of pocket-money was also on a lavish scale; but extravagant as the young lady's tastes might be, her money was rolling up, like a golden snowball, and needed but a prolonged minority to swell the original sum to imposing proportions. Therefore was Julia, with her beauty and her fortune, and her disdain for such admirers as ventured to approach her, a personage of some note in the society in which the Westons moved.

That this proud, self-willed girl should have been so well liked as she was by the family with whom she lived, much as a bird of gorgeous plumage might dwell among nestlings of quite another feather, was perhaps not so strange as it seems. Women are very tolerant of the superiority and the pretensions of others, provided that the superiority is patent, and the pretensions consistently asserted. That Julia, as an heiress and a beauty, had a right to be a petted, privileged person, and to have her own way within all reasonable limits, was a canon of faith among the Westons. The good 'house-mother,' to quote the expressive Teutonic phrase, would never have dreamed of indulging her own daughters, Margaret and Matilda, as she humoured the whims of Miss Carrington. The two girls were honestly enthusiastic, as we now and then find girls to be, in their admiration of this companion of theirs, whose loveliness threw them so utterly into the

shade, and seemed rather to plume themselves on the distinction of having beneath their roof so notable a guest as Julia Carrington.

'It is getting late. I doubt if he is coming to-day, after all,' said Mrs Weston, looking up, from her work, at the clock.

'The train is behind time, I daresay; but I suppose he will come. Papa asked him, when he wrote, to drive straight here from the station; and I hope he will, for I feel quite inquisitive about him, after all we have heard,' said cheery, light-hearted Margaret.

'Inquisitive? about whom?' asked the fair Julia, as she lounged in her silken beehive chair, and glanced for an instant over the rim of the open novel that she held listlessly between her jewelled fingers.

'About the new arrival, dear—this young Mr Oakley, who is to be papa's second in command here—the new Assistant Manager,' exclaimed Matilda Weston. 'We have heard so much of his praises, that we are dying to see what he is really like.'

'Pray, leave me out of the category of those who are dying for such a cause,' said the heiress, in the half-languid, half-scornful tone that was habitual to her. 'I have not the faintest curiosity on the subject.'

'Julia,' remarked Mrs Weston, with her matronly smile—'Julia is not a hero-worshipper.'

'Not of Cockney heroes!' retorted the heiress, from her silken beehive chair.

'But he—this Mr Bertram Oakley—he is not a Cockney,' pleaded the elder of the Weston girls.

'Not at all. He comes from'—began the younger.

'Pray, don't, Margaret dear, and Matilda, my pet, give yourselves the trouble of enlightening my ignorance as to the antecedents of this Mr—whatever you call him—who is going to be Assistant something. That he is a meritorious young man, I think very likely. Many people are. But, of course he will be clumsy or else conceited; tiresome, anyway.'

At this crisis of the conversation came the roll of wheels, and then the sound of the bell; and presently the door opened, and the name of 'Mr Oakley' being announced, Bertram entered, all unaware that he himself had formed the subject of the late discussion; and he had not been in the room for thirty seconds, or spoken a dozen words, before the Weston womankind, mother and daughters, predisposed in his favour from the first, were certain that they should like him, and certain too that the good report of him which had reached them was by no means too flattering. He was very handsome, and that, in feminine eyes, does a man no harm. Instinctively, Miss Weston and her sister turned their eyes to Julia, as if to draw a comparison between the two bright young faces; but of Miss Carrington's lineaments not much could be seen, as the heiress, after a cold and slightly perceptible nod, in answer to Bertram's bow, had sunk back in her chair, and absorbed herself wholly in the pages of her novel.

The talk, as may be supposed, was not very well worth chronicling. Mr Mervyn was quite well? Mrs Weston was glad of that. And Bertram was not tired? But then railway journeys are so easy and smooth; not like the coaching and posting

days of which Mrs Weston in effect remembered not very much, but on which she had heard her own father descant feelingly in her nonage. And Mr Weston would soon be back from his place of business, and would be very glad to see Mr Oakley, of whom they had all heard so much, and who really must not consider himself as a stranger, &c. All this was very kind, if a trifle commonplace; but we could not get on without household angels of Mrs Weston's sort; and, to her words of welcome, Bertram made appropriate replies; while the heiress read on, and the two other girls spoke little, but looked intently at the young man of whom Mr Mervyn thought so highly.

How, or by what chance, the conversation drifted into some channel a shade less conventional, and one which allowed of answers not stereotyped, it would be hard to tell; but somehow Bertram found himself talking, and the ladies listening, and, marvel of marvels! the proud, scornful beauty in the beehive chair, having lowered the rampart of her new novel from the circulating library, listening too! No one on earth could be freer from any desire for display than Bertram Oakley; but he could speak, and speak well, on any topic concerning which he felt strongly; yet it was not so much what he said, as his manner of saying it, that won him the rare compliment of Miss Carrington's attention. Bertram possessed in a very high degree the unconscious gift of pleasing, the inimitable something that no master of worldly lore can impart, no self-study teach, the talisman that belongs to a sweet and noble nature when united to a busy and fertile brain. He was so frankly and fearlessly self-possessed, that he lost nothing by that fatal flaw of shyness, of false shame, as the French call it, which makes so many a good and worthy man ridiculous in feminine eyes.

Presently, the beautiful statue, Julia Carrington, warmed, as marble in old Greek myths was supposed to warm, sufficiently to speak, and look, and avow an interest in what the new-comer thought and said. When Mr Weston's bluff, shrewd face, and grizzled whiskers, became visible in the doorway, he found his new Assistant apparently on friendly terms with the fairer portion of his household. His own greeting to Bertram was cordial; but possibly his look was more critical than admiring. The Manager was privately of opinion that his principal had been over-partial, and that to appoint so young a man to so high a post was necessarily a mistake. Still, he shook Bertram's hand, and welcomed him to Southampton heartily enough.

'I have taken rooms for you, Mr Oakley, at Mr Mervyn's wish,' he said, 'near us—just a sitting-room and bedroom on the ground-floor of a quiet house, in the neat little street you must have traversed, to get here from the High Street and the Bar. I shall be happy, if you like, to walk as far as that with you, and put you in possession of your new quarters. Change them, of course, if you don't like them; but I think you will find them comfortable, and the people civil.'

So Bertram was inducted into his new lodgings, which were tidy and trim enough after their kind, and whither his luggage was presently conveyed; while Mr Weston went home to his dinner, and Bertram complied with his landlady's proposal of adding a mutton-chop to his tea. The days were

yet so long, that, after his modest repast was over, he had light enough left to stroll for some time about the town, to admire its stately High Street, perhaps unmatched in any provincial city between Tweed and Tamar; its quaint churches, beneath the low-browed arches of some of which Henry V. probably, and Walthefo and William the Norman possibly, may have gone in to pray; and the crowded Docks that have given new life to the ancient seaport. Then, as he laid his head upon his pillow, he could not but wonder that the memory that was uppermost in his thoughts was not that of Julia Carrington, in all the audacious splendour of her attractions, but of the golden hair and blue soft eyes of Rose Denham, who was now so near.

SOME WHIMSICAL PARISH CUSTOMS.

THE *parish* is one of the oldest divisions of land in this country; so old, indeed, that antiquaries and county historians are in controversy how much more than twelve or fourteen hundred years ago it was first established. As may naturally be expected, many curious customs gradually sprung up, some in one parish, some in another, some in two or more adjoining parishes; some long since become obsolete, others still flourishing more or less. We can trace the influence of the church, of the feudal system, of the rise of royal power and prestige, in some or other of them; but ignorance and superstition were probably the most potent causes. A considerable number of these old customs had their origin in *endowments*, sums of money or patches of land, the annual proceeds of which were to be appropriated in perpetuity for certain objects more or less clearly specified by the donor.

The parish books kept by churchwardens are a veritable mine of facts relating to such matters. The books of a Lincolnshire parish, for instance, contain numerous entries concerning the marrying of paupers, the whipping of vagrants, the baiting of bulls, &c. Those of Stanford-in-the-Vale, Berkshire, comprise some curious entries relating thereto in the old Catholic times; such as: 'Received for the maydes at the Hallowtide towards the bells,' so much. It appears that young maidens perambulated the streets, dressed in black, ringing bells, and urging the people to prayers on the eve of All-Saints-Day; and the item was as payment for the bells. Another payment was for 'watching the sepulchre'; a crucifix, wrapped in linen, was placed in a recess formed on the north side of the altar; this was done on Easter Eve, and the watching was kept up until early on Easter Sunday, when the crucifix was removed, with various circumstances typical of the resurrection. Other entries relate to less solemn subjects: 'Money received for the gaynes of the May ale,' There being no poor-rates in those days, one mode of obtaining small sums for the succour of the sick and needy was to solicit gifts for the purchase of malt, with which ale was brewed, sold to the parishioners, and the profit or 'gaynes' given to the poor. 'Money received for the font' was obtained by young maidens who went from house to house at Whitsuntide, solicited alms, gave half the amount to the poor, laid out the rest in purchasing a dove to suspend from the roof of the church over the font.

At Waltham Abbey, the parish books contain

evidence of a change in many of the items of expenditure, contemporaneous with the change in the religion of the state. The wax for the tapers and candles used at the altar and in church processions, had been bought in the lump, and made up as wanted. When the altar lights were no longer sanctioned in the Established Church, the wax was sold. One of the entries mentions the price obtained for the wax. Other entries bear relation to the sale of priests' garments. The parish books of Abingdon contain notifications of money paid to the bellman to buy food, drink, and firing for 'watching the sepulchre.' Money was also paid for two dozen bells for the morris-dancers; setting up Robin Hood's bower; an hour-glass for the pulpit—and other singularities long since abandoned.

The curious old parish custom of *beating the bounds*, though not nearly so prevalent as in by-gone times, is still kept up in some districts, and has become by degrees an occasion for feasting rather than fasting. It often lasted two days, under the management of the clergy, churchwardens, and parish officers. Every parish has a boundary legally established, although visible marks for denoting it are few in number; and in past times the ceremony of beating the bounds was one of the peculiar modes of asserting the rights of the parish. It was often difficult to walk along the exact line on account of buildings which had been erected on it. The procession would sometimes enter a house by the door and emerge by the window; or wade across a canal; or penetrate dense thickets; or clamber over high walls; or swim a certain distance along a boundary river; or thrust a small boy into an oven, which it is to be hoped was cold. On one occasion in London, a private carriage was standing on the line; the coachman refused to 'move on,' whereupon the whole procession walked through the carriage, in at one door and out at the other. The writer remembers many such perambulations in the metropolis; when the clergy, the churchwardens, the parish beadle in a portentous cocked hat, and the charity schoolboys (in Geoffrey Muffin-cap costume) went their round. The hilarious youngsters beat with white wands any stone or wall which had on it a parish boundary mark. The ceremony, however, lost both its meaning and its respectability in course of time; it became a rollicking holiday for the riff-raff of the parish, and the most steady inhabitants gradually frowned it out of existence.

The custom of the *fitch of bacon* at Dunmow is not the least curious among those which rural parishes present. Far back in the old days when there was a priory at Dunmow, in Essex, the monks made a promise of a fitch of bacon to any married couple who could take oath that they had never quarrelled nor regretted their union. Whether the bachelor monks only intended to encourage conjugal harmony, or whether they satirically believed that married folk never do live together twelve months without discord, we can guess as best we may. At anyrate the successful applicants for the fitch were few and far between. The priory was suppressed at the Reformation, but the old custom survived, the fitch being given by the lord of the manor. In the last century the ceremony was conducted with much parade. The couple appeared at a court baron; a jury of unmarried

persons heard the averments; and if the results were satisfactory, a verdict was given—to the effect that the couple had been married at least one year; that they had lived quietly and lovingly together; and that they were deserving of the promised prize. This verdict being delivered, the happy couple, standing near the church door, made a declaration, received the fitch, and were chaired in procession through the town. The lords of the manor by degrees declined to offer the tempting bonus; and the clergy viewed unfavourably some of the incidents accompanying the proceedings. Twenty or thirty years ago, a few literary men revived the ceremony at their own expense—more as a whimsical joke for that one occasion, than as a permanent custom. From time to time the local journals record an observance of the ceremony. There is reason to believe, however, that speculative trade is mainly concerned here; the fitch being provided by some taverner interested in bringing together a large assemblage of thirsty souls.

In the cheese-making district of Gloucestershire, a pleasant kind of characteristic harvest-home used to be celebrated annually. Three large cheeses were placed on a litter or barrow, decked with flowers and branches of trees. They were drawn through and about the parish, with music and rejoicing. In the churchyard the cheeses were removed from the litter, rolled three times round the church, conveyed back to the village, cut up, and distributed among the peasantry.

Many parishes have duties imposed upon them of so whimsical a character that one marvels how such a state of things could have arisen. But it is explicable on the theory of *endowments*. A man bequeaths money or land, the interest or rental of which is to be appropriated annually for some purpose mentioned by him. After many generations the affair becomes as much an absurdity as a benefit, in some cases very much more so. The City of London parishes present numerous instances of this kind; the parochial authorities being trustees for sundry small endowments. If they do not administer these funds in accordance with the written wishes of the donor, they may possibly though unwittingly be offenders against the law.

Take a few instances. The parish of St Benet, Gracechurch Street, is trustee for a bequest the annual amount of which—£7, 0s. 6d.—is not only small in itself, but has to be divided into mere dribblets—one portion for that parish, one for St Olave's in the Old Jewry, and three others for parishes in Essex, Herts, and Bucks; the donor having probably had some personal association with all these localities. The Ironmongers' Company are intrusted with the administration of ten pounds a year, to be given to St Benet's parish, Paul's Chain; and the parish authorities have to divide it into five portions, varying from sixteen to fifty-six shillings each, among an equal number of other parishes. St Botolph, Aldgate, enjoys the complicated bequest of 'one-fourth of two houses,' and another of 'three houses and three-quarters of ten houses.' Among the multiplicity of City endowments, either corporate, chartered, or parochial, there is one for releasing Christian captives from the corsairs of Barbary; another for giving a certain amount of *snuff* once a year to a certain number of poor women; a third to pay the bell-

ringers for ringing a merry peal on the anniversary of (not the birth but) the death of the donor's wife! What are the parochial authorities to do with such extravagances as these? Some of the purposes specified are now impracticable, some absurd, and some altogether out of harmony with the general current of English feeling in the present day. Little wonder if the trustees occasionally get out of the anomaly by paying for a savoury official dinner from the money thus strangely bequeathed. The Endowment Commissioners found records of the bequest of an estate bringing in three hundred and thirty-three pounds per annum; there were *eighteen* trustees, who spent fifty pounds once in three years on a visit to the property, winding up with a dinner. We may safely assert that the legislature will ere long sweep away many of these absurdities.

The parishes of London in the old days were linked together in one matter by the establishment of a *guild of parish clerks*. These persons, mostly young men with good voices, were the favourite performers in the mysteries or religious plays before the Reformation. Clerkenwell or Clerks' Well is believed to have derived its name from them. On the grassy slope rising from the eastern bank of the river Fleet (the great sewers and the Metropolitan Railway must say what now occupies the locality) were the Clerks' Well, the Skinners' Well, St Rosamond's Well, and many other pleasant bubbling springs of beautifully sweet and clear water. Near one of these, in the open air, the parish clerks played a Mystery for three days in the presence of King Richard II., his queen, and court. In the next century, the young clerks devoted eight days consecutively to performing the 'Creation of the World' and other mysteries. Previous to the recent wholesale demolition of streets and buildings, there was an old pump bearing an inscription commemorative of the doings of the guild of parish clerks near the spot.

Some of the parishes of Wilts and Dorset still keep up the old custom of *Lent crocking*, one among many remains of Lenten usages in earlier days. The boys, marshalled into small parties, arm themselves with what broken crockery the dust-heaps can yield. A leader, going from house to house, knocks at the doors, appeals to the inmates, and sings doggerel lines announcing the fact that the boys have come a-shroving, and will expect gifts of pies, dough-nuts, cheese, bacon, and other toothsome titbits. If these good things are not forthcoming, the leader brings on his phalanx of boys, who administer to the door of the house a thorough bombardment with the broken ware.

The parish of Garrat in Surrey was for many years the scene of a custom strange and whimsical enough in all conscience. An encroachment on the rights of commonage was, on one occasion, successfully defeated by the parishioners, who chose one of their number as chairman of a committee for that purpose. A general election happened to be going on about the time; and some wag proposed the idea of electing a mock *mayor of Garrat*, the elected dignitary to remain in office as long as the members of parliament. The tavern and beer-shop keepers relished the scheme highly, for the ceremonial would infallibly lead to custom. Public attention was

drawn specially to the subject' in 1747, when Willis a waterman and Gubbing a publican competed for the honour of the mayoralty. A town-hall, clerk, and recorder were improvised for the occasion, and the proceedings were conducted in mock-heroic style. The best candidate was considered to be the man who could 'drink largely, feed vigorously, head a mob majestically, and hurrah eloquently.' Willis, under the assumed cognomen of Squire Blowmedown, won the election. Seven years afterwards, at the time of another general election, the Garrat men closely imitated the parliamentary partisans, fighting the battle as keenly and as noisily. Again, seven years more passed, and no fewer than nine candidates contested for the mayoralty. The wits of the day entered into the jest so heartily, that Foote, Wilkes, and Garrick wrote some of the electioneering addresses. Foote produced his farce of *The Mayor of Garrat* after taking part in this anomalous election. It soon became known that his characters of Matthew Mug, Snuffle, Lord Twankum, Crispin, Heeltap, and Kit Noisy, were caricature portraits of some of the candidates. Another seven years brought on another general election, and with it the mock election of a mayor of Garrat. Seven candidates appeared, most of whom assumed the titles of lords and baronets. Some of the mayors elected at these septennial intervals were very popular; especially Sir John Harper (a breeches-maker), Sir Jeffrey Dunstan (a dealer in old wigs), and Sir Harry Dimsdale (a mullin-man). Sir Jeffrey, who was elected to no less than three septennial mayoralties, was a fellow full of wit and drollery. So great was the public enjoyment of these extravagances, that on one or two occasions the whole line of road from London to Garrat (Garrat Lane still exists) was crowded with vehicles, equestrians, and pedestrians, all bound for the election. The absurdity died out with the last century; a revival was once attempted afterwards, but failed.

Enough. The old customs which we have glanced at in rapid succession are illustrative of a much larger number than most of us would suppose. There are few parishes in England but would, by an appeal to the memory of aged persons, tell of such.

ART IN MANNERS.

As there is all the difference between good manners and bad manners, culture and no culture, good address and indifferent, we purpose inquiring in what way Art can help us in this sometimes neglected acquisition. Art should have as large a share of consideration in the cultivation of manners, as in personal adornment, or in the higher accomplishments. A face may be fair to look upon, yet the picture may be totally spoiled by an ugly framework of ill manners. Civilised society has laid down certain rules, to which all its members, consciously or unconsciously, conform; and the more these rules are observed, the better claim they give to refinement. As the social scale ascends, the more definite and imperative these unwritten laws become, until, in the highest circles of all, they rule with a despotic sway. We do not possess a 'Ritual'

or 'Academy of Manners,' as do the Chinese; but under the name of Etiquette we have laws equally binding. Nor are these confined to civilised nations. Savages have their manners and customs, however uncivilised they may appear to us, but it would not be thought friendly, much less good-breeding, to pull the fingers of those we salute till they crack, as do some negro tribes. A curious account is told of two dusky monarchs, who, when making a visit, greeted each other by snapping three times the middle finger. Although this is an example of two kings, it is scarcely worthy of imitation. Some savages take the hand or foot of him they salute, and with it gently rub their face—this must be rather wearisome to a devoted monarch—while others vigorously apply the nose against that of the person they are greeting. Other salutations are equally incommodious and painful, and would require some practice to enable a stranger to be polite in the society of such eccentric pagans. Herbert Spencer has shown that there is, nevertheless, always a reason for these strange customs.

Still, etiquette is necessary in royal palaces for keeping order at court; though in Spain it was carried to such lengths that it made martyrs of their kings. One of them was once seated by the fireside; the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the poor monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, yet his dignity would not suffer him to rise from his chair; nor could the domestics presume to enter the apartment, because it was against etiquette. At length a courtier appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by etiquette to perform such a function, for which a brother-noble ought to be called upon, as it was his business. This nobleman was unfortunately away from the palace, and the fire burnt fiercer; yet the king endured it rather than lessen his dignity. The result was, that His Majesty became heated to such a degree, that fever set in the following day; and he died as a martyr to the rules of etiquette.

A great deal has been said and written lately about Culture; and yet, on the other hand, the fashion to be a plain-spoken person seems to be growing. This endeavour to cultivate a somewhat rough honesty generally ends in downright rudeness, and certainly does not come under the head of culture. All honesty in the expression of thought is to be highly commended, when an opinion is asked; but there is no use, nor can it be desirable, to intrude uncongenial thoughts, or disagreeable opinions when not wanted, for no other reason than to display the courage of expressing them. True politeness is a consideration shown to the feelings of others; not only outward polish, but kindness in small matters. Especially should courtesy and attention be shown to the aged. They should always command respect and veneration, even if their notions are exploded

and old-fashioned. Human nature is so many-sided, that offence is easily given; but it would be quite as easy to avoid doing so, by giving a little more attention to Art in Manners. It is not desirable that all should be brought down to one polite unmeaning level. As in the art of painting, a perfect picture has its light and shade justly balanced, so it should be in our bearing towards others. And in the sister art of music, there is a *crescendo* and a *diminuendo*, giving variety without destroying the harmony. This can be done without any loss of manly or womanly independence.

As manners can only be considered from a social point of view, conversation will necessarily occupy a prominent place; and to excel in this art, it is essential to be a good listener. People are generally more anxious to speak than to listen. They are frequently thinking of what they are going to say, rather than of what is being said; and even those who are most polite, very often fancy it is sufficient if they seem to be attentive; and yet at the same time their eyes betray an absent mind, and show an impatient desire to continue their own train of thought. When listening, the attention should never be engrossed by any ideas but those of the speaker. Another important element is the art of saying the right word in the right place, a difficulty which seems insuperable to many, and which really is greater than appears at first sight. When listening to the cares and troubles of others, it is scarcely gracious, and certainly not comforting, to give a long list of similar grievances. Nor is it polite, when a friend is shown a painting, sculpture, or other work of art, for him instantly to describe a similar thing, only more valuable, that he has seen elsewhere, or possibly has in his own possession. Several instances might be given of saying the right word in the right place; but one is sufficient. For a host or hostess to introduce subjects with which they know their friends to be familiar, is a delicate attention, which may pass unnoticed at the time, but will have the good effect of making their guests feel at their ease, and leave a pleasant recollection, as every one likes to talk upon a subject on which he thinks he can talk well. Good-humour, or the habit of being easily pleased, is essential to politeness; but as there are often occasions when annoyances will arise, irritation may be concealed by a little attention to Art in Manners, and thus prevent the discomfort being felt by others. Cheerfulness, which is another requisite, enables its fortunate possessor to make the best of circumstances. A gloomy or melancholy individual never loses his self-consciousness.

Manners should be to a man what colouring is to a picture, nothing clashing or contrary to good taste, but all beautifully blended in one harmonious whole. Such a result cannot be obtained by mere outward polish. Its root lies deeper, and springs from the soil of the heart. As our bearing towards others is guided and shaped by the feelings, the cultivation of charity greatly helps to tone down or modify any rough or uncouth manners. Politeness may be a social virtue, but it can only be true and sincere when springing from refinement of mind. Kindness

of heart will cause its influence to be felt in a gentle bearing towards all; and the secret of Art in Manners may be found by acting on the principle of making every one as happy as lies in our power.

THE FAMILY DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY the next morning, a message arrived from the Cottage. 'Mrs Missle's love to Miss Patience Missle, and she will be ready to see her at eleven.'

Punctually to the hour, I knocked at the door; but although the church clock had not finished striking, Robert and Martha had already arrived. They had each received a similar message to mine; and there the three of us sat in the small front sitting-room, patiently, yet anxiously, awaiting our relative's appearance. We talked constrainedly and in a whisper; but not a word was said about the events of the preceding evening, although I could see very well that the eggs and the peaches were sitting heavily on their minds. After we had waited a few moments, the door opened, and Aunt Purpose entered. She was a diminutive and withered-looking old woman, and, with her shrivelled yellow skin, and black, twinkling, bead-like eyes, not unlike a bird, as Mary had said. She was dressed in a pale lavender silk dress, with a large white shawl thrown across her shoulders, fastened in the front with an enormous gold brooch, containing a miniature of Uncle Job. A front of black hair, done up into little corkscrew curls at each side, showed from beneath the frill of a cheap, fanciful-looking cap, made up out of common white net and scraps and ends of not over-clean white satin ribbon; and her lean, shrivelled, wrinkled hands were covered with long black mittens.

'Dear Aunt Purpose!' cried Martha, emerging from her usual apathetic placidity as she demonstratively, and with unnecessary fervour, kissed her on each cheek.

'Exactly as I have ever pictured my uncle's wife!' exclaimed that hypocrite Robert, seizing her two hands in his and warmly shaking them.

'I am Patience, Aunt,' I said; 'and you see, I am trying to act up to my name.' This was said with a smile, but it was meant to be ironical, and as a hint to Robert not to hold her hands so long. Seeing, however, that he persisted in monopolising them, I stretched forward, and clasping her right hand over his, gave it a loving squeeze.

'Thank you, my dears,' said the old lady as her bright eyes twinkled at us all in turn. 'Your welcome is very warm.'

'Allow me,' With gushing politeness, Robert wheeled out an arm-chair, in which she seated herself; while Martha sank on to her knees and, with a tender little deprecating movement, arranged a stool for her feet.

As soon as quiet was restored and their fulsome attentions had come to an end, she turned to us; and at once we all became attentive. I confess it flashed through my mind that she was about to say something about the diamonds, and I know Robert thought the same, for such a greedy, grasping look came over his face; but no: it was only to thank us each separately for our little

gifts. Martha sniffed, and looked sheepishly at me; and Robert gave me an unkindly triumphant glance when Aunt added: 'Your *blanc-mange* was very useful, Patience.' ('Corn-flour shape,' I heard Martha mutter beneath her breath in a perfectly audible whisper; but Aunt did not heed her.) 'Poor Ayel [the black servant] had it for her supper,' she continued. 'She enjoyed it so much. She doesn't take very kindly to the European mode of living.'

How thankful I felt that I had taken the precaution of skimming the milk before making it! We sat there for a long time talking upon different subjects; but not a word, or a hint even, escaped her about the diamonds. I was impatient to go, and sat, speaking metaphorically, on tenter-hooks, for I knew that Mary would let the beautiful little loin of lamb, that I had got in for dinner, burn; but I did not care to be the first to rise; and then Martha and Robert had both behaved so treacherously to me, that I did not think it quite prudent to leave them there alone with Aunt Purpose. I sat on, and so did they, for they seemed quite as reluctant to leave as I did. At last Aunt solved the difficulty by pleading fatigue and dismissing us all at once.

'If there is anything that I can do for you, Aunt,' I said as I rose to go, 'I shall be only too happy to do it.'—'At any hour of the day or night, I am at your service,' interposed Martha with a sweet smile; while Robert bowed impressively. 'Myself and all that I have are at your command,' he said with one of his best company airs, that seemed to me to be not only ridiculous, but out of place with a relative. He did not have everything quite his own way, though; for as we passed out through the porch, I was enabled to point out to him the green parrot just finishing one of his prized nectarines. He turned away from the harrowing sight, and I heard him murmur to himself: 'Sixpence literally thrown away on that beast of a bird!'

The three of us walked on in silence until we reached the bend in the road where Martha would have to part from us. 'She must be quite seventy,' exclaimed Robert thoughtfully. 'I am sure her liver is affected; and with that jaundiced look about her, I should never be surprised at her death. There's a look of suffering about her face that reminds me strongly of old Thornton. You remember he died in less than six months after he came to England.'

'Poor dear!' sighed Martha pityingly. 'I am sure I don't wish her to die; but if she's to suffer much, it would be a happy release.' Both Robert and I echoed her pious fervour. We felt quite at peace with her; but it was really provoking that she had not mentioned the diamonds.

Robert's prognostication was fulfilled sooner than we had expected; but it was bronchitis, and not jaundice, that took her from us, her Indianised constitution not being able to stand the severity of one of our Nettlethorpe winters. She was attacked quite suddenly, and was dead in a few hours. We were all three of us in the house shortly after she had breathed her last, Robert making himself dreadfully officious.

'I am the executor,' he said pompously. 'Aunt Purpose told me so when I was here yesterday.'

Martha's face elongated at the news, and so did

mine. 'They're left to him, depend upon it,' she said after he had left us to institute a search for the will.

During all the time that she had been at Nettlethorpe, Aunt Purpose had been most tiresomely reticent about her jewels. We all, at different times, had tried to sound her on the subject; but she never satisfied our natural and pardonable curiosity, by responding to our hints; and we had been afraid of pressing her too much, for fear of offending her. Our attempts had been so unsuccessful, that we had begun to declare their existence to be a myth, until our confidence had been restored by Robert, who, by dint of great patience and perseverance—for her English was almost unintelligible—had managed to elicit from Ayel that the great Maharajah's present was an actual fact, and that her mistress kept it in a small leather case in her bedroom. Aunt Purpose had treated us all so much alike, that not one of us had a real clew to who had been her favourite. I knew that both Martha and Robert had been most assiduous in keeping her supplied with new-laid eggs and fruit and vegetables; but I did not think that their gifts had been appreciated more than my delicate little custards and puddings, for she always thanked me for them so kindly.

My ruminations were disturbed by Robert's return to the room. In one hand he carried an old leather case, very much worn, which he placed on the table, and in the other, a formal-looking document, fastened together with a wafer, with 'My Will' written on the outside in Aunt Purpose's small but clear handwriting.

'Read it, Robert,' I said in a faint voice.

He was very pale, and, in his agitation, his hand shook a little as he broke the seal and unfolded it. Then, with a severe look at Martha, who had just heaved a ridiculous little sigh, he began. It commenced by naming him as the sole executor, and requesting his acceptance of the sum of five guineas for his trouble in acting as such. The furniture was to be sold; and after the funeral and all other expenses had been paid, the balance was disposed of as follows. (I now quote the words of the will.)

'And whereas, since I have lived at Nettlethorpe, my nephew and nieces have been very kind and considerate to me, and have at different times made me various presents of eggs, fruit, puddings, and other like articles; and whereas I know that none of them is what the world would call wealthy; therefore, I have kept three books, into each of which, under the name of the donor, I have duly entered each present, together with the date of its receipt, and that which I estimated to be its then marketable value; and it is my will that my executor shall cast up these totals, and out of the said balance in hand, pay to himself and my two said nieces such respective sums as the value of their presents at the time of my death shall have amounted to.'

'Most just and equitable!' exclaimed Robert, as he paused for a moment.

'And so beautifully expressed,' added Martha, throwing herself back in her seat and closing her eyes. 'Pray go on. It is just like a sermon.'

'Ahem!' coughed Robert, clearing his throat before resuming his task. 'My nephew and nieces,' he proceeded to read, 'have often expressed a kindly solicitude about the jewels

presented to me by the Maharajah of Baroda, and for which I now thank them. As I have no wish to show any preference for one above the others, and as it would destroy the set if divided, I hereby direct that my said nephew and nieces shall draw lots for them; and to the one who shall thus win them, I give and bequeath the said jewels absolutely.'

The will then gave directions about Ayel being returned, free of expense and with a small sum in her pocket, to her native land; and as to the 'rest, residue, and remainder of her property, whatsoever and wheresoever,' it was to be divided among the three of us, share and share alike.

It was, as Robert had remarked, a most just and equitable will; and we were all, on the whole, satisfied with it.

Martha was the first to speak. 'Shall we draw lots at once?' she asked timidly.

'Let us look at them first,' I suggested.

Robert had found a small bunch of keys, and after trying several, found one that fitted the lock. Oh! how our hearts beat as the key turned with a sharp little click, and he slowly and carefully raised the lid. Both Martha and myself rose and leant over him, and then our mouths and eyes opened as wide as the case before us. It was empty! The jewels were gone! A hundred different suggestions to account for their absence arose to our minds. There must be a secret drawer; they must be in some other box. All search, however, proved worthless. The rooms and every likely receptacle in which they might be hidden were examined, but not a trace of them could be found. At last we thought of questioning Ayel about them, and then we discovered the solution of the mystery. Ayel had not been seen since her mistress's death. She had disappeared—so had the jewels. She must have stolen them. Robert, who, I must confess, is a thorough man of energy and business when once he is aroused, lost no time in communicating with the police. He had not much confidence in the local constabulary; so, leaving me in charge of everything, he at once started for London to place the matter before the officials at Scotland Yard. I bore our trouble, I flatter myself, with becoming dignity; but that weak Martha utterly broke down. She went maundering about the place, bewailing and lamenting the loss, as if the lots had already been drawn and the jewels won by her.

MONKEYS IN CONFINEMENT.

REMOVED from their native land, separated from their kindred, and imprisoned in cages, where they are subjected to the gaze and teasing of strangers, is it surprising if monkeys display some of the viciousness of humanity? Is it wonderful if some of these silvan creatures in such a case become morose, spiteful, or even revengeful? Is it just that the failings of those individuals should be deemed characteristic of the whole monkey race? It is hoped that the record we have to show will prove that, even in such trying circumstances, monkeys in confinement are not wholly destitute of good qualities. Observation proves that the curiosity, petulance, and mischief so frequently ascribed to these creatures in general, are as foreign to some tribes, as are repulsive habits and ferocity common to others. Most apes

are naturally gentle, grateful, and affectionate, even towards their jailers, and although when teased they grow sullen or peevish, they can rarely be provoked to violent passion. Generally, they wear an aspect of melancholy; due, doubtless, to the unnatural circumstances in which they are placed; but their eyes are bright, and their looks full of intelligence. The gravity and deliberation with which they act are most impressive, and cause one to regard with a kind of respect the opinion prevalent among many uncivilised peoples that monkeys can talk. Thus, a contributor to *Lippincott's Magazine* for 1873, writing about Java, says: 'The Sultan of Djokjokarta entertained us by the exhibition of a curious collection of monkeys and apes. Some were of huge proportions, full four feet in height, and looking as fierce as if just captured from their native jungles. The orang-outangs and long-armed apes had been trained to go through a variety of military exercises; and when one of us expressed surprise at their seeming intelligence, the Sultan said gravely: "They are as really men as you and I, and have the power of speech if they choose to exercise it. They do not talk, because they are unwilling to work and be made slaves of." This strange theory is generally believed by the Malays, in whose language *orang-outang* is simply "*man of the woods*."

Darwin mentions an anecdote, strongly illustrative of our contention, that the characters of monkeys are as varied as those of men. 'A man who trains monkeys to act,' says the eminent naturalist, 'used to purchase common kinds from the Zoological Society at the price of five pounds each; but he offered to give double the price, if he might keep three or four of them for a few days, in order to select one. When asked how he could possibly so soon learn whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended on their power of attention. If, when he was talking and explaining anything to a monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall, or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained.' 'To what a close imitation of the manners of human beings monkeys can be trained, is pretty generally known. Mrs Lee gives an account of one which a Parisian had taught to behave with great reasoning powers. She states that she suddenly met this monkey one day as he was coming up-stairs to the drawing-room. He politely made way for the lady, standing on one side, and as she said, 'Good-morning,' took off his cap, and made her a low bow. 'Are you going away?' she inquired. 'Where is your passport?' Whereupon, he took a square piece of paper out of his cap, and showed it to her. His master now appeared on the scene, and told him the lady's dress was dusty; when he instantly took a brush out of the man's pocket, and raising the hem of Mrs Lee's gown, brushed it, and then did the same with her shoes. His docility and obedience were perfect. When given anything to eat, he did not cram it gluttonously into his mouth, but ate it delicately; and when given money, he carefully handed it to his master. All this, of course, was the result of education. But this monkey was by no means the sole mem-

ber of the race found capable of instruction, as many similar cases can be cited. And surely they know what their actions signify. The author of *Salad for the Social* says that a friend of his possessed one of these little exiles whose disposition was very affectionate. When it had done anything wrong, and was scolded, it would immediately seat itself on the floor, and clasping its little hands together, beg earnestly, in its dumb manner, for pardon.

But our records show that these poor tormented creatures possess good qualities, and can perform really noble actions—from innate goodness, quite irrespective of education. Darwin furnishes most conclusive evidence of this in a story he tells. A keeper in the Zoological Gardens, whilst kneeling on the floor of the cage, was suddenly attacked by a fierce baboon. A little American monkey, which was a warm friend of the keeper, lived in the same compartment with, and was dreadfully afraid of the great baboon. But as soon as the poor little fellow saw his friend the keeper in peril, he rushed to the rescue, and by screams and bites so distracted the baboon, that the man was enabled to effect his escape, not, however, without having run great risk of losing his life, according to the opinion of the surgeon who attended him. Monkeys have long memories, and some of them can inflict cruel punishment. Mrs Lee tells of having greatly annoyed one in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, by tapping him on his hands for ill-treating one of his fellow-prisoners, and he never forgave her. Whenever he saw her on future occasions, or even heard her voice, he flew into a passion, and rolled about in rage, in one instance seizing her gown through the bars of his cage and tearing a piece out of it, although it was of stout material. Of another monkey, whose place of exile was in the West Indies, a crueller revenge is known. This individual, kept tied to a stake, was often robbed of his food by the crows. This was how he revenged himself. He lay quite still on the ground and pretended to be dead. By degrees the birds approached and repeated their thefts. The artful little fellow never stirred, but let the crows steal to their hearts' content until he was sure of them. When he was certain that one was within reach of his fingers, he made a grab at it and caught it. When he had got hold of the luckless bird, he sat down and deliberately plucked the feathers out of it, and then flung it towards its screaming comrades, who, for reasons best known to themselves, immediately surrounded it and pecked it to death. 'The expression of joy on the animal's countenance,' says the witness of the affair, 'was altogether indescribable.' Happily, most of these prisoned 'men of the woods' are better natured; and so deeply attached to each other, that if one die, its companion—should it have one—almost always dies of grief. The *Standard* for February 1859, stated that 'the cat-faced monkeys from New Granada had died within a few days of each other; the female from inflammation of the lungs; and the male, apparently from grief, as, after the death of his companion, he refused all food. These models of conjugal tenderness were at the Jardin des Plantes for seven years.'

The strong affection monkeys bear not only for each other, but for their owners, or even for any animals they have to associate with, is well

known. Monsieur Relian, a surgeon resident in Batavia, in an interesting account he has given of two orangs which were leaving for Europe, says: 'They were of the human size, and executed all the movements which men do, particularly with their hands. Both were very bashful when you looked fixedly at them, and the female would then throw herself into the arms of the male and hide her head in his breast. This touching sight I have witnessed with my own eyes. They did not speak, but uttered a sound similar to that of a monkey. They are called "wild men," from the relation which they bear in outward form to the human species, particularly in their movements, and in a mode of thinking which is certainly peculiar to them, and which is not remarked in any other animals.'

When deprived of the society of individuals of their own tribe, monkeys appear to turn instinctively to that of human beings, in preference to the companionship of other animals. They have their likes and dislikes, however, for certain members of the *genus homo*, preferring, if possible, to associate with persons from their own quarter of the globe. Mr George Bennett, speaking of a Malay monkey that had been given to him, and which had succeeded in freeing itself from the coil or chain by which it had been fastened, says that as soon as he had obtained his liberty, he walked in his usual erect posture towards some Malays who were standing near the place, and after hugging the legs of several of them, without, however, permitting them to take him in their arms, he went to a Malay lad who seemed to be the object of his search; for, on meeting with him, he climbed into his arms, and hugged him closely, expressing both by look and manner his gratification at being once more in the arms of him who, it appeared, had been his former master. This lad had not properly reciprocated the poor creature's affection, for he it was who had sold it to Mr Bennett. Its screams had been very distressing; and its frequent escapes down to the water-side in search of the lad who had brought it from Sumatra, were the cause of much annoyance. When its original owner was not to be found, Mr Bennett had to get the temporary assistance of another Malay to take charge of it. Ultimately, it became quite docile, and free from those mischievous tricks ascribed to the monkey tribe in general. Mr Bennett brought it to Europe, and says that its mildness of disposition and playfulness of manner made it a favourite with all on board. It preferred children to adults and became particularly attached to a little Papuan child, 'whom it is not improbable he may have in some degree considered as having an affinity to his own species.'

The conformity to the requirements of society is something marvellous in the monkey tribe; resulting apparently from their wonderful faculty for imitation. A ludicrous instance of this power is related by Mrs Loudon. Father Casauban had a Barbary ape, which was so attached to him, that it tried to follow him wherever he went. One day, when the reverend Father proceeded to church, the monkey contrived to escape from his fastenings, and silently followed his master. On arrival at the place of worship, the ape climbed up to the sounding-board, and lay there quiet enough until Casauban began his

sermon. Then it perched itself just above his head and watched his actions; and as the holy Father gesticulated, it mimicked his gestures to the best of its capabilities. The congregation tittered; and Casauban, shocked at the ill-timed levity, administered a severe rebuke, suiting his actions to his words, and being all the while most grotesquely imitated, so far as gestures went, by his silent pupil. This was too much for the congregation; a roar of laughter greeted the competitors, as some friendly person kindly pointed out to the exasperated pastor the cause of the general hilarity. Amusing as this anecdote is, it affords very little idea of the highly polished condition to which our monkey friends can be brought when in contact with civilised beings. Every naturalist can give instances. Buffon tells of a chimpanzee which 'always walked on its hind-legs, even when carrying heavy burdens. I,' he says, 'have seen this animal present its hand to conduct the company to the door, or walk about with them through the room; I have seen it sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of a spoon or fork to carry its victuals to its mouth, pour out its drink into a glass, touch glasses when invited, go for its cup and saucer, carry them to the table, pour out its tea, sweeten and leave it to cool; and all this without any other instigation than the signs or commands of its keeper, and sometimes even of its own accord. It was gentle and inoffensive; it even approached you with a kind of respect, and as if only seeking for caresses.'

The author of a work on Monkeys in the 'Library of Entertaining Knowledge' gives a very interesting account of a young chimpanzee that was purchased by the Zoological Society some years ago, after it had apparently imbibed many ideas from its human neighbours. 'Tommy,' as he was called, was from the regions of the Gambia, and when found, was in the company of his mother, whom the hunters 'were obliged to shoot before they could obtain possession of the young one.' Master Tommy, at the time the author observed him in the Zoological Gardens, where his cage was kept in a keeper's apartment, was about two years old, and quite unsophisticated by any showman's tuition. Two trees had been erected in his cage, and a rope suspended between them, to afford the youthful occupant the amusement of climbing or swinging; but he generally preferred to run about the floor of his cage, or amuse himself with visitors. In many of his actions, Tommy differed but little from the human species. 'He was without exception,' says our authority, 'the only animal we have ever seen that could leap, or jump upon his hind-feet, like man; and this feat he often performed, both on the floor of his cage and in descending from his tree. He frequently indulged, too, in a kind of rude stamping dance, perfectly similar to that of a child of three or four years old, only that it was executed with greater force and confidence. All this arose from the uninterrupted spirits and buoyancy natural to the infant mind. He was at all times cheerful, lively, and perpetually in motion from sunrise to sunset, either jumping or dancing, or cantering about his cage, romping and playing with the spectators, or amusing himself by looking out at the window!' Tommy was evidently better suited for walking on the ground than climbing

trees, and like his human friends, was particularly noticed to use his right hand in preference to his left. When told to seat himself in his swing, Tommy would good-humouredly do so, stretching out his foot to one of his visitors, to be set in motion.

Although he strongly objected to being made the object of a practical joke, Master Tommy was very fond of playing them off on others. The carpenter had to enter the cage to make some alterations, and Tommy availed himself of the opportunity to perform all kinds of tricks upon him, such as pulling his hair, snatching off his paper cap, purloining his tools, and even trying to trip him up, all the while assuming an aspect of the most innocent gravity, and only approaching when he deemed himself unobserved; the instant after he had perpetrated his joke, pretending to be interested in something at the other end of his cage. Finally, when the unfortunate carpenter happened to have his back turned to him, Master Tommy, unable to resist the temptation, gave him such a sounding box on the ears that the keeper had to interfere.

Another time, he got a small dog into his cage, and so tried its temper by pulling its ears and tail, that the poor brute showed an intention of retaliating; whereupon Master Tommy pretended to be highly indignant at his impudence, and with uplifted hand threatened to chastise doggie there and then. The young captive was very fond of being tickled, and flung his arms and feet about during the operation in an ecstasy of delight, his eyes twinkling, and his whole face convulsed with laughter. He had a great jealousy of children, and never lost a chance of pulling their hair, or clothes, or of scratching them. Although generally good-natured, he did not like to be teased or refused anything he had taken a liking to; then he would lose his temper, his face became inflamed with passion, and he uttered shrill and angry cries. He soon forgot his resentment, however, and in a few moments would recommence his games as if nothing had happened. His habits were extremely cleanly and decent; he would 'pick his teeth, clean his nails, and perform many other similar acts which have been generally considered as peculiar to the human species.' Other interesting anecdotes of Master Tommy's sagacity and natural shrewdness might be quoted; but doubtless enough has been said to show that after all deductions have been made for his powers of imitation, there still remained a large amount of real reasoning to be accounted for, and that, in fact, as his historian remarks, 'the nature of his mind seemed to differ from that of man not so much in species as in degree.' I.

A CHAPTER OF REAL LIFE.

TWO HOMES.

THERE was trouble on a certain morning in two homes at opposite ends of the city of Dublin. The homes were very different, and so was the nature of the trouble; nevertheless, the latter was felt with considerable keenness by the respective inhabitants of both.

The first of these dwellings was on the south side of Merrion Square, a goodly mansion, the abode of wealth and luxury. The lofty drawing-rooms, opening into each other by folding-doors

draped with velvet *portières*, were gorgeously fitted up. Buhl and *marquetry* in tables and cabinets; carvings, statuettes, bronzes; brackets and *étagères* heaped with rare old china and objects of *virtù*, reflected and multiplied by Venetian mirrors and looking-glasses in Florentine frames; couches and chairs of every luxurious shape, satin and velvet upholstered. Draperies of antique lace were arranged with picturesque effect among gilding and brackets; costly toys lay scattered about the tables among vases filled with hothouse flowers in lovely profusion, that made the rooms sweet with their fragrance.

The lady to whom all this belonged sat disconsolate in the midst of her rich surroundings. Books and embroidery were on the dainty little flower-decked table at her side, but they were untouched; and a restless, troubled expression was on her face while she nervously clasped and unclasped the jewelled hands lying idle in her lap.

The door opened, and a footman announced a visitor.

'Oh,' she exclaimed, rising to greet her, 'you got my note. How kind of you to come! I am in such distress.'

'And for what?' asked the friend. 'Tell me all about it.'

'You remember my cousin Emma H——?'

'Of course. But no one has seen her for years. She has shut herself up in her country place ever since her husband died; has she not?'

'Yes; and she is still a prey to grief. Before they married, her husband gave her, as her engagement ring, a valuable jewel that had been in his family for time out of mind, and had come to him from his mother. It was a diamond—a single stone of great size and the purest water. Of course she valued it immensely, as indeed she would have any gift of a man to whom she was so devoted. Since his death, this ring has been simply inestimable in her eyes—the earnest of happiness ruined so soon. Prized so highly by the giver as an old family possession, and in itself of such exceeding value, it has never left her finger day or night. Latterly, she has fancied that the stone was becoming loose in the setting, and spoke of sending the ring to me to have it examined by a jeweller, but could never make up her mind to part with it, even for a few days. At last, however, the stone came out. She sent it to me, and'—here the speaker broke down—'I have lost it!'

'You have lost the stone? How very unfortunate! No wonder you are so wretched. Tell me how it happened.'

The lady told her story, pouring the details of the grievous misadventure into sympathetic ears. Her friend, with kind tact, abstained from the, 'If you had only done this or that;' or, 'I wonder you did so-and-so,' common on such occasions; remarks that drive painfully home the arrow of self-reproach and fruitless regret, already stinging so sharply. Every one is so wise, so full of precautions, after a thing has happened.

The means that had been adopted for the recovery of the lost treasure were discussed by the two ladies, and fresh measures anxiously suggested. At last the visitor departed, leaving the owner of these gorgeous drawing-rooms with a heavy heart under her 'silk attire.'

The other home was in a very different quarter of the city. It consisted of one room in a house let out in 'tenements' to poor families, in a squalid back slum. The place was clean, though bare of everything except mere necessities; every article of furniture that could be dispensed with, as well as the wearables of the inmates, having gone to the pawn-shop to procure food. Lying outside the bed, partly dressed, was a man—the wreck of a fine, stalwart, broad-shouldered young fellow. He was a day-labourer, and had lately left the hospital after a long and heavy fit of illness. Two small children were playing quietly in a corner; and the wife—her apron thrown over her head—was sitting beside the fireless grate, rocking herself backwards and forwards, sobbing bitterly.

'A' don't take on so, my girl,' said the man—'don't now, Mary, honey. Sure God is good. Maybe He'll rise up something for us. I'll get strong and able again perhaps. Didn't the doctor say when I was leaving the hospital, that I hadn't a ha'porth the matter with me? I was cured; and he need do no more.'

'Ay; and didn't he say too that you was to have good food—good nourishment; and that without it you wouldn't do? And 'tis that what's breaking my heart entirely,' added Mary, with a fresh burst of grief; 'looking at you there melting away before my eyes day by day; wore to a skeleton with next to starvation, and nothing on the living earth to give you. And now here's the man come for the rent, and I haven't a half-penny to give him—not one! Sure and certain, we'll be turned out on the world. Nothing for it at last but to go to the workhouse, and be all parted asunder from one another—you and I and the children. And we so comfortable, so happy in our little home before you took ill, with full and plenty of everything! Oh, Jim, jewel, isn't it hard!'

'Well, 'twas from no fault of ours, and couldn't be helped. The sickness came from the Lord—glory be to His holy name! How do we know but what help will come from Him too? Anyway, darlint, there's no use in fretting.'

'If I could get work, I wouldn't fret,' said the young woman. 'We might struggle on, and keep the life in us till such time as you were on your feet again. But I can't. It's a poor case to be able and willing to earn, and not get it to do. The last job of needlework Miss West got for me—she's a good friend, heaven bless her!—was well paid for. She promised to try and get me more amongst her ladies. I'll go off to her now, and see has she heard of anything.—You'll be good, avourneens, while I'm away, won't ye?' said she, kissing the two half-starved mites in the corner; 'an' ye won't cry, or disturb the poor sick daddy.—I'll be back, Jim, my heart, in less than no time.'

Faith in Divine help and patient endurance of suffering are traits well known to those whose experience lies among the lower orders. Poor Jim had a full share of both; nevertheless, when his wife had gone, he broke down miserably. 'God help her!' he said, looking after her retreating figure; 'and God forgive me for deceiving her, and making up stories about getting strong and well, when I know as sure as that I'm lying stretched here, that the never a

stroke of work I'll do again in this world. 'Tis dying I am—dying for the want of everything; as weak as water, and not able to lift my head. If she was to slave day and night, and work her poor fingers to the bone, the craythur! she couldn't get me the nourishment I'd want. Though I putend to her that I'm not one bit hungry or inclined to make use of victuals, I could eat the world if I had it. I'm just ravenous! When I was sick at the hospital, I wasn't able to look at even the cup o' tea; but now the hunger is gnawing and tearing at me. My heart is weak from fasting, and the longing and the craving are killing me.'

Meantime poor Mary was hurrying through the streets with anxious footsteps, speculating on the possibility of her friend having found her work among her pupils.

Miss West was a daily governess. Though but just nineteen, she was the main prop and stay of a widowed invalid mother and young sisters; earning by her daily toil that which eked out the pittance left of better days, and made by frugal contrivance the two ends meet. But none are so poor as not to be able to help in some way those worse off than themselves; and the young girl had pleaded successfully for Mary, and had procured employment that had been the only support of the poor family during Jim's illness. She was going to breakfast when her protégée was shown in; just preparing to attack, with the healthy appetite of youth, and the knowledge that many busy hours would pass before she should again see food, a goodly slice of thick bread-and-butter; the thickness, be it observed, referable to the bread only, the butter spread thereon being limited to an almost imperceptible 'scrap.'

'Ah, is that you, Mary?' she said with the bright, pleasant smile that always seemed, Mary declared, to 'rise her heart out of trouble.' 'I am afraid I have no orders for you this morning; but I have got a new pupil, and she tells me that there will shortly be a wedding in the family. So there's a chance for you. Needle-work may be required, and I may have good news for you before long.'

Poor Mary wrung her hands together under her cloak, straining them hard in the agony of the disappointment that she strove to keep down and hide from her young benefactress. Very bitter was the pang of deferred hope; but she would not seem ungrateful.

'And I daresay,' said the girl, glancing at the hite pinched face, 'that you've left home without your breakfast. Here's a nice cup of tea I've just poured out, and a round of bread-and-butter' [her own whole morning meal]; 'sit down while you take them.'

'Thank ye kindly, Miss; I'm double thankful for the tea; and,' added the poor woman, all unconscious that she was robbing her benefactress, 'as you're so good, I'll put the slice in my basket, and carry it to poor Jim. Maybe it'll tempt him—lovely white bread! He does be saying always that he has no mind to eat; but I think 'tis just puttending he is, poor fellow! He knows I haven't it for him.'

'If I could only get you some work!' said the girl, touched to the quick by the utter woe in her poor friend's face.

'Ah well, sure you're doing your best—the Lord

bless you!—and who can do more? And now, Miss, I'll go; axing your pardon for all the trouble I'm giving you.

With a heavy heart Mary turned away, retracing her steps wearily along the passage. Remembering something, however, before reaching the hall-door, she came back, and reappeared in the room where the little governess was tying her bonnet-strings, preparing to set out. 'I forgot this,' she said. 'Sure, I'm losing my mind entirely with the fret that's on it. God help me! my burden is making me foolish. Coming along this morning, I seen this on the flags, and put it in my pocket, thinking maybe if it was clean, one of your little sisters might fancy it for her curiosity-box.—Let me wipe the mud off it for you, Miss. It shines beautiful now—a bit of glass like.'

A moment's scrutiny of the object sparkling on the woman's outstretched palm, and Miss West crying out, 'Give it me, quick, and wait,' snatched it from her—Mary staring in astonishment at her vehemence—and rushed up-stairs to her mother's room.

'What is it, dear?' said the startled invalid as she dashed in. 'What ever is the matter?'

'O mother, look! Can this be what we saw advertised for in the newspaper? Is it possible poor Mary can be the lucky finder? I can scarcely believe it. Do look.'

The advertisement was as follows: 'L50 REWARD. Lost, a valuable DIAMOND. [The description and further particulars given.] 'Whoever finds it, or can give information leading to its recovery, will receive the above reward by applying at No. —, Merriion Square, South.'

Mrs West at once pronounced what was submitted to her experienced judgment, to be a diamond of great value, and was strongly of opinion that it might be the missing jewel; but both mother and daughter agreed that it would be better not to tell Mary the extent of her possible good fortune, for fear of disappointment. So on returning to her, the young lady only said: 'My mother thinks this may be something we have seen advertised for in the newspaper, to be taken, if found, to Merriion Square. My first tuition this mornning happens to be in that square, so I will go with you to the house mentioned.'

'Thank ye kindly, Miss. The footmen in them grand houses wouldn't look at the likes o' me. They'd just slap the door in my face, if I made so bold as to ring.'

As she tripped along, the young governess's heart beat high at the prospect of what might be the happy result of her errand. No more slaving for poor Mary; good food for Jim; an airy lodging at the sea-side, where he would soon recover his strength; clothes and furniture redeemed from pawn; and after an interval of rest and ease—sorely needed after their sufferings—her humble friends restored to their old life of industry and comfort.

She might have been tempted to impart some gleam of these bright hopes to the poor grief-laden young wife plodding wearily behind her, had she seen the tears that dripped slowly down over her miserable face, or guessed at the gnawing thoughts that were driving her to despair. 'Dying! yes, dying before my eyes; and not one to reach a hand to save him! And he so young, and so

good, my darling Jim! Not like a many of the other boys, his comrades, with their feet ever on the floor of the "public," getting as drunk as drink can make 'em. Steady and industrious always; bringing his earnings to his little home, and that sober you wouldn't think he had a mouth on him! And now to be hid away from me for ever in the clay, an' myself and my two weenochs'—

Poor Mary couldn't finish the picture; and soon her wretched reflections were put a stop to by their arrival in Merriion Square.

It is needless to dwell upon what followed when Miss West was shown up into the drawing-room, and displayed before the enraptured eyes of its occupant the precious jewel whose loss had caused such tribulation. As for poor Mary, it was some time before she could realise her good fortune, or take in the bewildering tidings of the wealth that had so providentially come to her. And Jim, what news for him! There was healing in the very thought of such prosperity!

So it came to pass that in the two homes clouded so lately with trouble and anxiety, peace of mind was restored. Heaviness had endured for a night—a long weary night in one case—but joy to both had come in the morning.

AN HOUR WITH A FARMER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

APROPOS OF A CERTAIN GREAT SHOOTING-MATCH.

'WELL, sir, I be main glad to see you, to be sure; and I thinks it kind on you to drop in to look at an old lonely man like me, that I does. Take a cheer and set yourself down; and what'll you please to take to drink?—not have a pinch of snuff? You'd rather have a pipe? Well, sir, do. No. I don't smoke myself, but I does like a snift of snuff. Talking about snuff, I re-collects as there was a inquest held in our village a goodish many year ago; and when the coroner come, he weren't in a particular good-humour, and found fault with this and that, and snapped like any-think first at one and then another, till I thought he was agoin' to give us juryemen a jacketing all round. Well, I wanted a pinch sadly myself, but was a'most feared to have one, he were that snappish; so I watched my opportunity, and slipped my thumb and finger into my weskit pocket, and took a little bit ever so quiet like; but, lor' bless us, he see me do it, and turns round and says: 'Didn't I see a man as has some snuff about him?' Thinks I, I be goin' to ketch it now for contempt of court, or whatever they calls it; but to my surprise he says: 'I should be much obliged if he'll give me a pinch.' So I gives it him; and when he'd took it, lor'! he was that affable you wouldn't think, and the inquest went off as pleasant as could be. So you see, sir, there must be summut in snuff after all; and I suppose in 'bacca as well. A goodish many clever men was snuff-takers, though I bain't one myself—only a dolder-headed old farmer. Look at Bony-party! He were a great man, weren't he, now? and he took snuff like a house-a-fire, so I've heard tell, especially when he'd got any big job, like, on.

Does I shoot now? Well, you see, sir, I bain't quite so young and lissom as I'd used to be; but I never misses the First o' September. But lor'

bless me, there's so many lazy, idle vagabonds about the place now, too lazy to work for fair wages since these 'ere Unionists, or whatever they calls themselves, have been in these parts, that game is scarce; for they pouches anything they can lay their hands on. And then, again, the old Squire has been dead a many long year, and the land as he used to preserve ain't looked after now as it was in his time. A rare good sort he was to be sure! Ah! the times be altered, surely! Why, our new Parson have took it into his head to pull down all them good old-fashioned high pews in the church—where you could set and have a comfortable snooze if you didn't like the sermon—and have put in their place nasty low seats made of deal, so that everybody can see everybody else.

What call had he to alter 'em, I should like to know? Just as if old English oak—as the old seats was—wasn't good enough! But there! the young farmers' daughters, as dresses in the latest fashions, likes the change, because, I suppose, they can show their new bonnets and finery better. And then again, instead of the two flutes and big fiddle as we'd used to have, and the old-fashioned hymns and anthems, as everybody knowed and could jine 'in, he's got a 'ot of boys and wenches in the quire, as don't open their mouths when they sings, and you can't understand a word they says. And for music he's got a thing he calls a harmony—something or other, as sounds more like a orgin I once heard in the village street; and the worst of it is, *we've got to pay for it all*. I didn't want no change; oak pews and the big fiddle was good enough for me, and so they would have been for the Squire. And talking about him, puts me in mind of a rare bit of fun he and I and a few more had about thirty year ago one First of September. I always larfs when I thinks of it.

Well then, sir, there was a Cockney, as they calls them London chaps. Of course, sir, I don't mean no dis-respect to you, because, although you lives there yourself, you bain't exactly one of 'em, seeing as you was bred and born in our county. Well, he—this 'ere Cockney—come down here about one of these 'ere nasty railroads. No, sir, I never rode in one of them trains, nor I don't mean to as long as I can ride in my old gig; and when I can't no more, why, I'll walk to market. Well then, this 'ere Cockney was staying in the next village—the folks there call it a town, because it's a bit bigger than our'n—and the Squire, living as he did half-way between the two places, only about a mile apart, and being a hospitable, kind-hearted man, took notice of this 'ere Cockney, and asked him to dinner, and so on. A cleverish sort of chap he was, by his own account; and talk! Well, he *could* talk, for certain! He could do this, and that, and t' other; and made us all feel we was nobodies, and knowed nothing, and could do nothing.—Shoot! Why, nothing with fur or feathers could live, if it got up before *his* gun! At last, the Squire got on his mettle, and challenged him to go out with him on the First, and made an agreement with him for five pound a side who should make the heaviest bag; and whatever one shot, the other was to carry.

Well, there was a goodish party of us started, but only the Squire and Mr Cockney was to shoot; so about eight o'clock in the morning,

off we all went, and the Squire good-naturedly gave the Cockney first chance. Bang, bang, one barrel after t'other, he went; but nothing dropped. Then the Squire pulled trigger, and fetched down a bird with each barrel, for he was a fairish shot. The Cockney made some excuse for missing; but there, we could soon see he could do nothing, while the Squire hardly missed a shot; and as the bargain was that what one shot the other should carry, Mr Cockney towards lunch-time was very glad to be eased of his load. He made a good fight of it, however, and made up for his bad shooting by his talking. But by four o'clock, he had as much as he could well carry, and as the Squire always, like the sportsman he was, made it a rule not to shoot after this hour, we started for home.

The poor Cockney went staggering along with the Squire's bag; and I can tell you it was pretty heavy, and he looked regular done up, for it was a hottish day. Well, we had got pretty nigh home, and was going through the little paddock close to the Squire's house, and one had asked the Cockney if he could hit a hayrick or a barn; and such like chaff was going on, when we come across a goodish-sized calf as had been capering round the paddock, and all at once come and stood stock-still within a few yards of the Cockney, and was just going off for another scamper, when Mr Cockney turned sharp round, and let fly both barrels, one after t'other, bang! bang! and shot the calf dead as a hammer, and says to the Squire: 'Now, dang it, carry *that*.' Larf! Lor' a massy on us, how we did larf to be sure, and the Squire most of all, though he lost the wager: for you see, sir, the bargain was, that which of the two made the *heaviest* bag was to be the winner; and good as the Squire's was, the calf outweighed his'n. But there, he managed to get it up, but could hardly stagger under it for larfing.

So, you see, sir, the Cockney made up for his bragging by his 'enteness. It was a smart trick, wasn't it, sir? And I always larfs when I thinks on it.

THE WYRE.

(NEAR MONMOUTH.)

A LAND of hills and woods and yew-crowned rocks,
All scarred and furrowed by primeval flood;
With many a bastion, grim and bare, which mocks
The anger of the storm-god's fiercest mood.
Above, the oak stands as it long has stood
Through Winter's tempests; and, adown, the green,
The rich dark green of ivy that has wooed
The time-worn limestone, trails; and all between
The rifts and sheltered nooks, the fern's chaste form is
seen.

Below, the slow, broad-curving river; here,
The willows lie reflected in the stream,
Placid and deep; and, there, the noisy weir,
Where tiny wavelets in the sunlight gleam.
Hard by, a loiterer, lying in a dream
Upon the bank: far off, a bare hillside;
And farther, boundless forest-growths which seem
Most solemn and most calm, as far and wide
They stretch majestic arms, in all their Summer pride.

GEORGE WOODSUNG WADDE.

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RAMBLES AMONG THE HILLS.

A HILL-COUNTRY in breezy, sunshiny weather, with a purpling gleam on the heather, and the scent of wild thyme and yellow clover in the air, with the windy masses of cloud chasing the changeful lights and shadows across the wide landscape, and sending straggling shafts of sunshine through the gleaming underwood of birch and hazel that line the banks of this brawling moorland stream—can anything be more charming? Who would not envy Mr Louis J. Jennings his *Rambles among the Hills*,* or refuse assent to his proposition, that a more beautiful country than our own to stroll over is not to be found on the surface of the round globe; provided only that one can have the sun for a companion, for, of a certainty, gloomy skies and perpetual rain dull the rich tints of glen and moorland, and take the brightness out of the loveliest scenes.

In his walks, Mr Jennings preferred to leave behind him much-frequented routes, and chose for his rambles the region of the Derbyshire Peak and South Sussex Downs, because the ordinary crowd of tourists leave them alone, and there is really very little known about them. The best headquarters that can be chosen for an excursion into Derbyshire is Chatsworth. Its stately hall and beautiful park, its woods redolent of sweet scents and sweeter flowers, the subdued tint of the swelling uplands beyond, melting away into the far blue shadows of the Peak—all these are familiar to the multitudes who frequent Buxton. Maddon Hall, another of the lions of this favourite watering-place, offers a scene of peculiarly English beauty. Seen in the stillness of sunset, with the crimson light flecking here and there the grassy glades under the oaks and beeches, nothing can equal its tranquil beauty. But almost more interesting, because less of a show-place, is the ancient Hall of Hardwicke, built by Bess of Hardwicke, who was, by dint of her

successive marriages and jointures, perhaps the richest woman of her day.

Her third husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury, was one of the many jailers of Mary Stuart; and a great deal of old tapestry which still remains in the house, is said to be the work of the beautiful and ill-fated Queen of Scots. Bess, whose charms were more those of the purse than of the person, was jealous of her fair captive, and led the Earl such a wretched life on her account, that he complained bitterly to the Bishop of Lichfield 'that she had reduced him to the condition of a pensioner.' The good Bishop tried to console him by telling him 'that if shrewdness or sharpness may be a just cause of separation between a man and wife, I think few men in England would keep their wives long.'

A portrait of Mary hangs in the library of this home, to whose peace she was so fatal. It was painted just before her execution, and shows us a face from whose wan, haggard outlines the fresh soft beauty of youth and happiness have fled for ever. In the dining-room hangs a portrait of Bess herself, a hard, resolute, sensible face, but scarcely that of 'the sharp and bitter shrew' my Lord of Shrewsbury accounted her. By her side hangs a portrait of her second husband, Sir W. Cavendish. The grim, lonely castle of Bolsover was also a favourite residence of this oft-married widow; and here again is much beautiful tapestry, the work of the Scottish queen, whose industry at least ought to have commended her to her ungracious hostess.

The scenery of Dovedale, a favourite resort of tourists, is more distinctively striking than beautiful. The river Dove flows between steep banks, laden with a tangled luxuriance of hawthorn, mountain-ash, and bramble, with a gay undergrowth of wild-flowers—tall spikes of yellow snapdragon, clumps of white campion, crimson patches of ragged Robin, and starry clusters of fragrant woodruff, suggestive of newly mown fields of hay. By the river-side, embosomed in trees, is a little square cottage, built in 1674 by Charles Cotton, in which he entertained the prince of

* London: John Murray.

anglers, and dear companion of all lovers of the gentle craft, Izaak Walton.

Through this country, with its snatches of picturesque scenery, its smooth stretches of river-bank, its woods of beech and oak, its tangled mazes of fern and brier and wild-flowers, and its undulating breadths of moor and common, our author was slowly working his way towards Edale and Kinderscout—the advanced guard of the picturesque array of heather-clad hills which surround the Peak. He has a weakness for by-paths, which has doubtless helped to his practical acquaintance with the varieties of vegetable and animal life to be found in morass, ditch, and peat-hag. On the occasion of which he speaks, darkness surprised him among the meadows by the banks of the Dove; and he emerged from them, after much devious wandering, such a wet, muddy, wretched-looking object, that he was surprised to receive a friendly greeting from the landlady of the *Charles Cotton Inn*. The kind hostess, undaunted by the mud and dirt with which he was incrustated, 'brought me,' he says, 'into the kitchen, where there was a good fire. She gave me a pair of socks, and told me they were accustomed to do this friendly turn for travellers who had been through Dovedale, and who almost invariably landed soaking wet. "We even lend them trousers," said the good soul. But luckily my case was not so bad as to call for so great a sacrifice.'

Morning among the hills, a fresh breezy morning, with a great flood of sunshine lying warmly on the purpling stretches of heather and the few buds which still linger on the wild roses. Early astir as every tourist should be, Mr Jennings has already climbed to the summit of Mam Tor, above and opposite the village of Edale. Here a view bursts upon the eye, 'to which it is,' he says, 'impossible to do justice. It may be doubted whether there is anything finer to be seen in England, for it includes almost everything which goes to form magnificent scenery, except water. To the north, the lovely Valley of Edale lies spread below, guarded by a range of hills at each end. On the other side is the almost equally fine Valley of Hope, with heather-covered hills stretching away for many miles. Fresh from a visit to Switzerland, it seemed to me that I had seen nothing more beautiful and attractive. If the Kinderscout range were in Switzerland, scores of books would have been written about it, and sanatoria without number would have been established on its hillsides.' Indeed, Mr Jennings is inclined to give the preference to this beautiful hill-region of Derbyshire. It does not suffer from the extreme heat of the Swiss valleys, and it is free from the insect pests, the mosquitoes and horseflies, of which all wayfarers in the Brunig Pass in July and August must retain lively recollections. The groupings and surroundings of these hills, the deep cleughs and valleys which intersect them, the picturesque torrents, with the fringes of copsewood which feather their banks, are indescribably beautiful. Charming under every aspect, whether seen shimmering indistinct and vast through the tender pale gray of the morning mists, or basking in the smile of noon, with the sunshine sending long shafts of radiance up the green sequestered valleys; or half in gloom, half in the dusk yellow light of declining day, when weird shadows fall athwart the long stretches

of heath, and fill with blackness the deep ferny glens.

From Edale Head the tourist can see for himself the true nature of the Peak. 'It is a mass of wild hills, with a sort of bog or moss-covered plateau in the centre, surrounded by a vast extent of wild moors.' Beautifully situated among the hills is a fine old house, called Derwent Hall, the property of the Duke of Norfolk. Although only used as a shooting-box, it contains a superb collection of the most wonderful old oak furniture—sideboards, beds, settees, and cabinets, so exquisitely carved and withal so ancient, that they would make the fortune of any collector.

The Peak itself is sterile and desolate in the extreme; even sheep cease to be met with in its barren solitudes. All around is a wild, trackless waste of moss and bog, and stern, naked, lonely hills. 'These mountains are broken up into huge shoulders, with streams running between many of them, deep in heather and ferns, and of a very dark colour, owing to the peaty water that trickles over the surface and stands in deep pools.' Long broad gulches also intersect these barren moors—trenches from ten to twelve feet deep, with soft peaty sides, and a bottom of water or mud, according as the weather is wet or dry. Immense masses of dark rock, sometimes cast by Nature into the most fantastic forms, cling to the steep hillsides, or rise from the level of the moor. From one of these, the Heron Stone, a magnificent view may be had by the returning tourist of the whole range of the Kinderseout, with a picturesque valley and bridge in the foreground, and a little stream, gray and silvery in the waning light, plashing through the furze and fern into the evening shadows. Far as eye can reach, no path is to be seen; all is dark moor and dusky fern, relieved by an occasional patch of vivid green, which experience will have taught him to avoid as treacherous and swampy; and here and there the gleam of water, as a mountain pool or runlet catches and reflects the faint radiance of the evening sky.

After these treeless wastes, one is in the mood for enjoying trees, and ought to accompany Mr Jennings to Sherwood Forest. Although immense areas of the ground have been cleared from time to time, this old Forest still retains deep shady recesses, grassy glades, paradises of woodland scenery, with splendid oaks and beeches interspersed with dark firs and yews. The effect of some of these long avenues of stately trees is simply magnificent. In spring, you have the delicate green of the beech, contrasting beautifully with the reddish-brown of the budding oak; and in autumn, oak and beech alike blaze out into a thousand brilliant shades of gold and russet brown, warming at the extremities of the branches into dusky crimson. To see Sherwood to perfection, the sky should not be perfectly clear, but heaped up with masses of drifting clouds. The shifting lights and glooms of a windy day lend variety to the silvan scenery; the trees wave and rustle in the breeze; and the sunlight chases the shadows across the ferny glades, and down the long leafy aisles of the forest sanctuary. The Birklands—one of the most ancient portions of the old Forest—struck Mr Jennings as surpassingly beautiful. 'The visitor, he says, 'will find his admiration equally divided

between the grand old oaks and the beautiful silver beeches which cover many acres of ground. Finer or lovelier trees are not to be seen in all England; and the contrast between their tapering branches and the rugged trunks and gnarled boughs of the grand old oaks, is full of picturesque effect at every step.

Some of the individual trees are very large. The Shambles Oak, which is considered to be a thousand years old, was of enormous girth; but it is now only a shell, the inside having been burned out. The Greendale Oak, which is eight hundred years old, was formerly so large, that it was said a carriage could be driven through its trunk; but it is now a mere shell, although it still 'makes a fair show of green leaves as summer comes round.'

Around another of these forest giants, called the Major Oak, Mr Jennings one day saw 'eighteen persons, men, women, and children, standing hand in hand, stretching round it at arms' length, and they were but just able to meet each other.' Almost the best point from which to see Sherwood is a comfortable homely little inn *The Royal Oak*. It is in close vicinity to the Dukeries; so called because this district comprises the houses and parks of three noblemen, one of whom, the late Duke of Portland, spent at his seat, Welbeck Abbey, no less a sum than two million pounds on tunnels, underground chambers, and other subterranean works. He had conservatories, ball-rooms, skating-rinks, and riding-schools all underground. 'There is a chapel to which one is taken up and down by lifts: and tunnels without end. One of these is two miles and a quarter in length; it is lit partly by gas, and partly by ground glass from above; and the work inside is as carefully finished as though it had been intended for the front of the Abbey.'

Leaving Birklands, with its shifting lights and shadows and flashes of sunshine flickering through the tender green of the feathery foliage, our author next betook himself to the South Downs, where there is hill-scenery not so savage and desolate, but in its own way quite as attractive as that of Derbyshire. The views are extensive and beautiful. In all directions spread tranquil green fields and woods so notably English, ancient churches and old farmsteads dotting the peaceful prospect; while over the rounded green combs, and the charming hollows and wooded slopes, mingling with the scent of the wild thyme and the cowslip, comes the grateful breath of the sea, which can be seen from almost all points of advantage.

Near Bignor, there are interesting remains of a Roman villa, which was discovered in 1811. This structure is six hundred feet in length, and covers the area now occupied by two fields. Fifty-two rooms have been discovered, some of them very large. 'The visitor will be struck by the traces of comfort and luxury which are still visible in the various apartments—the hot-air pipes, the space for a fountain, the bath-room, and other contrivances, which in these enlightened days would scarcely find a place in the designs of an ordinary architect.' Here, during our long sunless winters, with as much of comfort, and as many of the appliances of civilisation as he could collect around him, shivered the exile from Imperial Rome; solacing himself, for the lack of the sunny

skies of Italy, with many works of art, whose fragments still remain.

Wiston Park is one of the most beautiful spots in the South Downs. It is framed in by a background of picturesque hills; 'and the park is one magnificent lawn, studded with fine sycamores, oaks, and other trees, and commanding exquisite views over Sussex and Surrey.' Deer wander in the sunlit glades; and the deep lanes in 'spring are bright with primroses, anemones, and violets, which fill the air with their delicate scent. On Chanctonbury Hill, at the extreme verge of the park, there is a circular mound, the remains of old earthworks; an ancient British or Roman camp, which has been planted with a double row of trees. Chanctonbury Ring, as it is popularly called, forms a very picturesque feature in the landscape, and is seen from almost all parts of Sussex.

At the village of Kingston is an old church with a low tower, which was given by William de Warrenne, a son-in-law of William the Conqueror, to God and St Pancras. This ancient sanctuary, where prayers and thanksgivings have been offered up for so many centuries, forms an interesting feature in the landscape; and behind it, over the red-tiled and thatched houses of the village, you can see the sea sparkling in the sun, and listen in the drowsy heat of noon to the melodious tinkle of the distant sheep-bells.

In these quaint, old-world Sussex villages, very fine old houses are sometimes to be found, such as that of Plumpton Place, in which Lennard Mascall lived in the time of Henry VIII., this Lennard Mascall being famous as the first who introduced carp into England. His once beautiful mansion has been allowed to go to utter wreck and ruin, and is now hopelessly dishonoured and defaced. The windows are broken; the fine old oak-carving is chipped and knocked to pieces; fragments of tapestry hang rotting on the bare walls; the stagnant moat is covered with a thick oily scum; and everywhere, the defacing impress of abject poverty has been set—a painful and dispiriting picture.

Ashburnham Park is a lovely spot; and the walk to it from Heathfield 'abounds in charming views of hill and dale, woodland and meadow.' The park is ancient and picturesque. It abounds in magnificent trees, and exquisite views of the long line of the South Downs, and the range of hills which extends from Fairlight to Ashdown Forest. In the library of the old house, which was occupied by Bertram de Esburnham at the time of the Norman Conquest, many precious literary treasures are preserved—two manuscripts of the fifth century, a Treatise on the Psalms almost as ancient, a Pentateuch of the fifth century, and a large collection of ancient Bibles. There is also a copy of the Apocalypse, of the sixth century; and numerous first editions of celebrated English books, such as *Paradise Lost*. There are also relics of another kind, which would have been dear to the hearts of our Jacobite forefathers, such as the watch and under-clothes which Charles I. wore on the day of his execution, and which were bequeathed by him to John Ashburnham, who was faithful to him to the last. The latter consist of a very fine cambric shirt, a pair of silk stockings and garters, and silken drawers. The wristbands of

the shirt are delicately embroidered, and it is marked in coloured silk with the letters C. R. and a crown. The watch is of an old-fashioned shape, and has an enamelled face.

With the delightful scenery of Ashburnham, we close Mr Jennings' charming book. The colours on his glowing canvas fade perforce away; a haze gathers over the faint purples of the Derbyshire hills, and the rich greens and browns of wood and meadow and moorland. Even as we gaze, a gray shadow of farewell creeps over the 'grand old South Downs,' with their perfume of wild thyme, and briny fragrance of the sea; and the curtain drops over many a hidden beauty of their untrodden nooks, and forsaken roadways, and quaint, rambling, flower-scented lanes.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXXI.—IN THE AVENUE.

'GOOD-MORNING, Mr Oakley. Glad to see you; and glad to find that, like myself at your time of life, you are an early riser. I called at your lodgings on my road, thinking we might walk down together; but they told me you had breakfasted and gone out, long ago.' Such was Mr Weston's greeting to Bertram when, on arriving at the Yard on the morrow of the day succeeding that of the young man's arrival at Southampton, he found his new Assistant Manager awaiting him there.

'I found I had time on my hands,' said Bertram, smiling; 'and I have spent it in making acquaintance with the Docks hard by.'

'Right, quite right! The more you see of ships, the better,' answered his superior, as he led the way to the counting-house, where already the more diligent of the clerks had hung up their hats and settled themselves on their official stools to commence the labours of the day. 'Now, my young friend,' said the Manager, when he had opened the letters which lay ready on his table, and given some instructions to his subordinates, 'I cannot do better than show you over the Yard, and explain to you what your duties will be, and which department will be under your control. This'—opening the door of a room, the first of a series of rooms, the paint of which was still fresh and glistening, and the wall-paper damp and new—'this is your office—hardly yet out of the workmen's hands; and indeed, you need scarcely enter on your functions until to-morrow. Just come round the place, though, with me, and I can explain as I go.'

So Mr Weston showed Bertram the Yard, the vessels that were in their cradles, almost ready for launching; the unfinished craft in process of construction, and those of which the keels had barely been laid down. He showed him the stores where the materials were kept; the extensions of the premises, but half complete, and where gangs of navvies were toiling with barrow and plank, and pick and shovel, to widen and deepen the excavations where wet-dock and dry-dock and coffer-dam were to be—the slips, the workshops; everything; often pausing to explain to Bertram what was to be his share in the task of inspecting and directing the labours of the stalwart men who were busy with saw and adze and auger, with

hammer and mallet, with rivet and treenail, all around.

The experienced Manager, as the circuit progressed, began to entertain a higher opinion of his junior than he would yesterday have believed to be possible. Worthy Mr Weston, though an excellent man of business, was personally the reverse of brilliant—a plodding, patient man, who had risen in the world by dogged industry and severe integrity; but he was naturally slow to learn, and felt an old sort of unconscious resentment against those who were apter pupils. A dull man is very prone to cherish feelings of this sort. Mr Weston was never willingly unjust. If he had been, he would not have been for three-and-thirty years a valued subordinate, in various capacities, of Mervyn & Co. But he did feel, as some of those old schoolmasters of the pre-dictionary times were wont to feel, as if the road to knowledge ought to be very stony, rugged, and painful, and the pilgrim's progress not too quick.

But there was something in Bertram that overcame prejudice, when the prejudice was honestly held; and Mr Weston presently began to wonder whether his previous opinion, as to Mr Mervyn's mistake in appointing so young a man to a place of trust, might not have to be reconsidered. He had been prepared to expect a shallow, self-confident youth, cleverish, but unsteady, and no more fit to be Assistant Manager than a skittish Park hack is fit to draw an omnibus. But Bertram was so patient, so modest, and yet so strangely intelligent and prompt to grasp the really important details of whatever was explained to him, that Mr Weston was fairly puzzled. It seemed to him as though his new adjutant, in a very little while, would be able to master every point of the complicated system which the Manager had hitherto regarded as a mystery comprehended by himself alone.

Working-hours, for Bertram, were over on that day when the tour of inspection was at an end. On the morrow, he was to be installed in his new office, and to enter on the novel duties of a post that required discretion as well as zeal and energy. He went back, then, to his lodgings and his books; and after his early dinner, rambled out afresh, turning his back to the city and its frowning Bar, and going countrywards. He walked slowly, and the more so that he was deep in thought. How had the aspect of the world's face changed for him since the bleak winter's day on which he had left the Old Sanctuary at Westminster in search of a crust to eat and a roof to shelter him! And how best could he prove that the great good fortune which had befallen him had not been bestowed on one who was ungrateful for the generous confidence of his patron?

Musing thus, Bertram passed on into the broad Avenue, lined by stately trees, and with its wide carriage-road, its separate bridle-track, and its smooth path for the use of foot-passengers, which is one of the boasts of the ancient town; just such a promenade as we find almost everywhere on the continent, save that the stunted lime-trees of Germany or the attenuated poplars of France are here replaced by huge elms, the leafy boughs of which made a pleasant murmuring on that summer's afternoon, as the breeze sighed among the branches. There were carriages rolling along the well-kept road, and riders cantering their horses

on the further side of the parade. But, notwithstanding these attractions, Bertram remained absorbed in his own thoughts, until, suddenly, there came before his vision a glint of golden hair, and the unforgettable, sweet, innocent face of Rose Denham! Rose it was; but how changed, how womanly, and yet herself, fair and tender as the choicest bud of the flower from which she took her name! Yes; it was Rose; and she was not alone, for near her sported two pretty children—a girl of nine and a boy of a year younger, prettily dressed, as the children of the rich now are, and with flaxen curls tossing in the wind. Rose was passing him, when he half-stretched out his hand. 'Don't you know me?' he said, lifting his hat as he spoke.

'Mr Bertram—Mr Oakley,' the girl replied shyly, and startled, like a fawn alarmed by some intruder amidst the fern and bracken. 'I did not expect to meet you here!' And she put out both her little hands to him, in greeting; but as she did so, her lip quivered; and Bertram knew that the sight of him had reminded her of the dear, dead father, Bertram's early friend. She welcomed him, however, in her old, pretty way. 'I am so very glad to see you,' she said. 'I live near here, as my sister may have mentioned, if you have seen her lately—at Shirley, a mile or so away.—And these are my pupils,' she added; 'Alice and Hughie Denshire. I am Mrs Denshire's governess, now.'

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE MYSTERY.

The children, considering that the mention of their names constituted a formal introduction, walked gravely up and extended their tiny hands to be shaken. Bertram had one of those faces that children like and trust; and bright Alice and solemn-eyed Hughie, who in his velvet and curls looked like a miniature of some melancholy but chivalrous Cavalier, were soon at ease in the company of their teacher's friend, and resumed their gambols, leaving Rose and Bertram free to walk and talk together in the leafy Avenue.

'You knew I was here; but I did not know you were here. Louisa should have told me,' said Rose, as they paced on side by side.

'Miss Denham could not have done that,' replied Bertram, 'because promotion and a change of residence came to me so quickly, and in so unlooked-for a fashion, that I had not time to call in Lower Minden Street before leaving Blackwall and London. Miss Denham, on the occasion of my last visit, told me that you were in Southampton, or near it.'

'Yes; I live at Shirley Villa—on Shirley Common, as they call it, half-an-hour's walk from this,' Rose explained. 'Mr and Mrs Denshire, to whose children I am governess, are nice, kind people. They have been very considerate and good to me, seeing, I think, that I was young and half-frightened at first at leaving home. I call Lower Minden Street "home," you see, for Louisa is there,' she added, half tearfully.

'I know; for your sister told me how you came to leave her, and why,' returned Bertram gently. 'It was like yourself to do it; and like her to consent to it. But I was sorry when I called, to find that you had gone. I did not think, then, that we should meet so soon.'

Then there was more talk, and he told her of his sudden rise in life. 'Assistant Manager here,' he said playfully. 'It sounds too grand, too good, to be true; and I am afraid my superior officer, Mr Weston, thinks so too, to judge by his looks; but I hope he may think better of it one day.'

'Is Mr Weston your—superior officer?' asked Rose; and reading assent in Bertram's eye, she added: 'Because I know the Westons—my employers know them, I should say, very well; and I often see Mrs Weston and her daughters, and that beautiful Miss Carrington, at the Archery Grounds, and at Shirley. Then do you live with them, now?'

Bertram explained the whereabouts of his lodgings—very near to Mr Weston's house; and explained his relations, officially, with the head of the family. 'He is Colonel, so to speak, and I am Adjutant, of the regiment of workers in Messrs Mervyn's local Yard,' said Bertram; 'and if I do but learn my duties as well as he has done, all will be well. He thinks I am too young. He has not said so; but I read it in his face. Never mind. I can but do my best to justify my early promotion.'

'That I am sure you will,' said Rose warmly; and then she blushed and looked down.

Then, for a while, the conversation languished. A keen observer, had such been there, might have noticed that each of these two young people looked at the other shyly, coyly as it were, as if each had grown to be half a stranger in the interval that had elapsed between the times of their former intimacy and their present meeting. Rose was so womanly, and so much more earnest and thoughtful than of old, and yet her own sweet self, the Rose Denham of Blackston, the bright young girl whom Bertram remembered so well. Bertram was changed too. Tall, manly, and with a bearing more assured, yet as graceful as in his stripling days, Rose felt half afraid of him; yet she trusted him instinctively.

'Ah, if I had but such a brother!' was often in her thoughts as they walked along.

'I wish you were my brother,' she presently exclaimed abruptly, and then flushed crimson.

'Why, Miss Rose?' returned Bertram, fairly taken aback.

'Because, Mr Oakley, I could ask you then for—for counsel—and help—in a matter on which I have no one else to advise me, and cannot ask for advice.—I have so few friends, and not a soul but yourself and Louisa to whom I could appeal.—Do I vex you, by saying this?' she asked piteously, as he kept silent.

'On my life, on my soul, no!' was Bertram's eager answer. 'Only show me how I can serve you, dear Miss Rose, in any way; and for the sake of your generous father, for your own sake, I would, and will, spare no pains to be useful.'

Still Rose hesitated to speak. She glanced up at Bertram, so calm and strong, with his dark eyes, so full of thoughtful light, fixed upon her, and with an effort she at length said: 'I have been so frightened—I am very silly, perhaps; but I am young, and know so little of the world—and he frightened me.'

'Who has dared to do that?' demanded Bertram, with a sternness that was new to his voice. He had, as many brave men have, a temper that was patient and genial; but the idea of wrong or

harshness to the tender and the innocent, brought a glittering light into his eye that few ill-doers would have cared to confront.

'He—the person I spoke of,' explained Rose, in feminine fashion—'he persecutes me. I never know when he will come. I should not like to be walking here, but that Alice and Hughie are some protection, and the place so public. But he frightens me.'

'Some impertinent coxcomb—some silly fellow, who presumes to annoy you in your walks,' exclaimed Bertram. 'If only you could point him out to me, I would take care that you should be no longer molested.'

'No,' replied Rose, half sobbing—'no; it is not quite that. The man is not rude or impertinent, but he scares me. He tells me, Mr Oakley, that for Louisa's sake, I must listen to him.'

'For Louisa's sake? for the sake of your sister?' exclaimed Bertram, astonished. 'Why, how, in the name of all that is amazing, did he know of her existence, and what does he want?'

'He wants—to marry me,' said Rose, speaking in a very low voice, lest the children should overhear; 'and he says that I must, for Louisa's sake and mine—that he can make, or mar both our fortunes—that it rests with him to make us end our days in affluence, or struggle on in poverty, and, and'—

'The fellow must be mad!' cried Bertram, knitting his brows—'mad, or else an impudent impostor. Do you know him—his name, I mean, or where he lives, or what his rank in life or calling may be?'

'I do not think he is mad,' answered Rose decisively. 'He talks strangely; but what he says is always coherent. As for his name, or where he lives, I know nothing. He comes and goes like a ghost. I may see him once or twice a day, and not again for a week. Whether he even lives in Southampton, I do not know. I have sometimes fancied that he did not. And I have not liked to write to Louisa about it, for fear she should be frightened for me; nor do I dare to tell Mrs Denshire. She would laugh at me, or perhaps talk of the police. And I thought, Mr Bertram'—

'You thought, Miss Rose, that I might help in protecting you from annoyance, as heaven knows I willingly would,' said Bertram, completing the unfinished sentence. 'But this is a perplexing state of things. If the man is not rude'—

'No; he is not exactly rude, but peremptory. He says it is my duty, and my fate, to be his wife,' replied the girl. 'He talks of wealth for me, wealth for Louisa, and always as if the fortune of which he speaks were in his free gift, to bestow or to refuse, at his pleasure. And as he saw, perhaps, that riches do not tempt me much, he dwells upon my duty to my sister, and on the happy home I might share with her.'

'How did he first find you?' asked Bertram, growing more and more thoughtful.

'He came upon me in a shop, where I had gone to execute some commission for Mrs Denshire,' replied Rose. 'But I think—I am sure—he had been following me for some time before that. Then he entered, and took off his hat, and called me by my name. He asked for a minute's conversation. I could not get away, and he spoke. He has waylaid me since then, in the streets, on

the Common, everywhere, and always on the same pretext.'

'What sort of man is he? Young or old? A gentleman, at least, he cannot be,' said Bertram.

'He is not young—nor is he old; and I cannot guess what he may be. He is very well, but too showily, dressed, with a superfluous display of trinkets. He is not so tall as you are, but active, and very dark and sunburnt, and has a habit of twisting his long black moustache, that droops over his mouth, when he gets earnest.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Bertram, with an involuntary start of surprise. In whom, once, had he noted such a trick of manner? He could not at the moment remember. He did his best, however, to comfort Rose and to charm away her fears, bidding her look upon him as if he had been indeed her brother, and promising to do his best to protect her from annoyance. And then, as it came to be time for them to part, he told her that, with her permission and Mrs Denshire's consent, if Rose would ask it, he would call at Shirley Villa on the earliest day on which he could do so without neglect of duty.

'Mrs Denshire will be willing to see you, I am sure,' answered Rose, 'when I tell her of old days, and that you are Mr Weston's friend. And you will find me, generally, when the children and I come back from our walk, as now. I shall write Louisa word of your good fortune, and she will be glad, as I am.—And now, good-bye!'

So they went their several ways; Rose with her charges returning to Shirley; while Bertram, with a thoughtful brow, went back to the town. He felt nearly sure, now, that he remembered when and where he had noticed that trick of twisting the moustache to which Rose had alluded. But then the offer, the confident offer, of a fortune in exchange for Rose Denham's hand. The thing was impossible! Yet his mind dwelt upon it.

(To be continued.)

IRISH MATCHMAKING.

NEARLY every one has heard of Shrove or Match-making time, though few really know to what extent it is carried on in the south of Ireland. A few particulars and some instances of the 'matches'—for such is the name that proposed marriages go by—may not be uninteresting to those unacquainted with the custom.

'Shrove-time' begins after Christmas, and ends on Shrove-Tuesday, or the day before Ash-Wednesday; as, during the ensuing seven weeks of Lent, no marriages are celebrated in the Roman Catholic Church. About three weeks before Lent is the busy time for the 'matchmakers.' These are men who make it their business to find out the fortunes of, and get suitable partners for, all the eligible young people of both sexes for many miles around. Sometimes they are remunerated for the transaction, but far oftener they carry it out for mere pastime. Thus, when the well-to-do parents of a marriageable son find themselves getting on in years, and unable to look after their farm and all connected with it, they tell their boy that he must take a wife, and straightway send for their friend 'the matchmaker.' The old people, in such cases, are quite content to give up the farm to the son, seldom asking anything beyond their support,

and a seat in the 'chimney corner' in the 'old home' for the rest of their days.

The son who thus obtains possession of a house and farm is considered well off; therefore the girl he marries must have money equal, or nearly so, to his, or cattle wherewith to stock the land. When everything has been arranged between the parents on both sides, the day for the marriage is fixed, and the marriage-money made up for the priest, who generally gets from eight to twelve, though sometimes as much as fifteen or twenty pounds. The young people may meet once, or oftener, before they are married, but sometimes they see each other for the first time only at the altar.

Near the village of G—, lives a man named Mike S—. He is one of the principal match-makers in the neighbourhood. I know him personally, and have often heard him speak of some of the 'matches' he had made, or was about making. The last few years not having been so good as usual for farmers, the weddings were not so many, and the fortunes in most cases were small. One of the best for this season—and over which Mike was very busy—was the marriage of a farmer's daughter whose fortune was one thousand pounds. The young man 'spoken of' for her had a fine house, thirty milking-cows, twenty yearlings, and 'as fine a pair of horses as ever were put to a plough.' 'But that's not all,' said Mike; 'he has besides a brand-new thrashing-machine!'

Mike was very indignant over another match he had made, and was obliged, through 'the maneness of the ould people,' to break it off again. 'They actually,' he said, 'wanted to make the young people feed some hens for them; and sure, when I saw them so stingy, I says to the girl: "Hold yourself higher than to enter that family!"' And she took his advice.

On another occasion when the aspiring bride and bridegroom met for the first time at the altar, the latter, surveying his intended, was shocked to find that she possessed only one eye. 'Faix,' said he, 'I will marry no girl unless *all* her eyes are there.'

When in the shop of the principal milliner in our village this Shrove, I asked if she had many bridal bonnets to make. 'No, indeed,' she answered. 'There's a girl of the Scanlans getting married to-day; but I made her bonnet two years ago.' 'How was that?' I asked. 'Well,' she replied, 'they were on the way to the chapel, when they had a difference, and the match was broken off; but, like a sensible girl, she kept the bonnet, and now it comes in handy enough.' Perhaps one of the most curious of these extraordinary matches is the following. There was a marriage arranged, and the friends were invited to the wedding. The party, amounting to the occupants of some half-dozen cars and a few horsemen, started for the chapel. Just as they stopped outside of it, the father of another girl came to the bridegroom and offered him his daughter with ten pounds more fortune than he was getting with the one he was 'promised to.' 'Done!' said the ungallant bridegroom; and straightway broke off the former match, and married the girl with the most money.

Few weddings in the neighbourhood are quite complete without Mike. He is a very extraordinary fellow, and gets into so many

quarrels, that, as his wife expressed it to me, 'he would have been hanged over and over again but for the master.' He lives on a wild moor surrounded by bogs. A near neighbour of his having got married through his influence, Mike, in duty bound, went to the feast. As the night wore on, the excitement of dancing, combined with a plentiful supply of liquor, began to have a bad effect on our friend, until at last he could contain himself no longer; and snatching a kettle of boiling water from off the fire, he turned bride and bridegroom and all the guests out of the house, and hunted them over the bog.

The eatables provided on such occasions are plentiful and wholesome. Cold meat of any kind, however, is considered an insult to offer. Everything must be *hot*. The fowls are generally captured, killed, made ready, and cooked, during the absence of the wedding-party at the chapel. Bacon is a favourite dish; and a leg of mutton is held in greater repute than roast-beef. Sometimes a 'barn-brack,' or large currant-loaf remarkable for its size and abundance of fruit, is ordered from the baker, and forms, as 'wedding-cake,' a conspicuous addition to the table. This 'Shrove-tide,' I saw a wedding-feast spread. At each end of the table was a huge piece of bacon. 'Down the centre of the table, beef, mutton, and the produce of the poultry-yard were largely represented. Several decanters full of wine, and bottles of whisky, were placed at intervals on the table. On a smaller table, tea, eggs, &c. and the 'cake' were laid out. This was a small and quiet wedding, the ceremony taking place as early as nine o'clock in the morning.

I must not omit to note, however, that punctuality on the part of the bridegroom—and sometimes even on that of the bride—is by no means invariably observed. I will give one instance, which happened this 'Shrove-tide.' The wedding was fixed for ten o'clock A.M. The bride came, but no bridegroom greeted her. She waited all day, till quite late in the evening, and still he came not. Late that night, a message arrived from him to say he would be at the chapel after first mass next morning. Next morning, faithfully came the expectant bride again; but again she had to wait all day for the dilatory bridegroom. At length, about seven o'clock in the evening of the second day, the tardy lover appeared; and though many brides would, after such a trial, have lost patience for ever, not so with the faithful Irish lass. The priest did his duty; and the two went away as happy as their own loves and the plaudits of their cheery neighbours could make them.

THE FAMILY DIAMONDS.

CHAPTER III.—AND LAST.

THE second day after our misfortune, I received a telegram from Robert, which ran thus—'Come at once by the express. Thief caught. Bring Martha with you. Your evidence required. Will meet you at station.'

How admirably he had filled in the twenty words! The news soon leaked out and spread over the village; and as we drove through it in Mr Thomson's trap, which he kindly lent to us for the occasion, every one turned out to

look at us; for, owing to gossip and the sensational accounts of the event that had appeared in the newspapers, we and our affairs were as public as if we were, as Martha said, 'the crowned heads of Europe.' The station-master was most obsequious, and himself held open the railway carriage door for us, and made the porters bring us foot-warmers.

'If I win them,' began Martha, breaking upon a reverie into which I had fallen as the train started, 'I will sell them, and get a good mortgage for the money at five per cent. Then I will buy a little pony and trap like Mr Thomson's—perhaps he'll sell me his cheap.'

'Talk of what you'll do with them when you've got them,' I burst in angrily. I declare it is perfectly disgraceful the way she makes eyes at that man. And at her age too! She ought to know better. Ah! well, I could tell things if I opened my mouth. I know who sent me those beautiful piccotees in the summer, and it isn't Martha that he stops to speak to on Sundays after church.

Robert met us at the terminus. He looked very mysterious, and spoke very oracularly when we questioned him about Ayel's capture.

'O dear! what a crowd there is!' exclaimed Martha as we drove through the Strand. 'I suppose, though, they are all going to the Police Court to hear our case.' It was Martha's first visit to the busy Metropolis, therefore her astonishment at the thronged thoroughfares was excusable.

At length our ride came to an end. The cab stopped, and Robert assisted us to alight.

'O look!' again cried Martha excitedly, grasping his arm and pointing towards a dirty little boy standing in the gutter with a newspaper placard held in front of him. We looked, and there, in inch and a half type, was printed, 'THE GREAT INDIAN JEWEL ROBBERY—Capture of the supposed Thief.' It gave one quite a little glow to read it. It made one feel so important. Two policemen were guarding the entrance to the court; but as soon as Robert told them we were witnesses in the great case, they became wonderfully polite; and one of them escorted us into a dingy, dusty-looking place, where Ayel was to be arraigned for her crime. We were conducted to a seat very much like an old-fashioned church pew, and told to wait until our case was called, which would not be long, as it was first on the list.

'O dear!' sighed Martha, as she glanced apprehensively at the unwashed and unwholesome-looking crowd that thronged around us. 'I am so afraid of small-pox.' She had brought a monstrous double vinaigrette with her, at which she kept constantly sniffing. 'You had better take a sniff, Patience,' she whispered, thrusting it under my nose. 'It will keep off infection.'

It was really too bad of her; for if there is anything that I thoroughly detest, it is aromatic vinegar. It always makes me sick. I pushed it away from me; and then some one cried 'Silence!' and a little, gray-haired, old gentleman came in through a doorway at the back of the court and took his seat in a large leather-covered chair.

'Where are his horse-hair wig and ermine robes?' whispered Martha.

'Hush!' I replied; 'don't speak so loud. Those are worn only by the judges.'

'Isn't he a judge?'

'No; he's a magistrate.'

'Oh!'

I do not think that she understood my explanation; but there was no time for anything more, as that treacherous black creature had just been placed in the dock by a policeman. She looked very wild and frightened, and glared around her just like a wild beast. Then Robert was made to stand up in the witness-box and take the oath, which I think he did most beautifully, kissing the book so reverently; and it must have cost him an effort to do so, for the cover was not particularly clean. The magistrate listened attentively to every word he said, and wrote it all down in a book. 'Have the jewels been found?' he asked.

'Yes, please Your Washup,' answered a policeman from the body of the court.

Robert was asked to stand aside for a few moments, while the man took his place; and I must say it was most improper the flippant way in which he took the oath. It was such a contrast to Robert's reverent dignity. In a few curt phrases, he told the magistrate that he had found the prisoner in a low eating-house at Lambeth, and that, when searched at the station, the jewels had been discovered in her possession. As he spoke, he produced the red bandana that she had been wont to wear tied over her hair, and unfolding it, displayed the lost jewels—the Maharajah's celebrated present—Aunt Purpose's diamonds! I leant forward eagerly to see them. Even Martha opened her eyes, which, since the commencement of the case, had been affectingly closed, and for the moment forgot to sniff at her vinaigrette. Yes; they were indeed beautiful, and well worthy of all our anxiety and trouble about them. A ray of sunshine had struggled through the dingy skylight, and falling upon them, made them sparkle and glitter with a thousand varied flashes of light. The set consisted of a necklace, a very large brooch, a pair of ear-rings, and a pair of bangles, which I thought were bracelets, but which turned out to be anklets. They were handed up to the magistrate, who inspected them very carefully. Then the policeman was told to stand down; and Robert resumed his former place.

'Are those the jewels?' asked the magistrate, as a clerk placed them before him.

'I believe they are,' he answered, as he gazed at them curiously.

'I must have something stronger than belief,' said the magistrate; and then a most astounding thing came to light. With the exception of the prisoner, there was no one, to our knowledge, in England who had ever seen the jewels before they had been stolen! Who was to identify them?

It was in vain that Robert produced the empty case and showed the marks where they had lain. That by itself was no evidence, the magistrate said; and before committing the prisoner, he must have some stronger legal proof put before him showing that the jewels that had been lost and those found on her were the same.

'I think I had better adjourn the case, to enable you to obtain this evidence,' he suggested to Robert, who was completely nonplussed at the turn affairs had taken. Was he to send out to India and subpoena the Maharajah himself? It seemed such a monstrous thing that, with no moral doubt on the subject, the law should pre-

vent our recovering articles of so much value as those in question.

'What is their value?' asked the magistrate, who had been giving them a second examination.

'Several lacs of rupees,' murmured that idiotic Martha, quoting my words as she snuffed at the smelling-salts' end of her vinaigrette until its strength made her gasp, and sent the tears coursing down her cheeks.

'Between three and four thousand pounds, I believe,' said Robert. The magistrate still went on looking at them, amidst a dead silence in the court, save for the noise made by those fussy reporters as they resharpened their pencils.

'Have you any one here who can give a positive opinion as to their value?' at length he asked, as he turned to Robert; but he could only shake his head.

Then, a lawyer who was in court rose, and told the magistrate that his client, who was waiting for the next case, was an eminent jeweller, and would be very happy to give the Bench his assistance. A tall, middle-aged, and gentlemanly looking man arose, and accepting the magistrate's invitation, stepped up beside him, and took the jewels in his hand. He turned and twisted them about, placed the tip of his tongue to them, held them up to the light, and then, fixing a small magnifying glass in one eye, he stared at them through it for the space of a few seconds. 'They are excellent—unequalled, I should say,' he said as, having finished his examination, he returned them to the magistrate. 'The finest that I have ever seen.'

Oh! how our cheeks flushed at this invaluable testimony to their worth, and how fast those clever reporters' pencils flew over their paper!

'And pray, what may be their value?' asked the magistrate. You might have heard a pin drop as every one listened for the answer.

'Their present value'—he spoke with provoking slowness—'may be—about—five pounds.'

It was as if a bomb-shell had fallen amongst us.

The magistrate smiled. 'They are then,' he said, 'as I thought'—

'Paste—made doubtless by one of the best French houses.'

The announcement was greeted with an uncontrollable burst of laughter; and I could have stabbed those conceited reporters. It did make me mad to see the gusto with which they wrote down what I knew they were describing as 'Sensation in court.'

To add to the confusion, Martha screamed herself into hysterics, during which she contrived to empty that nasty aromatic vinegar all down the skirt of my black silk; fortunately, it was not my best one.

I hardly know how we got out of the place and away from the vulgar crowd that pressed against us on every side. At last, I managed to drag her into a cab; and we drove back to the railway station, where, after a time, Robert joined us. Ayel, it appeared, after we had left, had confessed her theft, and been sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, the hapless jewels being returned to Robert.

Silent and glum, we returned to Nettlethorpe, hoping, by a discreet silence, to keep our shame and annoyance from our neighbours.

On searching through Aunt Purpose's papers, we discovered that she had been perfectly aware of the composition of the Maharajah's present; but owing to the prestige that the supposed possession of such valuable jewels gave her, had kept the secret—even to the deception of the confidential Ayel. It was too bad of her, though, to deceive so cruelly her husband's kith and kin, more especially as, to our chagrin, we found that all her and Uncle Job's savings had been sunk in an annuity, which of course died with her. After sending Ayel back to India, at the expiration of her term of imprisonment, which was more than she deserved after her ingratitude—the 'rest, residue, and remainder' of Aunt's property to be divided among us came to a trifle under a five-pound note. As for the jewels—drat them!—we would not draw lots for them. Robert sold them for two pounds ten, which he pocketed, to pay his expenses, he said, in his chase after Ayel. He never even offered either Martha or me the price of our railway fare to London—and it was first-class too, for we had to travel by the express—as he declared that it was insufficient to repay him all that he had expended.

Our resolution to keep silent about the events of our visit to London was rendered useless by those wretched papers. They not only published a full and unnecessarily detailed account of the case, but some of them actually made merry over our sufferings in leading articles! We thought, however, that the neighbours would have had the delicacy and good taste to respect our wishes on the subject; but alas!—for ill-manners commend me to a Nettlethorpean—instigated, as I verily believe, by that man Thomson—he thinks himself a wit!—they positively dared to give us a nickname, and since then, wherever we go, we are always known as 'The Family Diamonds!'

RABBITS IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY A RUN-HOLDER.

A FEW years ago, one or two articles appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, giving an account of the mischief then being worked by rabbits in the southern part of New Zealand. Since then, the plague has greatly extended, in spite of legislation and all efforts on the part of holders of land. Now, however, there is a prospect of a better state of things; and it may be interesting to learn how, from small beginnings, utter ruin nearly came over a large tract of country, and the steps which are now being taken to avert it.

About a score of years ago, an immigrant to Invercargill, a town in the south of New Zealand, brought with him from England seven rabbits. He offered them for sale to the authorities of the former province of Southland; and they, thinking it would be a good thing to have some furred game on the sandhills which abound on the coast, gave him a small sum of money to turn them out there. I believe that rabbits were also turned out further north in Otago; but those seven were the progenitors of the mighty swarm which has infested the country.

For some years the rabbits seemed to stay about the sandhills, where there was very good shooting, and little was thought of them. When they got very thick, they fed so close to the ground that

the covering sward which held the sandhills together was destroyed, and the sand began to be blown inland, spoiling a good deal of ground. The rabbits themselves also became a nuisance to farmers near the coast; but these holdings are small, and by trapping and shooting, the farms can be kept moderately clear. The country back from the coast is a plain for twenty or thirty miles. Then come rolling grassy hills, where begin the sheep-runs. Farther back are mountains of about five thousand feet, fit for sheep; and farther still is the great backbone of New Zealand, so high and rough as not to be fit for any stock but rabbits. Among the hills and smaller mountains are many plains of considerable extent. The rivers Oreti and Aparima have exceedingly wide and shingly beds, and flow through flats for almost all their courses. The sandhills where the rabbits were turned out are between the mouths of those two rivers.

In 1876 the evil had grown to such an extent that the colonial government appointed a Commission to inquire and report as to the state of the rabbit nuisance, and to suggest remedies. The Commissioners travelled through the country, and made many inquiries. Their Report said what every one knew already—that matters were very bad, and likely to be much worse. An Act was then passed by the legislature which gave a bonus of a halfpenny for every rabbit-skin exported; and empowered the inhabitants of any district badly overrun with rabbits to elect a Board, whose duty it was to see that all holders of land destroyed their rabbits. In case any holder failed to do so, the Board was to have it done at his expense.

It is hard for any one not acquainted with the subject to understand the desolation wrought by apparently so small a plague. It must be remembered that the population in the greater part of the interior of Otago is very sparse—houses being seldom less than ten miles apart—that a run of fifty thousand acres is often worked by half-a-dozen men, and that rabbits breed once a month for eight months of the year, having from four to eight young ones at a time. The surest test of the evil is the decrease of sheep, and there are several runs where the decrease is three-fourths of the former stock. One run I know where the stock has diminished from twenty to five thousand. A sheep-run is generally a tract of country belonging to the Crown, whereon the run-holder, for a yearly rent or assessment, has the sole right of rearing stock. Within the last year or so, the rabbit-plague has grown to such an extent that many runs have been utterly abandoned as worthless by the holders, who of course have ceased to pay their rents to the Crown. All sheep-farmers have been much impoverished, and many ruined. The licenses to occupy runs are generally for a period of ten years; and as these licenses have only, in many cases, a short time to run, it does not pay the tenants to go to much expense in killing rabbits.

The run-holders, as a rule, have done their best to keep down the rabbits, and have tried many different plans. The principal one has been to employ men with large packs of dogs to kill at so much a skin—the skins being properly stretched and dried. These men have generally from twelve to twenty dogs apiece, and of course cause

incessant disturbance to sheep. The dogs, too, often get away from their masters, and worry the stock. Sometimes men are employed to shoot, ferret, and trap. The cost of killing has generally been about twopence a head, and the produce of sale of skins a good deal less.

Various other plans have been tried for abating the nuisance, and ingenious inventors have devised many traps of the most absurd and fantastic description. It was proposed to introduce weasels and other vermin, and one gentleman brought some mongooses from India. The worst of this plan was that while the vermin were getting numerous enough to keep down the rabbits, we were all very certain to be ruined.

Various chemical means have been proposed for smothering the rabbits in their holes. The best plan was suggested by Dr Black, Professor of Chemistry in Dunedin College, to use bisulphide of carbon. This chemical is exceedingly volatile; and if some cotton-waste, or sheepskin saturated with it, is placed in a hole, and the outlets are carefully stopped, the rabbits inside will be certainly killed. A good many people used this plan to a considerable extent; but it was too expensive to attempt by its means to exterminate rabbits, or even keep them in check over large blocks of leasehold hilly country.

The last plan, and that which we all hope is to be the salvation of the country, has been in use for upwards of a year. It is to sprinkle grain poisoned with phosphorus wherever there are rabbits. At first, crushed wheat was used, and a certain quantity of oil of rhodium and sugar was added, to make the bait more attractive. On experience, however, it has been found that oats—about one-third of the price of wheat—are better, and that the oil of rhodium and sugar are not necessary. The process of mixing is now simple and safe. At first, people used to stir the mixture over an open boiler, and so ran great risk from the fumes of phosphorus. A better way is to put the oats into a barrel with a close-fitting lid, saturate them with boiling water, pour in the phosphorus—which has been fused in a small pan of hot water—and then roll the barrel backwards and forwards for a quarter of an hour. The poisoned grain will be fit to lay out when cold. It is usual to sell the poison to men who lay it out on the runs. They collect the skins of the rabbits, and are paid, generally, twopence apiece for them properly stretched and dried.

The cure is certainly wonderful. Wherever the poison has been properly laid, the rabbits have well nigh disappeared, and the nuisance has become a perfectly manageable one. The skins at present prices bring more than it costs to obtain and prepare them, so that any one can afford to clear his run, however short his lease may be. All this good is worked without disturbance to the sheep, and the packs of hideous mongrels which have for years infested the country may at last be done away with.

The objections to the cure are of course obvious. All imported and native game will suffer severely where poison is laid. The rabbits *must*, however, be put down, or else the greater part of the South Island will be made useless. Better import game at some future time, than be driven out of the country. The native birds will not be exterminated. There is too much wild country which is

not occupied, and is not likely to be occupied for many years. There they will be left in peace; and when the rabbits are no longer a curse, the birds will return to the occupied country. As far as I can judge by experience, even where poison is thickly laid, birds do not take it very freely. I hear English larks singing over it every day, and I have never seen a poisoned native titlark, a bird which abounds everywhere. None of the wood-birds are likely to suffer much. Paradise ducks, wekas, and pukekas will feel it most. The pukeka is a kind of land-rail, very numerous and destructive to grain, both when growing and in the stack. The weka is a curious rail which cannot fly, and has already suffered much from rabbits' dogs. I am sorry for the weka and the Paradise duck—the latter a beautiful bird. But the destruction will not be so great as some people fear. Ever since the poison has been laid, I have seen or heard of very few poisoned birds. We must accordingly hope for the best. People are certain to continue laying the poisoned grain till some one invents a better remedy.

ODD OFFENCES.

LOVERS of liberty as they were, our forefathers had little patience with propounders of novel notions. When Henry Crabb, suddenly awaking to the fact that success in business was not to be attained without much lying and deceit, forswore his calling of haberdasher of hats, and betook himself to playing the hermit, and practising vegetarianism—he was put in the stocks, ousted from one refuge after another, and finally lodged in prison, to prevent others imitating his evil example.—“Sir George Carteret,” says Pepys, “showed me a gentleman coming by in his coach who hath been sent for up out of Lincolnshire. I think he says he is a justice of the peace there—that the Council have laid by the heels here, and here lies in a messenger's hands, for saying that a man and his wife are but one person, and so ought to pay but twelvence for both to the Poll Bill, by which others were led to do the like; and so here he lies prisoner.”—The justice, however, received gentler treatment than was accorded twenty years earlier to a woman of Henley-on-Thames; who, venturing to speak her mind respecting the taxation imposed by parliament, was bound fast, and cruelly, to a tree one market-day, and a placard tied on her back, setting forth the enormity of which she had been guilty.

In all times and in every land, an over-free tongue has proved troublesome to its possessor. In Plantagenet times one man was sent to prison for twelve months for offering to call the chief magistrate of London a scoundrel, and fight him too, if any one would pay him for his pains. Another was pilloried for saying the Mayor had been sent to the Tower. And Roger Jorold, for foolishly boasting that if he caught that dignitary outside the City bounds, he would insure his never getting within them again, had to present the insulted Mayor with a hundred tuns of wine. King James I. ordered two Londoners to be whipped from Aldgate to Temple Bar for speaking disparagingly of Spain's popular representative, Gondemar; and Recorder Fleetward let every one know that liberty of

speech was an offence against the Commonwealth, by sending a saucy fellow to jail for venting his enjoyment of a hearty bread-and-cheese meal, by swearing he had supped as well as my Lord Mayor.

In 1877 the magistrates of Tadcaster gave one Leatham two months' imprisonment for audibly anathematising the Queen twice, while the prayers for the Queen and the Royal Family were being repeated at a school-room service; despite his plea of extenuation that he uttered the obnoxious exclamations unconsciously, having been talking about the Queen's taxes a little while before. A like sentence was passed upon a soldier for publicly consigning the Pope and Mr Gladstone to the place paved with good intentions; but this was in Belfast, where the authorities are particularly severe upon lingual improprieties. Hearing, or fancying he heard the owner of a lagging dog exclaim, “Come along, you old papist!” a zealous officer summoned him for using party expressions in the streets. The offender averred that he said, “Come along, old Pepper”—that being the animal's name; whereupon the magistrate kindly said he would give him the benefit of the doubt, which he did, by fining him five shillings.

Soon after the Germans took possession of the provinces ceded by France, they sent an Alsatian girl to prison for criticising the photograph of the Grand-duke of Baden in disrespectful terms; and fined a Lorraine woman five thalers for marking her disapproval of a soldier's primitive habits with the exclamation: “What! with all our five milliards, they have not got pocket-handkerchiefs yet!” Of course, French journalists did not omit to enlarge upon the tyranny of the Germans; but they were discreetly silent when a Parisian with a grievance was punished for telling a friend that somebody was as “cowardly as MacMahon.” A few months later, he might have abused the Marshal to his heart's content with impunity.

It does not do to be in advance of one's day. In 1618 a Weymouth butcher was amerced in three shillings and fourpence for killing a bull unbaited, and putting the flesh thereof unto sale. About the same time, certain good citizens of Worcester presented a formal complaint against John Kempster and Thomas Byrd for not selling their ale according to the law, charging only a penny a pint for beverage of such extraordinary strength as to lead to assaults, affrays, bloodsheddings, and other misdemeanours; in other words, for giving their customers too good an article—an offence not by any means likely to occur in our modern world.

Brutality to women rarely entails adequate punishment, but we cannot but wonder at a cruel husband receiving a twelvemonth's imprisonment for what the reporter termed an inhuman assault upon his wife; since, so far as appeared, his inhumanity was limited to playing the Dead March in Saul over his helpmate. He had evidently some music in his soul; like the work-house official who lost his situation for setting three blind fiddlers to play as many tunes, while he sang a song having no connection with one or the other.—A humorous rogue, too, was the needy tailor who sheared the tails off the coats of the playgoers waiting at the doors of a Liverpool theatre, and was captured with his spoil upon him. —Another original offender solaced his disappointed love by going to witness the consummation of his rival's triumph, and strewing the church floor

with fulminating powder, which exploded at every movement of the bridal party.

The law presumes that everybody knows what he may and may not do, and acting on that presumption, unpleasantly enlightens those who are not so wise as they should be. The eldest of three men charged with stealing primroses from a wood, said: 'The primroses grow of themselves; who ever heard of stealing primroses?' The prosecuting farmer owned that the primroses grew wild, but he 'made property of them,' and they were not to be reached without crossing his fenced-in land. The magistrate, discharging the offenders with a warning, informed them that though there was no law forbidding the gathering of wild-flowers in the lanes and hedgerows, it was unlawful to trespass upon private land and take anything away.—An Illinois citizen brought his daughter's young man before a justice for violently ejecting him from his own parlour one Sunday evening. After hearing the other side, the justice said: 'It appears that this young fellow was courting the plaintiff's gal, in plaintiff's parlour; that plaintiff intruded, and was put out by defendant. Courting is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore the law of Illinois will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courting is afoot. Defendant is discharged, and plaintiff must pay costs.'

Different notions as to the necessity of courting prevail in Texas, or a susceptible individual would hardly have been fined for telling a pretty girl he should very much like to kiss her: leaving him as much puzzled as to where the justice came in, as the man in Indiana, who, returning home from a journey, found the house empty, his wife having railed all the furniture, and absconded with the proceeds; and before he thoroughly comprehended the situation, found himself arrested by the sheriff for permitting gambling on his premises!

If it be unwise to prophesy unless you know, it is something worse than unwise to advance accusations impossible to sustain. Yet if newspaper reports are to be believed, a bill-sticker was prosecuted for the incomprehensible offence of burning somebody's 'photograph in effigy'; Elizabeth Simmons was charged with being the father of Henry Wood's child; and a drunken laundress arraigned for assaulting a policeman by 'springing up and striking him in the chest with the soles of both her feet at the same time, dropping on them again like an acrobat'; a feat the constable swore the prisoner performed, in spite of her pertinently demanding where her body was at the time, 'as she wasn't a spring-board.'

A sapient coroner read a witness a severe lecture upon the enormity of being out of bed at one o'clock in the morning, refusing him his expenses by way of marking his disapproval of such an impropriety. Of the same way of thinking was constable Snooks who took a man into custody for presuming to come outside his own door at that early hour, after the zealous officer had put him inside the house. Another active and intelligent officer, catching a young man, late at night, in the heinous act of putting his latch-key into its proper keyhole, hauled him, spite of resistance, to the station-house; and next morning had the satisfaction of hearing the magistrate indorse the action, and sentence the delinquent to a spell of hard labour for 'resisting an officer in the execution of

his duty.' Some magistrates seem to hold that the police are masters rather than servants of the public, and that the latter are bound to submit quietly to any indignity at their hands. A Bermondsey shopkeeper having been hustled by a number of constables proceeding to their beat, demanded the sergeant's number, upon which he was pushed through a shop window, and promptly arrested for being drunk and disorderly, and breaking the ranks of the constabulary. The magistrate who heard the case was compelled to pronounce the charges false and frivolous, but told the accused he had only himself to blame; taking the sergeant's number was a very foolish thing to do, for 'to take their number gave many constables great offence.'

Right and wrong is often a mere question of locality. Long after coffee was an established beverage in every European land, a schoolmaster of Hesse was sent to prison for drinking it in defiance of the decree of his High Mightiness the Landgrave, who, like other well-intentioned law-makers, could not endure that any one should enjoy a thing displeasing to his own palate. In 1875, three French ships in the harbour of St Pierre, Martinique, failed to lower their yards on Good Friday. Next day, each captain was fined a hundred francs for outraging the religious sentiments of the people. But when a Paris linen-draper advertised that his shop would be closed the following Sunday 'for repairs,' and the *Univers* denounced the notification as an outrage upon the religious sentiments of Christian women, which they ought to resent by shunning the shop for evermore, the linen-draper went to law, and obtained four thousand francs damages for the libel.

When at Rome, do as Rome does, is easily said, but not so easily accomplished. A Western man spending a day in Boston, bought a cigar, and started for a stroll. He had not gone many yards before he was tapped on the shoulder by a police-officer, who politely informed him that he had incurred a penalty of two dollars by smoking in the street. The innocent offender handed over two dollars, and walked on. Presently, he came across a hungry-looking urchin, to whom he good-naturedly proffered a piece of gingerbread, and immediately a policeman was at his elbow intimating he had thereby violated a city ordinance. Tendering his informant a three-dollar bill, with instructions to keep the change, as he should want to whistle by-and-by, and might as well pay beforehand, the disgusted visitor went on his way, resolved never again to make holiday in Boston.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE cry of 'New lamps for old ones,' once heard in the streets of Bagdad, has, since the invention of the Jablochkoff electric 'candle,' gone up from every city of the civilised world. Lamps, or regulators, carbons, dynamo-machines, and everything pertaining to 'the subtle fluid,' continue to keep inventors busy with improvements, and to baffle patent agents by the family likeness which many of them present. The wedding of the magnet and the steam-engine has been celebrated with so much pomp and circumstance, that the once inevitable battery has been almost forgotten. At one time the subject of no end of

improvements and new forms, inventors seem to have dismissed it as a thing with which further dealing was unprofitable, so far as electric lighting is concerned. One experimenter, however, M. Faure, has not so regarded it; and if all accounts be true, the battery cell must once more in his hands assume fresh importance.

M. Faure's invention consists in a modification of the well-known secondary battery introduced some years ago by his fellow-countryman Planté. This consisted of sheets of lead immersed in acidulated water, which could be gradually charged by means of a couple of Grove's or other cells, and which would give out when required the whole force so stored up. M. Faure's improvement consists in coating the metal sheets with red oxide of lead, by which the capacity of the battery is said to be increased forty-fold. A correspondent of the *Times* describes how he lately conveyed from Paris to Glasgow a charged battery of this description. To use his own words: 'I had the satisfaction of presenting to Sir William Thomson, M. Faure's rare offering of a box of electricity, intact and potent, holding by measurement within that small space of one cubic foot, a power equivalent to nearly one million of foot-pounds.' If this discovery bears out the promise of its infancy, we may possibly soon hear of a Limited Company being started for the supply of condensed lightning to small consumers. The demands of the photographic world alone would insure its success.

Mr Fleuss, whose diving system has already been fully explained in these columns, has recently had the opportunity of demonstrating before the Admiralty authorities at Portsmouth the advantages of his invention both for submarine work, and for use in exploring places full of smoke or noxious gases. For half an hour, Mr Fleuss remained in a chamber specially charged with the densest and most suffocating smoke it was possible to produce. At the end of that time, he was requested to come out, for it was considered that the test had been sufficient for all practical purposes. The experiment has, of course, special bearing upon the extinction of hidden fires on shipboard; and it is probable that its success may lead to the adoption of the Fleuss apparatus as part of the equipment of every vessel in commission.—The same inventor is projecting the construction of a submarine boat, which will afford no mark for the fire of an enemy, and which will be able to carry on subaqueous torpedo warfare of a most terrible description. Mr Fleuss, by his diving apparatus and his smoke-breathing contrivance, has done what he can to save men's lives. He now proposes with his submarine boat to destroy them wholesale. It is difficult to say that we wish such an awful weapon success; but we may express a hope that, in the future, the general acceptance of the principles of arbitration, necessitated by such an invention, will prove it in reality a boon to mankind.

The Telephone has been enlisted in a new service at Chicago, as an aid to the police and patrol system of the city. Public alarm-stations, resembling sentry-boxes, are established at various points. In case of emergency, a citizen can communicate from one of these boxes to the nearest district office, and obtain what aid he needs. He can, if necessary, lock himself in secure from attack, and at the same time telegraph his

difficulty to the police. Every officer is required to telephone half-hourly the events which come under his observation. Telephonic communication is said to have met with great favour in China, where the difficulties of telegraphic signalling are very great, owing to the language possessing no alphabet.

M. Friedel has introduced a new liquid hydrocarbon, which, according to recent experiments, seems to be possessed of extraordinary qualities. It boils at one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, gives a brilliant white light, unaccompanied by heat; and the slightest puff of wind will extinguish it in case of accidental ignition. The corner of a pocket-handkerchief, or even the finger, can be dipped into it, lighted, and used as a temporary torch without any injury to the novel wick. Owing to the cold produced by the rapid evaporation of the liquid, it would thus seem possible, by means of this new agent, to make one finger serve as a taper whilst sealing a letter with the others.

The *Scientific American* records a remarkable accident which lately occurred in a cavern in Mexico. The governor of the district had, in honour of some American visitors, invited them to a grand banquet in the cave. The strange picnic party numbered nearly five hundred, and they had arranged to pass the night in their subterranean quarters. After dinner, many of them were seized with faintness, and it speedily became evident that the cave, like the *Grotto del Cane* in Italy, was highly charged with some deleterious vapour. The visitors speedily beat a retreat, but not before some of them were almost insensible, and had to be carried out by their friends.

The specification of a patent for obtaining photographs in colour has recently been made public; and although it seems rather too elaborate for commercial use, it exhibits much ingenuity. From a negative, a positive proof is taken upon paper in the usual way; but it is purposely only slightly printed, a ghost of what an ordinary print should be. This serves as a guide for the colourist, who by its aid fills in the picture with broad masses of bright colour without any regard to light or shade, much as a child would adorn a wood-cut with water-colours. The surface now receives a coating of albumen, to protect its tints from the after-treatment. This consists in rendering the paper once more sensitive to light, by floating it on a bath of nitrate of silver. It is then placed once more beneath the original negative, so that the image can be printed in its full vigour above the colour. The print is then toned and fixed in the ordinary manner; and a photograph in colour is the result.

One of the most important advances in photography is represented by the argentic paper recently introduced by Messrs Morgan of Greenwich. Requiring no preparation further than that it receives at the hands of its makers, this paper will prove quite a boon to photographers for the purpose of producing large pictures from small ones. A sheet of the paper, pinned against the wall, receives the image of any small negative by means of a magic-lantern. In a few seconds, the exposure is complete, and the picture, under the persuasion of a simple developing fluid, speedily makes its appearance. This application of the new gelatine process—for the paper is coated with

gelatino-bromide of silver—forms the subject of a daily demonstration at the Royal Polytechnic, London, where a negative measuring three inches across is enlarged to thirty inches by an exposure to light of only seven seconds.

In most treatises on electrical science, we learn that moist air forms a good conductor; and for this reason telegraph lines in a damp atmosphere are subject to loss of current, and frictional electric machines lose their virtue unless warmed up to fever-heat. Professor Marangoni has recently published the results of an experiment which seems to refute this old doctrine. Filling an inverted vessel full of steam, he pushed into it a charged Leyden jar. In five seconds it was removed, and would give no spark—showing that the electricity had been dispersed. But it seems that this silent discharge was due to the film of water formed by condensation on the surface of the jar; for when, on repeating the experiment, the steam-chamber was warmed, so as to prevent such condensation, the charged jar remained intact.

One of those curious little accidents which have so often led observing men to useful discoveries, occurred not long ago in a Berlin feather-dyeing establishment. A feather which had been dyed with one of the violet products of aniline was laid aside on a sheet of paper upon which some ammonia had been spilt. The feather was seen to speedily become green in certain parts, presenting a novel and beautiful appearance. The hint thus given has been taken advantage of in the production of variegated feathers and flowers which owe their peculiarity to the same treatment.

Not many months ago, London householders were all complaining of a sudden and mysterious increase in their gas bills. Letters to the newspapers without number, from aggrieved consumers, more than hinted that the Gas Companies, to suit their own ends, were compassing this by certain suspicious operations at the works. The cause of this undoubtedly enormous increase in the consumption of gas has lately been ventilated in the Report of Mr Heisch—the gas examiner to the corporation—whose attention was specially directed to the question. It seems that before the new large mains were opened from the Beckton gas-works to the city, the old pipes would not bear the pressure desired by consumers without serious leakage and loss to the Gas Company. When the new pipes were completed, increased pressure was adopted; but the consumers were not prepared for it, and roared away their gas unmindful of the new conditions. It may be useful to our readers to note that it is within their own power to regulate the supply by means of the main stop-cock placed at the meter. When this is so set that no flame in the house will roar, the pocket of the consumer will not suffer.

Messrs Richter, of Chemnitz, have introduced a new method of cutting and ornamenting glass, which is said to possess many advantages. German-silver discs are impregnated with diamond dust, and afterwards used in various forms to abrade the surface of the glass. By this means the brittle material can be carved, cut, or otherwise treated without risk of injury. In the form of cylinders, the compound metal will cut holes in glass plates of any required size.

A mania, now almost extinct, existed some years ago for writing long compositions in such small

characters that they covered no more than the space occupied by a sixpence. Later on, a machine was invented which gave a microscopic copy of any writing made by its aid, its principal use being for the purpose of secret despatches. This was superseded, in the Franco-Prussian war, by the micro-photograph, which enabled the copy of a newspaper to be transmitted by pigeon post. The subject has been lately revived in Germany by a shorthand writer executing three thousand words, or rather signs for words, upon a post-card, challenging any one to beat his performance by any other system of shorthand. Subsequently, a prize was offered for the greatest number of words written by any method of stenography upon a post-card. The winner—a student of the Pitman system—succeeded in cramming into the space allotted to him the whole of Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, half another play, and an essay—representing collectively 32,363 words!

The ingenious Japanese, who have long been celebrated for the excellence of their paper, have recently used with success belting made of that material in lieu of leather. The increasing demand for steam-machinery in that rising country, gives this new application of paper great interest, especially as, through inefficient tanning, Japanese leather cannot be depended upon for heavy work.

Professor Gamgee—whose name is well known as the inventor of a real-ice rink—has now turned his attention to the production of an engine which works without fire. Any one by holding a bottle of liquid ammonia in his warm hand, will soon find out, by the stopper of the bottle jumping in its socket, that gas is given off at a comparatively low temperature. It is this force that Professor Gamgee uses to propel the piston of his engine. After the work has been done, the ammonia is condensed, and—by a method discovered by the inventor—is returned to the cylinder. Ammonia engines have before been contrived, but have invariably failed.

M. René, of Stettin, has made an important discovery in the art of preserving the woods used in the manufacture of pianos from the influences of moisture and temperature. The wood is subjected to an atmosphere of oxygen which has been charged with ozone by the passage of an electric current. This plan not only is a safeguard to pianos from changes of temperature, but is said to give a rare richness of tone to instruments made of wood so prepared.

Some time after the discovery of the bleaching action of light on the so-called visual purple colour in the retina of several animals, the idea was started that what we call sight may be merely a photographic process. Exaggeration—which always follows the footsteps of any new discovery—soon conceived the notion that the scene last depicted upon the sensitive retina remained there after death, and the notion became current that a murderer might be detected by examining the eye of his victim. Dr Ayres, who has made more than a thousand experiments upon the eyes of animals, and who has succeeded to some extent in obtaining pictures of simple geometric figures, quite negatives this idea. He considers that even under the most favourable results, the dead human eye can give no revelation whatever of the scene it last beheld.

M. Trouvé, whose polyscope for medical purposes has recently been described in these pages, writes to *La Nature* stating that a tricycle of English manufacture driven by electricity has lately been seen in the streets of Paris. Its pace was equal to that of a good ordinary cab. M. Trouvé contemplates the construction of a motor which he believes will obtain a far greater velocity.

The late Fisheries Exhibition at Norwich has brought to the front many inventions having for their object the preservation of fish as food. The importance of bringing within the reach of dwellers in our inland towns a cheap and wholesome food which is provided for by Nature with such liberality, cannot be gainsaid. Treated with a preservative known as glaciale, a salmon and sole were exhibited in a fresh state, although they had been in the building for twelve days. Attention was also concentrated on Knott's Refrigerating Car for the transport of fish from distant places without injury. This last contrivance met with such approval at the hands of the jurors, that they awarded it a gold medal, a diploma, and a prize of twenty pounds.

According to Professor Huxley, who at this Exhibition lectured on the Herring, the numbers of that fish were so vast that it was impossible to conceive any human means which would make any diminution in the stock. He said that at one time a complaint was raised that trawlers disturbed the spawning-beds; but the truth was that the trawlers came after the flat-fish, and in doing so, actually prevented those greedy marauders from devouring millions of herring-eggs.

A plan for constructing a railway across the continent of Australia is again being discussed. The chief difficulty seems to lie in the extreme arid nature of the country to be opened up; but it is thought that borings may result in the discovery of water.

A large boiler is being built by the Manchester Steam Users' Association for the purpose of an experiment. It is to be fired, and allowed to get short of water until the furnace-crowns are red hot. Cold water is then to be pumped on them, in order to prove that explosions cannot occur under such conditions, provided the boiler is in good condition.

In this connection, it may be mentioned that some time ago the Institution of Mechanical Engineers appointed a Committee to examine into certain questions of research in matters pertaining to their profession. One of these questions is that of riveted joints, such as are used in the construction of boilers, gasometers, &c. The various methods of riveting are all found to be defective, in so far as that the parts riveted together are very much weaker than the plate itself, the plates being weakened by the holes which are bored to receive the rivets. A series of experiments has now been decided upon by the Committee for the purpose of scientifically testing the question, with the hope of ascertaining the method of joining plates which shall give the least percentage of weakness as compared with the solid plates.

The same Committee have also had before them the question of the hardening and tempering of steel. It is known that if a piece of tool-steel be heated, and then suddenly cooled, it becomes much harder, not only on the surface, but throughout, provided its thickness be not excessive. The

greater the range of cooling, the more intense is the hardening, but at the same time the greater the brittleness of the piece. This quality of hardness is therefore modified to suit the purpose in view, by the further operation of tempering. In this process, the hardened steel, after its rapid cooling, is re-heated to a temperature corresponding to the purpose for which it is intended, and then quenched again from that temperature. The particular point at which to stop the re-heating is recognised by one particular hue, in what are called 'the colours of tempering,' which the steel is always seen to assume in succession as its temperature gradually rises. Thus, if the article in question be a sword, it is heated to a bright blue; if it be a cold chisel, it is stopped at a brownish orange. The above Committee are of opinion that these colours are due to the metal, in the process of the second heating, re-absorbing the gases which had been expelled by the first heating and subsequent rapid cooling; and they propose to make a series of experiments to test this theory.

A very perfect form of incubator has lately been patented in America. The gas or oil flame is so controlled by a magnetic regulator, that the heat can never rise or fall beyond certain points. The eggs are automatically shifted in their places at regular intervals by means of clockwork. Many good egg-hatching machines have now been invented; indeed there is no difficulty about procuring chickens by such means. The real difficulty lies in keeping them alive after they have left the egg. Not even the clever Yankees can contrive a 'notion' to successfully imitate a mother's tender care for her little ones.

An anchor, manufactured by Messrs Parkes and Ross, of Tipton and Liverpool, and known as Liardet's Anchor, is noticeable for one or two peculiarities. The chief of these is that the stock of the anchor is provided with flukes, the same as the arms. The arms and stock are so fitted that they can move within a range of forty-five degrees. When stowed, the arms and stock lie in a line with the shank. There is a shackle for the cable, and another near the crown for a buoy-rope. We understand that the P. and O. and some other Companies are using the anchor.

Mr James Stewart, C.E., who recently read to the Royal Geographical Society an account of his survey of the district of Lake Nyassa, in Africa, has had an opportunity of testing the quality of the coal formerly discovered on the shore of that lake by Mr Rhodes. The coal, says Mr Stewart, lies in a clay-bank tilted up at an angle of forty-five degrees. It is laid bare over only some thirty feet, is about seven feet thick, and hardly looks as if it were in its original bed. Yet the bed was compact, and full of good coal. He lit a good fire with it, which burned strongly, the coal softening and throwing out gas-bubbles, but giving no gas-jets. It caked slightly, but not so as to impede its burning. On his return to this country, he submitted a specimen of the coal to Mr Carnthers, of the British Museum, who reports that it has the appearance of a good specimen of English coal. After combustion, he found that only 1.8 per cent. of ash remained. He had no doubt that the specimen from Lake Nyassa is of the same age as the coal of England.

In the same paper, Mr Stewart refers to the existence among the natives in Central Africa of

the manufacture of iron from ironstone. These natives occupy the district of country between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika, and are to all appearance a peaceable and industrious people. They told Mr Stewart that their only desire was to cultivate their gardens and work their iron. All the way between the basins of the two lakes he found traces of ironstone, and in places old workings. On one hillside he counted eight smelting-kilns in good order, within a few hundred yards of each other; and doubtless there were, in his opinion, many more. The kilns in use stand about nine feet high, are five feet in diameter at the base, and three feet at the top, and are built of clay plaster four or six inches thick. They will contain nearly half a ton of iron ore. Charcoal is used for smelting.

The largest steam-hammer in Scotland has just been erected by the Messrs Beardmore, at their Steel and Iron Works, Parkhead, Glasgow. Its erection has been necessitated by the rapid development of the steel manufacture, the old-fashioned tools having been found inadequate to cope with that immensely strong new material. The hammer, which has been named 'Samson,' stands on a bed of concrete, formed by mixing iron borings and slag, with cement, twenty feet thick, and weighing five hundred tons. On this bed is a packing of wood, and on this again is placed the anvil-block, forty-three tons in weight—the anvil itself being a mass of five tons more, making forty-eight tons in all. The ram of the steam-hammer weighs twelve tons—which makes the machine nominally a 12-ton hammer. The cylinder weighs seven tons, is four feet in diameter, and is worked at 60-lb. steam pressure. The hammer delivers blows, having a force of between three hundred and four hundred foot tons, with a rapidity which allows the steel to be perfectly worked before growing cool.

The difficulty of transporting boats over a few miles, or even between different land-locks, &c. has often been felt; and in order to obviate this, Mr F. E. Todd, Park Street, The Mount, York, has patented what is called a 'Collapsing Boat Carriage.' It is made of various lengths, is very light yet strong in construction, and when not in use can be packed up in small space and carried in the boat. It appears to be specially useful for the conveyance of long light boats such as those used in regattas, and the transport of which, either by cart or carried by the crew, is always attended with trouble and fatigue, and often with risk to the boat; or it may be used for conveying a boat from one fishing loch to another. The collapsing carriage can be done up for use, or undone, in a few minutes.

THE SEA-SHELL MISSION.

In the month of November last, occasion was taken in this *Journal* to draw the attention of our readers to this Mission, the object of which is, by sending little boxes of shells, bouquets of flowers, &c. to the thousands of sick children in the hospitals and poorer homes of London, to give delight and amusement to these suffering little ones, and to brighten their sad surroundings in the great city, far from the fresh breezes of hills and downs, and the beauty of stream and shore. At this season we would specially remind little

seaside visitors of the opportunity thus afforded them of adding to their own happiness by contributing something in this way towards the happiness of other little ones less favoured than themselves. Since 1879 this Mission has distributed 417,103 shells; and any further contributions of the same nature will be gladly received by the Honorary Secretary of the Sea-shell Mission, 24 Richmond Terrace, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

NESTLINGS.

O LITTLE bird! sing sweet among the leaves,
Safe hid from sight, beside thy downy nest;
The rain falls, murmuring to the drooping eaves
A low refrain, that suits thy music best.
Sing sweet, O bird! thy recompense draws nigh—
Four callow nestlings 'neath the mother's wing,
So many flashing wings that by and by
Will cleave the sunny air. O sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! Thy callow nestlings sleep,
Safe hidden 'neath a gracious folding Wing,
Until the time when, from their slumber deep,
They wake, and soar in beauty. Sing, heart, sing!)

O little bird! sing sweet. Though rain may fall,
And though thy callow brood thy care require,
Behind the rain-cloud, with its trailing pall,
Shineth undimmed the gracious golden fire.
Sing on, O bird! nor of the cloud take heed;
For thou art heritor of glorious Spring;
And every field is sacred to thy need—
The wealth, the beauty, thine. O sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! sing on, though rain may pour;
Sing on; for unawares the winds will bring
A drift of sunshine to thy cottage door,
And arch the clouds with rainbows. Sing, heart, sing!)

O bird! sing sweet. What though the time be near
When thou shalt sit upon that swaying bough,
With no sweet mate, no nestling, by, to hear
The bubbling song thou sing'st to glad them now!
Thy task was done, fulfilled in sweet Spring days.
In golden Summer, when thy brood take wing,
Shalt thou not still have left a hymn of praise,
Because thy work is over? Sing, bird, sing!

(Sing, O my heart! What if thy birds have flown?
Thou hadst the joy of their awakening,
And thousand memories left thee for thine own;
Sing thou, for task accomplished. Sing, heart, sing!)

R. G. A.

FRANK BUCKLAND MEMORIAL FUND.

The Editor begs to acknowledge receipt of £1 from Mr Tapling, Ringswood, South Dulwich.

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ARE WE A MUSICAL PEOPLE?

THE advance of musical culture in England is not less remarkable than the general progress of the people in material prosperity; and there is more than a seeming correspondence between increase of wealth and development of the æsthetic capabilities of the nation. In the nature of things, they must advance together. Being richer than our fathers, we have more leisure for the cultivation of the higher tastes. When men are absorbed in unremitting toil for the first elements of existence, they have no time to devote to the finer arts. The *utile* is so incessant in its demands, that the *dulce* is almost ignored. What odds and ends of time may be unemployed are spent in neighbourly gossip, or are dozed away in churlish vacuity. Those who have spent some time with farmers and peasants in out-of-the-way districts, know how a dull, unvaried mode of life in the open air seems to stun the finer parts of human sensibility and to blunt the emotions. In our climate, so changeful, and so charged with damp exhalations, the stupefying influences of out-of-door occupation are intensified. Hence the slumber of the rural soul, and its feeble response to the stimulus of art.

Yet, even in the most comatose villages, there is admission that the æsthetic world exists. In the peasant's cot, garish oleographs circulated by the grocer in the guise of an almanac, are plastered on the walls; shepherds and shepherdesses in rude china-ware make the mantel-shelf resplendent with the glories of gilding and carmine; and dogs and cats, of singular mien and maculations, of proportions new to the most advanced comparative anatomist, rejoice young and old with the potter's skill. Along the straight furrow, the ploughman whistles as he walks. Trudging home with empty wain from market, his emotions thawed by fumes of beer, he breaks out into snatches of a quaint chant, that startle one by their utter denial of all that we have been taught of the laws of phrase and cadence. Young voices, too, rouse the village echoes with archaic ditties; for love and hope find melodic expression in Giles and Sally in spite of

hard-worked muscles. At festival-time, fiddles make their feet go tripping with bucolic grace, and even constrain their elders to beat time to the witching rhythm.

All this shows that country-folks have artistic sympathies, but dulled and obscured by excessive physical labour, by the absence of high standards, and by the limited exercise of their faculties. Country-folks are the raw material of the nation, out of which have been elaborated all our artists. As in the most primitive we find proof of musical susceptibility, which grows under education, we must admit that we are a musical people. What apathy exists is evidence of æsthetic starvation; apathy which will give place to energy under the stimulus of proper nutrition.

We see what may be hoped for, in the musical impressibility of town populations. These we know are recruited from country-folks. Though the work of artisans may be hard and prolonged, it does not paralyse the higher powers. In the streets, there are thousands of objects which excite the æsthetic susceptibilities; pictures, prints, sculptures, architectural wonders keep up a reverberation of excitement in the mind. Taste improves, and we find, in the poorest homes, artistic embellishments of a higher order than in the villages. Popular melodies pass from mouth to mouth like an epidemic; so that thousands are singing and whistling them with the simultaneousness of a vast orchestra. Cheap instruments, facile in the playing, furnish musical toys for urchins, and serve to foster what natural ability they may have. The mechanical organs and pianos, which penetrate into the remotest slums and alleys, spread musical culture even among the dregs of the people. They are, in effect, so many perambulating *conservatoires* teaching the masses the most accepted music of the day. No doubt the organ-grinder is a nuisance to many; he certainly has raised black-mailing to a high art; he is often a truculent *Æolus* making an unjustifiable windy war upon us; but, for the poor he is a beneficent emissary from Apollo, bringing rhythmical joys into a dull world. The organ-

grinder is moreover the standing argument that we are a supremely musical people. In his native Italy, he finds no pecuniary response to his varied strains; in Germany, a benevolent police kick him over the frontier; in France, he is reduced to a brass-ticketed mendicant, and allotted by some pious householder to a 'stand' under the *porte-cochère*. In Britain alone dare he give unfettered vent to a wondrous anthology, comprising *La Fille de Madame Angot*, the Row Polka, *Adieu Fidéles*, *Champagne Charlie*, the *Marseillaise Hymn*, the Sailor's Hornpipe, the prayer from *Moses in Egypt*, and the *Blue Danube* waltz. The poorest of the poor find means to requite him with such rewards as induce him to visit them systematically.

The annual invasion of the Germans with their bands is more than presumptive evidence of our love of music. Surely some of us must be even grossly biased in favour of sweet sounds, to pecuniarily encourage the authors of the most appalling combinations of tone ever extorted from brass and wood! With the same consciousness of lofty justice that their brethren displayed in 'requisitioning' the conquered French, the band arranges itself under our windows, and, without parley or prelude, discharges upon us a bombardment of crashing discords, amid which we faintly hear bold *Tom Bowling*, or gentle *Annie Laurie* imploring for mercy. No sooner is the operation over, than the door knocker is struck with a peremptory vigour that shows the 'collector' feels as much right to our money as though he were levying an authorised music-rate!

The English, indeed, must be notorious for their appreciation of sounds, for every nation hurries to entertain us with its 'airs.' Brigands from Abruzzo and shepherds from the Campagna come in troops to minister to our hunger for tone. Who has not been amazed at these savages in blue mantles and sheep-skin jerkins, with legs bandaged by strips of dirty calico, and feet shod with straps of leather fastened with complicated thongs? Why do they come with piccolo and bagpipe, with dancing boys and girls like palpable ghosts of the old pagan world, if not attracted by rumours of our frantic adoration of music? Judging from their numbers, brigandage and shepherding are poor professions compared with that which supplies the *Inglese* with musical refreshment?

The amount of money that vagabond minstrels from the continent carry annually from Britain must be great. It has been stated by numerous inquirers into the ways and means of these people, that the daily earnings of the organ-grinders are from four to five shillings a head. The bandsmen probably do not obtain much less. As none of the tribe is wanting in effrontery, and as all are smilingly alert, there is no chance lost of getting something out of us.

Besides foreign itinerant musicians, a very large number of natives devote themselves to amusing the uncritical public. They belong to the night-side of city life, and their patrons are chiefly the *habitués* of the public-house. Many of them make a better income than skilled mechanics; but it is wasted in the low debaucheries that are inseparable from Bohemian modes of life.

The number of music-halls in every large town is further evidence of the inclination of

the lower class for musical performances. There are many of these wholly supported by the labouring poor. The songs are not such as charm refined ears; but now and then *morceaux* from the operas are given, which elicit much enthusiasm. Comic songs are most approved, especially those depicting episodes in humble life or the sporting world. But the sentimental and the patriotic are not wanting in the *artistes'* repertoires. The orchestra is often limited to a piano and violin, and tempestuous quadrilles and noisy overtures chiefly fill up the intervals of the vocalists' programme. Vulgar as the entertainments may sometimes be, compared with 'Monday Popular Concerts' or the 'Subscription' Concerts of the higher classes, there is yet, upon the whole, little that tends to debase the hearers.

The middle class furnish overwhelming testimony that the English are musical. In every house there is an altar devoted to Saint Cecilia, and all are taught to serve her to the best of their ability. The altar is the pianoforte. In no other country is there anything like the vast multitude of piano-players that reside amongst us. In Germany, the land of master-pianists, we find the number of amateur players comparatively few. Some certainly deserve to be reckoned among the *virtuosi*, for massiveness of understanding and power of execution. Probably our most skilful and gifted amateurs are inferior to them, for the English want that complete absorption in art which characterises the German mind. But apart from exceptionally great players, we have a much greater trained musical public than Germany; and the reason is, because our middle class is much more numerous and far more wealthy. The most unimpeachable criterion of the greater diffusion of musical culture amongst us is given in the price of musical publications. Nowhere are they so cheap. During the past thirty years the musical press has been as active as the newspaper press. The advancing culture of the middle class has stimulated publishers to issue all the masterpieces of the world at prices so low, that only an enormous sale could justify the ventures. For a few shillings we can purchase the most perfect editions of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Weber, with all the difficult passages fingered. Now, to play the music of the masters mentioned requires years of practice, sound instruction, and above all, a deep love of music itself. Making every allowance for fashion, for desire to shine in the drawing-room, for all that is extraneous to art, there remains immense proof of musical devotion in the young ladies and gentlemen who study to do justice to such subjects as the *Moonlight Sonata* and the *Songs without Words*. Only hard work and sustained ambition can enable us to interpret such compositions; and certain it is that they are admirably interpreted by thousands.

It is well to observe in passing, that the works of Beethoven, which many of his contemporaries considered madly extravagant and unmeaning, are now as highly appreciated in England as in Germany itself.

But our pianists are not so numerous as our vocalists. There are in town and country thousands of choral singers, whose musical knowledge enables them to render the most difficult compositions. In this department of the art we also excel. The Oratorio is almost exclusively an

English institution. It was amongst us that Handel found appreciation, and his sublime strains never fail to delight and exalt us, however often repeated. The gorgeous 'Festival' given in his honour triennially at the Crystal Palace is unique in musical history. Mendelssohn wrote *Elijah* and *St Paul* for us; Costa found fame and fortune in giving us *Naaman* and *Eli*; and Sullivan has steadily advanced to the highest success by following the lead of Handel. The triumph he achieved at the recent Leeds Festival is memorable even in these musical days. Every year there are several great festival performances, which bring together multitudes of singers and hearers from remote parts of the country. It is admitted by capable foreign judges that for beauty and power of voice, our choristers are unsurpassed by the best singers of the continent; and their musical ability is also admitted to be very high. The middle class indeed simply vindicate for their country a conspicuous place among the musical nations of the world.

Our great soloists are, if possible, more distinguished than the choristers. The names of Reeves, Lloyd, and Santley recall some of the most thrilling of our musical experiences; and such ladies as Clara Novello, Sherrington, and Patey have won reputations wide as the world. Sacred music could not have more exquisite interpreters than these. As artistes they are unsurpassed; sweeter voices never were heard; and in fidelity to the theme, they display a judgment as profound as their art.

As patrons of the Italian opera, the aristocracy have deserved well of the general community. Wealth and rank were needed to foster that costly exotic in our gloomy clime. From London the circle of culture has widened, until it has reached the extremities of the United Kingdom; and now the opera has become almost a native institution. It is impossible to estimate the influence of the artistes from Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre in their concert tours through the provinces. They have brought the opera, as it were, into remote towns, and left a standard of vocal art behind them, that has permanently raised the taste of the district. Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, and Gounod have become more familiar to the inhabitants of our shires than they are to their own provincial countrymen.

There are many who say that all this is merely a proof of musical receptivity, and that we take Italian and German operatic airs as we do French fashions of dress. They say that we have no real genius for the opera, and that the evidence lies in the absence of great native composers. It is vain to place Balfe, Wallace, Sullivan, and a few less conspicuous writers, forward as proof that England is not wholly dependent upon foreign talent. Our adverse critics deny the writers named, any originality. Now, it is quite true that the opera is the spontaneous creation of the fervid soil of Italy. Yet it does not follow that it cannot be produced by musicians of other countries. Mozart, Weber, Meyerbeer, Auber, and Gounod have enriched the world with masterpieces so superlative, that the Italians enjoy them as much as the productions of their own brethren. Wagner is acknowledged, by those competent to give an opinion, to be the greatest operatic composer living; and he, we know, is not an Italian.

In other fields of creative art, the English are endowed with genius far beyond that of the Italians. In intellect and emotion, we do not fall short of the greatest peoples living. British poetry, fiction, and painting are in some respects in advance of those of other nations. We must remember, too, that Raphael and others made Italy glorious when our pictorial skill was utterly barbarous. Dante preceded Shakspeare, but he did not surpass him. It is therefore impossible to pronounce a final judgment upon the capability of British operatic composers. If no great work has yet appeared, there is ample evidence extant to show what our composers can do. An analysis of the opera shows that it is made up of arias, concerted vocal pieces, recitatives, and accompaniments. But who that is acquainted with our ballads, glees, quartettes, and choruses will refuse them their undeniable claims to beauty of form, to soundness of scholarship, to originality of conception? All that is wanted is a genius sufficiently powerful to combine the elements into the organic compound called an opera. The late Prince Consort, who was a man of high taste, wide culture, and also a musician, combated the notion that we are not a musical people. His knighting of Henry Bishop, and general encouragement of British musical talent, had a large influence in promoting our artistic welfare, and his name deserves to be venerated by all musicians.

With respect to English opera, it is well to remember that it has had to suffer under great discouragement. Fashion has favoured the Italians. English managers and artistes have lost enormously in attempts to make native operas a success. And though a great and salutary change has taken place in the past decade, yet a young composer would find it hard to get his works introduced upon the lyric stage. Still, hope has dawned upon us, and time seems only needed to make English opera a thriving institution. Musical culture is no longer limited to the well-to-do. All children are under instruction, for singing now forms part of the education given in primary schools. Hence, whatever genius is contained in the masses will have opportunities and furtherances never before known. A musical public is rising, that means nothing less than the whole inhabitants of Britain. From it will proceed such ample and discriminating patronage as must make a musical career highly remunerative to composers and artistes alike. The near future will probably show that we are not only a musical people, but one of the greatest among contemporary nations.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN D. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—MR CRAWLEY THE CLERK.

THERE was bustle and stir in the busy Yard of Mervyn & Co. where the steam-saws, with their jagged teeth, that seemed to eat their way through the stoutest timber, glided or revolved; where mallets rang gaily on the oaken ribs of wooden yachts, and sharp hammer-strokes tingled and clashed as they forced in the bolts of the iron steam launches and light craft destined to float their way up African and American rivers; and where, with an encouraging word for the indus-

trious, and a power even over the veriest time-servers and skulkers there, who did their best for a bit after 'Mr Bertram' had passed by, Bertram Oakley seemed the mainspring of the whole mechanism of the place.

There are those who seem born to be loved, who are called, after a fashion of semi-conscious affection, by their Christian names, behind their backs, and perhaps with the ceremonial prefix of 'Mr' appended; and Bertram was one of them. He had been but a short time Assistant Manager; and already the many underlings who drew the pay and did the bidding of Mervyn & Co., looked, in cases of doubt or difficulty, far more to this young man, so lately come among them, than to his titular superior, the Manager, who was respected, but not liked. 'Mr Bertram can do it'—'He'll settle it, Mr Bertram will,' became proverbial sayings among the shipwrights. To be sure, Long Tom and the reinforcement of hammermen and carpenters from Blackwall had sung their young leader's praises loudly enough; and Bertram's easy victory over the river pirates who had captured the *Golden Gate* was magnified by Southampton rumour into gigantic proportions; but in the main, the men judged as much by what they saw as by what they heard; and they obeyed the new Assistant Manager with a willing obedience, like that of soldiers for a captain they can honour and trust.

It was not only among the men who plied mallet and plane and clinking hammer that Oakley won golden opinions. The clerks respected him; and Mr Weston himself, convinced by the inexorable logic of facts, began to consider that Mr Mervyn's usual sagacity had not, in the selection of this young man for a post so arduous, been at fault. Mr Weston's family, at whose house Bertram was an almost daily guest, had no doubt whatever as to the wisdom of the principal's choice. Esteem and liking appeared to be the natural atmosphere that surrounded the youthful Assistant Manager of the famous Yard; but there was one exception, not unimportant, to the general chorus of approval. Bertram had not the good-will of, was not liked by, Mr Crawley the head-clerk.

Mr Crawley was no common clerk. He belonged to the Confidential variety of the species, high up in the official hierarchy. An excellent accountant, steady, punctual as the sun, and with a real aptitude for figures and finance, Mr Crawley had been for several years a well-paid subordinate of Messrs Mervyn. He had hoped to be more than Chief or Confidential Clerk. He had coveted that place of Assistant Manager to which Bertram had been appointed; and bitterly, if silently, did Mr Crawley, who was a man of middle age, resent the early promotion of his junior. Mr Crawley in the flesh was stout made, high-shouldered, and puffy, with a white flat face, that the smallpox had not improved; with hair and whiskers that were red; and peculiarly bushy eyebrows, that were red too. At school, he had borne the nickname of Judas; perhaps as much on account of his looks as of certain treacherous propensities of which he was accused. He was a down-looking man, furtive, unpopular; but strong in the excellence of his moral character and his clear head for accounts. What was most remarkable about the man was his eye—round, pale, cold, cruel—such an eye as we see in the parrot or in the cuttle-

fish—an organ good to see with, but unsmiling, unsparkling, without sympathy—a merciless eye. If it has any expression, this eye of Mr Crawley's, the expression is a malignant one, as, from the window of his solitary room, he watches Bertram cross the Yard.

Bertram Oakley, all unconscious that Mr Crawley, like a thing of evil, was eyeing him with no friendly scrutiny through the glazed side of his little official lair, passed on towards the workshops; and had not long been lost to sight, before there came a half-stealthy, half-swaggering footstep on the crisp gravel without, and then a tap at the door. In response to Mr Crawley's 'Come in,' the door opened, and there entered a man, over-dressed, bejewelled, dark, sallow, fierce-eyed—a hawk masquerading in peacock's plumage, so to speak.

'Well, my buck!' said the visitor, with a familiar nod and a careless wink, as he swaggered across the room towards a chair, whereon he seated himself, laying his glossy hat on the pile of leigers beside him, and tapping his lackered boots with the point of his gold-headed riding-stick. Mr Crawley jumped with unwonted alacrity from his padded armchair, and hurriedly drew down the blind, so as to prevent any one without from scrutinising the aspect of his guest.

The guest, who marked the precaution, sneered perceptibly. 'You are caution itself, Henny,' he said. Now 'Henny' is not a customary familiarity for that plain Christian name of Henry, which improves by its being changed into the more dashing Harry; but Mr Crawley was never styled Harry in his boyhood.

'Men of business,' said the Chief Clerk sententiously, 'have got to be cautious.'

'I daresay you have, old fox!' was the insolent reply; and then the two men looked at one another in silence.

'You ought not to have come here, really, now, Nat! On my honour, you ought not!' said Mr Crawley, with a suppressed energy that brought a tinge of unwholesome colour into his white face.

'Your honour, eh, Henny!' sneered the visitor, who took and maintained the lead in the conversation. 'But what, old chap, makes you ashamed of me? These togs I wear, do they come out of a Jew-clothesman's bag? Is my hat seedy? Are my boots open at the seams, or my gloves out at the finger-tips? Men cut their chums when these signs of poverty become apparent; and quite right too. But I am a swell.'

'It's not your get-up, Nat—it's the face of you—your walk—your behaviour,' explained the Confidential Clerk. 'Why couldn't you wait till I called in at Radley's—or the S. W.—to ask if you were there?'

'Because I wanted to hurry matters on a bit, and to spur on your laggard spirit to a quicker pace,' answered the visitor, stroking his long moustache. 'You are the tortoise, Henny; and I am the hare, as I used to tell you in our old school-days—and many a drubbing I gave you then—long ago, at Dulchester Grammar-school.'

These were no agreeable reminiscences of boyhood's cheery hour to evoke; but a third person, had such been present, might have conceived that the visitor spoke in accordance with a set purpose,

and deemed it necessary to assert a superiority which was probably based upon his possession of greater audacity and a bolder bearing than the other could boast.

'We won't quarrel,' said the Confidential Clerk, with a ghastly smile. 'As Peachum said to Lockit!'

'Either of us could hang the other!' broke in the man who was called Nat, completing the quotation, and in a tone of quaint good-humour. 'It's little good we ever got, Henny, out of the grand affair, years ago, that was to be the making of us both. We are getting on in age, and still your advice is the same—don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, stingy as the goose is.'

'Not unless you are sure of a golden store worth your trouble,' returned Mr Crawley, in a low, cautious voice. 'But what brings you here to-day, Nat? Your courtship, I suspect, does not prosper, or you would scarcely have run the risk of coming here, where *he* might recognise you.'

'You mean that confounded young Oakley?' demanded the other, with a frown and a stamp. 'Not that I'd wish the fellow harm, if he were not always in my path. A plague upon him! He has got to possess some strong influence over the girl. Twice I've seen them together, talking too earnestly to mark me, as I watched them from among the trees of the Avenue. And Miss seems less scared too, when I try to speak to her, as if she had plucked up spirit to defy me.'

'Ay, ay!' said Mr Crawley, rubbing his sleek hands together with a stealthy air of suppressed enjoyment.

'It's not that I'm jealous, Judas, if you mean that by your smirk and your hand-rubbings,' rejoined the dark man roughly. 'This Rose is but a bit of a girl, who might fancy anybody she pleases, were it not for the fortune that goes along with that mite of a hand of hers. With my marriage certificate in my grip, I could walk up to a moneyed party who shall be nameless, as if I held a pistol to his head, and say'—

'Stand and deliver, I suppose,' struck in the Chief Clerk, with his sniggling laugh. 'Not forgetting halves, eh, for your obedient, humble servant, here? We must not sell the bear's skin, though, before Bruin is brought to bay. Come; we are in the same boat, and our interests are identical. You, too, hate this upstart, that has been put over my head, and'—

'For the matter of that, I don't,' interrupted Nat bluntly. 'I look on the thing in a business point of view. The lad did me a good turn once. So have old mates at Bendigo and California; and yet it came to knifing and six-shooters at the dividing of the plunder. Not that bowies and pistols are wanted here,' he added, seeing the dismay that was written in his pacific confederate's face. 'No, no, Judas; you needn't fear my importing Californian customs among you quiet home-staying rogues, whose first requirement is a safe skin. What nice, snug, little game can that sly brain of yours suggest, to get rid of this Bertram, who thwarts my matrimonial projects, and stands, old boy, in your light?'

'Leave that to me. I must think it over. You, Nat, were always one of the violent ones; but I got on best in the long-run—didn't I?' returned Mr Crawley innocently, and with the

hideous grin that with him did duty for a smile.

'I think you did,' answered Nat curtly. Vagabond, swindler, robber-rascal as he was, the man was not quite so heartless as the plausible reptile with whom he talked. He was bad, lost, a reprobate, perhaps with more upon his conscience, more ghosts to haunt his bed at night, than had respectable Mr Henry Crawley the Confidential Clerk. But he was not such a whited sepulchre, nor was he all bad. He could remember good deeds done, here and there—an enemy spared, a rescued child, a widow's desolate hearth made warm, some deeds of mercy, some bits of generosity, when Nathaniel Lee had dollars in his pocket, and prospered much.

When had Henry Crawley done a pennyworth of good to the world, beyond the exercise of his admirable skill at accounts? His name was down on many printed subscription lists for charities—'Mr H. Crawley, two guineas;' but these gifts were advertisements of the respectability of the man. Compare the two together, by the all-searching light of perfect truth, and Nat Lee would have appeared as an angel, in comparison with the decorous scoundrel by his side.

'Do get away. He may drop in; and rely upon it, smart Fitzgerald will seem just the same to him as Nat Lee. He has the eye, I tell you, of an eagle,' exclaimed Mr Crawley, as he lifted a corner of the blind and peeped out. Bertram was not to be seen.

'All right; I'm ready. Call in at the *Railway Hotel* any time to-morrow,' was the sullen answer; and the adventurer half slunk, half swaggered away.

Five minutes after the sallow face, and sable moustache, and glittering watch-chain of Mr Nathaniel Lee—or Fitzgerald—had vanished from the Yard, Bertram Oakley came in, a bundle of papers in his hand. 'Mr Weston wished, Mr Crawley, that you would enter in the books these orders for materials—elm, oak, and iron plate. Here is the docket. The names and addresses of the dealers are here.—Ah, there is the bell!' For, just then, the iron clangour of the call to leave off work resounded, and the Yard was full, as by magic, of swarms of wrights, smiths, navvies, each with his empty tin and handkerchief that had contained his dinner bundle, bustling his way homewards. Bertram, too, left the Yard, last of the departing swarm, passing on through the wide High Street towards the Bar and Portland Place, to pay his almost daily visit to his kind friends the Westons.

VEVAY IN SUMMER-TIME.

UPOON a certain morning last August, after much thunder, many vivid and magnificent displays of lightning, and rains such as occur only in Switzerland, I wended my way through the somewhat narrow but very clean streets of Vevay, to the railway station—a walk of about ten minutes from my hotel, *The Château*. This house, *L'ancien Château*, is worth a word here. It is a large, massively constructed building, with an immense high-tiled roof, overhanging the walls four or five feet. Early in the last century, it was the residence of the Bernese governor, the Bailli of Bern, one of those Baillis who with a posse of soldiers marched

off the public-spirited Bonivard to the prison of Chillon, the incident of whose imprisonment has since been made familiar through Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*. The *Château* is in the principal street, the Rue d'Italie. Its entrance-hall is so large that a carriage might be driven into it. This hall has a vaulted ceiling, and runs through to a fine shady garden, with a raised terrace, overlooking the lake, and sheltered from the sun by some fine old plantain trees. At each side of the hall are various small chambers with vaulted ceilings, that may have been used in old times for offices or guard-rooms. A wide stone staircase conducts to the first floor; on this and the floor above, a corridor extends from front to back large enough to give a ball for a hundred people. Right and left, along a transverse corridor, are handsome rooms, some of them enormously large. The *salons* are very unique, the floors being of beautiful and highly polished marqueterie, and the walls and ceilings handsomely panelled with native walnut.

Charlotte de Lengefeld, who afterwards became the wife of Schiller, lived in the *Château* in the years 1783 and 1784 with the family of the Bailli Lentulus. She had an extraordinary love for Switzerland, and talked of its beauties even on her deathbed. Schiller, who never visited Switzerland, was, by her graphic and enthusiastic descriptions, induced and enabled to write his *William Tell*.

After my ten minutes' walk, a ten minutes' ride by rail lands me at St Saphorin, close on Lake Lemán. How beautiful the morning is! All Nature rejoices in the genial sunshine. I think myself a very lizard in my enjoyment of the sun, as I look at these lively little reptiles careering about the walls. There are also lovely butterflies—sulphurs, clouded yellows, tortoiseshells, painted ladies, fritillaries, whites, browns, and now and then a beautiful stranger—flitting about the path, and sipping in crowds at the moisture left in the ruts by last night's rain. A delicious odour—so Swiss-like—from the vines, the wild-flowers, the trees, and the hay, fills the air. Everything conspires to lift up the heart with a joyful ecstasy.

The station where I step out of the train is quite on the margin of the lake. A hundred yards off, boldly placed on a rock overhanging the water, is an old, partially castellated *château*—a picturesque irregular group of buildings. A quarter of a mile farther on, lies grouped on the side of the hill, with singular picturesqueness of form and colour, the village of St Saphorin. A main street runs through it; and various narrow sinuous alleys diverge in different directions, full of the quaintest bits—overhanging roofs, balconies, outside staircases, dark arches into underground caves, with here and there a bit of old traceried window, or an arch thrown across, connecting house to house. Here I set my easel, and finish a sketch begun a day or two before; the villagers who cluster round taking great delight therein, as they recognise old Madame So-and-so shelling beans on the doorstep, with her neighbours sitting and standing about gossiping with her; and *là voilà*, Madame Somebody-else washing her salad at the public fountain for dinner. These Swiss *villageois*, from the youngest to the oldest, are always very courteous, pleasant, and intelli-

gent, and generally become quite friendly when a visit is frequently repeated to the same spot.

Packing up, away we go back along the same road, then diverge up the hillside to the village of Rivaz, sufficiently high to give a commanding view over the country and lake. The village consists of a considerable cluster of houses, lofty, rugged, and massive enough for castles, with deeply recessed windows, cavernous doorways and yawning archways to the caves beneath, where, as is the custom in these Swiss villages, the cows are kept. Wine and milk and honey are the trio of good things most bountifully produced on the banks of Lake Lemán.

Onward and upward I walk until I pass the last house, refreshed by the shelter from the hot sun which the tall edifices have afforded. There I terminate my walk, resting in the shade, on the wall by the roadside. As I sit there, an involuntary exclamation escapes from me: 'What a perfect heaven of beauty and delight!' Above, is the serenest and bluest of skies, the glorious sun pouring down without obstruction its life-giving light and heat; the latter tempered by a delightful breeze, which always blows from the lake to the land in the daytime. Round the far distance extends a panorama of mountains, in tender pearly grays, soft blues, and violets, some of the higher masses draped with snow, looking mellow and golden in the sunny haze. To the right are the mountains of Savoy; then the Valais, with the splendid mass of the Dent du Midi guarding the valley of the Rhone. Continuing on are the Grande Colombière, the Dent de Morcles, the Grand Moveron, and the top of the Diablerets peeping over the mountains behind Villeneuve; also Chillon and Montreux, near the far end of the lake.

The beautiful expanse of water occupying the middle distance, whose shores have oftentimes been tinged with blood, now lies shimmering in the sun like a huge valley filled with liquid opal. As the breeze plays over the surface, like a sportive and lightsome fancy, it is changeably mottled with silvery gray, tender blues, and brilliant emerald green. The lovely expanse is flecked here and there, near and far, with the graceful sails of bark and boat. How unspeakably lovely and beautiful, how calm and peaceful the whole scene, strengthening the tired brain, and cheering exhausted nature! The hillside, covered with vines, slopes up from the water; and there, amongst the vineyards, is a little 'God's-acre,' with its weeping willows, cypresses, and monuments—fit reminder of the past and the future. In the immediate foreground is a vineyard, with men, women, and children working therein with careless content and laughter. The land looks bare and stony; but it appears to repay with luxuriant abundance the care of its people. In the vineyards grow quantities of Indian corn, giving graceful waving lines amongst the vine-leaves; also groups of kidney-beans clustering up long sticks, flushed with scarlet blossoms. Wherever anything will grow, something is planted. What an allegory of some life experiences there is in bread and wine! Wheat is sown in soil suitably prepared, and with very little further care the abundant harvest is reaped. The vine, from before the bud appears on the stock, to the gathering of the vintage, requires and receives attention

and care. In the one case, nothing but good results from maturity; in the latter, with some good, there results not a little of evil.

The increasing power of the sun reminds me that mid-day is at hand. By-and-by, the tolling of the village church bell, with a fine old sonorous sound, speedily followed by the bells of the numerous villages about, certifies that mid-day has arrived, and that it is time to hark back to Vevay. Turning regretfully from so fair a prospect, I descend the hill to the level road, along which I take my way; the lake on the right hand, the vine-clothed mountain-slopes on the left, with the peasantry dotted about, pruning amongst the rows of shrubs—fine stalwart men in white linen trousers and shirt only; and the women all wearing the decent broad low-crowned straw hat, as a shelter from the sun. It is when the people are at their daily work that one sees what is so becoming to themselves, and at the same time satisfactory to artistic instincts—namely, a costume appearing like a part of the nature of the wearer, betraying no awkwardness, but as suitable and ornamental to the spot as the moss and lichen which decorate the old stone wall. In the fields of my own part of Lancashire, between the Ribble and the Mersey, there is the handsome, sturdy, brawny armed young woman, with dark-blue linsey skirt, with pink, blue, or buff shortgown, rolled up to the elbows, and sun-bonnet, with its broad flaps flying back in the wind. She is a picture. Here you have the universal broad straw hat, the dress open at the neck for coolness, the younger women often adorned with clean white frilling round the neck.

Sauntering along the very hot road, I arrive at a small wayside *cabaret*, the sign upon which informs the public that wine is sold here, and that 'if you enter you shall taste it.' I sit down in the shade and order a taste—a small *carafe*, a fifth part of a litre, for which I am charged twopence. The wine has a slight and pleasant acidity, like a scarcely ripened grape. I ask the serving damsel if the wine she vends is grown about there. 'Oui, Monsieur; it is grown on the hillside opposite.' I find it cool and refreshing. Then, on I go, amidst sights and sounds and odours giving pleasure to every sense, renovating the fibres of body and mind, in the loveliest weather imaginable, until I arrive at Vevay, rather overcome with the heat in the latter part of my walk.

Resting in my chamber until the middle of the afternoon, I suddenly find the sunshine has vanished; a great gloom has come on. Presently there are noises and commotion; clouds of dust are careering in the air, window-shutters in all directions are crashing and smashing. I think I will go out and see the lake, which will be rough in this wind. On the way, I meet my daughter, rushing into the house with extended hands and fingers, and eyes wide open with fear and excitement, to tell me a boat is upset, and two people are drowning. I run out on to the quay in front of our garden terrace. What a change! The water is green with its anger and fury, the spray flying from the crests of the rushing waves, great masses of water tumbling against the sea-wall, and dashing over the roads. The wind rushes with hurricane violence; great masses of black clouds roll about and obscure the opposite mountains, amongst which the lightning flashes and the

thunder roars. The fine Vevay lifeboat, manned by nine men, is breasting the storm on the way to where the wreck is supposed to be. In the distance we presently see the Veytaux lifeboat on the way; and several other of the larger boats start off, at great peril to their crews. Many of the pleasure-boats anchored along the quay-side, have sunk at their moorings—that is, they float water-logged, every wave washing over them.

The *espianade*, which is six or seven hundred yards long, is lined with people in great excitement. Some say there were two men in the boat; others, that there were a gentleman, lady, and child. Many tears are shed in excited pity. Towards evening we get at the truth. The steamer *Simplon* arrives, having made its voyage from Onchy around the other side of the lake. Shortly after leaving Evian, they espied something unusual on the water. Bearing down towards it, they found a boat, bottom upwards, with four men on the keel. They were hauled on board, restoratives given to them, and shortly after landed at their village, Meillerie. As the steamer approached, the shore and pier were covered with people. The population of the village had turned out, and kissed and hugged the men with joy at their escape from a watery grave. Not very long ago, four crews of fishermen, of four men each, were proceeding down to the lake from one of the waterside villages. The weather looked threatening; and first one and then another advised them not to put off. They replied: 'If we don't fish, our families must fast.' However, one crew turned back. The storm came; and of the twelve men remaining, eleven never returned. The three boats were swamped, and only one of the men was saved. He was found in the middle of the night insensible on some stones at the edge of the water.

And so this summer day of striking light and shade on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, is ended.

OUR PETS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

FAR away in our northern home in the Shetlands, we were always taught to regard the lower animals with tender respect and kindly sympathy—I had almost said with reverence. We were taught and we learned to love them, and to make friends and companions of them. The head of our house was passionately fond of them, and to watch and study their habits and idiosyncrasies was his delight, and became ours also. Many an animated discussion and argument we had about their faculties, and it was accepted as a general principle amongst us, and stoutly maintained, that their intellectual and moral powers differed from man's not essentially, but only in degree. We held that man had no right or title to claim a monopoly of reason which manifestly he did not possess; and so we repudiated the common practice of slumping under the convenient term *instinct*, those faculties in the lower animals which are called intellect or reason in man. As no real difference could be shown or proved, we argued it was most inaccurate and illogical to make or assume such a difference by giving a distinctive name to one and the same thing. If they can be shown—as we held they

could—to be endowed with reasoning powers, why not call them reasoning powers? Why say it is all instinct? Every trait, every incident which might be observed, bearing upon our favourite theory, was noted and commented upon. Examples of more than ordinary sagacity, reflection, or foresight, were eagerly rehearsed as affording unmistakable proofs of reason.

Shetland is a locality exceptionally favourable to the keeping of pets. There is ample scope. Neighbours impose no restrictions on the ground of nuisance, for they are almost always the reverse of near neighbours. Pets, especially of the feathered tribe—of which there is a vast variety in the islands—are obtainable generally at no cost whatever. Provisions in abundance are, for the most part, easily procured, and cheap withal, as one has only to call in the aid of rod or fishing-line or fowling-piece to stock the pet's larder on the shortest notice. The winter climate is remarkably mild; and lastly, there is a plentiful supply of water, salt and fresh. Add to these natural advantages of the locality that in our case, far from any limitation being put to the number and variety of our pets, we were not only permitted to keep as many as we chose, but were always encouraged in every possible way. The small inclosures about our house, the paddocks, and the garden, were always at our command. Corners of the out-houses were sometimes allowed to be appropriated, and any quantity of stones and turf was at hand and available. We did the building and tendance ourselves, and many a comfortable little dormitory we built for our pets. The thing most difficult to procure was wood; for no timber grows in the islands, and in the days I am speaking of, when I was a boy and our pocket-money scanty in the extreme, we were often put to our shifts for wood, which was very expensive. But we were always on the look-out for pieces of driftwood, and not unfrequently were fortunate enough to pick up after a gale in one or other of the numerous little creeks—vernacularly *gyos*—around the coast, a plank or piece of broken spar washed off the deck of some passing vessel, and that was always regarded as a great prize. Many a time did we scramble down steep and slippery precipices of one or two hundred feet to secure such a prize, and never did we pass the *gyos* without a look for something of the kind. If our eye fell on the smallest scrap of wood a few feet long, and no thicker than a man's arm, tossing about in the broken water, down we clambered, with a few yards of fishing-line always carried on the chance of such opportunities. A stone was tied to the end of this line, and standing on some slippery rock with the sea surging around us, cast after cast was made over the miserable, bruised and splintered, perhaps worm-eaten waif, till it was brought within reach of our hands, and secured.

I well remember two of us making a grand find in this way. It was a fine fresh spar, which after much dexterous manœuvring, we landed safely in the *gyo*. The next thing was to get it up the precipice of two hundred feet. The plan we adopted was this. We doubled the line for strength, and tied it round one end of the spar. My companion—a servant boy about my own age—climbed up with the slack of the line as far as it would reach. Having secured a good footing, he hauled

up the spar till it reached his hand, and then held it firm and steadied it, while I made my way up to its lower end, which having supported in some convenient niche or projection of rock, Magnie proceeded upwards to another vantage point, and hauled up as before. And so we crept upwards bit by bit. When not far from the top, a sudden exclamation of warning from Magnie made me glance quickly upwards. Right above me I saw the spar slipping through the loop. I had barely time to swerve a little to one side when down went our prize with a crash amongst the rocks far below. It was an exceedingly narrow escape, for if it had struck me—and it passed me within a few inches—I must have been carried down with it to certain destruction. I was a boy then, and never thought of that, but only felt disappointed at so much labour being lost. Nothing daunted, we followed the spar; and our second essay was more successful. That spar was converted into couples for the roof of a splendid house for several of our pets. This is how, often at the risk of our lives, we were wont to get wood. In lieu of slates, we always used turf, which we thatched with straw.

In giving a short account of our principal pets, domestic and domesticated, I should begin with by far the noblest of all the lower animals, and discourse of our dogs. But as space would fail me if I should attempt to enter upon so wide and interesting a field, I shall merely say, that there were generally two or three dogs of different breeds in the house—Newfoundland, retriever, Scotch terrier, or collie, as might happen. I have always given the preference to the last-named variety, perhaps because, at a very early age, I became the proud master of one. He was the constant companion and friend of my boyhood and later years, the most faithful, affectionate, and intelligent of his species I ever knew. With the utmost ease I taught him every useful and ornamental accomplishment. He understood and obeyed my slightest wish or command. As a sporting dog, he was invaluable; while he lived and retained his vigour, I never needed another—pointing, hunting otters, coursing rabbits, retrieving on land or water, according to the exigencies of the occasion. Anything and everything of the sort he took to with a promptness and accuracy of appreciation that never failed. His sagacity saved my life once when in utmost peril, as your readers who have read the Story of Rolf, already know. Dear old fellow! little wonder his memory is green, associated as it is with my happy long ago. We never chained our canine pets, that being regarded as a barbarous and cruel practice.

We always had an unlimited number of cats amongst our pets, each member of the family—by no means a small one—being the master or mistress, as the case might be, of at least one. I could say many things about cats, and plead in their behalf many powerful arguments for more generous and kindly treatment than they often receive, but I forbear. The generic term always applied to cats in our circle was *Mirza*, which had originated in an observation of one of our family, that like the hero of Addison's inimitable 'Vision,' they seemed to be continually falling into 'a profound contemplation on the vanities of human—or shall we say feline?—life.' From that day forward, cats were always spoken of as *Mirzas*.

Once we had an otter amongst our pets; a funny, active, energetic, little fellow he was. The dogs and he were excellent friends, and it was exceedingly interesting and entertaining to watch them at their sham battles-royal, which took place almost every day. Worrying at each other's throat, locked in each other's embrace, and with no small pretence of seriousness, as evidenced by the fierce din and terrible exhibition of teeth, they rolled over and over on the lawn, till one of the combatants would lose his temper, and perhaps snap rather viciously; then they would slowly and decorously separate, apparently thinking they had had enough of the rough sport, and it would be prudent not to prolong it. Once our pet otter gave us a great fright. All the members of the household had retired to their rooms and were preparing for bed, when we were startled by a series of the wildest shrieks proceeding from the servant-girl's bedroom. In the full persuasion of finding the house on fire at the very least, we all rushed frantically to the scene of alarm, where we soon discovered the cause of the hubbub. One of the girls, never very remarkable for strength of nerve, had jumped into bed, gathered the blankets about her, and shoved down her feet, which came into violent and unexpected contact with *something* which clearly had no legitimate business there. That something was our pet otter. His comfortable slumbers thus unceremoniously disturbed, he had, naturally enough, seized with what was very much the reverse of gentleness, the big toe of the offending foot, and certainly left his mark there. It was not to be wondered at that the poor girl got a great fright, although I am happy to say it was not followed by such disastrous results as she anticipated when she protested hysterically that she would never get over it—never! The intruder was of course relegated to his own proper dormitory amid peals of unrestrainable laughter.

Twice we had a tame seal. What fellows they were to eat! A few hundred sillocks—young of the suite or coal-fish—barely served them for a meal; but after a short time, when they became quite tame, they fished for themselves in the sea, always returning to their comfortable quarters in one of the outhouses. The fate of one was tragic. On one of his hunting expeditions he had apparently roamed beyond the limits of his usual haunts, and lost his way in a snow-storm. Landing several miles from home, he was making for the nearest fisherman's hut, when he was met by some thoughtless lads, who knocked him on the head, converted his blubber into oil, and his skin into *Bivlins*—the vernacular for a kind of moccasin made of untanned hide. When taxed with the murder of our pet, the rascals pretended they thought it was a wild selkie driven on shore by stress of weather. The other seal, after thriving splendidly, and growing fast and fat, suddenly refused food, got dull, would scarcely stay a minute in the sea which had formerly been his delight, and after pining away for three weeks, died. A post-mortem examination discovered a considerable quantity of gravel in his stomach, which there could be no doubt had been the cause of death. He had swallowed it with his food, which had been thoughtlessly thrown on the floor of his house. We were very sorry when we lost

our pet seals, for they were intelligent, gentle, and affectionate creatures, and albeit their movements on land were ungainly, it was delightful and refreshing to see them disporting themselves in their native element. And their eyes! such eyes! they were simply the loveliest I ever saw in any creature—large, dark, liquid, and lustrous, with a wistful, pleading, melancholy expression that went far to justify the local legend which represents them as a certain class of fallen spirits in metempsychosis, enduring a mitigated punishment for their sins. The seal has a way of looking right into your eyes, as though asking for sympathy and kind treatment. It makes one feel pitiful towards them, and I wonder exceedingly how the sailors who make 'seal-fishing' in the polar regions their trade, can have the heart to knock them on the head with a bludgeon.

But our principal pets were of the feathered tribe, and I pass on to say something of them. I should have mentioned that we gave names to all our pets, beasts and birds. Our patriotism, and consequent partiality for everything Norsk, led us to prefer those of Scandinavian mythology or history—Odin, Thor, Baldur, Sigmund, Harald, Rolf, Ronald, Ingeborg, Dagmar, and the like. The great Wizard's charming romance made Pirate and Norna and Minna and Brenda great favourites; other names were suggested by some peculiarity of appearance or trait of character in our pets, or some circumstance connected with their capture or early life. Thus two ducks that always selected for their nest a spot amongst some long grass on the bank of a little stream, and year after year, in the most friendly and sisterly manner, incubated side by side, were dubbed Bessie Bell and Mary Gray. A splendid gamecock of impetuous valour and unconquerable prowess, received the distinguished name of *Cœur-de-lion*. A burly pigeon remarkable for the inconstancy of his attachments and the number of his wives, was Henry VIII., and his mates were of course namesakes of that monarch's consorts. A gull recovering from the gunshot wound which made him a prisoner, but deprived him of an eye and a pinion, was Nelson. A raven—simply, I suppose, because he was black—was Othello. And so on. Thus we were never at a loss for names. The individuality which close observation soon discovers in animals even of the same species is truly wonderful; the variety is just as great as in the genus *homo*. It was a common practice with us, therefore, to change the original name into a characteristic one.

Of fowls, ducks, geese, pigeons, we had a goodly number; but in making pets of these, there was one considerable drawback. It was against the rules to transfer any of them to the larder, despite the old cook's loud, and I am afraid sometimes contemptuous protestations against the sentimentality which refused to permit Bessie Bell or Mary Gray, or *Cœur-de-lion*, or the Templar, or Henry VIII., or any of their families, to be converted into roast duck, even when the peas were temptingly green, or boiled fowl or pigeon-pie, when not a scrap of fresh butcher-meat was to be had for love or money—a thing by no means of unfrequent occurrence in our island in those days. How could one sign the death-warrant of the affectionate and confiding creatures that flew to you whenever you appeared for the

crust of bread or oatmeal cake with which your pocket was always well supplied, and whose characters and dispositions you had been making an interesting study? To dine or sup off one of our pets was not to be thought of. *We* could not have done it; and happily our father would listen to no appeals in that direction. He peremptorily refused his permission, and no one dared to attempt surreptitious slaughter. The only thing allowed was an occasional exchange with a neighbour, and even that was only in the case of young birds—chickens, ducks, or geese.

Multiplying of the stock was certainly not encouraged, rather discouraged indeed; but the adults were allowed to live and roam about in peace, and to die of old age or by accident as chance might befall.

It will be understood from this that our poultry-yard birds—which, though I give them that name, were never confined to any such limits as a poultry-yard—were the reverse of profitable. Eggs we had certainly in tolerable abundance; but that was about all. Owing to the predatory practices of raven and hooded crow, the only kind of fowls we were able to keep was the game variety, and these were always safe. If chanticler was at hand, these rapacious and wily robbers did not dare to attack one of his wives or progeny. They perfectly understood the clear note of defiance which challenged them to the combat. Even the hens in the absence of their natural protector never failed to give battle when attacked. Once a venturesome raven pounced upon some chickens, but was fiercely met by the mother-bird. Her lord and master, the redoubted Cœur-de-lion, not far off, hearing the scuffle, flew to the rescue, and instantly closed in mortal combat with the audacious assailant. The battle was furious, but brief and decisive. The raven was hurled senseless, with outspread wings, into a ditch close by; and the cock's 'shrill clarion' proclaimed him victor. Our father, who witnessed this rencontre, ran out; and not till within a few feet of the raven, did the latter gather himself together and make off.

HORSE-BREAKING IN THE BUSH.

FROM AN AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT.

'RUNNING-IN' a 'mob' of some sixty or seventy head of horses is a thrilling and exciting scene, especially as they have, perhaps, hardly seen a human being for months, and have been running wild in the Australian Bush. They have thus become somewhat frisky, and are quite able and willing to lead one a good chase, if they are disturbed and pursued. Of course, the greater number of these are horses that have been broken-in, and know the way to the stockyard; but naturally, they have no wish to proceed thither, if they can avoid it. On the other hand, there are also a good many foals and yearlings, two-year, and even perhaps a few three-year old colts and fillies that have not yet experienced the sorrows of being under the yoke of and subject to man.

Riding out leisurely in the morning through the Bush, the stockman takes the direction of the 'run' usually frequented by the 'mob' which

he wishes to find, keeping a sharp look-out for either the horses or their tracks. He is not encumbered with many superfluous articles of dress, his rig-out consisting simply of a cotton or woollen shirt, with white moleskin pants, incased below the knee in brown leathern leggings; a broad-rimmed white felt hat on his head, a pair of spurs on his heels, and a white handkerchief, folded in the form of a scarf, and tied loosely round his neck, complete his rig-out. He also carries in his hand the omnipresent stockwhip, without which the stockman rarely ever goes forth; and bestriding a lively active horse, which steps briskly along at a smart walk or amble, and upon the slightest irritation from the spur, breaks at once into an easy canter, which does not weary the rider whose business may possibly keep him in the saddle from shortly after sunrise until sundown.

Proceeding along in this manner, he pays little attention to the beauties of nature in the glory and splendour of an Australian summer morning, with the sun shining in all the brightness of a cloudless sky, and warming the clear dry atmosphere of the shady forest; now riding up a sandy ridge, covered, it may be, with pines of every size, from the youngest shoot, rising only a foot or two above the ground, up to the towering tree which rears its head from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in height, rising in lofty grandeur with the tall, rough, trunked iron-bark with which they intermingle. Among these are also dispersed knots of wattle-bushes in all the brightness and luxuriance of their yellow blossoms; and here and there a group of slender myrtle-trees clustering closely together, and a chance stray iron-wood for variety.

He now passes on through a strip of bendee scrub—smaller trees, but much more numerous, each giving out innumerable branches, which approach those of the neighbouring trees so closely, that the rider requires to duck and dodge, in order to prevent his being caught by them and pulled from his horse. As he proceeds, he disturbs numbers of beautifully plumaged doves, and gorgeously arrayed parrots, that scream as they fly swiftly past. The hoarse screech of the cockatoos is heard as they flap slowly along above the tallest trees in groups of three or four, or the harsh and grating demoniacal laugh of that curious bird the laughing-jackass, as it keeps a sharp watch for snakes.

The stockwhip, without which no stockman's accoutrement is complete, consists of a thong made of plaited green hide (bullock's) from ten to fifteen feet long, to the lower end of which is attached a plain strip of hide about eighteen inches in length by a quarter of an inch in breadth, called the 'fall.' To this is fastened the lash or cracker, usually made of silk or twisted horse-hair, the latter being the commoner, as it is more easily procured in the Bush. This extensive thong is attached to a handle made of hard, heavy wood—such as that taken from the heart of the bendee, or the myal tree—which is thick at one end, but tapering at the other, and not more than a foot and a half long. However, when the stockwhip is skilfully handled on horseback, whence, of course, it is only intended to be used, and 'dropped' upon a bullock's back, it is a truly formidable weapon; and when it is cracked

in the air, it gives a report almost like that of a gun. Some, indeed, are so expert with it as to be able from horseback to kill a snake, or even so small an object as a fly creeping upon the wall.

After our stockman has ridden for some four or five miles in this manner, the forest opens out into a small treeless plain, inclosed on every side by the smooth gray trunks and dark-green leafy boughs of the rather plentiful box. Here he comes upon fresh horse-tracks, and by following them, soon finds the 'mob' he is in search of. He then rides leisurely round, collecting the horses together, and turning them in the homeward direction, flourishes his whip high in the air, and lets it fall with its usual loud report. Away go the mob at a canter, while he directs them towards the station. Now they whirl across the plain with mane and tail streaming in the wind; and entering the forest of towering box, they rush swiftly up the ridge, and soon reach the bendee scrub, through which they dash at headlong speed. The rider, never drawing rein, follows at the same speed, but alters his position in the saddle; for now he stands in the stirrups, with his body bent somewhat forwards, in order to better escape the overhanging boughs; and holding the bridle with his left hand, he takes a handful of the mane in his right, that he may be able to change his position the more readily. This he is now constantly doing; at one moment bending close down along the horse's neck, to pass under a bough which is perhaps not more than eighteen inches above the horse's back; now leaning out of the saddle to one side, now to the other, to escape the trunk of a tree, round which the horse springs without any apparent guidance on the rider's part, who seems every moment just about to be dashed up against one, yet always escaping. Now he is down again on the horse's neck, dodging a bough; and before he has time to raise himself, his well-trained steel bounds over one of the logs, with which the ground is pretty well strewn. Thus he continues with all his faculties on the alert, until horse and rider dash out once more into the open forest, now composed of tall magnificent iron-barks, which stretch far up towards the blue sky. And here our stockman is able once more to resume his seat.

You may well imagine that these vicissitudes require that the rider should have a quick eye, steady nerves, and a firm seat in the saddle, with a horse also that has been accustomed to the work of going through the scrub at a canter, or even at a gallop.

But now the horses, instead of going straight on, as the driver wishes them to do, have turned off to the left along the edge of the scrub, no doubt intending to move round again in the direction of their 'run,' thinking they have come far enough in this course. But quick as thought, the rider leans forward, and touching his horse with the spur, away it springs like an arrow, and stretches at a gallop along the flank of the mob between this and the scrub; whereupon the stockman, cracking his whip loudly, soon heads them off amongst the pines and iron-barks, and drives down the ridge, towards the station. When the stockyard is reached, the horses trot slowly round it until the leaders are almost opposite the 'slip-panels,' which being removed, leaves the open

gate. Now again the rider spurs his horse, which bounds forward like the wind; and in a few moments he has headed the leaders in through the opening, the remainder following hurriedly. After the last has passed the gate, the rider quickly dismounts, and putting up the 'slip-rails' again in their place, the 'running-in' is complete.

The horse-breaker having now unsaddled and 'hobbled out' his horse on the bank of the creek, where it will be able to refresh itself after its run, with some food and drink, proceeds to draft the colt which is to be broken-in, from among the other horses, into one of the several smaller compartments which enter into the formation of the stockyard, these being shut off from one another by means of the slip-panels, which may be taken down at will. The colt being secured alone in a yard of some forty or fifty feet square, is caught by means of a head-rope made of plaited hide with a noose at one end. This noose, supported on the end of a long slender pole, is slipped over the head of the frightened animal, and immediately pulled tight upon its neck by one or two assistants, who are stationed outside the yard, as one man could scarcely cope successfully with the bewildered colt in its mad plungings. The only effect, however, of its fruitless endeavours is to tighten the noose more securely on its neck, rendering its respiration laboured and gasping, and thus quickly exhausting its strength. At length when, finding escape hopeless, its struggles become fainter and its resistance less determined, the head-rope is slackened, allowing it to regain its breath. The horse-breaker still having hold of the rope, and remaining at a respectful distance from the always easily alarmed and irritated yet somewhat quieted horse, now rubs its body and legs with the pole, used previously in roping it, till it becomes more accustomed to, and less afraid of being touched. After this, discarding the pole, he approaches it quietly, and patting it gently, talks to it in a soothing manner; then being handed a halter slyly from behind, so as not to disturb the nerves of the young horse, he slips it gently upon its head; and then hobbles its fore-feet together.

Now comes, perhaps, the most difficult and dangerous part of the proceedings—namely, the 'side-lining,' which consists in fettering the near fore and hind legs together. He is, however, enabled to do this more easily by using a leg-rope, which, being fastened on the hind-leg, gives him much more command over the limb. Then drawing the latter forwards, yet not without considerable resistance on the horse's part, by cautious and careful management, though running the risk of receiving a severe kick, he succeeds in buckling one of the 'side-line' straps on this ankle; after which it is comparatively easy to fasten the other upon the fore-limb. The animal now being hobbled and side-lined, the breaking-in-bit, attached to a bridle, is put into its mouth, a girth round its body, and as the motions of its legs are now in a great measure rendered harmless, the crupper can be put on without much danger. When these are all fastened, the head-rope is taken off, and the colt left to its own reflections for the night.

Next morning, a pack-saddle is secured upon its back, and the hobbles and side-line being removed, it is led for a while through the yard. Then the

horse-breaker mounting his steed, rides forth into the Bush, leading the colt alongside, accompanied by another horseman, who assists him by driving on the young horse when it shows any unwillingness to proceed; and who may also render aid should it attempt to break away, or if it run foul of a tree, which last may readily happen, on account of the closeness of the timber. In this manner it is led for a few hours, when the pack-saddle is removed, and again having recourse to the hobbles and side-line, the animal is left to feed. About sundown, it is again inclosed in the yard for the night with the pack-saddle on its back. Next morning, this is changed for the riding-saddle. Then the colt is mounted, and ridden within the stockyard for a short time. This is done partly to prevent the colt 'bucking,' as it will not feel so much its own master while it remains shut in on every side by the high wooden rails of the stockyard, as it would be likely to if out in the wide Bush, with no restraint on its movements; and partly in order that the horse may be unable to get away from, and be the more readily caught again by the rider, should it succeed in throwing him. It is then ridden outside until pretty well tired and quieted, when it is again 'hobbled out,' with a bell hung to its neck, so that its whereabouts may be easily known next day, as it is permitted to spend this night on the grass. The colt may now be considered broken-in. It is not, however, allowed to rejoin its mob at present, but is worked very frequently until quite subdued.

Some horses yield to their fate calmly enough; others refuse to be ridden, and carry on a fierce and vehement struggle in the form of buck-jumping. This may perhaps require a word of explanation. It consists in the horse putting his head between his fore-legs, gathering all his feet closely together, and elevating his back into a hump, so as to form as insecure a seat as possible for the rider, then making 'pig-jumps' in every direction forwards and backwards, to the right side and to the left, and sometimes round in a complete circle—the latter being the most difficult to sit—in its efforts to throw the horseman. All this, however, generally proves fruitless, unless the girth gives way, when, of course, saddle and all will be discarded; but this does not often happen. Occasionally, when the horse finds all its bucking useless, it lies down and rolls on the ground, when the rider steps lightly from its back. But they rarely carry their resistance so far, though buck-jumpers commonly renew their pranks, when quite fresh after a few months' 'spell.'

It is now, of course, only fit for a saddle-horse; but as riding is the general mode of travelling, the greater number are seldom, and some of them never in harness. Should it, however, be desired for a draught or 'buggy horse,' it undergoes its second breaking at any subsequent period when its services may be required. This training is as speedily got over as the former, and is done, for example, by taking a five-horse team, one of them being in the drag-shafts, and the remaining four in pairs in front of it. What I may now call the 'saddle-horse' is placed second on the off-side, where it can do little harm, being in the company of quiet animals. When it has become thoroughly used to this position, it may, if desirable, be changed to the near-side, or to that of

off-side leader. There are, however, two situations from which the now comparatively new draught-horse is excluded, these being the near-side leadership and the shafts. These can only be properly filled by two tractable and experienced animals, which not only know their own name, but also understand the 'language' of the driver. For upon a leader not only depends the movements of his colleague, but those of all the intervening horses between him and the shafts, and to some extent the direction of the drag; and upon the shaft-horse—in some of the larger carriers' drays drawn by a dozen horses, there are two pair of shafts, but the animal on the near-side is always the important one—devolves the duty of steering the dray clear of the close-growing trees. As no reins are used, the horses are guided by the voice, occasionally assisted by slight touches on each side of their neck, according to the direction sought, from a light whip carried by the driver, who either walks or rides beside them as he pleases. It is an interesting sight to see six pair of horses winding their way among the trees, inclining to this side or that at the driver's word.

The training of a horse to form one of a team or to run in a spring-cart does not seem to be regarded as at all forming a part of the breaking of a colt, but is, in fact, quite a secondary consideration. And naturally it is so; for, as we have already said, riding being the almost universal mode of going from one place to another in the Bush, the majority of the squatters' horses are of light make, and so only suited for the saddle or buggy. But as the latter may not be in use perhaps more than two or three times in a year—and generally only for the accommodation of ladies, or when going a long journey, for luggage unsuited to a pack-horse—there is not much need of harness-horses. Then, again, the readiness with which the saddle-horse may be taught to run in the buggy team—four is the usual number—is another point against the necessity of breaking them to this at first. For example, in a journey down the country, the present writer being one of the party, a young horse was harnessed to the off-side of the buggy pole, and the leaders being started, we proceeded on as before. The new member gave some little trouble at first; but by the time it had done its ten miles—which was about the usual distance before changing—it had become somewhat used to its confinement. About thirteen spare horses were driven after the vehicle, with which those in it were changed, from thirty to forty miles being generally the distance covered in a day. Fifty miles is considered about a day's journey on horseback.

SHALL SHE BE SACRIFICED?

CHAPTER I.—OUR MYSTERIOUS NEIGHBOURS.

In the little town of Spanners, in a semi-detached villa, lived my Aunt and I. My profession was that of a Doctor, my practice being large for a young man of only twenty-five. The next house had been long unoccupied. Wooden palings divided its garden in the back and front from ours. The garden, however, was totally uncared-for. The grass, unmown for many months, was long and straggling, and overgrown with decayed

leaves, which no one ever thought of removing. Near the gate was a black board, supported on a pole, on which was painted in large staring characters, 'To be Let, Furnished or Unfurnished, or Sold. Inquire at Mr Bleggs, House Agent, 15 Corn Row.' The same information was exhibited in the cobwebbed windows. The owner had been abroad for some time, and possessed a few other houses besides this in the town. At first the rent was fifty pounds per annum. No one would give that for it. It was then lowered to forty, and lastly to thirty-five pounds. Two or three times I noticed people stopping at the gate; but the outward appearance of the villa was so unprepossessing and untidy, that no one cared to take it, and thus it remained unlet for upwards of two years. It was an eyesore to me and to my Aunt; for our side being so neat, and our little garden so flourishing and gay, the contrast was all the more painful. One spring morning, as I was gathering some violets for our breakfast-table, to my agreeable surprise I observed a gardener clearing away the long-unswept leaves, and preparing to mow the long-neglected grass. He touched his cap on seeing me. I asked if the house was let. He replied that it was, and that the new-comers would take possession in a few days. They had purchased the old furniture for a song—so he had heard—and had taken the house by the month.

A pleasing change was soon visible in the outward appearance of the place. The windows were cleaned and made to look bright and shining. Behind them were hung new green venetians, and the door was freshly painted. The dust within the building, the accumulations of many months, must have been great. Indeed, in hyperbolic language, the charwoman engaged told our cook, who told my Aunt, who told me, that there was dust enough to bury a man. I can imagine that the statement could not have been far from the truth. I should not like to have been the unfortunate charwoman; I hope she was paid well for her trouble. About a week after, as I was in my surgery, at eleven o'clock at night, I heard a cab stop. I went to the window, and shading my face against the panes, looked out; but the darkness was too great to permit me to observe the new-comers.

The next morning, our neighbours sent their compliments, asking us to lend them a few coals, which my good Aunt gladly did. We ascertained that the fresh arrivals were a young orphan lady, and her sole servant, a housekeeper. The former's name we were told was Colebrooke. This was the only information my good Aunt could give our acquaintances when they made inquiries. Several people called and left cards; but none were admitted, and so my Aunt thought it would be useless for her to call, especially as we learned that the young lady returned no visits. This gave occasion for much speculation and gossip among the chatterboxes of Spanners, which was one of those places where every one knows every one, and everybody's affairs are canvassed and commented on by the community in general. Miss Colebrooke was a new inhabitant; no one knew her, nor anything about her; and so folks were curious, and being curious, talked. It thus happened that before I saw her, I felt a kind of interest in her. For about three weeks she never went out at all.

What a lonely life hers must be, I thought, knowing none, and known by none, except one old servant. Such a strange thing too it was, for a young girl to live thus by herself. Had she no relations? The postman never left a letter at her door. What a lot, to be left thus friendless and desolate in the wide world!

I caught my first glimpse of her from our breakfast-room window as she was walking in the back-garden one morning. I was at once struck by the elegance of her form. But her face—when I saw that, I felt drawn to her at once, it was so sweet and pure; and there was such a depth of sadness in her soft, liquid, dark-gray eyes! She could not have been more than eighteen or nineteen, as far as I could judge. When she caught my eye, she blushed vividly, and quickly turned away her face, as if not caring to be seen.

The next time I saw her was in church; but she wore a thick black veil, and it was not possible to see her features distinctly. I observed many people eyeing her inquisitively. She had taken a seat with her housekeeper, at the end of the church, amongst the free seats, and behind a pillar; so those who were rude enough to stare had to turn round. Don't think I did so. I glanced at her when I entered the church, but not again. I could perceive she was embarrassed by the curiosity of her fellow-worshippers.

Several weeks passed away, but we and our neighbours became no better acquainted. Occasionally, but that was not often, I saw her either in the garden or at the window; but she never walked out except on Sundays to church. Every morning the housekeeper went into the town to purchase the food for the day. I never noticed any tradesman call at the door; ready-money was paid for everything bought. This circumstance only increased the inquisitiveness of the Spanners. I persuaded my Aunt to call one day, but she had no better luck than others who had done so. The servant told her that her young mistress received no one. The act of courtesy was unreturned.

Some weeks after this, when my Aunt had gone to bed, and I was preparing to do the same, I heard a faint, hesitating ring at the night-bell. Thinking it might be a summons to a patient, I opened the door myself, and was surprised to see Miss Colebrooke.

'You are the Doctor, I think?' she said rather timidly.

'Yes. Can I be of any service to you?' I inquired.

'My servant has been taken very ill with bronchitis. Will you kindly come and see her?'

I said I would come immediately; and putting on my hat, followed her down the steps and into the house. The servant was indeed seriously ill; and the attack was sharp and dangerous. I prescribed the necessary remedies, and left the room, promising to return in the morning.

Miss Colebrooke followed me to the door. 'Is it very serious?' she asked anxiously.

'In such cases,' I replied, 'there is always a certain amount of danger; but I hope, with care, that she will recover.'

'I hope so too, Doctor. I don't know what I should do if anything happened to her;' and the tears rose to her beautiful eyes.

'Would it not be as well,' I said, 'that you should have a nurse to attend her? I could recommend you one.'

'Thank you; but I must nurse her myself,' she said quickly. 'But yes; I forgot,' she added after a moment, as if recollecting something. 'I must have some one to attend to the house and go to the town for me.'

'Just so. Then I will send you a servant to-morrow. Mrs Stonewell, my Aunt, can recommend her highly.'

'You are very kind, sir; but'—

I waited for her to continue. 'Yes?' I said, seeing she did not conclude her sentence.

'I was thinking,' she answered hesitatingly, 'that she cannot sleep here—she must sleep at her home.'

This struck me as strange, as there were enough rooms in the house—which was built on the same plan as ours—for visitors as well as servants. But without questioning her, I said I would request the person to sleep at her own house, and departed.

Mrs Thompson—which was the housekeeper's name—was worse the next day. Her mistress was in a state of feverish anxiety about her. When the woman I recommended came, she was told that she need not attend to the top rooms, as they were locked. While I was there, Miss Colebrooke went to one of these rooms, and I fancied I heard her say something in a low remonstrating tone. Could she be speaking to herself? I wondered. But later in the day I found the rooms above had an inhabitant, and one whom no one guessed could be there. In the afternoon, as I was passing to the hall-door, I looked up on hearing a swift movement above me. I wondered to see looking at me over the balustrade on the top landing the face of a man, beardless and whiskerless, with only a thick black moustache on his lip. He withdrew his head hastily when he saw I had noticed him. Who could he be? I resolved not to raise Miss Colebrooke's suspicions by asking questions, but during my visit that evening, she looked at me very uneasily and inquiringly as if she expected me to question her about the man, who I fancied must have told her that I had seen him. But she said nothing, nor did I.

For the next three days Mrs Thompson continued in a very critical condition. On the fourth I saw an improvement, and on telling Miss Colebrooke so, had the pleasure of seeing the first bright smile on her pretty face. 'I am so glad,' she said hopefully. 'You think then she will get over it? Please, say so.'

I said so, but added that the patient must be very carefully attended, and every precaution taken to prevent her catching increased cold, which would certainly prove fatal. She asked when I thought Mrs Thompson could leave her room. I replied, that it was impossible to say.

'You are looking tired with watching,' I added. 'I hope you allow the new maid to take turns with you in watching by Mrs Thompson?'

'She does a little in the daytime.'

'But why not let her take turns in watching at night?' I pursued. 'It must, I am sure, fatigue you. Want of sleep always exhausts the human frame.'

'Oh, I am strong, Doctor. I can do it.'

'Well, take care then,' I said as I went to the

door, 'that I do not have to doctor you as well as Mrs Thompson; and then we must have a regular hospital nurse.'

'I hope not,' she returned, smiling. 'That would indeed be a misfortune.'

I told my Aunt what I had said to Miss Colebrooke, and with her never-failing kindness, she offered to help in the watching, and I gave Miss Colebrooke the message the next time I saw her.

'How very good of your Aunt,' she said gratefully. 'I feel her kindness very much the more so, as we are quite strangers; and'—

'And,' I concluded, 'I may therefore tell her that her proposal is accepted. You will know her at once, and no one knowing her could help liking her. She would be a friend to you.'

'She must be a charming person, Doctor.'

'Well, I will tell her then that she can come this evening.'

'Oh, please do not! I'— She spoke quickly, in an embarrassed tone. 'But I must watch by Mrs Thompson myself at night. Do tell Mrs Stonewell how very much obliged I am to her.'

'Then, Miss Colebrooke, if you would rather watch by night, you must let her take turns with you in the daytime. I assure you it won't put her out. It will be a pleasure to her.'

This was more favourably received. After some hesitation, she consented; and during the day, I brought my Aunt in, and introduced her. I saw they took a mutual fancy to each other, of which I was glad. My Aunt pitied the apparently friendless girl, who seemed to have no one to care for her but the sick housekeeper. She felt drawn to her as I had been, when she saw the gentle, beautiful face, and divined as I had done, that the young heart hid a sorrow the nature of which we did not know. And on her part, Miss Colebrooke—and who could help it?—was attracted by my dear Aunt's kindly smile, her sweet sympathising words, as well as by her dear loving old face, pretty still, in spite of sixty summers, and many cares and troubles which had furrowed the brow, that had once been one of the smoothest and fairest. She stayed the whole afternoon with Mrs Thompson, and gently insisted on the young girl taking rest while she did so.

'DORNBUSCH.'

WHILE the art of printing is primarily beneficial to mankind, by the facility which it affords for the preservation and dissemination of those literary works that are intrinsically valuable for the philosophy and morality which they inculcate, or the knowledge which they convey; yet the art has been serviceable to the world in a hundred other ways, for which no other art is so adapted or so readily applicable. This is especially true of the present century, when the press has been utilised for the advocacy and advancement of every conceivable branch of human industry or skill. There is not a sect or society but has its organ, and scarcely a trade or profession but has its means of appeal through its own literary channels. The advantage of the printing-press as a means of gathering and spreading information, is felt by no class more than the commercial classes, chiefly those of them whose business does not depend so much upon local conditions, as upon the state of the markets throughout the country, or it may be

throughout the greater part of the civilised globe. For such, therefore, the press is invaluable; and there has never been wanting at one time or another some one with the sagacity and practical foresight to render it serviceable for the particular branch of commerce to be benefited.

One of these pioneers was George Dornbusch, the proprietor, editor, and publisher of a privately circulated newspaper, devoted exclusively to the interests of the corn and seed trade. The whole of the work connected with the publication—including the editing and printing—was carried on at South Sea House, Threadneedle Street, City; and, known as *Dornbusch's Floating Cargoes List*, was, at the time of its establishment in 1851, altogether unique, and has since continued to supply information which, to those interested, has oftentimes proved to be of an exceedingly important and valuable character. It was published twice a day: the Morning List giving particulars of arrivals, clearances, and sailings of grain-laden vessels at and from various ports; whilst the Evening Edition contained reports from all the principal markets in the United Kingdom, the continent, the United States, and Canada; together with particulars of the day's transactions in cargoes either on passage or arrival; and remarks concerning the general position and prospects of the trade. The circulation of the Morning List was confined chiefly to London merchants; but the Evening List, in addition to being delivered by hand to a large number of subscribers in London, was posted to many of the principal corn and seed factors throughout the world. The subscription was high; and Mr Dornbusch was at considerable pains to insure the private character of the circular being maintained. Every subscriber was therefore required to sign an agreement to the effect that no unauthorised person should be permitted to benefit by the information given in the *List*; and the right was reserved of cutting off the supply, in the event of such agreement being violated.

The arrangements for obtaining information were both elaborate and costly.—In addition to correspondents at the principal inland centres of the corn-trade, agents were employed at all the principal ports, whose duty it was to telegraph details of all grain-laden vessels arriving or sailing. Thus a subscriber to 'Dornbusch' was enabled to see at a glance what cargoes had been shipped; what vessels had arrived; the latest fluctuations in values; the most recent transactions; and the exact position and prospects of the trade in all parts of the world. Particulars as to sales were not always easy to obtain; and this department was attended to principally by Mr Dornbusch himself, who thus became one of the best known frequenters of Mark Lane, the 'Baltic,' in Threadneedle Street, and other business centres. Certain factors would oftentimes have an interest in the real state of the market being either suppressed, or actually misrepresented, and they would also have reasons for not wishing some particular transaction to be made public; but on these points Mr Dornbusch was inexorable; and neither entreaty nor threat could induce him to withhold from his clients that with which he considered himself in honour bound to furnish them.

The *List*, as has been said, was established in

1854; and up till 1873, Mr Dornbusch was the leading spirit of the concern, having every branch of it under his immediate superintendence. In the early part of 1873, however, he caught a violent cold, which in less than a fortnight proved fatal. But the publication of the *List* was not interfered with by his death; and it is still carried on, being conducted on the same principles as those which marked its institution.

As a man of business, Mr Dornbusch was scrupulously honourable, and thoroughly master of the difficult as well as peculiar position he had won. Seldom, indeed, was he at fault, either in his facts or his deductions; and equally seldom had his clients to regret acting upon his information or taking his advice. That it was necessary to approach as nearly as possible to absolute accuracy in issuing the *List* may be gathered from the fact, that the merely accidental substitution of a '5' for a '3'—thus making a certain cargo appear 5000 quarters instead of 3000, or *vice versa*—might prove to be a very serious affair, as the cargo would probably change hands upon the strength of the bulk being the exact quantity represented. Mistakes *did* occur, it is true, but they were few and far between; and woe to that luckless wight to whose stupidity or negligence they happened to be traceable!

In his private capacity, Mr Dornbusch was a man of much eccentricity, both in habits and opinions. Among other things, he was an uncompromising vegetarian. Not merely was all manner of flesh-food an abomination to him, but milk, eggs, butter, and cheese were rigidly excluded from his table, and his bread was made from home-ground wheat, uncontaminated by either salt or yeast. As a rule, he would eat nothing between breakfast before leaving home in the morning, and dinner upon his return in the evening. When, however, some public engagement would interfere with returning at the usual hour, he would dine at the office; his dinner on such occasions consisting of an immense hunch of brown bread, followed by half-a-dozen apples, or a bunch or two of choice grapes, which, with sundry glasses of water, made up the sum-total of his repast. Dining at home, however, was altogether another affair with him. The writer once had that pleasure. We went into the dining-room, and found the table most tastefully laid; but when the covers were removed, I was more than astonished by what I saw. There were cold boiled potatoes, cold boiled cauliflower, and cold boiled rice, with tomato sauce as a relish, and the aforesaid home-baked brown bread—innocent of either salt or yeast—as an accompaniment! The old gentleman ate with amazing gusto, and platful after platful fell a prey to what must have been a decidedly good, if not exactly a voracious appetite. But as for me, I was 'out in the cold.' Every now and again, my host would look across the table, and—with what bore a suspicious resemblance to a mischievous smile—would say: 'Come, I am afraid you are not getting on.' And in truth I was *not* getting on. I did my best; but my depraved appetite yearned for something more congenial than cold cauliflower and tomato sauce; and I was sorely in danger of starving altogether, until a bounteous supply of luscious fruit appeared on the table, and I was invited to fall to without stint.

Mr Dornbusch's career went far to prove what is possible to a man of strong determination. The state of his health, which was never robust, must have handicapped him heavily in the struggle of city life; and yet, in spite of physical deformity and weakness, he succeeded, not only in starting, but also in prosperously maintaining an enterprise which is still intimately associated with one of the most important branches of the commerce of the world. But what is still more worthy of notice is the fact, that he was one of those men of whom England has so much reason to be proud, who, amidst all the pressure of business life, devote an amount of thought, time, and money, such as outsiders have little conception of, to the amelioration of human misery, and the improvement of our common humanity.

COPYRIGHT IN CHINA.

At present, after so much has been said and done on the copyright question as regards England and America, it is interesting to learn in what light the people of the Celestial Empire view this question of literary property. While it may be said that there is no statute law of copyright in China, there is on the other hand an unwritten law that is equally effective. From a paper on this subject, read by Mr Macgowan at a meeting of the North-China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Shanghai, we find that on the title-page of newly published books in China, there is not infrequently a caution against their unauthorised publication; showing at once that literary property is liable to be stolen, and that redress is afforded to authors thus wronged. The Penal Code, however, will be searched in vain for an enactment on the subject of copyright. Chinese law, indeed, has never conceived it necessary to specify that particular form of robbery which consists in despoiling a scholar of the fruit of his toil, any more than to name the products of husbandmen and artisans as under the protection of law; all alike being regarded as property by natural right. Hence, those who infringe the rights of an author are liable to a punishment of one hundred blows and three years' deportation if they print and sell his works without authority; but if the trespass has gone no further than printing, no copies having been sold, the punishment inflicted is only fifty blows and forfeiture of the books and blocks. The right of exclusive publication thus protected, is not only vested in the author, but is held in perpetuity by his heirs and assigns. Equal protection is given to inventors and discoverers; the section of the Penal Code that takes cognisance of larcenies of a grave character, acting at the same time both as a copyright and a patent law. The productions of artists also come under its operation; and in all these cases, the rights of the individual in his property, whether it be literary, artistic, or mechanical, are held to be identical in principle, and are treated as equally inherent and inalienable.

This is one respect in which the Chinese are a long way ahead of us. Our copyright law is in many respects ill-defined, and its assertion frequently leads to expensive litigation; whilst an inventor, after perhaps many years' hard work and study, and often the expenditure of not a little money—or time, which to him means money

—cannot have the product of his ingenuity preserved to him unless he is able to pay out a large round sum of money to purchase the protection of our patent law, and this, after all, only for a limited number of years. It is difficult, at first sight, to understand how a country like Great Britain, which depends for so much of its prosperity on the inventive skill of its inhabitants, should yet exact from each inventor what is equivalent to a heavy money-fine before he can have the profitable use of his own invention. This is one department of the state in which there is much room for useful and rational legislation.

THE CONVENT GIRL.

FAR up the wall, amid the eglantine,
Her window stood embow'ed in thickest green;
And oft she came throughout the livelong day
To sigh, and muse upon the changing scene.

'Twas there the sweetest breath of morning stole,
And brightest there the dews of evening lay;
There wand'ring bees sipped nectar hour by hour,
And murmured dreamily their lullaby.

From her high seat she saw the shining bay,
And where the singing river kissed the shore:
From it she watched the dreary winter pass,
And longed for summer twilight as of yore.

Once in her eyes a 'witching coyness played,
Once o'er her cheeks the mantling blushes spread;
But now on them there lay a winter's snow,
And from her eyes the glance of youth had fled.

One partner shared the quiet of her room—
A linnet caged, that flattered all the day:
She tended it, and loved its merry trill—
A song of joyous welcome to the May.

'At last,' she said, 'thou long-sought one, at last!
Thou fill'st the world from brook to sunny sky;
O Spring, thou thrice-blessed daughter of the year;
O thou who comest when the snowdrops die.

'And May is here—the month of love and flowers:
One year ago, a weary year to me,
I know so well the way we used to take,
And see the moonlight glitter on the sea.

'Heaven knows, I loved him in those happy days
With all a girl's first love—and *not* too well;
But in my inmost heart the secret lay;
And *still* I cherish what I could not tell.

'I well remember how he bade "good-bye,"
Under the trees beside the glassy river,
And how he took my hand and drew me near,
And kissed a fond farewell, as if for ever.

'And thou, sweet bird, art singing of thy skies,
Thy rills, thy mossy bank, thy ivy tree,
And of thy mate upon the breezy hills,
And days that swiftly flew when thou wast free.

'And I, a captive too within these walls,
Am living o'er again my sunny past,
And dreaming olden dreams of youth and hope,
Too sweet, too fair, too ravishing to last.

'Oh, give me one bright hour from out the past!
One moment of that vanished golden year;
Oh, break these bonds, and make me free once more!
'Twere but a living death, a lifetime here.'

W. BROWN.

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ALCOHOLICS.

BY AN ANALYST.

IN the earlier days of human history, we may suppose the free-will gifts of Nature were sufficient for the wants of man. He lived content with such things as he found, and satisfied his thirst with nothing stronger than a draught of milk; or water, Adam's good old wine. But this golden age of temperance had an end, although when, or how, we know not. This much, at least, is certain, that a long way back in history, either by accident or by experiment, some one discovered how to make fermented liquors, and mankind speedily became acquainted with the properties of alcohol; although the art of calling forth the fiery spirit from its habitation is an attainment of quite modern date.

Forming as it does the intoxicating ingredient in fermented liquors, and having regard to the enormous consumption of these at the present day, alcohol is a substance at once of national importance and general interest. While theoretically obtainable from various chemical substances, practically the whole of our alcohol is derived from starch, sugar, or other saccharine materials; in this country, commonly from grain of various kinds, either malted or unmalted; while in Germany, spirits are largely made from potatoes; in France, from beetroot and carrots; and in Sweden, from the birch and maple.

When barley or other grain is steeped in water till it sprouts, and is then carefully dried, it becomes what is termed malt. By this process, part of the starch of which the grain is mainly composed has been converted into sugar, and a new substance has been developed, known as diastase, a nitrogenous body, which immediately, when the malt is mixed with water, reacts on the remaining starch, and transforms it also into sugar, the liquid consequently soon assuming a sweet taste. We have now, in fact, a solution of sugar, which is known as *wort*; but we may attain the same end by using unmalted grain—potatoes, peas, beans, or other

starchy material, which, by the addition of dilute sulphuric acid, is converted into a soluble sugar. Having thus obtained a solution of sugar from any of these sources, or still more directly from beetroot or the 'toothsome cane,' yeast is added to the wort, and the process known as 'fermentation' is rapidly set up, by which the sugar is decomposed into two chief products, alcohol and carbonic acid gas; and several minor ones, glycerine, succinic acid, &c., ninety-five out of every hundred parts of sugar being transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid, four parts going to form glycerine, &c., and one part as nourishment to the yeast plant, which has multiplied immensely, and now forms a frothy scum upon the surface of the liquid. By the fermentation, spirits have been produced; and the object of the next process, the distillation of the fermented wort or wash, is to separate the spirit from the liquid in which it exists. The produce of this operation is an impure spirit known as 'low wines,' which has to be re-distilled at a lower temperature, to get rid of part of the water and the oils with which it is contaminated; the product of this second distillation being the mixture of alcohol and water known as 'whisky' or 'spirits of wine,' because it was by the distillation of wine that spirits were first obtained. Of late years, however, by means of a modern invention known as Coffey's Still, a purer spirit is obtained by a single distillation than that produced by the double operation with an ordinary 'pot still.'

Alcohol has such a strong affinity for water, that by simple distillation it is impossible to obtain a stronger spirit than one containing about ninety-two per cent. of absolute alcohol; but except for chemical purposes, the pure material is never made, spirits intended for whisky usually ranging from 'proof' to about twenty degrees over-proof, and that produced above forty-three degrees O.P. (over-proof) being classed as spirits of wine. The modern and legal definition of 'proof-spirit is such as at fifty-one degrees Fahrenheit shall be twelvethirtieths the weight of an equal measure of distilled water;' and such spirit contains about

equal parts of alcohol and water. Nowadays, we are very scientific and exact in all our methods; but we borrow our word 'proof' from the olden smuggling times, when the country-folks used to make their own whisky, and test its strength by soaking some gunpowder in it, and on the application of a light, pronouncing it to be under or over proof according as it failed or succeeded in allowing the gunpowder to ignite.

Thus far we have considered merely alcohol, or simple *aqua vite*. But were it simply ethylic alcohol and water which were obtained by distillation, we should have spirits all possessing a uniform taste and character; this is not the case, however, for some of the essential oils pass over with the spirit. Thus, whisky has a flavour due to fusel oil, or to peat-dried malt; brandy, which is made by distilling wine, to a peculiar oil in the grape; rum, which is obtained from molasses, to an essential oil in the sugar-cane; arrack, to an oil in the rice from which it is made; and gin, to the juniper berries, coriander, or orris-root with which it is distilled. Some of these oils are hurtful—fusel oil, for instance; and the difference between old and new whisky is chiefly due to the evaporation of this oil, or its absorption into the cask; although the improvement in the older material may be likewise brought about by keeping in a sherry cask, which gives it a pleasant flavour and a slightly straw-coloured tint. Many people have an idea that the best whisky is highly coloured; but the truth is whisky is quite colourless when distilled, and will remain so, unless kept in a wine-cask, or some artificial colouring be added, as is frequently done to please the public fancy, and deceive the would-be judges of a 'fine old article.' It is rather interesting to know the way in which some of the much-trumpeted 'old whiskies' are compounded. We believe it is no uncommon practice to mix together a few casks of old whisky in a vat, add a cask or two of strong spirits of wine, reduce with water, and add burnt sugar till a fine sherry colour is obtained—thus producing a delightful 'blend,' which goes down with the utmost satisfaction. By means of pelargonate of ethyl, the peat-reek flavour can be imitated; but this is not very commonly practised; and over a glass of some modern blend, many an old Highlander bewails the loss of the smuggled 'sma'-still' whisky of his younger days, so highly esteemed because of its strength, acquired by being carried about in bladders or skins, which allowed most of the water—but very little of the alcohol—to pass through and evaporate; the spirit thus left being much stronger than could otherwise be produced.

Such a whisky, when shaken up in a clear glass bottle, or when poured into a glass, gave a fine bead or bubble; and according as the beads were large and numerous and quickly disappeared, so was the spirit held in popular esteem. But such rude methods of pronouncing on the strength of spirits are as little practised now as smuggling itself. For a time, sets of small hollow bulbs

of glass, called Lovi's Beads, were used, each when it just floated indicating a particular strength, or rather a specific gravity; but now the only legal instrument in use is the hydrometer, on the accuracy of which depends the vast revenue arising from the duty on some thirty million gallons of spirits annually produced in the United Kingdom.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, the duty upon spirits was twenty shillings a gallon; but smuggling flourished so much in consequence, that a much lower rate became necessary; and after many fluctuations and different scales for the three countries, in 1860 the duty was fixed at the present uniform rate of ten shillings per proof gallon for the whole kingdom; the export trade being encouraged by a drawback of two-pence on every gallon sent abroad; while the import of foreign spirit is checked by a duty of fivepence per gallon. At such a high figure, the duty on spirits of wine would interfere with many industries, and be a serious check to science; but to obviate this difficulty, spirits of wine may be used for manufacturing and scientific purposes free of duty, if containing ten per cent. of wood naphtha, so as to unfit it for human consumption. This mixture of ninety per cent. spirits of wine and ten per cent. wood naphtha is known as 'methylated spirit,' and for most purposes is quite as good as pure spirit. Under the name of 'Finish,' the same article is allowed to be retailed provided it contain three ounces of shell-lac or gum-resin dissolved in every gallon of the spirit.

In the manufacture of wine, the 'must' or expressed juice of the grape is simply set aside in vats, and fermentation is allowed to take place naturally—in the case of red wines, the skins being left to ferment with the juice, as they contain a large proportion of colouring matter. The sugar of the grape becomes converted into alcohol; but where there is a large amount of sugar present, some of it may remain unchanged, thus yielding a sweet or 'fruity' wine; while one in which all the sugar has been fermented is known as a 'dry' wine.

The cost of a wine appears to bear no relation to the amount of spirit in it, but to depend upon the *bouquet* or peculiar flavour given by ethereal salts produced by the acid and alcohol in the wine; and the chief object of adulteration is to imitate this characteristic flavour. For this purpose, the Greeks use turpentine or resin, just as the ancient Romans used pitch or tar; and most of the cheap champagne sold in this country is prepared from gooseberry wine. The flavour of Moselle is imitated by a tincture of elder-flowers; while extract of sweet-brier, orris-root, almonds, cherry, and laurel water are largely used for producing various artificial bouquets. The astringency of wine is imitated by oak sawdust or grape-seeds; while the 'crust' of wine is now no reliable indication of age; for if a bottle of new port be put into hot water, and afterwards placed in a cellar, it soon deposits a crust like that of years; and when well cobwebbed, the deception is complete.

People in this country fancy that the same variety of wine should have one uniform flavour and colour; but frequently it happens that through deficiency in sunshine or some other cause, the produce of one year is much lighter in

colour or poorer in bouquet than usual; so, to satisfy the popular idea, some additional flavour is added, and the colour is made up by various ingredients. In Portugal and Spain, many plants, such as blackberries and bilberries, are cultivated solely for this purpose; and in one year, Spain alone imported three hundred thousand pounds-weight of elder-berries to be thus employed. But besides these, logwood and Brazil-wood are quite commonly used for colouring red wines, especially port, the sophistication of which is so proverbial. For the manufacture of the artificial article, spoiled cider is largely used; and in Hamburg, large quantities of it are made from materials which have never seen Oporto. In like manner, 'the vine-clad hills of Bingen' do not yield anything like the quantity of wine which is produced in that old town 'beside the castled Rhine.' So at Cotte, in Normandy, there are large works which unblushingly hang out the sign, 'Wines manufactured here.' At this place, great quantities of sherry (!) are prepared for the English market from a cheap white wine, which is 'fortified' with brandy, coloured up with treacle, and flavoured with almonds. Although we must in fairness admit that the sherry we import is not invariably so doctored, we are not exaggerating when we say that scarcely a single natural sherry reaches this country, almost all the stronger wines, sherry, port, Madeira, and many of the light wines of France and Germany, being more or less fortified by the addition of spirit before exportation; the alleged object being to arrest fermentation, and so avoid souring, as well as to make them stand the voyage; while many of them are still further fortified upon arrival in this country.

Although sherry is the only wine admitted into the pharmacopœia, port is quite as frequently recommended by the medical faculty; but so seldom is good port to be obtained at anything like a moderate price, that brandy for a stimulant, and Madeira for its nutritive value, are much preferable. The best of the cheap wines are those of Hungary and Bordeaux (clarets); and of the effervescing wines—those bottled while fermentation is still proceeding—the white champagnes are generally purer than the pink, there being much less cover for adulteration in the former.

Brandy is usually supposed to be obtained by distilling the fermented juice of the grape; and the most esteemed quality is that produced in the district of Cognac. But alas! comparatively little of the so-called Cognac now comes from that quarter, much of it being brandy made from the red wines of Portugal and Spain, and also from the refuse of the wine-press; while a large percentage of the brandy sold in Britain has been originally 'raw grain' whisky manufactured in Scotland and sent to the continent to be doctored. Like whisky, brandy is quite colourless when newly made; but when kept in wooden casks, it acquires a light sherry tint from the colouring matter of the wood; and this is frequently deepened by the addition of burnt sugar, to adapt it for the public taste.

Gin or geneva, which takes its name from *genièvre*, the French for juniper, is made by distilling ordinary spirit with juniper-berries and other flavouring materials, the essential oils of

which pass over with the spirit, and is an article largely consumed in London. Like most alcoholic liquors, it is seldom retailed unsophisticated; the quantity obtainable for a few coppers being sufficient proof to any one of ordinary perception and intelligence that it is watered to an enormous extent. But mere dilution is not the only way in which it suffers; for on the addition of water, the liquid becomes turbid, owing to the precipitation of the flavouring oils, thus necessitating an addition known as 'the doctor.' This usually consists of alum and carbonate of potash with some additional flavouring material, whereby the gin is again rendered bright and palatable.

Beer—which may be termed the national beverage of England—should be made entirely from malt and hops; and such is the beer brewed by the leading English firms, which is so famous all the world over. In the manufacture of beer, the process is to some extent identical with that for making spirits; but for beer, the wort is boiled in large copper vessels with the necessary amount of hops; and the character of the beer depends in great measure on the malt, hops, and water used in brewing, and the careful management of the wort during fermentation. Pale and amber coloured malts are used for brewing bitter beer, table beer, and pale ale; whilst a darker variety is used for sweet ale; and a quantity of black or charred malt for stout and porter. For the successful preparation of pale ale, the finest Kentish hops, and a very hard water containing a large amount of earthy salts in solution, are both of the utmost importance.

In the brewery, though inferior articles may be used, beer is seldom doctored. It is on the retailer's premises that it suffers such adulteration as the addition of water, sugar, treacle, liquorice, caramel, picric acid, *Cocculus indicus*, alum, salt, copperas, chalk, soda, &c.; and there are very few publicans—in the Metropolis at least—who do not use some one or more of these ingredients, to 'suit it to the tastes of their customers.'

The amount of alcohol present varies greatly in the several liquors of which it forms the intoxicating ingredient, rum containing about seventy-five per cent.; whisky and brandy averaging about fifty; port-wine, twenty; sherry, fifteen to twenty-four; Madeira, nineteen; claret, ten; champagne, fourteen; cider, six; ales and porter, from six to twelve; and abstainers will probably be surprised to learn that *all fermented drinks* contain alcohol, ginger beer, &c., usually containing from one to three per cent. of it. Indeed, total abstinence from alcohol would seem almost an impossibility, for even milk contains small quantities of it; and in bread-making, it is produced in considerable quantity by the action of the yeast upon the sugar in the flour; the aggregate amount of spirit thus produced in London being some three hundred thousand gallons annually. Some chemists go the length of asserting that even water itself is not entirely free from it!

It is quite beyond the purpose of the present paper to discuss the much-debated temperance question, or to touch upon the interesting lore connected with the drinking customs of the various races and ages of mankind; and if perhaps in these remarks we have revealed one of the darker sides of human nature, this much may be confidently asserted, that at least the leading manu-

facturers of our national beverages, beer and whisky, can be thoroughly depended upon for producing the genuine unadulterated article. And while consumers of our own home produce have this satisfaction, let them, at the same time, be mindful of the good old maxim, in their alcoholic as in all things else, to observe the happy mean of moderation.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE HEIRESS.

BERTRAM OAKLEY, when he reached the Westons' house in Portland Place, and was shown, as a matter of course, into the drawing-room, found it empty. The windows were open, and, among others, the French-window opening upon the broad shallow stone steps that led to the garden, then in its pride of summer-bloom. The ladies—so the servant who admitted Bertram, said—were at home. But the first of these who entered the room was Miss Carrington. And Miss Carrington was ever gracious, in these later days, to Bertram Oakley. It was no trilling compliment, on the part of the proud heiress, to be gracious to a young man. That brilliant young amazon, armed in the double panoply of her charms and her cash, having a masterful temper and tolerable brains, was apt to snub, twit, and harass the opposite sex on every available opportunity, and had caused some honest, stupid admirers, higher placed than Messrs Mervyn's Assistant Manager, to spend some miserable half-hours under fire of her mocking eyes and irritating remarks. But towards Bertram, her manner had strangely softened.

'You are tired to death, Mr Oakley, if you would only confess it; but you are too thorough a Spartan for that,' said the fair Julia. 'You have been dreadfully busy, I suppose.'

'We are always busy, Miss Carrington, in Mervyn's Yard,' answered Bertram, smiling.

'I wish I were a man!' said she, rather inconsistently, and perhaps a little insincerely, for very pretty girls seldom repine at the impossibility of a change of sex. 'If I were, I might be of some good in the world, and win a name and distinction, as I am sure you will do, Mr Oakley. But men must work, and women must weep, as the song says, to the end of time, I fear.'

'Work is wholesome for us; and you, Miss Carrington, have, I hope, little reason to weep,' replied Bertram.

'How can you tell that?' she asked, with a ring of melancholy in her modulated voice, and a drooping of her half-closed eyelids, the long dark lashes of which fell to her rounded cheek, as she propped her graceful head on her gloved hand. She had risen from her chair, and was now standing, leaning against the corner of the marble chimney-piece, a great vaseful of ferns making a background to her beautiful face, as she looked down upon Bertram with all the witchery of art and loveliness combined. There are young ladies who regard this attitude as irresistible; and indeed the *pose*, if well managed, is a fascinating one. Even Bertram could not help remarking to himself how very handsome was Julia Carrington; but he bore the battery of her dark eyes, for so young a man, well. Perhaps his own freedom from vanity, the honest

purpose that never slumbered in his breast, served as a shield against the artifices that have humbled many a warrior and sage and statesman since the days of Vivien and Merlin.

'How little you men know of women, or their feelings, or their hearts!' continued Miss Carrington. 'You have your ambitions, your pursuits, which are apart from ours; and when our sympathy tries to follow you, you smile superior, as though we were but children of a larger growth, unworthy of your confidence. As for us, you appear to consider that if we have good homes, and new dresses, and amusements, we must be happy. It would be our own fault, I suppose, if we are not.'

'I should have thought you happy, Miss Carrington,' replied Bertram, rising from his chair; 'for you are young, and rich, as I have heard, and have so many friends.'

He could not speak of the patent and notable fact of her beauty, because, in these plain-spoken and uncomplimentary days, it trenches on the confines of love-making to do that, and to flirt with Julia Carrington was wholly foreign to Bertram's thoughts. So he used the safe word—friends; and Julia felt a little annoyed, and beat upon the carpet with the tip of her well-booted foot, partly, perhaps, because, by getting up, Bertram had got away from under the raking artillery of her dark-glancing eyes, and spoiled the advantage of her carefully studied attitude.

'Friends! yes,' she retorted petulantly. 'No doubt of that. When one is rich, as you tell me that I am, Mr Oakley, one seldom finds a dearth of friends. How would it be, if I were poor!'

'I am poor, and I have found very kind ones,' answered Bertram, with his quiet smile.

'You—you are a man, with a career before you, and that is so different,' said Miss Carrington. 'We women find our only possible happiness in merging our own wishes, our own hopes, in those of another, and'—

At this moment, in came the two Weston girls, with their honest, good-humoured faces, and their prattle about the events of the day and the gossip of the town; and very soon afterwards their mother entered; and thus a stop was put to Julia Carrington's psychological dissertation on the tastes and aspirations of the sex whereof she was an ornament; nor was Bertram sorry that the conversation should become general and commonplace. There had been, indeed, something slightly embarrassing in the persistent desire of the fair Julia—not now evinced for the first time—to entangle him in that species of talk from which it is difficult to emerge without saying something silly, at best. And Bertram, who was no coxcomb, attributed to the mere idle desire of conquest the palpable wish of the heiress to bring him, as a wooer, to her feet. The thing did not vex him much. It did not amuse him at all. He owed her face to be very fair, and her form and bearing full of a stately grace; but he felt thankful to Mrs Weston and her daughters for their opportune arrival.

The talk of the Weston ladies was not such as to deserve minute record. To chronicle small-beer is seldom worth the while. There certainly was 'something' between Lydia Snooks and young Tomkins of the Peninsular and Oriental, who

expected to command the steamer of which he was first-officer. Mrs Snooks was smilingly oracular; but the engagement was considered certain.—The Burtons' children had scariatina.—Old Colonel Hanchett's gout had caused the grand dinner-party to be put off.—There was the sweetest thing in hats, a duck of a hat, fresh from Paris, it was said, to be seen at Madame Flahaut, the milliner's, in High Street.—Papa was at the Club still, engaged at whist, no doubt. Mr Weston did enjoy a rubber between office-hours and dinner-time; and though the claims of imperious podagra deprived him of Colonel Hanchett's society, no doubt there were contemporaries enough to cut and shuffle and deal those marvellous pieces of painted pasteboard which harsh Methodist preachers of the last century used to designate as the books of Apollyon.

The conversation now turned upon a certain Patent which Bertram was about to take out, to explain which, it should be mentioned that one of his inventions in steam-machinery having met with high praise from Mr Mervyn and the technical judges to whom it had been shown, was about to be legally protected. Good Mrs Weston and her girls were almost as proud and as pleased as if their new friend had been a son of the one and a brother of the other two. That Bertram was a rising man, and one sure of success, had come to be an article of faith in the Weston household; and even gruff, good-natured Mr Weston had acknowledged to his wife that 'the boy was born with a diamond spoon in his mouth, which is better than a gold or silver one; and would rise to the surface, let wltg would try to sink him. It was noticed, too, that the Manager took a pleasure in the talk of his young Assistant, which he did not take in that of the highly respectable and substantial householders with whom he conferred over the card-table and the mahogany. And when Mrs Weston pressed Bertram to stay and dine, she knew that her lord would be pleased to see that bright, thoughtful young face beside the board. Bertram, however, did not accept the invitation to dinner. He had work, he said, to do.

'Work is all very well; but it does not do to make a toil of a pleasure,' said honest Mrs Weston, with a pardonable confusion of ideas. 'You are getting pale and fagged, Mr Oakley.—Yes; you may laugh; but I have had experience of young people, and know that a holiday does good, now and then. Next month, for instance, there is the great Southampton Archery meeting—North and South—and we shall have a sight to show you worth looking at. We are famous bowmen and archeresses here, you know, so near the New Forest; and yet we shall have enough to do, against Nottingham and Cheshire and York, and the rest, to keep the Gold Cup.'

'You will be there, at anyrate, on the 27th?' asked Julia Carrington.

'Yes,' Bertram answered. He certainly meant to be present at that contest with bows and arrows, the rather that by that time his labours with respect to the Patent, which absorbed most of his spare time, would be over. Then he took his leave. Miss Carrington, as they parted, gave him a strange look from under the silken fringe of her eyelids—a long, languishing look, which haunted him afterwards, in spite of himself. He fancied,

too, that there was a sadness in her air and bearing which may not have been wholly feigned; but he went resolutely back to his lodgings, and busied himself with his models and his drawings and his books, and presently forgot, as students can, the enchantress and her wiles. It was deep in the night when he laid his head upon his pillow, at last to sleep the dreamless sleep that waits on toil.

HOW SOME AUTHORS WORK.

INTELLIGENT people are generally curious about authors and authorship. They long to know how certain ideas originated in the minds of the writers. Was such and such a book composed under the influence of sudden inspiration, or was it the slow product of laborious thought? Was it written off at once without stop or stay, or was it corrected and revised with years of anxious care? There are indeed few things more interesting, though few more difficult, than to trace the growth of a book from its first conception till it develops into full life and vigour. For the growth is different in different minds; and authors are peculiarly chary of lifting the veil, and letting outsiders penetrate behind the scenes.

It is only comparatively recently that we knew to a certainty how the idea of *Adam Bede* began to arise in George Eliot's mind. The usual report was that the Quakeress, Dinah Morris, was literally 'copied' from Elizabeth Evans, George Eliot's aunt, who had been a female preacher at Wirksworth in Derbyshire. But from George Eliot's own account, given in her letter to Miss Sara Hennell, we find what the facts of the case really were. She only saw her aunt for a short time. Elizabeth Evans was then a 'tiny little woman about sixty, with bright, small, dark eyes, and hair that had been black, but was now gray;' of a totally different physical type from Dinah. For a fortnight, Elizabeth Evans left her home and visited her niece in Warwickshire. One sunny afternoon, she happened casually to mention that in her youth she had, with another pious woman, visited an unhappy girl in prison, stayed with her all night, and gone with her to execution. 'This incident,' adds George Eliot, 'lay on my mind for years, as a dead germ apparently, till time had made a *nidus* in which it could fructify. It then turned out to be the germ of *Adam Bede*.' We may take this very remarkable account as a fresh proof of the adaptive faculty of genius. A slight newspaper paragraph; a passing word in ordinary conversation; a sentence in a book; a trifling anecdote, may suggest ideas which will eventually blossom out into volumes of intense interest. That germ is, however, the root of the matter; it is the main-spring on which the whole depends.

Mr James Payn, the novelist, tells us that when he was a very young man, and had very little experience, he was reading on a coach-box an account of some gigantic trees. One of them was described as sound outside; but within, for many feet, a mass of rottenness and decay. 'If a boy should climb up, bird-nesting, into the fork of it, thought I, he might go down feet first, and never be heard of again.' 'Then,' he adds, 'it struck me what an appropriate end it would be for a bad character of a novel. Before I had left

the coach-box, I had thought out *Lost Sir Massingberd*.' Such a process lasted for a shorter time with Mr Payn than with the majority of novelists; with many, the little seed might have germinated for years before it brought forth fruit. Yet Mr Payn is remarkable for the clearness and coherency of his plots; they always hang well together, and have a substantial back-bone.

Other writers do not lay so great a stress on plots. Dickens's plots are rambling and discursive in the extreme. They resemble a high-road that winds, now into a green lane, now up a steep hill, and now down to a broad valley, while we are quite unable to tell how we arrived there. His personages are his strong point; it was they who haunted his imagination day and night. He wrote under strong pressure, and with an intense consciousness of the reality of his men and women. For the time being, he lost his own identity in that of the creations of his brain. The first ideas that came to him were at once eagerly seized and committed to paper, without any elaborate circumspection, though he was at infinite subsequent pains to revise and correct both MS. and proof. With regard to Kingsley, we learn from his *Life*, that none of his prose fictions, except *Alton Locke*, was ever copied, his usual habit being to dictate to his wife as he walked up and down his study. Hence, probably, the inequality of his writings. His habit was thoroughly to master his subject, whether book or sermon, generally out in the open air, in his garden on the moor, or by the side of a lonely trout stream, and never to put pen to paper till the ideas were clothed in words. And these, except in the case of poetry, he seldom altered.

Charles Lever was one of those authors who hated the drudgery of copying and revising. He says himself: 'I wrote as I felt, sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad, always carelessly, for, God help me! I can do no better. When I sat down to write *O'Malley*, I was as I have ever been, very low with fortune; and the success of a new venture was pretty much as eventful to me as the turn of a right colour at *rouge-et-noir*. At the same time, I had then an amount of spring in my temperament and a power of enjoying life, which I can honestly say I never found surpassed. The world had for me all the interest of an admirable comedy.' Lever had remarkably little of the professional author about him; and his biographer tells us that no panegyric about his last book would have given him as much satisfaction as an acknowledgment of his superiority; at whist!

It constantly happens that authors themselves prefer those of their books which the public fail to appreciate. This was certainly the case with the late Lord Lytton. In one of his letters to Lady Blessington, he says: 'I have always found one is never so successful as when one is least sanguine. I felt in the deepest despondency about *Pompeii* and *Eugene Aram*, and was certain, nay, most presumptuous about *Devereux*, which is the least generally popular of my writings.' In the same way, George Eliot was far more anxious to be known as the author of *The Spanish Gypsy* than of *Adam Bede*. It is quite natural that authors who make composition a study, should pride themselves on those books which have cost them most pains and trouble. But

these books are not always their masterpieces. The comic actor who is full of the idea that his forte is tragedy, suddenly and unexpectedly finds himself hissed.

Hardly any form of composition seems as easy as a good comedy; yet those theatre-goers who smile at the sparkling dialogue of *The School for Scandal*, would hardly believe the amount of thought and labour it cost Sheridan. The characters were altered and recast again and again. Many of the speeches put into the mouths of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle are so shifted and remodelled from what they were in the first rough draft, that hardly a word stands in the same order as it originally did.

Of all literary workers, Balzac was certainly the most extraordinary in his *modus operandi*. At first, he would write his novel in a few pages—hardly more than the plot. These would be sent to the printer, who would return the few columns of print, pasted in the middle of half-a-dozen blank sheets in such a way that there was an immense margin left all round. On this margin, Balzac would begin to work, sketching the personages of the story, interpolating the dialogue, perhaps even completely altering the original design of the book. Horizontal, diagonal, and vertical lines would run everywhere; the paper would be scrawled over with asterisks, crosses, and every kind of mark. The dreams of the unlucky printers must surely have been haunted by those terrible sheets, besprinkled with all the signs of the zodiac, and interspersed with long feelers like the legs of spiders. To decipher such hieroglyphics must indeed have been no enviable task. Four or five times this process was repeated, until at last the few columns had swelled into a book; and the book, in its turn, never went through a fresh edition without being revised by its over-scrupulous creator, 'who sacrificed a considerable portion of his profits by this eccentric plan of building up a book.'

Harriet Martineau at first believed copying to be absolutely necessary. She had read Miss Edgeworth's account of her method of writing—submitting her rough sketch to her father, then copying and altering many times, till no one page of her *Leonora* stood at last as it did at first. But such a tedious process did not suit Miss Martineau's habits of thought, and her haste to appear in print. She found that there was no use copying if she did not alter, and that even if she did alter, she had to change back again; so she adopted Abbott's maxim, 'To know first what you want to say, and then say it in the first words that come to you.'

We have a very different style and a different result in Charlotte Brontë's toil in authorship. She was in the habit of writing her first drafts in a very small square book or folding of paper, from which she copied with extreme care. Samuel Rogers's advice was, 'To write a very little and seldom—to put it by—and read it from time to time, and copy it pretty often, and show it to good judges.' Another contemporary authoress, Mary Russell Mitford, frankly confesses that she was always a most slow and laborious writer. 'The Preface to the Tragedies was written three times over throughout, and many parts of it five or six. Almost every line of *Atherton* has been written three times over, and it is certainly the most cheerful and sunshiny story that was ever

composed in such a state of helpless feebleness and suffering.'

Every author must choose the mode of composition which suits him or her best. With some, copying may be but a needless labour; but to beginners it is almost indispensable; and the work which is not subjected to such careful consideration and revision is not likely to serve more than a temporary purpose. From this may be excepted the work of daily journalists and others whose writings are demanded as fast as they can be penned; but on the part of those who would aspire to do work that seeks a permanent place in the world of literature, much care as well as never-ceasing diligence is required.

SHALL SHE BE SACRIFICED?

CHAPTER II.—IS HE MAD?

SEVERAL days passed away, and Miss Colebrooke soon became quite fond of my Aunt. Mrs. Thompson improved; and I rejoiced at this, especially for her young mistress's sake. Twice during the next week the mysterious stranger made his presence known. Once I caught sight of him at one of the upper windows at the back of the house, peeping stealthily behind the blind; and another time, the hall-door having been by accident left ajar, I had walked up-stairs without giving notice of my arrival, when I again saw him suddenly disappear up the stairs. It was in the evening, after the maid had gone home. But still I said nothing to Miss Colebrooke about it. I thought it was not my place to question her, being a comparative stranger; but I felt extremely inclined to do so. That there was some mystery connected with her, was evident enough. What it was, I could only conjecture. It might be that she had made a runaway marriage, abetted by Mrs. Thompson, and which circumstances rendered necessary should be kept secret. I could not bear to think of this; but an incident that occurred a few days later strengthened my suspicion.

My last evening visit had been paid to the patient. It was past eleven; and I was standing at the open window of my bedroom, looking out on the night, which was very starry, but moonless, when I heard voices below in the next garden, and distinguished two dark figures.

'I must take a walk out to-morrow. I tell you, Ida, I shall die moping up in that room all day, and you being obliged to be so much with Mrs. Thompson makes me lonelier than ever. I want exercise.'

'Hush! Don't speak so loudly; you will be heard. Listen to me. For my sake, do remember;' and here her voice sank, so that I did not catch the conclusion of her speech. It was Miss Colebrooke who spoke. They could not see me, though I saw them. I waited for more.

'Yes, yes,' he replied to whatever it was she had said to him. 'I know that, my darling. Have they said anything about having seen me?'

I did not hear her answer. But presently I heard her sob, and he put his arm round her and kissed her, and then drew her gently into the house.

That was all; but it was enough to confirm

my ideas. I cannot describe what I felt. No one could have known her for a fortnight, as I had, without having their peace of mind disturbed. I need not say that I slept very little that night; and I did not wonder at my Aunt telling me at breakfast, next morning, that I was not looking well. Before paying my next visit to the house-keeper, I had made up my mind to tell Miss Colebrooke what I had seen. It would put my suspense at an end to know the truth.

'Miss Colebrooke,' I said to her rather abruptly as she was walking down the hall passage with me, 'you are married, I believe?'

She started, and stared me in the face in complete astonishment, and then burst into a low musical laugh.

I had never heard her laugh before, and I liked to hear it; it gave me a certain hope too. 'Why do you laugh?' I asked. 'Am I not right?'

'How can you think I am married?' she said.

'My thought is wrong, then?'

'Indeed, it is. If I am married, I don't know it myself. But why do you ask, Doctor?'

'Well, I will tell you. If you were to see a man put his arm round a young lady and kiss her affectionately, what would you think?—That they were married, or at anyrate engaged to be married?'

She gave a slight involuntary exclamation, but did not reply.

I repeated my words and looked straight into her eyes. She turned them away, with an uneasy expression on her face.

'The people you saw,' she replied presently, 'need not be husband and wife, or even lovers. They might be brother and sister.'

'Well, yes; so they might be. Have you a brother, Miss Colebrooke?'

'I do not,' she said, drawing up her pretty head with dignity, 'understand why you want to know, or why should you ask me so many questions—especially when?—' She stopped.

'Then the gentleman I saw *was* your brother?'

'You will not mention!—' she began.

'You don't think,' I interrupted, 'that I gossip about what I may learn during my visits to patients. You must consider!—'

'I did not mean to offend you,' she interposed. 'I was only going to ask you not to mention that you have seen this man.'

'I understand,' I said quietly.

'I cannot tell you now,' she continued, 'who the gentleman is, the sight of whom has naturally roused your curiosity. I may perhaps tell you soon—not that I am bound to do so, but you and Mrs. Stonewell have been so very good and kind, that I should not like you to think unkindly of me.'

I went away with a lighter spirit. I felt happier. I had ascertained at least that she had not passed the gates of wedlock.

The next day I learned from her that the mysterious stranger was her father! Before telling me, she made me solemnly promise not to reveal the information to any one. This extreme caution surprised me very much. Why should she object to it being known that he was her father? I jumped to the conclusion that he had done something wrong, or why was this strict concealment necessary?

She perceived in my face the doubts in my

mind. I frankly avowed them. I asked her why he was hiding himself from the world.

She was so evidently distressed and troubled at my question, that it made me vexed that I had asked it.

'Do not inquire, Doctor. There is a sad reason for it. I will speak to him. He may like to see you, now you have found out his being in the house.'

'I should like to know him. Will you introduce me?'

She paused a moment, pondering. 'Well, I will tell him,' she said, 'so that you promise not to reveal to a single soul his presence in this place.'

'You have my word for it. It is a word that has never been broken.'

Next time I called, she told me that her father had consented to see me, then led the way to his room.

'Papa,' she said, as she opened the door, 'this is Dr Aylmer, who has been so kind to me and to poor Thompson. I have brought him to see you.'

He was sitting at a desk with his head bent over some writing. As soon as he saw me, he rose and bowed. He was a tall, well-formed man, and gentleman-like in appearance. He had strongly marked features, with eager eyes, capable, I thought, of flashing with fiery passion, when he was vexed. His manner with me, at first, was restless and suspicious. He watched me attentively, but after a few minutes he became more at ease. I soon saw he had something on his mind. He did not attend to my remarks, for he continually begged my pardon, and asked me to repeat what I had been saying. He looked unhappy and wretched, except when his daughter spoke to him, and then what a change came across his face! He smiled brightly, and seemed for a moment to forget his trouble.

'I see Ida very seldom now,' he said; 'her time is so fully taken up with Mrs Thompson. I feel very dull when she leaves me. It is a lonely life—shut up here. I don't like it, and yet'—

'But why stay up here, then?' I asked. 'There are many families in Spanners in whose society you would find pleasure.'

'It cannot be, Dr Aylmer. You do not know my unhappy circumstances.'

'That is true.'

'Well then, those circumstances compel me to keep myself away from my fellow-creatures.'

'I am sorry to hear you say so,' I remarked.

'Well, at anyrate I have reason enough in all conscience to be sorry for myself.' He spoke so strangely that I began to fear that his brain was affected. 'Do you know?' he continued, 'but for her!'—pointing to his daughter—'I would wish I were dead—rather, that I had never been born.'

'Oh, dear papa,' remonstrated Ida gently.

'Unhappiness makes you despond,' I remarked.

'Yes, sir; and misery caused by—by'—

'I had rather not hear it,' I said, 'if it pains you to tell me.'

'It would shock you, Doctor. You and your Aunt have been very kind to my child, and I feel I can safely confide in you; but I will not burden you with a secret, that you might not

think right to conceal, and which would endanger me if it were published.'

His words made me wonder whether his brain was affected by some strange mania, or whether, as I had thought at first, he had committed a crime that was imperilling his liberty. Whatever the dread mystery was, I knew it was a frightful load on his conscience, and that the knowledge of it was saddening the life of his innocent young daughter. Even now as he spoke, the tears rose involuntarily to her eyes. He noticed this.

'Ida, dear child, come to me,' he said tenderly. 'Kiss me, my darling. You are unhappy. Oh, how cruel I am! If I were dead, you would get over my loss, after a time, and be cheerful again, and lead a brighter and a freer life. Shall I lie? Say the word.'

'Papa, dear, what are you saying?' she cried in a distressed voice.

Poor man, I thought, he must surely be insane. I rose to take my leave.

'When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again?' he asked, as he bowed, refusing for some reason to shake the hand I offered him. 'Tomorrow, will you again favour me? I am so dull, never seeing any one.'

I willingly promised, and left the room feeling wretched at the thought that Ida's father was the victim of some dread form of monomania.

CHAPTER III.—AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

For several days after that, I, at his repeated wish, visited this strange man. I soon found him to be very intelligent, and capable of talking sensibly on most subjects. Sometimes I doubted that the opinion I had formed of him was correct; and yet every now and then some words of his would confirm it. That wild flash too in his eyes which I often observed when he was excited, gave colour to my suspicion.

Of Ida, the more I knew of her, the more she attracted me, and the more I suffered. If there was hereditary madness in the family, might not she also be afflicted some day? To think that such a misfortune could be reserved for that gentle girl, gave me much anxiety. To put an end to this painful suspense, I one day asked her if my conjecture was a right one.

'My father mad! Oh Doctor, what can make you think so?' she asked in astonishment.

I told her that his own occasional remarks had led me to form this belief.

'You are wrong, Dr Aylmer. His words have too true a meaning. It would be dreadful enough if he had been insane, but as it is'—She stopped, as if afraid she had said too much.

I would not pain her by asking her more; but when she gave me her hand and said good-bye, I could not resist pressing it warmly in my own.

At the gate, a man stopped me. 'That house is let, isn't it?'

'It is.'

'For how long, do you know?'

I said I was not certain, which was the fact.

'You know the people, don't you?'

'Yes; I do.'

'And their name?'

'Certainly, if I know them, I know their name.'

'What is their name?'

Not knowing who the person was, and disliking his manner, I waived answering his query. I did not think it right to answer inquiries about my acquaintances from strangers in the streets. I therefore passed on to pay some professional visits, without waiting for him to speak again. I saw that he looked angry, as he moved away in the opposite direction.

When I returned home I observed the man again. He was watching attentively the windows of the house in which my neighbour lived; his hat was very much drawn over his eyes, as if he did not wish to be recognised. The next morning when I was passing through our gate to go next door, I saw him entering their gate. He marched boldly up the steps before me and knocked. The servant answered the door.

'I have come to see your mistress on business.'

'My missus can't see no visitors, and there's illness in the house.'

'Indeed. But she will see me. Please to show me to the sitting-room?'

'I will ask her, sir. What name shall I say?'

'Oh, never mind my name.'

'I will tell her, sir, if you will wait here.'

'Show me to the parlour or drawing-room, then, while you go. You can say, if you like, that I am from the house-agent.' As he said this, I noticed a sinister smile on his face—which was an ill-looking one that made me think he was uttering an untruth. I seemed instinctively to distrust him. I followed him into the house; but he looked displeased as I entered the room, into which he had been conducted.

'You're a friend, and a privileged one, I suppose?' he asked.

'Whose friend?'

'The young lady's.'

'You seem not to have yet ascertained her name,' I observed. 'If you do come from the house-agent, I should have thought you would have known it!'

'I do know their name, sir, and perhaps better than you do, though you had the incivility to refuse to answer my question when I politely asked you yesterday.'

'It is no business of mine,' I returned, 'to tell my friends' names to any stranger in the road who may choose to ask me.'

'You are, I suppose, the doctor who lives next door?'

I bowed coldly.

The door opened, and Ida came in.

'Oh, is it you, Doctor? I thought it was'—She stopped suddenly, as the young man standing behind me met her sight. She turned very pale, and looked on him with an expression of disgust, mingled with fear. I cannot call it any other name; it was fear. He was, I perceived, an unwelcome visitor. He held out his hand to her; but she refused to touch it. She simply bowed still more coldly than I had done.

'I was beginning to fear some of you were ill,' he said, with a hasty smile, 'seeing that Doctor here. I hope it is not your father?'

I never saw such a look of contempt as that with which she surveyed him.

He moved round and stared at me, which I took as a hint that he wished to be relieved of my presence. Thinking she might not like

speaking openly to him when I was in the room, I proceeded up-stairs to see my patient, who was now progressing favourably, and was on the fair road towards recovery. I did not see Ida again before I left, as she was still with her visitor. I observed the following day that she looked weary and harassed.

'You have been sitting up too late,' I said, taking her hand.

'No, indeed, Doctor. But it is true I have not slept at all since yesterday morning.'

'Mrs Thompson does not require such close watching now,' I continued. 'You should have gone to rest as usual.'

'So I did; but my thoughts kept me awake.'

'Then you must try and not think to-night; that's your Doctor's command, remember, and you must obey it.'

She tried to smile, but with very poor success, and the tears came to her eyes instead. How I longed to be able to comfort her.

'I am afraid,' I said, 'that your visitor yesterday caused you annoyance.'

'Don't speak of him; he is one of the chief causes of our unhappiness. If— But if's are of no use.'

I told her that he had asked me the day before what their name was, and that I had refused to say. I inquired if her father knew he had called; she replied that he did. After a few minutes' conversation, I proceeded to the housekeeper's room. She was so very much better, that I told her she might get up—which she much wished to do—but that she was not to go farther than the next room, as she must avoid the slightest cold for some time to come. When I left Mrs Thompson, Ida asked me if I would go up to her father, as he had expressed a desire to see me. Before going to him, however, she made me promise not to say anything about the gentleman I had seen, as Mr Colebrooke did not like him.

I found him looking more thoughtful and melancholy than usual. I told him so.

'Yes,' he assented. 'Continual anxiety is no preserver of health or spirits.'

'But you should keep your mind calm, and not let your anxiety overcome you.'

'Ah, Doctor, what's done cannot be undone. Sin leads to sorrow, and it may now lead to a worse one than has yet been. The innocent may suffer for the guilty.'

I did not understand him; but I was sure his words had an ominous meaning.

Ida looked at him, and then gave a slight involuntary shiver. He noticed it.

'Ida, my child, you love me, don't you?'

'Dear papa, you know it.'

'You would do a great deal for me?'

'Try me,' she said, quietly and firmly.

'Even sacrifice yourself, my treasure?'

'Yes, I would even sacrifice myself.'

'Rather than see me die of my own choice?'

'Yes, yes; a thousand times.' She spoke emphatically, but with agitation.

'God grant,' I observed, 'that there will never be any need for such a sacrifice.'

'There may be, though,' said Colebrooke in a serious tone. 'Dr Aylmer, I repeat, strange though it may sound, there may be, and soon.'

I glanced at Ida, quite unable to comprehend

this singular speech; but she looked away, apparently shunning my gaze.

'Ida,' continued her father, 'your assertion, then, is deliberate and unalterable?'

'Nothing can change it, papa.'

He smiled, and a gleam of hope, such as I had never seen on it before, lighted up his face. He kissed her tenderly. There was no doubt he was dotingly fond of his daughter, and at this no one could wonder. Who *could* help being fond of such a treasure?

'You hear her,' he said proudly; 'and it is true. I know she would do anything for me.'

'But I do not understand what you mean,' I said. 'In the, I hope, improbable event happening of your life depending on your daughter sacrificing hers, would you not willingly yield yours, rather than accept such an alternative?'

'Her life!' exclaimed he. 'No; you don't understand me. I mean her happiness, her free wishes—not her death. God forbid!'

'That is another matter, Mr Colebrooke. But you would not let her do even that, would you?'

He made no answer. But I observed that a struggle was going on in his mind, the contentions of self-interest and self-love on the one hand, and affection for his child on the other. Such a battle may soon have to be decided. Which force will be victorious?

THE HOMES OF THE INCAS.

PERHAPS some of the most remarkable of ancient dwelling-places are the ruined homes of the Incas, still scattered about on that great continent which, by a strange misuse of terms, we call the New World. In these vestiges of palaces and large cities, on the worn stones of grand and massive monuments, lies the undeciphered history of that motley empire, in which fragments of surrounding races conquered by the Incas were mixed up in a high degree; for before the waves of the Spanish invasion surged over Peru, there were no pages of history to turn back for a faithful picture of the national life; no possibility of tracing the successive steps which led the Incas from their early seat of civilisation to the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

Tradition says that the first homes of the Incas are to be found on the shores and islands of the sacred lake, Titicaca; and amongst the ruins there, many objects of interest in gold and silver and pottery have been discovered. Some of the few rare specimens of pottery present fair representations of the people of those far-off times, which show that they were identical in feature with their descendants of the present day. But at the period when this race of kings are first met with in history, their empire extended for two thousand five hundred miles, and included the present states of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and part of Chili. It was traversed by the two great mountain-ranges of the Cordilleras. The eastern chain, which forms the true watershed of the South American continent, and which is unbroken even by the passage of rivers, runs parallel with the coast, sometimes a hundred

miles away, sometimes approaching so closely, that its rocky feet are washed by the long billows of the Pacific. At a varying distance rise the majestic snow-clad mountains of the Western Cordilleras, or the Andes proper, all rugged and intersected by deep valleys, through which the rivers, running sometimes a thousand miles due northward, find their way at last. From the vast bosom of the glaciers flow the Aperamae and the Vilcomaya, affluents of the Amazon—that mighty river, which discharges its wealth of waters into the Atlantic Ocean four thousand miles away.

But a great portion of this vast kingdom was practically uninhabitable. On the plateau of the Despoblado, which lies far above the limits of eternal snow, between the mountain-ranges, there is no trace of human habitation, excepting the small huts of refuge built by the Incas on the main road between the northern and southern parts of their dominions. And in the desolate region around the lake Umayo, the only distinguishing feature are the innumerable *chulpas* or burying towers, which stand singly or in groups upon the desert plain. Round or square, these tombs are solid structures, with one small cavity at the base, entered by a narrow hole in the side. Some are in ruins; a few as perfect as when first completed; many, doubtless, as completely vanished as the ashes they were meant to cover.

At the time of the Spanish conquest, the seat of the Inca power was at Cuzco, which is dominated by the stupendous fortress of Sacsalimachan; and a lovely Yucay amongst the woods that clothe the lower spurs of the Cordilleras. Here, in this lofty and semi-tropical valley, surrounded by a coronet of mountains that throw their glittering peaks against the pure blue sky to a height of eighteen thousand feet, the Incas built their palaces, and those far-famed gardens which sweep in curves around the hills, and descend into the narrow valleys. Washed by the rapid waters of a stream which flashes back a winding line of silver far away, each terraced garden was provided with an *acequia* or canal, to receive the overflowing water of the mountain streams when the snow melted. Mr Squiers, late United States Commissioner to Peru, says: 'The system of irrigation of the ancient Peruvians is well worthy of attention. Even in those parts where rain falls during six months in the year, they constructed immense irrigating canals. They not only economised every rood of ground, by building their towns and habitations in places unfit for cultivation, and buried their dead where they would not encumber the arable land; but they terraced the hillsides and mountains to heights of hundreds and thousands of feet, and led the waters of mountain springs and torrents downward until they were lost in the valley below. These *acequias*, as they are now called, were often of considerable size and great length, extending in some instances for hundreds of miles.'

Every pass to this secluded valley, hemmed in

by glaciers, ravines, and precipices, was guarded by an impregnable fortress; on one side rises Ollantaytambo; on the other, looming out grandly against the snowy mass of the Andes on a headland four thousand feet high, stands the irregular oval of Pisac. Each point of access to these strongholds was carefully walled up with stones, or crowned with towers. Not far from the modern city of Truxillo, the vast structure known as the Temple of the Sun covers an area of seven acres. It rises eight hundred feet, as a double rectangle, formed of huge adobes, and incases a central core of earth; beneath which is said to be hidden away an immense treasure called 'the great fish,' belonging to the ancient dynasty. A smaller treasure—the 'little fish'—was secured long ago by a Spaniard, to whom the secret of its hiding-place was revealed by an Indian cacique.

There are extensive ruins at Pachacamac, in the immediate neighbourhood of Peru; but perhaps the most interesting remains of an ancient city are those in the valley of the Rimac, where several miles of the heavy wall which surrounded the town still stand. Built not unlike the ancient Babylon, this curious city consisted of a labyrinthine maze of streets, passages, apartments, and pyramidal structures rising stage by stage, with terraces and broad flights of steps leading to their summits. The houses—generally formed in squares—were divided into an immense number of small apartments, none of which communicated; and only through the low doorways could the light and air gain admittance; these opened on to narrow alleys disposed in straight lines, and were so arranged that no door was opposite another.

Far anterior to the earliest legends of Peru, the shores of the Pacific Ocean were peopled by the Chinmas, a race said to have been conquered by the war-like son of the ninth Inca, according to the Catalogue left by Garcilasso de la Vega, which commencing in the eleventh century, reaches to the Spanish invasion. They gave their name to the great city whose immense ruins now extend for many miles along the coast. Who can look without wonder and reverence on the vestiges of this ancient dwelling-place—on the mysterious tombs and temples which are the only record of millions of men who in unknown ages laboured and worshipped here! Of the temple built by the Incas in Chinm, only the walls remain; but the Sacred Virgins have left some curious relics amongst the ruins of their convent. Numerous dried-up human bodies, which have been preserved without embalming, were found sitting side by side, swathed up in winding sheets, and tightly corded.

On the same desolate sea-coast there is a vast and lonely space, which bears the name of El Castillo. In its sandy soil lie hundreds of buried skeletons; and the storms of Time in disinterring these remains, show that they are those of men who died a violent death. What battle-field is this overlooking the mighty sea? What manner of men were they who found a grave upon its surf-beaten shores? Within sound of the tides which for centuries have ebbcd and flowed since these dry bones lived, they still remain to tell us that some great hosts did sweep across the plain; but their race, their feuds, their very names are now unknown.

So also of the Incas, that race which has left

such 'footprints on the sands of Time,' there is no record but in the blood-stained chronicles of the Spanish historians. And even in the dark history of the conquest of Peru, one of the saddest episodes in the annals of the world, where a monotony of bloodshed, of fire and sword and plunder, marked the progress of the Spanish arms, but little reliance can be placed on the exaggerated statements of Las Casas and other chroniclers of that period. They found no written language in the conquered land; and it was only dimly and vaguely, through the intermingled myths and legends of the people, that any record of the ancient Inca dynasty could be briefly traced.

OUR PETS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

I MUST now give some account of those pets which were our especial charge and delight, namely, the wild birds which we tamed, and of which we had always a considerable number. In what follows, I merely make a selection of the most interesting of our pets of this description.

The starling, which is one of the commonest of Shetland birds, makes a charming pet. He is easily domesticated, and becomes exceedingly familiar—a brisk, bustling, pert little fellow, with really a great amount of fun in his composition. One starling we had for many years. When not quite able to fly properly, he had been pounced upon by one of the cats; but was rescued, and, soon recovering from the fright, grew to be a beauty and a great favourite with us all. We never attempted to teach him to speak; but his natural powers of mimicry were extraordinary. He imitated the notes or cries of other birds to perfection. When the weather was fine, his cage was slung up out of doors, where he enjoyed immensely the sunshine and fresh air, and had ample opportunities for exercising his peculiar gift. The whistle of the curlew and ringed plover—the plaintive sound of the long-tailed duck—the croak of the raven—the caw of the hooded crow—the wild scream of the seamew—the sharp chatter of the tern, he perfectly reproduced. We had a mountain linnet at the same time, an exceedingly sweet songster. As soon as the latter commenced his morning song, Jack the starling began to fidget about and ruffle up his feathers, and work himself into a state of anger and indignation most amusing to witness. Presently he seemed to come to the conclusion that the linnet was either chaffing or challenging him; and as such a thing was not to be endured by such a very superior bird as himself, he resolved not to be outdone; so, settling himself on his perch, and drawing in his head between his shoulders till he appeared to have no neck at all, he poured forth a song so exactly after the linnet fashion and on the linnet key, that the imitation was pronounced as good as the original. But the exertion seemed to be great and fatiguing, and was seldom sustained for any length of time, and always concluded with a few harsh, loud, and utterly unmusical bars of his own proper pipe, shrieked out in an angry and impatient manner intensely ludicrous, and just as if he meant to say: 'There! Whatever you may think, that's as good as yours any day.' After a few minutes'

rest and a little refreshment of water, he would begin again, and repeat the same performance.

Several times we had amongst our pets a snowy owl. This magnificent and rare bird does not seem now to breed in Shetland, though there is reason to believe it did at one time. Our pets of this species were, therefore, adults which had been slightly wounded, or caught when asleep at the side of a stone on the hill-top. They are certainly the most beautiful and handsome of their kind; but they do not make good pets. They are too powerful and naturally fierce to make it safe to allow them much liberty; and possibly owing to their not having been tamed from the nest, they never got reconciled to confinement and restraint. They always recognised the person who usually fed them, and showed, in a certain uncouth way, that they were not ungrateful for the rabbits, mice, starlings, buntings, and the like fare with which they were liberally supplied; but on the whole, we found them sulky, fierce, and untractable; and they showed very little intelligence, justifying the phrase which describes a man who is dull of apprehension to be as 'stupid as an owl.'

We had a splendid peregrine falcon once, and he had no lack of the brightest intelligence. He was my especial property, and although always gentle and fond of being noticed and caressed by any one, towards me he showed the most devoted attachment and affection. He flew after me whenever I allowed him, and was never so happy as when perched upon my arm or shoulder. I was wont to take him to a fine warren, and he soon got quite adroit at catching rabbits.

Often we had merlins, kestrels, and sparrow-hawks brought us from their nests in some wild and lofty cliff by a noted and obliging cragsman, who was always able and willing to supply us with almost any kind of young birds we might wish for pets. All the hawks we found easy to tame, docile and intelligent; and they were consequently great favourites. But of all our pets amongst the land birds, I select for special notice the hooded crow. He is not a beautiful bird certainly; but he makes up for his not handsome appearance, by his exceeding cleverness. Birds as a general rule do not seem to be endowed with a great sense of humour; but the hooded crow is an exception. He is brimful of fun of a certain description, delighting in nothing so much as practical jokes; and withal he is good-tempered, merry, and cheerful. The sly cock of his head, and twinkle of his keen little eye, it is impossible to misinterpret; he is continually meditating a trick or mischief of some sort. No bird is easier to tame; and he speedily becomes not only confident, but perty familiar and impudent. We had one in particular for many years. We called him Crabbie because of his sidelong mode of progression when not on wing. His liberty was seldom restricted, unless he had been guilty of some prank more than usually audacious, and then his punishment would be a day or two's confinement, which he greatly hated; but he soon managed to coax us into giving him his freedom, and manifested the utmost gratitude to his liberator. His moral sense was at least as obtuse as a cat's. He delighted in stealing, simply as it seemed for its own sake, not because he could make any use of his plunder. Spoons, needles, wires, pins of thread, balls of worsted, little one's

shoes and socks, anything and everything that was portable to which he could get access, he would carry off, and carefully hide, covering them over with bits of turf; and then wiping his bill, in the most self-satisfied manner hop away as though he had performed a highly meritorious action. Alas for the half-knitted stocking which might be left on a chair or table, if Crabbie was about! The wires would quickly be pulled out and removed, and the stocking torn to tatters. I caught him one day—and an intensely droll figure he cut—hopping out of doors with a pipe in his bill. On another occasion he made off with a piece of tobacco. We never could make out whether he had any intention of himself trying the soothing effects of the weed. He had, or affected to have, a great dislike to bare feet, as the little boys who often came to the house with baskets of sillocks or with messages, had but too good reason to know. On the whole, he was on terms of very good friendship with the dogs and cats; but it always afforded him exquisite delight to tease them, particularly to pinch the point of an outstretched tail, if the owner thereof happened to be asleep; and a pinch of his sharp and powerful bill, whatever pleasure it might afford him to inflict, was no joke to his victim.

Once an old woman was bringing a message to the house. Just as she was crossing a stile, Crabbie's quick eye fell on the spotless cap which adorned the old body's head. It was an opportunity too tempting to be resisted. Down he swooped, neatly plucked off her head-dress, and with a triumphant 'Cra, Cra,' flew away with it. Not being aware there was any such 'uncanny brute' about the house, her consternation may be imagined; and when she appeared at the back door bereft of her white muslin nuch, and told, in tones of horrified agitation, how she had been despoiled of it by a 'cra,' she met with much sympathy from the domestics, who hated Crabbie with a most perfect hatred. And little wonder they hated him, for he teased and tormented them unmercifully, and by his never-ending tricks often imposed upon them a great amount of additional work. For instance, clothes on the bleaching green he seemed to regard as spread out for the special purpose of affording him an opportunity of showing how completely he could soil them. At anyrate, what he did, whenever he got the chance, was to march and hop all over them in the most systematic manner, with the dirtiest effect.

What I am about to relate will appear to many incredible; but having frequently witnessed it, I can vouch for its accuracy in every particular. Our old cook was a most expert dresser of the fine Shetland shawls so well known and so much prized. It is quite an accomplishment to be able to dress these delicate fabrics, and none but a Shetlander can do it properly. The shawl having been washed and slightly starched, is stretched over the bleaching-green, a few inches from the ground, with a multitude of wooden pegs like pencils, and allowed to dry in the sun. Crabbie would sit on some wall at a little distance, intently watching the proceedings of the old cook, who particularly detested him, and with whom he had a standing feud. Then he would fly off, and presently return with the very filthiest and wettest clod he could find, and of set purpose drop it

upon the outstretched shawl, thereby rousing the righteous indignation of poor Meggy, who gave expression to her wrathful and outraged feelings in language much more forcible than choice; all which did not in the least affect Crabbie or disturb his equanimity. In these ways, however, he got to be such a nuisance, that it became necessary on bleaching days, or when a shawl was being dressed, to make sure he was not at large, else the bleaching or dressing was certain to prove labour lost. But then he soon got so exceedingly cunning and adroit in avoiding capture, that it was often impossible to secure and confine him. At last, as we could fall upon no plan of curing him of his thievish and mischievous propensities, we were obliged, most reluctantly, to part with our poor Crabbie, who was sent to a friend in the south.

Sometimes we had ravens amongst our feathered pets, once a piebald of this species from the Farøe Islands, where that variety is not uncommon. The raven, like his congener the hooded crow, is by nature a thief. Indeed, thievish proclivities may be said to be a conspicuous characteristic of the whole genus, as the magpie, jay, rook, jackdaw. No other class of birds, or beasts either, with which I am acquainted shows the same complete obliquity of moral sense. They steal not merely to satisfy the cravings of hunger—that one can understand and even condone—but apparently for the pleasure of the thing. It is clear they can make no use of needles and pins, knives and forks, brushes and combs, rings and other trinkets; but just you let them have the chance, and everything of this sort they will carry off and hide carefully, as a dog hides a bone. It is not with them a case of stealing in order to live, but living in order to steal; and I have no doubt their community always holds in highest esteem, and raises to the highest rank in their republic, the raven that is the most adroit and successful thief.

The raven is as easily tamed as the hooded crow; but he does not make so interesting and amusing a pet, being rather of a sulky and solitary disposition. In his wild state, he is excessively suspicious and wary, and he needs to be, for no mercy is ever shown him. He is a terrible robber of the poultry-yard, destroys great numbers of young lambs, and will never hesitate, if he gets the chance, to attack a weak or sickly pony. The poor ponies, even in the most inclement weather, never know the luxury of a sheltering roof, and during the long winter seldom get any food but the scanty pickings of a barren common, varied with an occasional breakfast of seaweed. Consequently, they become very lean and weak in spring; and after lying down on the cold, damp ground, which they never do in winter, they often get so stiff as to be unable to rise without assistance. They are then said to be 'in lifting.' This is the cruel raven's opportunity. In the cold gray dawn of the morning, he spies his victim making unavailing efforts to rise, swoops down upon him, and with a fierce dab of his powerful bill destroys one eye; a second thrust, and the pony is blinded; and in a few hours his carcass affords a rich repast to his murderer and a score of his kind. No wonder, then, that this 'bird of ill omen' is persecuted and slaughtered without mercy, and that sometimes a price is set upon his head. But in

spite of gun and poison, the wary and sagacious ravens are still all too numerous. They build their nests in the loftiest and most inaccessible precipices, which generally defy the most expert and daring cragsmen to scale, and it is therefore not always easy to get a young raven for a pet; and the universal detestation in which they are held perhaps helps to make them regarded as not particularly desirable ones.

A CUBAN BALL, AND HOW IT ENDED.

I WAS dreamily reclining in the balcony of my house in Cuba one evening, the half-burnt cigar almost dropping from my fingers, when I became aware, by the barking of Jack, that some one was making his way up-stairs. Turning rather lazily towards the *sala*, and shading my eyes from the strong light within, I waited with true West Indian patience for a glimpse of my visitor. Jack's welcoming bark proclaimed the arrival to be a well-known individual; and I felt relieved; for the mail had been distributed that day, and I was too tired with work to feel in a humour for entertaining any but an intimate friend.

'Hollo! Fred,' I exclaimed, as I caught sight of the figure of a tall, stalwart, young Englishman. 'Is that you?'

Without replying to my unnecessary query, Fred advanced, and throwing himself into a comfortable bamboo chair opposite, said that I was the very man he wanted to see.

'I know why,' I remarked. 'You want to know if I am going to Montero's? What sort of an affair it is going to be? Who are going? And last of all, is *she* going?'

'Of course, that's why I came round here; for I knew that Inez would send you word as soon as it was arranged. Are you going?'

'Well, perhaps I am. But you know that you don't care a rush whether I am going or not, and that your chief, I may say only anxiety is as to whether *she* is going. Let me relieve your anxious mind at once. She is. But it was hard work to persuade her. You know that she was going into retirement to the convent for six weeks: she had forsworn dancing and all the other little social allurements; but Inez managed it all splendidly.'

'Do you know that from Inez herself?'

'Yes; I was there last night.'

'But I thought she was going to no more dances.'

'So I have just told you; and you knew it already, or at least that she *said* she had done with them; but then she had heard that you were not going; and it was not until Inez had vowed that you would be there, that she changed her mind, and agreed to go.—But I say, old fellow, you must look out for yourself; and now I am speaking seriously. You know as well as I do that Juan Morillo is pretty far gone in that quarter. He is a man I don't like; and the fact that Conchita cordially detests him, makes me all the more anxious to put you on your guard. He

is to be there ; so be careful, and keep clear of a row.'

For some weeks past we had known that Don Carlos Montero was going to celebrate the anniversary of his wedding by giving a grand fête at his country estate. Some seven or eight of those interesting seasons had already passed, and there seemed to be no particular reason why this one should be specially honoured ; but the truth was, that his young wife wanted to have a ball ; and he was too fond of company and amusement himself, not to accept the plea of the wedding anniversary as a sufficient excuse for giving his consent.

Don Carlos did nothing by halves. A splendid estate and ample fortune enabled him to gratify desires which in any other country than Cuba would have seemed extravagant whims ; and whether it was a picnic or a ball, those who were fortunate enough to be invited were sure of a hearty welcome and a glorious time. It was not to be the first of the fêtes for which the Quinta Montero was so justly celebrated ; but it was to surpass them all. His relations and most intimate friends from the city and country were to arrive early on the day of the fête, in good time for breakfast ; the guests who were invited for the ball were expected at eight o'clock in the evening.

The momentous day arrived at last ; and never had the Cuban sun shone on a merrier party than that assembled at the station at six in the morning. About a dozen dark-eyed señoritas, chaperoned by three or four mammas—quite enough too, the girls thought—and seven or eight gentlemen, married and single, nearly filled the long railway carriage, open from end to end, which was specially engaged to take us to our destination. How pleasant the ride was in the early morning air, as we rushed through cane-fields, cocoa-nut groves, and plantain-walks ! Station after station was passed, and field after field, where the cane was being cut down and gathered by the scantily attired slaves ; and at last, about eight o'clock, we arrived at the little station of Colmillos. This was our stopping-place ; and here we found *quitrines*—the Cuban country carriages—and horses for the gentlemen, waiting to carry us to the *quinta* (country-house).

A smart ride of half an hour brought us to the long avenue of Indian laurel trees which led up to the house ; and in a few moments more we had dismounted, and were assisting the ladies to alight.

I need say nothing about our welcome ; it was a truly Cuban one ; and only those who know the Cubans, can understand how sincerely demonstrative it was. But I must say something about the place where we expected to pass two nights at least. It was a square two-storied house, built of the coral stone of which the island is composed, a broad veranda running round the two sides and front. A flight of wide steps led from the veranda to the broad carriage-sweep, the centre of which

was tastefully laid out into plots luxuriant with shrubs and flowers. Opening on to the veranda in front was the *sala* or hall, the principal room in a Cuban house. This was a large and lofty apartment, about sixty by thirty-five feet, having at one extremity a cabinet, where the elders could play chess or cards while watching the dancers, and at the other the principal bedroom. Immediately at the rear of the *sala* was the dining-room, a long wide corridor, opening on to a veranda or gallery at the back, where the two side-wings of the house and the outhouses at the far end formed the *patio* or court-yard. At one end of the dining-room, a winding staircase led to the upper bedrooms, the balconies of which commanded a view of almost the entire estate.

As we drew up in front of the house, we scarcely recognised the old acquaintance whose hospitable roof had so often sheltered us before. The veranda pillars were already clothed by nature with heavy wreaths of honeysuckle ; but all the rest of the front of the house was decorated by a mass of rich green dotted with flowers. From the roof hung festoons of laurel leaves and choice flowers ; while hundreds of Chinese lanterns in verandas and gardens were to illuminate the whole at night. On the open space in front of the garden, and outside the gate, curious-looking objects mounted on posts told us that a grand display of fireworks was to form part of the evening's programme.

About a dozen young negroes were busily engaged opening cocoa-nuts, whose cool delicious water was to refresh us after our long and dusty ride. Presently the ladies came down, looking fresher and brighter than in the early morning ; and soon the welcome sound of a gong told us that breakfast was on the table. And what a breakfast ! This over, we lit our cigars, and followed the ladies to the veranda, where we found rocking-chairs and hammocks in plenty. But Cuban ladies are passionately fond of dancing at all times and seasons, and we had not been long enjoying our *doles far niente* ease, before some of them had persuaded the band, which had come with us by rail in the morning, to take up their instruments in exchange for the knife and fork. So there was no help for it ; and in spite of the warnings of our host against tiring ourselves out before evening, we were soon slowly moving over the marble floor of the *sala* in the Cuban dance.

The *danza* is peculiar to all Spanish-American countries, and is admirably adapted for hot climates. It is a simple slow three-step movement, the feet scarcely rising from the floor ; and it is one of the best dances in the world for carrying on either a conversation or a flirtation with your partner. At regular intervals, the music dashes off into quick time, the dancing stops, and the ladies of each four couples which happen to be nearest to each other form a chain and back to their partners. By the time this has been done, the music strikes off into the original measure, and the dance is resumed. The music is so peculiar, that a foreigner must become accustomed to it before he learns to understand and appreciate its strange weird symphony.

After this, a lady and gentleman danced the

zapateo, a favourite dance of the country-people. The two performers stand opposite to each other, the gentleman with his hands clasped behind his back, and the lady holding up her dress in front just high enough to display the feet and ankles, of whose symmetrical smallness Cuban ladies are pardonably vain; then, to the accompaniment of an air that is too musical to be called jerky, they begin with a slow side-to-side movement, the feet stamping the floor, as, advancing and retiring, they move round each other, the lady coquettishly inviting her companion to approach her; and then, as he obeys, suddenly turning from him with a wicked gleam of mischief in her sparkling black eyes, which seem to say: 'Follow me if you dare!' Quicker and quicker speed the dancers, constantly varying the figures; until at last, after a quarter of an hour's dancing--no slight exertion in a tropical climate--they give place to another couple. Tired at last, we went for our well-earned sangaree, cigars, and siesta, and so put off the day.

As evening drew on we were obliged to exchange our cool white drill suits for something staidier and heavier; for alas, even in a country ball, unless it happens to be a *guajiro* or peasant-ball, where the concourse is a mixture of country-folk and town swells in peasant dress, black coats at least are *de rigueur*. They would not have been allowed in Don Carlos' house, however, where every one did and dressed as he pleased, had it not been that the Governor of the district had accepted an invitation; so, while wishing the Governor at Jericho, we were obliged to submit.

When, after dressing, we descended to the *sala*, we found that the guests were already arriving in numbers. The presence of the ladies was marked by quite a cloud of muslins and tarlatans and other light stuffs, of a bewildering variety of colour, surmounted by the black lace mantillas, that fell in graceful folds from the head far down the back. The civilians among the gentlemen were in black broadcloth coats, white vests and trousers, and patent leather boots; and this uniformity was pleasantly broken by the presence of a goodly number of officers in full dress, many of them covered with decorations.

Fred and I were standing together near one end of the *sala*, and Conchita, who had come out from town with our party in the morning, was standing with Inez not very far from us, when I saw a gentleman, on whose arm a rather elderly lady was leaning, dart a swift glance, and give a distant bow as he recognised us. It was Juan Morillo. I looked mechanically towards Conchita, and saw that she was visibly agitated, for the same eyes had met hers. I repeated in English my previous caution to Fred; and then recognising some old friends, who entered at that moment, left him.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the hour at which dancing was to commence, the orchestra, which was placed out on the piazza, began the Imperial Quadrilles, always the first dance at a Cuban ball. By some fatality, I saw that Morillo and Fred were *vis-à-vis* in the set next to ours; and I knew that Conchita had promised to dance that quadrille with her Englishman. I was so absorbed in looking at them, that I was only recalled to myself by my partner tapping me with her fan as she asked me if I were asleep. I saw no more of them for

some time. Indeed I was so thoroughly enjoying myself, that the excitement and my reliance on Fred's prudence made me forget him and Conchita entirely. There were strolls on the piazza and through the less crowded garden-paths, sparkling with Chinese lanterns, and through shrubberies enlivened by myriads of fire-flies; ices and lemonades were in request, and had to be brought; and scarcely had the duties and pleasures of one dance been concluded, when another began.

At eleven o'clock we were to have supper; but it was nearly half-past that hour before two hundred, or about one half of the guests, sat down in the immense dining corridor. The other half, of which we, Don Carlos' most intimate friends, formed part, were to wait until the first had finished; and long enough it seemed, for we were both tired and hungry. We danced, flirted, and strolled; but at length our turn came; and great was our surprise when the gong again sounded, to find the same table as though it had not been used at all. How Don Carlos managed it, I know not; but a fresh relay of viands had been placed on the table, as it were in the twinkling of an eye. Not one of the numerous dishes broken into, not a spot off the table-cloth, not a particle of cork on the table or floor. It was as though he had had an army of genii in his service. Small wonder that the first two hundred took so long when we saw what was set before us. It was pleasant to be in that second table, and to know that no hungry crowd was waiting impatiently to succeed us; so we took our time. When at last we rose, the signal was given for the display of fireworks to commence. At any time, they would have been beautiful; but on this night they were more than beautiful, and could I have stationed myself in the crown of one of the tall palm-trees and looked down on the spectacle, I might have imagined that I was gazing on a scene out of the *Arabian Nights*. The brilliant dresses of the ladies, strangely lit up by the many-coloured blaze of light from the house in the background, the black and white costumes of the gentlemen, the gay uniforms of the military, and the lights from the cigars, made a fairy scene under that starlit Cuban sky which I shall never forget.

'*Bravo! Bravissimo!*' how magnificent!' was the cry when the finest work of the artist was at length displayed. The applause had scarcely died away, when suddenly, far above the hissing and explosions of the fireworks, were heard two reports of a pistol and the loud shriek of a woman. The shots came from a shrubbery on the right of the house; and in an instant a score of the party were on the spot.

Bending over poor Fred, who was to all appearance dead, we found Conchita. 'He has gone, there! there!' she cried, pointing in the direction of the nearest cane-field; and at once a number of the gentlemen started off in pursuit. We carried my poor friend into the house, where after some time the doctors, of whom several were at the ball, gave us the gratifying intelligence that he was still alive. Later on, he was able to tell us how it had occurred. High words had passed between him and Morillo, who wanted him to fight without delay. Fred refused to have anything to say to him that night at least, and they parted. When the fireworks began, Fred

and Conchita, no doubt taking more interest in each other than in pyrotechnics, wandered off when they knew that they would not be missed. It was then that Morillo confronted them, and again challenged Fred to fight there and then. He again refused; and the refusal had no sooner passed his lips, than Morillo raised his pistol, and firing first at Fred, and then at Conchita, fled through the shrubbery. At the moment, Fred felt nothing, but almost immediately became unconscious. Conchita had escaped unhurt. Fred's wound, though dangerous, might not prove fatal. He had a strong constitution, and on that the doctors pinned their faith in his recovery.

Of course the ball was brought to a sudden termination; and there were now none in the house but the guests from town. Three hours after the event, the pursuers returned, no trace of the fugitive having been found. Fred recovered in time; and six months afterwards, I saw him and Conchita on board the steamer leaving for Europe, where they were going to spend their honeymoon.

Two years passed away, and during that time nothing was heard of Juan Morillo, although no doubt ever existed in our minds that he had joined the insurrection. Time showed the correctness of our suspicions. I was in Santiago de Cuba, when one day the Spanish cruiser *Tornado* came into the magnificent bay towing the steamer *Virginus*, which had been captured after a long exciting chase. The news soon spread through the town that a large number of insurgents, arms and ammunition, were on board; and sincerely we pitied the poor unfortunates whose fate was only too certain. In the evening, we knew that a number of them had been condemned and, in accordance with Spanish custom, had been placed in the 'chapel' (*capilla*) where, strongly guarded, and attended by priests, they were to pass their last night on earth engaged in devotions. At eight o'clock next morning, they were to be shot; and from my balcony I saw the sad procession pass on its way to the place of execution. The foremost of the prisoners was the captain of the captured steamer. Above six feet in height, of a noble, commanding presence, which was strengthened by his long flowing gray beard, he walked to his death with an air of quiet dignity, which was strangely in contrast with the demeanour of many of his companions. I do not mean that there was any flinching in them. Brave and defiant to the last, the condemned Cubans seemed to glory in the prospect of their approaching fate. It could be nothing worse than death, that they were sure of; and again and again their cries of '*Viva Cuba libre!*' rose on the still morning air. Several of them belonged to some of the best Cuban families; one of them I knew, who, as he passed a house near mine, threw his hat up to some ladies who were weeping on the balcony.

With a start, my eyes fell on a prisoner in one of the last files. It was Juan Morillo! I pitied him then, and wished I could make him understand it; but he passed without looking towards me. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the hush of silence which everywhere prevailed was broken by the first sharp volley which sent six souls into eternity. The firing went on until all had paid the penalty.

We have often spoken of our ball and its tragic ending; and when Morillo's name is mentioned, none speak more feelingly of his sad end than Fred and Conchita.

THE RAIN-TREE.

Some travellers in South America, in traversing an arid and desolate tract of country, were struck (says *Land and Water*) with a strange contrast. On one side there was a barren desert, on the other a rich and luxuriant vegetation. The French consul at Loreto, Mexico, says that this remarkable contrast is due to the presence of the *Tumai caspi*, or the rain-tree. This tree grows to the height of sixty feet, with a diameter of three feet at its base, and possesses the power of strongly attracting, absorbing, and condensing the humidity of the atmosphere. Water is always to be seen dripping from its trunk in such quantity as to convert the surrounding soil into a veritable marsh. It is in summer especially, when the rivers are nearly dried up, that the tree is most active. If this admirable quality of the rain-tree were utilised in the arid regions near the equator, the people there, living in misery on account of the unproductive soil, would derive great advantages from its introduction, as well as the people of more favoured countries where the climate is dry and droughts frequent.

NIGHTFALL.

LIE still, O heart!

Crush out thy vainness and unreach'd desires.

Mark how the sunset-fires,

Which kindled all the west with red and gold,

Are slumbering 'neath the amethystine glow

Of the receding day, whose tale is told.

Stay, stay thy questionings; what would'st thou know,

O anxious heart?

Soft is the air;

And not a leaflet rustles to the ground

To break the calm around.

Creep, little wakeful heart, into thy nest;

The world is full of flowers even yet.

Close fast thy dowy eyes, and be at rest.

Pour out thy plaints at day, if thou must fret;

Day is for care.

Now, turn to Go!

Night is too beautiful for us to cling

To selfish sorrowing.

O memory! the grass is ever green

Above thy grave; but we have brighter things

Than thou hast ever claimed or known, I ween.

Day is for tears. At night, the soul hath wings

To leave the sod.

The thought of night,

That comes to us like breath of primrose-time,

That comes like the sweet rhyme

Of a pure thought expressed, lulls all our fears,

And stirs the angel that is in us—night,

Which is a sermon to the soul that hears.

Hush! for the heavens with starlets are alight.

Thank God for night!

HARRIET KENDALL.

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ANECDOTES OF BIBLES.

IN view of the recent publication of a revised translation of the New Testament, it may not prove uninteresting to glance at the many curious vicissitudes which have befallen the early translations and editions of the Bible; for the early editions of the Book, which should always have commanded the most anxious solicitude, were not even favoured with the care and attention now bestowed on a halfpenny newspaper. In the early days of printing, the necessity of carefully revising the printers' work could not have been realised, for it seems to have been a difficult matter to get a book through the press, particularly a large book like the Bible, without a great number of *errata*. Small books even, were not so exempt from blunders as we might suppose. A thin octavo volume of one hundred and seventy-two pages, entitled *The Anatomy of the Mass*, was published in 1561, which was followed by fifteen pages of *errata*! The pious monk who wrote it informs his readers in the Preface to the *Errata* that the blunders in his little book were caused by the machinations of Satan!

During the Commonwealth, and even a short time before Charles I.'s execution, the printers, in order to meet the great demand which then existed, sent out Bibles from their presses as quickly as they could, regardless of errors and omissions. One of the Harleian Manuscripts relates that the learned Archbishop Usher while on his way to preach at Paul's Cross—a wooden pulpit adjoining the Cathedral of St Paul's, in which the most eminent divines were appointed to preach every Sunday morning—went into a bookseller's shop and inquired for a Bible of the London edition. He was horrified to discover that the text from which he was to preach was omitted! This formed the first complaint to the king of the careless manner in which Bibles were printed; and as one of the results, the printing of them was created a monopoly. A great competition then arose between the king's printers of London and those of the University of Cam-

bridge. The privilege of printing Bibles was at a later date conceded to one William Bentley; but he was opposed by Hills and Field; and many paper alterations took place between them. The Pearl Bible, of Field, printed in 1653, is perhaps the most blundering Bible ever issued. A manuscript in the British Museum affirms that one of these Bibles swarmed with six thousand faults. In Garrard's Letter to the Earl of Strathord, it is said: 'Sterne, a solid scholar, was the first who summed up the three thousand and six hundred faults that were in our printed Bibles of London.' The name Pearl given to this book by collectors, and a copy of which is to be found in the British Museum, is derived from the printers' name for a diminutive kind of type. It must not be supposed that those many 'faults' were all printers' errors only, for it is well known that Field was an unscrupulous forger. He is said to have been paid fifteen hundred pounds by the Independents to corrupt a text in Acts vi. 3 by substituting a 'ye' for a 'we,' to sanction the right of the people to appoint their own pastors. Two *errata* may also be mentioned. In Romans vi. 13, 'righteousness' was printed for 'unrighteousness;' and at First Corinthians vi. 9, a 'not' was omitted, so that the text read—'The unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God.'

Before and during the Civil War, a large number of Bibles were printed in Holland in the English language, and imported to this country. As this violated the rights of the 'king's printers,' twelve thousand of those duodecimo Dutch Bibles were seized and destroyed. A large impression of the same smuggled Bibles was burned by order of the Assembly of Divines for errors such as the following—the words in brackets being those in the Authorised Version: Genesis xxxvi. 24, 'This is that ass [Anah] that found the rulers [mules] in the wilderness;' Luke xxi. 28, 'Look up, lift up your hands [heads]; for your condemnation [redemption] draweth nigh.' It may be added, in the case of the passage from Genesis, that the correctors, as well as the corrected, were wrong. Anah neither found 'rulers' nor 'mules' in the

wilderness, but simply 'warm springs,' as our future Bibles will have it. The Vulgate, or Latin Bible, notwithstanding its other faults, has the passage correct: 'Iste est Ana qui invenit *aquas calidas* in solitudine.' (This is Anah who found warm springs in the desert.)

Anthony Bonnemere printed a Bible in French at Paris in 1538, in the reign of Francis I. He says in his preface that this Bible was originally printed at the request of His Most Christian Majesty Charles VIII. in 1495, and that the French translator 'has added nothing but the genuine truths, according to the express terms of the Latin Bible, nor omitted anything but what was improper to be translated.' Yet the following is interwoven with the thirty-second chapter of Exodus at the twentieth verse: 'The ashes of the golden calf which Moses caused to be burnt, and mixed with the water that was drunk by the Israelites, stuck to the beards of such as had fallen down before it; by which they appeared with gilt beards, as a peculiar mark to distinguish those which had worshipped the calf.' Another interpolation of a similar nature was also made in the same chapter: 'Upon Aaron's refusing to make gods for the Israelites, they spat upon him with so much fury and violence that they quite suffocated him.' We may also note the fact that the three thousand men stated, in the twenty-eighth verse of Exodus xxxii. of the Authorised Version, to have been slain, is increased by the Mohammedan commentators of the Koran to seventy thousand; and in the Latin Bible known as the Vulgate, the number is stated to be twenty-three thousand.

The Vulgate of Pope Sixtus V. comes near to, if it does not equal, Field's Pearl Bible in the multiplicity of its errors. This pope, who ascended the Chair in 1585, was resolved to have a correct and carefully printed Bible. He specially revised and corrected every sheet; and on its publication, prefixed to the first edition a Bull excommunicating all printers who in reprinting should make any alteration in the text. Yet the book so swarmed with blunders, that a number of scraps had to be printed for the purpose of being pasted over the erroneous passages, giving the true text. The heretics of course exulted in this flagrant proof of papal infallibility! A copy of this 'Scrap Book' was sold some time since for sixty guineas.

There are several 'Treacle Bibles' known to book-collectors. The edition of May 1541 of Cranmer's Bible, at Jeremiah viii. 22, asks: 'Is there no *tryacle* at Gilead? Is there no phisycyon there?' There also appeared a 'Rosin' Bible in which that word was substituted for treacle; and a 'Bug' Bible, because that unpleasant insect was said by the printers to be the 'terror by night' mentioned in the fifth verse of Psalm xci. The 'Vinegar' Bible, printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1717, is so called from the twentieth chapter of Luke's Gospel being said to

contain 'The Parable of the Vinegar' (instead of 'vineyard') in the summary of contents at the head of the chapter. It was looked upon as a good joke in the times of political corruption when Matthew (v. 9) was made to say, 'Blessed are the *place-makers*.' The 'Breeches' Bible, printed at Geneva in 1560, said at Genesis iii. 7, that Adam and Eve 'made themselves *breeches*.' This version is as old as Wycliffe's time, and appears in his Bible. Some curious changes in the uses of words have taken place even since the date of the Authorised Version. For instance the word 'prevent,' which in the seventeenth century meant, and ought still to mean, 'to anticipate.' It is derived from the Latin *prævenire*, 'to come before,' and in the Authorised Version never means 'to hinder.' Shakespeare uses 'prevent' for 'anticipate' in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1.; and Burns in his *Cottar's Saturday Night*. A printer's error in the Authorised Version which has been allowed to remain, may be noted in this place: the letter *s* has been prefixed without authority to the word 'needez' in Second Kings iv. 35. It is printed correctly (neecings) in the only other place where it occurs, at Job xli. 18. 'Neeze' is also to be found in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1.

In 1616, some revision and correction was attempted with partial success; but the two Cambridge Bibles of 1629 and 1638 were the first which were printed with tolerable correctness. The edition of 1638 is said to have been revised at the king's command by several learned men of Cambridge, such as Dr Ward, Dr Goad, and others. Buck and Daniel, the University printers, were so confident of its correctness, that they challenged all Cambridge by a bill affixed to the door of St Mary's Church, in which they offered a copy of their Bible to any scholar who would find a literal fault in it. The first person who publicly noticed any of its errata was Dr William Wotton, who in a sermon preached at Newport-Pagnell, Bucks, noticed an error ('ye' for 'we') at Acts vi. 3. An edition printed at Oxford in 1711 is remarkable for a mistake at Isaiah lvii. 12, where a 'not' is omitted. And the Oxford Bible of 1792 declared that Philip (instead of Peter) would deny Christ before cock-crow.

Great difficulty was experienced by the early translators with the enumeration of the articles composing Jacob's present to Joseph (Genesis xliii. 11), as little was known at that time of the botany of the Holy Land. Tyndale was not far wrong in his version of the Pentateuch in 1530, although 'a curte-sye bawlmie,' &c., looks quaint nowadays. The Geneva of 1560 and the Douay of 1609 had 'rosen' where we now have 'balm.' Dr Geddes introduces 'laudanum' among the presents; but in his manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, Wycliffe translates the first on the list as 'a lytle of precious liquor of sibote,' and adds slyly in the margin that this 'precious liquor' is 'ginne.' A printer's widow in Germany thought

to secure the supremacy of her sex by secretly altering the last clause of the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of Genesis. By substituting the letters 'Na' for the first half of the word Herr (lord or master) it made the word read 'Narri;' the altered text reading, 'And he shall be thy fool.' It is said this attempt at 'improving' the text cost the good woman her life. The translation of St Paul's Epistles in the Ethiopic language was full of errors, which the editors good-naturedly excused by the following plea: 'They who printed the work could not read, and we could not print; they helped us, and we helped them, as the blind helps the blind.' Dr John Jortin, in his *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History* (1754), notices a Gothic Bishop who translated the Scriptures into the language of the Goths, omitting the Book of Kings, lest the wars recorded there should increase their inclination for fighting.

Dr Alexander Geddes already referred to, resolved to undertake a new translation; and in 1780, as a preliminary, he published a sketch of his plan under the title of an *Idea of a New Version of the Holy Bible for the Use of the English Catholics*. In 1786, he published another *Prospectus*; in 1787, *An Appendix to the Prospectus*, containing 'queries, doubts, and difficulties relative to a vernacular version of the Holy Scriptures.' In 1788 and following years, he issued *Proposals for Printing*, and several *Answers* to the advice he had received. After all these preliminary flourishes, in 1792 the first volume appeared of a translation which was never completed. Christians of every description rejected it; and the Catholics, for whose benefit it was intended, were forbidden to read it. Yet another *Address* in defence the following year, and the project ends. In what he has translated, Geddes introduces us to Hebrew 'constables,' and the Passover is rather humorously translated 'the Skipover.'

From those blundered editions let us now go back to the first complete printed Bible—that by John Fust or Faust, printed at Mayence, in Germany, in 1455. This magnificent work was executed with cut-metal types on six hundred and thirty-seven leaves, some of the copies on fine paper, and others on vellum; and is sometimes known as the 'Mazarin Bible,' a copy having been unexpectedly found in Cardinal Mazarin's library at Paris. It is also called the 'Forty-two Line Bible,' because each full column contains that number of lines; and lastly, as Gutenberg's Bible, because John Gutenberg was associated with Fust and Schöffer in its issue. It was printed in Latin; and the letters were such an exact imitation of the work of an amanuensis, that the copies were passed off by Fust, when he visited Paris, as manuscript, the discovery of the art of printing being kept a profound secret. Fust sold a copy to the king of France for seven hundred crowns, and another to the Archbishop of Paris for four hundred crowns; although he appears to have charged less noble customers as low as sixty crowns. The low price and a uniformity of the lettering of these Bibles, caused universal astonishment. The capital letters in red ink were said to be printed with his blood; and as he could immediately produce new copies *ad libitum*, he was adjudged in league with Satan. Fust was apprehended, and was forced to

reveal the newly discovered art of printing, to save himself from the flames. This is supposed to be the origin of the tradition of the 'devil and Dr Faustus,' dramatised by Christopher Marlowe and others.

One of the highest prices—if not the highest—realised by any book was for a copy of this splendid Bible, at the sale of the 'Perkins Library' at Hamworth Park, on 6th June 1873. A copy on vellum was sold for three thousand four hundred pounds; another on paper for two thousand six hundred and ninety pounds. This large price is rather surprising; for there are about twenty copies in different libraries, half of them belonging to private persons, in Britain. Before this sale, the most expensive book was Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, printed at Venice in 1471, which was bought at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale in 1811 by the Marquis of Blandford (Duke of Marlborough), for two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds; although its value fell afterwards to nine hundred and eighteen pounds in 1819, when Lord Spencer became its purchaser.

When Dr Castell was engaged in the preparation of his Polyglot Bible, he was much patronised by Cromwell, who allowed the paper to be imported free of duty. It was published during the Protectorate, and dedicated to Cromwell in a respectful preface. At the Restoration (1660), Cromwell's name was omitted, and the Republican strains of the preface toned down. The different editions are known as 'Republican' and 'Royal' among book-collectors. At that time, there was a mania for dedicating books to somebody—a celebrity, if possible.

Before types were invented, printing pictures from engraved wooden blocks was accomplished in the fourteenth century. Books were made of engravings of the most remarkable incidents in the books of Moses, the Gospels, and Apocalypse; they were called *Biblia Pauperum*, or Poor Men's Bibles. Fair copies of these have brought two hundred and fifty pounds; and the very worst, rarely less than fifty pounds. The rare edition of the *Biblia Germanica*, published in 1487, contains many coloured wood-cuts remarkable for the singularity of their designs; for instance, Bathsheba is represented washing her feet in a tub, and Elijah as ascending to heaven in a four-wheeled wagon! The Bishops' Bible—so called from the fact that most of the translators were bishops—was published in 1568. It contained a portrait of the Earl of Leicester, the great and powerful favourite of Elizabeth, placed before the Book of Joshua; whilst another portrait, that of Sir William Cecil—also a favourite of the queen—adorned the Psalms. In the edition of 1574, a map of the Holy Land, and the Arms of Archbishop Parker, the chief translator, were substituted.

We will conclude with the following anecdotes of Prayer Books. The Clarendon Press, Oxford, printed in 1813 an edition in which occurs twice in the Litany, 'O Lamb of God, which takest away the sins of the Lord.' A copy is still in use, we believe, in Cashel Cathedral. Dr Cotton says he has seen a Prayer Book in which a prayer concluded thus, 'Through the unrighteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

Our last story is from an American newspaper of 1776. A printer in England who printed the

Book of Common Prayer, unluckily omitted the letter *c* in the word 'changed' in the following sentence, 'We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye.' A clergyman not so attentive to his duties as he should have been, read it to his congregation as it was printed, thus, 'We shall all be *hanged* in the twinkling of an eye.'

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXXV.—UNCLE WALTER AGAIN.

THERE came the day, earlier than he had expected, perhaps, but not very soon, when Bertram's business at the Yard was completed early by the signature of certain cheques and the indorsement of certain vouchers; and then there was nothing to do that exacted an Assistant Manager's attendance. Mr Weston was in London. The shipwrights, Long Tom and his muscular colleagues, knew their work. The clerks plied the pen, yawning at intervals, and intermitting their clerky tasks to skim over leading articles in the *Daily Something*, or to chat about cricket and the Glee Club. Bertram had time to pay his promised visit to Shirley Villa. It was a pretty, white, bay-windowed house, the Villa, one of many villas and ornamental cottages on the edge of the breezy Common; bordering on which, old oaks yet grew; and giant holly-trees, the boast of that southern shire, showed their dark-glistening greenery and winter wealth of scarlet berries almost as profusely as when the Red King, with an arrow in his heart, lay dead in the Royal Forest hard by. Peat-fires were burning yet, with sullen crimson glow, on many a cottage hearth for miles around; and some of the quaintest customs and most mediæval traditions that our island knows held fast to the tenacious root which they had taken, but a little way, so far as mileage goes, from that Southampton which has for years been the British gateway of the golden East.

Bertram found a kindly welcome at Shirley Villa. As a friend of the Westons, as a friend of Rose Denham, whose story was perfectly well known to her employers, he was very well received. Mr. and Mrs. Denshire were pleasant-natured people. Theodore Denshire had been a barrister, and indeed, was probably a barrister still; but he had doffed the terrors of the wig he had so seldom worn in open court; nor indeed need the most nervous of witnesses have been much alarmed, in a *visi prius* trial, at cross-examination from such a counsel as he had been. Partly from weak health, partly because he had inherited the small property of a childless elder brother, he had turned his back upon the Temple, and lived a quiet life, driving about to picturesque spots, and photographing gnarled trees and thatched roofs for miles around. Mrs. Denshire was no mean member of the Archery Society, a kindly matron, with strong wrists, shrewd black eyes, and a ringing laugh. Alice and Hugh were the children; and then there was Rose. Governesses, I hope, are often as happy as was good Dr. Denham's youngest daughter under the roof of her pupils' parents. She had to earn her bread, and that she cheerfully did, but nobody made it bitter to her by tyranny or insolence. The only clouds that darkened Rose's young life were that Louisa was

far away; and that the man who dogged her steps, the nameless persistent suitor, or persecutor, who plied her with threat and promise, never long allowed her to forget him.

The first greetings over, Mr. Denshire trotted out all his inoffensive hobbies for exhibition to the stranger. Here were his photographs—scraps of still-life in the Forest, the ruined chapelry at Capel, the Hollow Oak of Rufus, the grass-grown roofs and wooden church spire of Toadhurst, the Gipsies' Dell, the huts of Nomansland, where basket-makers and tinkers lived by a precarious industry that was reported to be supplemented by poaching and purloining of timber. These were the bits of decorative wood-carving, a triptych after—a long way after—Albert Dürer; an entablature of nymphs and Grecian warriors, copied from a stone frieze of the ruined gateway of some Morean town, crumbling under the combined effects of weather, negligence, and the Turkish cannon that breached it two centuries ago. And this was Mr. Denshire's lawn-watering machine, his own invention, really his own; and which seemed to Bertram's unprejudiced judgment an ingenious if cumbrous contrivance for squirting as much water as possible into the face and over the garments of the operator, and projecting a minimum of the same wholesome element, with the maximum of pumping, over the greensward.

Bertram was invited to stay for luncheon; and that meal, synchronic with the children's dinner, being despatched, he took leave of his entertainers, and accompanied Rose Denham and her two pupils in their daily walk, across the Common itself, where the golden gorse was in its summer luxuriance of yellow flower; and then into the leafy Avenue, where the great elms stood towering in their majesty, like so many castles, the strongholds of the birds, that twittered or carolled securely on twig and bough, high above the reach or the aim of man or boy.

At the end of the Avenue, Bertram bade Rose good-bye. He had himself a visit of ceremony to pay to some potent magnate of that P. and O. Company whose passenger steamships first metamorphosed Southampton from the clean, bright city, beloved of aristocratic old maids, into the wealthy seaport that it is now. Great men and men of note in the commercial world had begun now, moved by some instinct which enabled them to scent success, as swine and spaniels in the New Forest scent buried truffles, afar off, to be polite to Bertram Oakley. Bertram had been bidden to a heavy dinner, with heavy company, at the house of this gentleman, and had been grandly patronised, and solemnly lionised, as the clever youngster from Mervyn's, of whom Mr. Mervyn thought so well, and as the inventor of the new double oscillating steam-something of which newspaper writers—who knew nothing about it—spoke in terms of such glib approval. Rose was silent, Rose was shy. She busied herself a good deal with the children. At luncheon, which was dinner, whenever Bertram spoke, he had had no listener so faithful as this slender, golden-haired girl. But out of doors she was not talkative, and at last they two shook hands and parted.

Bertram, as he walked on townwards, was not so much vexed, after a minute's thoughtfulness,

with the change in Rose's manner as many a young man, in his place, would have been. Somehow, he felt, rather than knew, that the alteration boded him no harm—that she did not like him the less, because she had grown to be so silent and bashful and shy—so unsisterly, as he would once have said, with him. No man could have been less inclined to plume himself on his knowledge of women—and indeed those whom women like the best, know the least of them—than Bertram Oakley; but Rose's behaviour did not exactly displease him. A perfectly frank bearing, the indications of a mind fancy-free, are perhaps the most disheartening symptoms of any that are written down in *Love's Medical Guide*.

Half-way down the broad white High Street, in front of that ancient *Dolphin Hotel* before which hundreds of carriages, gorgeous with coronets, or rich with emblazoned heraldry that would have dazzled foreign eyes, were wont to draw up, in the old coaching and posting days, Bertram suddenly caught sight of a face not to be easily forgotten. A gentleman was giving instructions to his Italian valet, a brown, white-toothed, black-whiskered Neapolitan, as to the luggage which two town porters were stowing away, in leisurely fashion, on a green hand-truck. Uncle Walter himself, as gay, light hearted, and brisk as ever, like an elderly butterfly that had successfully for many years flourished in decorous indolence. Bertram hesitated. But Mr Walter Denham's eyes were nearly as good as his; and the *richness* waved his kidded hand, and beckoned, blithely, across the street, so that the young man was, as it were, compelled to go over and speak to his old acquaintance.

'How d'ye do?' was Uncle Walter's half-caressing, half-indifferent greeting. 'I knew you were here, for I saw your name in the *Times*. A new steam-engine, hey?'

'A slight improvement only—if it be an improvement, which practice must prove,' answered Bertram, as he took the well-gloved hand. It needs a very churlish temper, or a very stern resolve, to make any of us refuse a hand offered to our grasp.

'And I wanted you to be a painter's model—you were quite handsome enough—at seven-and-six, when required,' said Uncle Walter, amused at the reminiscence. 'Right, lad, right! to use the inside of your head, instead of the exterior.—And so you live here, now?' And the artistic amateur surveyed the broad, white, rather empty High Street, as if with renewed interest, on account of his young friend.

'Yes; I live here, sir; and so does your niece—your brother's daughter—Miss Rose Denham. I left her but half an hour since,' said Bertram steadily.

'Does she, really?' asked Uncle Walter, in his pretty, playful way, as if he had been a masculine Peri, poised on starry wings, and condescending to take a little concern in the ways and fates of mankind.—'Luigi, tell the clumsy curs to be careful with that box.' This last sentence was couched in fluent Italian, and prudently; for clumsy curs, if of our island breed, are sometimes apt to snarl and turn.

'Si, sì, Eccellenza,' answered the brown man from Naples, displaying his sharkish teeth; and Bertram himself was fain to smile.

'You understood me?' said Uncle Walter rapidly. 'I forgot your knack of picking up languages—sharp-witted lad that you are!—Niece Rose lives here, then? I didn't know it. Where is she, and is she as pretty as ever? Sometimes, those blondes go off, in looks, early.'

'Miss Rose Denham is very pretty. She is governess, now, to the young children of Mr and Mrs Denshire, at Shirley Common, three miles from the town,' answered Bertram.

'How very nice of her—and how very nice of them!' chimed in Uncle Walter airily. 'I'm sure she has chosen for the best; and that good, sensible Louisa—with whom, I fear, I am no favourite—has also chosen for the best.—Are they ever going to bring that carriage, Luigi?—in procuring for her such congenial employment. A governess! Well! well! Governesses, except in a novel, are never bullied, I believe; and the constant contact with fresh young minds—Steady, block-heads, with the luggage—must be ineffably sweet. Dear Louisa, she is, perhaps, pardonably prejudiced. We should always be patient.—Luigi, hurry the scoundrels with that carriage!'

'You are going abroad, sir?' asked Bertram, who scarcely knew what tone to assume when confronted by this light, gay nature, that seemed so successfully to repudiate the responsibilities which conscience and custom impose.

'Yes; I am going to Spain, to Granada,' replied Uncle Walter, with a sigh of satisfaction as the laggard vehicle at last rolled out of the hotel yard. 'The *Victoria*, which is to take me to Gib, sails, or rather steams, to-day. Something wrong with the Alhambra—a landslip, they call it, which has caused, I fear, irreparable damage to the dear old place, on which I wish to feast my loving eyes again before it becomes an absolute heap of ruins, or, worse still, gets restored beyond recognition.—Ta! ta!' added the worthy gentleman, as he stepped into his open carriage, and waved his hand in token of adieu. 'My love to my niece!'

Off went the carriage at a brisk pace; and Bertram, after watching it until it got beyond the range of vision, walked slowly and sorrowfully away.

HAIL AND HAILSTORMS.

To us, living in our temperate climate, the destructive power of the hailstorms of other regions almost exceeds belief. The hailstones which we see occasionally fall during a thunderstorm are not worthy to be named beside the enormous masses of ice, sometimes many pounds in weight, which frequently demolish the crops in Southern France and other countries. While our much-abused climate may have—and undoubtedly has—its drawbacks, it also has its advantages; for whether it is worse to have a bad season from the beginning, with the consequent failure of the crops, or a promising harvest, all but ready for the reaper, cut down and ruined by one dire hailstorm of perhaps not more than a few minutes' duration?

The most remarkable hailstorm on record is that which occurred in France on the 13th of July 1788. It was divided into two distinct bands—the western one four hundred and twenty miles long and ten miles broad; and the eastern one five hundred miles long and only five miles broad.

There was a mean interval of twelve miles between them, in which space ruin fell. The storm moved at the rate of thirty-two miles per hour, the hail falling for not more than seven or eight minutes at the same place. The western branch began at Touraine, near Loches, at half-past six A.M., passed over Chartres, Rambouillet, Pontoise, Clermont, Douai, entered Belgium, and passed over Courtrai, and finally died out beyond Flushing at half-past one P.M. The eastern branch began at Orleans at half-past seven A.M., passed over Arthenay and Andonville, reached the Faubourg St-Antoine in Paris at half-past eight, Cressy-en-Valois at half-past nine, Cateau-Cambresis at eleven, and Utrecht at half-past two P.M. Though the hail fell for such a short time at each place, the destruction of property was immense. No less than ten hundred and thirty-nine communes in France suffered, the damage being found to amount to about a million pounds sterling. Some of the hailstones weighed more than half a pound. There are several very remarkable features in this hailstorm: its extraordinary length, its comparatively narrow width, and its short continuance at one place. These peculiarities might be conveniently accounted for by supposing an immense cloud or body of clouds carried along by a steady current of wind, and discharging as it moved in its course. But how can we conceive a single cloud bearing along in its bosom nearly twenty-eight million tons of ice?—which was about the quantity, estimating it at one pound per square foot, that fell to the earth during the storm.

Another storm of exceptional severity was that experienced in the neighbourhood of Angoulême on August 3, 1813. It began at six P.M., having been preceded by profound darkness. The hailstones, which were very large, wounded several persons severely, and killed a child near Barbezieux; injured the cattle, sheep, and pigs; entirely stripped the trees of their leaves; cut the vines into pieces, and crushed the crops. The next day, the landscape had the appearance of mid-winter, the hail having accumulated in the hollows and roads to a depth of almost three feet. The whole neighbourhood was deprived of game; and the effects of the storm were visible five years afterwards, the vines in particular not having recovered their productive powers.

The annals of meteorology afford many examples of storms almost as severe as those mentioned above. One which burst over the department of the Aisne, on the 7th of May 1865, caused damages amounting to several million francs. In the Valley of the Scheldt the hailstones lay fifteen feet deep upon the ground, and were still visible five days after. On the 9th of May in the same year, the hail which fell upon the Catelet meadows, in the arrondissement of St Quentin, formed a crystal mass a mile and a quarter long and two thousand feet broad—estimated to amount altogether to twenty-one million cubic feet.

Although hailstorms in this country are comparatively rare, we cannot boast of exemption from them. They never assume the desolation-spreading character, however, so common in France. One that occurred in 1809 broke two hundred thousand panes of glass in London alone. In 1824, the crops were almost completely destroyed in Hertfordshire, Middlesex, and Essex; the damage done upon a space of three thousand

four hundred and eighty-seven acres in the last-mentioned county alone being estimated at fourteen thousand five hundred and seventy-four pounds, or about four pounds three shillings and sevenpence per acre on an average. In 1843, during the months of July and August, severe storms were experienced in Cambridgeshire, Berkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Hertfordshire, Kent, Oxfordshire, Bedfordshire, Gloucestershire and Yorkshire, some farmers suffering an individual loss amounting to upwards of two thousand pounds. By the storm of August 1, 1846, gardeners alone sustained a loss estimated at fifteen thousand pounds; and more recently that of August 2, 1879, in the neighbourhood of Richmond, inflicted damage in broken glass alone, estimated at thirty thousand pounds. Melancholy though this category of disasters is, it is a pleasing picture when contrasted with the French record of similar calamities, which would well-nigh fill a volume.

Hailstones vary greatly in size. In ordinary storms, they weigh from forty-six to one hundred and twenty grains. It may be interesting to notice some of the largest on record. Holmshed (who is, however, a periodical wonder-monger) says that hailstones as large as eggs fell in England in the year 1202, during the reign of John; and that in the twentieth year of that of good King Alexander III. of Scotland (1269) there arose 'great winds, with storms of such immeasurable hailstones, that many towns were thrown down' by their violence, and fires spread throughout the kingdom 'burning up steeples with such force of fire that the bells were in divers places melted.' Those of the Abbey of Aberbrothock (Arbroath) were thus destroyed. In 1323, while Edward III. was marching near Chartres in France, his army was so much injured by a storm of immense hailstones, that he concluded peace. Count de Mezeray relates that when Louis XII. of France made war against the Pope, and carried his army into Italy (1510), bluish hailstones descended during a thunderstorm, which weighed about one hundred pounds! On June 21, 1545, there fell in Lancashire 'hailstones as big as men's fists, which had diverse prints in them, some like gun-holes.' On the 7th of June 1573, in Northamptonshire, some were found which measured six inches in circumference; and on the 29th of April 1697, a storm passed over Cheshire and Lancashire, during which hailstones, weighing eight ounces and measuring nine inches in circumference, fell. Hertfordshire, on the 4th of May in the same year, was visited by a shower of hail, which killed several persons. The stones were fourteen inches in circumference. M. Parent relates that hailstones as big as a man's fist, and weighing from nine and a half to twelve and three quarter ounces, fell in Le Perche on May 16, 1703. Passing over many recorded, and perhaps doubtful, instances such as the above, we learn that during a hailstorm at Constantinople on October 5, 1831, there fell stones weighing more than one pound. Similar ones are said to have been picked up in May 1821, at Palestrina (Italy). Blocks of ice fell at Cazorta in Spain on June 5, 1829, which weighed four and a half pounds; and in the south of France, during the latter part of October 1844, some fell which weighed eleven pounds. After a hailstorm on May 8, 1802, in Hungary, a piece of ice was found which

measured more than three feet both in length and in width, with a thickness of two and a quarter feet. To conclude this list, a hailstone is said to have fallen in the reign of Tippoo Saib which was the size of an elephant! It is possible that many of those so-called gigantic hailstones were simply masses of ice composed of a collection of hailstones agglomerated together in some hollow space into which they had fallen, and where they may have remained for some time after the general fall of hailstones had melted and disappeared.

With regard to the composition of hailstones, it would seem that they have but one feature in common—they are all formed of congealed water. They differ in size, in shape, and in structure. Some are nearly round, some oval, some pear-shaped. Some are white and opaque, others are clear as crystal. Kämtz considered the pyramid to be the primitive form of the hailstone; while, on the other hand, Descartes, Elie de Beaumont, Airy, Delcros, and Nöggerath, believed it to be the sphere broken in its fall. Professor Osborne Reynolds has lately advanced the opinion that it is a sort of spherical pyramid, dense at the base, and soft towards the apex. A good example of this form of hailstone was noticed on May 22, 1870, in Paris by M. Trécul. It was pyriform, and about three quarters of an inch long by half an inch wide. The third part of it, at the top—the narrowest portion of the hailstone—was opaque and white; while the lower or the broadest part was perfectly translucent, like the purest ice. When looked at from the broadest end, it presented the shape of an obtuse-angled rhombus, and from the sides there started oblique facets, which converged and died away towards the obtuse summit. Captain Delcros picked up some very remarkable hailstones on July 4, 1819, which fell during a nocturnal hailstorm in Western France. They were nearly spherical, and in the centre was visible a spherical nucleus of a somewhat opaque, whitish hue, which showed traces of concentric layers. Around this nucleus was an envelope of compact bluish ice, with radial lines running from the centre to the circumference. This in turn was surrounded by a coating of concentric layers, upon the surface of which were twelve large crystalline pyramids of clear ice, with smaller pyramids intercalated between them. The whole formed a spherical mass nearly three and a half inches in diameter. Hailstones with a surrounding crust of transparent ice-crystals fell during a violent storm in the Thraileth Mountains, near Bjeloi Klintsch, a short distance south of the Caucasus, on June 9, 1869, and were carefully sketched by Mr H. Alsch, a Russian gentleman residing on the spot. Their structure was in many respects similar to that of the ones described by Delcros. M. Parent remarked some at Montargis on July 29, 1871, which were from one to two inches in length, oval in shape, and transparent as crystal. These hailstones are of special interest, as it is the only case on record in which they showed no traces of a central nucleus of soft snowy material. Descriptions might be multiplied indefinitely.—Each observer has had some anomalous feature to record. Many have hoped in a dissected hailstone to read its mysterious history; but as they exhibit such diversity of form and structure, we may be prepared to hear different

causes and processes assigned to almost every hailstorm that occurs.

The indications of a hailstorm are sufficiently well marked. The barometer sinks very low; and, what is unusual before any other atmospheric disturbance, the thermometric column suffers a corresponding depression. Previous to a storm that occurred in the Orkney Islands in the year 1818, the barometer descended 1.15 inches, and the thermometer has been known to sink through seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit. The clouds usually assume a peculiar aspect. They show here and there immense irregular protuberances, and, judging from the profound darkness which they produce, are very thick. Arago pointed out that they seem to be distinguishable from other storm-clouds by their ashen hue. Nevertheless, hail has been observed to fall from an almost cloudless sky, with the sun shining brightly, and unaccompanied by any tempest or atmospheric disturbance. A sound likened by some to the galloping of a flock of sheep over hard rocky ground, and by others to the noise of a heavy luggage train, a cavalry squadron at full gallop, or the pouring of shot from one vessel into another, is said to be the precursor of a violent hailstorm. It is long since this phenomenon was first observed. Aristotle and Lucretius, among ancient writers, mention it; Kalm noticed it on the 30th of April 1744, at Moscow; Tessier, on the 13th of July 1768, in France; and Peltier heard it in the department of La Somme. A sound was also heard at Auxerre on the 29th of July 1871, previous to the cloudless hailstorm above mentioned. It has been explained by the striking together of the hailstones aloft, as they are whirled about by the wind.

An annual loss of about two millions sterling has not been suffered without many attempts being made to prevent, or, at least, to mitigate the evil of hailstorms. Electricity has always been regarded as the principal agent in their production, and hence it has been proposed to tap the clouds and run off that dangerous element by means of lightning-conductors, or something of that kind. This idea appears first to have been suggested by Guenaut de Montbeillard in 1776. In 1820, La Postolle, and subsequently Thollard, invented a peculiar instrument consisting of straw ropes, in which a metallic wire was interwoven, suspended by means of pointed rods similar to lightning-conductors. These, together with Arago's *paragrêles*, which were captive balloons armed with an iron point and held to the earth by a cord with a copper wire running through it, have all proved unavailing; and the attempt to subdue Nature in this respect, has been abandoned in despair until we shall know something more about her strange ways.

SHALL SHE BE SACRIFICED?

CHAPTER IV.—COLEBROOKE'S SECRET REVEALED.

ON the following Monday I went to pay some long promised visits in London, and did not return for a week. My first call on my arrival was to our neighbours. Mrs Thompson was now well enough to resume her usual duties, and the temporary servant had been sent away. Ida looked careworn and weary. How I wished I

could mitigate her unhappiness! She, so young and interesting, to be rendered miserable through no fault of her own.

'Dear Miss Colebrooke,' I said, taking her hand gently, 'I know you have been fretting. You are in trouble. Are you sure I cannot help you?'

'You are very kind to offer to help,' she replied, smiling sadly; 'but no one, I am sorry to say, no one can help me.'

'Is it so bad as that? Is it a new trouble?'

'A new trouble that will soon come,' she replied, in a tone so despairing, that my heart ached to hear her.

'I wish I could take it away,' I said earnestly.

She raised her eyes to mine for a moment, and then a deep blush came over her sweet face. My look had expressed more than my words had.

'Dear Ida,' I continued, 'if I cannot relieve your sorrow, at least let me share it;' and then I told her all my love. As I spoke, a gleam of joy shone for a moment in her face. It seemed as if the return of happiness was not so very distant. The instant after, it was gone; but not before it had told me what I longed to know.

'Dear Dr Aylmer, you do not know. What you ask may not be. It can never be. I—I am engaged to be married to—to'—

If I had touched a powerful electric battery, the shock her words gave me could not have been greater. I had not thought of her having any lover, and I felt sure she cared for me. Presently, I asked her if she loved the man to whom she was engaged.

'I must try hard,' she replied, 'to do so—if I do not now. We must all do hard things sometimes.'

'Not like him!' I exclaimed. 'And yet you are engaged to marry him.'

'Do not judge me harshly,' she said almost pleadingly. 'You do not understand what compels me to'—

'To sacrifice your life,' I concluded. 'Ah, I know now what your father meant when he asked you the other day what you would do for him. But in what way your marrying against your own wishes can benefit him, I am unable to understand.'

'Shall I tell you?'

'Yes.'

'It might save his life.'

'Save his life?'

'Yes.'

'How?'

'Well, it is right you should have the reason. He has several times said he would not mind your knowing. I trust to your friendship for me not to divulge a terrible secret. Do not stop me. I would rather tell you now. My poor father had the dreadful misfortune to deprive a fellow-creature of his life. You have heard of what is termed the Hickards murder?'

I nodded affirmatively.

'The only witness to the act was Mr Purse—

Hickards' fellow-partner—the man you saw here some days since, and who at one time was an acquaintance of ours in London. With a view to turning the miserable business to his own advantage, he has sworn to my father that he will aid him in quitting the country, even at his own risk, *if I consent to marry him*. If I do not consent, then he will give my father into custody and positively swear he saw him *murder* the man! I have, of course, no alternative, and the wedding is fixed for next Monday.'

This was already Thursday.

'Next Monday?' I cried in a tone of pain. 'Oh Ida, your father cannot allow this.'

'Don't blame him. He has not urged me in the least. I have told him that I *will* do it. I am quite determined. Why, I should be my own father's murderer, if I refused this man.'

'As it is,' I said, 'you will murder your own peace, and mine.'

'In spite of what I have told you, Doctor, would you still choose to marry me, the daughter of'—

'What does it signify to me whose daughter you are, as long as you are my own darling Ida?' I said this in a voice of passionate tenderness. I do not remember now all that passed. I know I entreated her to reconsider her decision. I used every argument to persuade her. I promised to aid her father to escape. But all was of no avail. She wept bitterly; but she remained firm.

To escape would be a matter of great difficulty. Mr Purse had taken lodgings in the house right opposite, and watched all their movements. He had threatened that if Ida did not meet him at the church at half-past ten on Monday, he would go directly to the police station and have her father arrested. At one time, they had tried to leave the country, and had even taken passages in a steamer on the point of departure from Liverpool to New York; but just as they were going on board, they had observed Mr Purse, though, as it turned out, he had not noticed them. And as he was coming to the ship to see some friends off, they had hastily returned to land before he had, as they believed, discovered their presence. They had then thought it better to conceal themselves in the country for a time until vigilant search should have abated. They were now living by means of money to the amount of about a thousand pounds, the profits of some articles of value which they had sold. They had not placed this sum in the bank, as if they had, there would have been danger of their whereabouts becoming known.

But how had Purse discovered their hiding-place? It was quite by chance. The house in which they now lived had, as already stated, stood long empty, and the proprietor was desirous to dispose of it. With this view he wrote to his solicitor in London to put the property in the market; and the solicitor, it so chanced, employed for this work the very firm of property agents with which Mr Purse was connected. It was not, however, Purse who first went to Spanners to look at the property, but another representative of the firm; and he, calling at the house to ask about the property, spoke with the housekeeper Mrs Thompson, whom, however, he had not before seen; but he was not allowed into the house. On

his return, in reporting to Mr Purse regarding the property, he commented upon the fact of his not having been admitted into the house; which awakened the curiosity of Purse, who put some questions as to the housekeeper's appearance, and such-like. The result of these inquiries was that Mr Purse's suspicions were aroused, and he himself set off at once for Spanners. But Mrs Thompson by this time being ill, he failed to see her as he had hoped. He made inquiries, however, as to the occupants of the house in question, and learned that a young lady named Colebrooke, with her servant, had taken it; that she called nowhere, went out but seldom, and had excited curiosity. He resolved to watch the house, and for this purpose engaged lodgings opposite. Was Mr Colebrooke with them or not? This he could not ascertain, and he forbore to ask any one. One day, however, he espied Ida as she bade me good-bye at the door; and when I came to the gate, as already narrated, he stopped me, doubtless hoping to ascertain whether the gentleman lived in the house.

And what was the cause that led to the dreadful crime? It was the old story of human anger uncontrolled. Mr Colebrooke—whose real name was Wayne, but who had assumed a false name for obvious reasons—had been made the dupe of a wicked schemer of the name of Hickards, by whom he had been induced to part with his money to purchase shares in a lead-mine speculation. The mines proved to be myths; but the gold he had collected from Mr Colebrooke and others who had trusted him, went to enrich Mr Hickards, who, as already stated, was Purse's partner. An action was instituted against Hickards; but the fraud, though few doubted it, could not be established against him with evidence sufficient for conviction. Hickards had carried out the swindle too ingeniously, and rendered detection impossible. He was acquitted; and Mr Colebrooke, a ruined man, unable to obtain redress, happened to be in town one day on some business, when he had occasion to call at his enemy's office. Mr Hickards was in; and unfortunately some almost unavoidable references to what had already taken place between them, so enraged the two men, that open violence was the result. Hickards had lifted a knife that lay on the table; but this Mr Colebrooke wrested from him, and in the affray that ensued, the weapon pierced the breast of the wretched swindler. He died instantly. His partner, Mr Purse, who at that moment entered from an adjoining room, rushed forward to seize Mr Colebrooke; but the latter managed to elude him, and made his escape.

Mr Purse, 'dreading lest suspicion might perhaps be directed against himself, reported to the police that Mr Colebrooke had done the deed. A warrant for his apprehension was obtained; but Mr Colebrooke had fled, disguised, with his daughter and the housekeeper, and as yet had baffled discovery. The all-important fact remains to be told that Purse, who had formerly been a trusted acquaintance of the man he afterwards, with his partner, helped to ruin, was a rejected lover of Ida's; his affection for her being the redeeming point in his character. He determined, as soon as he discovered their hiding-place, to make use of his power, and by promising to aid Colebrooke in escaping from the country,

induce Ida to marry him. How he succeeded in getting her consent, has already been told.

I left the house, a dead weight of misery on my mind. I hardly know how I passed the next twenty-four hours. The anguish of them I shall never forget.

CHAPTER V.—AT THE ALTAR.

The next day I called on Mr Colebrooke. I told him that I had proposed to his daughter, and that the reason she had refused me was because she had promised to marry Mr Purse to save her father being arrested on a charge of murder.

'You love Ida!' he exclaimed. 'You have offered her marriage; and she has never told me. I thought there was no one that she particularly cared for. It will make it the worse for her, my poor, poor child!'

'And you, sir, have consented to sacrifice her?'

'Doctor, has she told you the dreadful reason?'

'She has. I grieve extremely for her, for you both; but if you promise to free her from this man, I will help you to escape'—

'Oh, impossible, impossible!' he interrupted. 'That man'—and his face became clouded with a look of fierce hate—'is lynx-eyed. Till Monday, he has told me, he shall watch night and day from his window opposite, and take care I shall not escape him. He will do it—I know him—though he passes the whole time without sleep.'

'But you can come over your back-garden palings,' I persisted. 'You can pass out through my gate at night. He will think you are me, and that your daughter is my Aunt. Oh, I am sure we can manage it.'

'Ah, Doctor, there will be no such good luck. If he did not discover the trick at the time, it would not be long before he did so. He would telegraph to every station, and I should be a hunted man again. Don't you know a price of three hundred pounds is on my head?'

I did all I could to prevail on him to listen to my schemes; but he was obstinate. I became angry with him at last, and told him I did not believe he really loved Ida, as he would not even make a final effort to save her.

He looked at me. He not love his only child! What was I thinking? Did I not know what misery it was to him to give her up? She had insisted on it. To lose her father would be a double sorrow to her. She had said so, and he believed her. He knew she would rather a hundred times marry that scoundrel than let her father suffer death.

I told him how terribly the dread of her coming fate was distressing her. She would never know happiness again. Her misery would only end with her life. I said a great deal more. I told him bluntly that I believed he loved himself more than he did his daughter. I expected him to be angry with me; I thought he would have been offended at my rudeness. But no; I remarked that he only compressed his lips tightly, and in his eyes I saw a set purpose, a wild determination. What it was, good or evil, I knew soon.

'Then you won't let me assist you?' I said on leaving. 'You will allow Miss Colebrooke to suffer still more for your sin?'

'Go!' he uttered hoarsely. 'Leave me! I have nothing more to say.'

I left, feeling disgusted with him. In my deep sorrow and despair, I could find no excuse and feel no pity for his own great grief at having to accept the offered sacrifice.

Monday came, only too soon. It was a beautiful day; but its sunshine seemed to mock me. Ida, my beautiful noble Ida, how I felt for her; how I felt for myself. Oh, why must she, so true and good, suffer for another's crime? Why should she be the innocent victim to save a guilty life? To see her again for the last time, to look once more on her before she was lost to me for ever, came to me as an irresistible desire. I would go to the church. She should not see me. I would sit in the gallery, and school myself to bear the sight. I must steel my aching heart to submit patiently and suffer silently. I would go, even though I knew the scene would only increase my pain. I should watch her until she was indissolubly united to the man she abhorred; and then—ah, then.

At ten o'clock I went to the church. It was not very full, as the coming marriage had not been made known. I seated myself in a quiet corner where I could see all, without being seen. Purse came in smiling complacently, and soon after Ida entered with Mrs Thompson. The former was dressed in black—fit emblem of her mourning soul. She was deadly pale and trembled visibly; but she kept up bravely, though I knew the ordeal she was undergoing was worse than death. The clergyman was punctual to the minute, and the service began. Mr Purse was asked the first question in the marriage service, and answered clearly and loudly. The same question was then put to Ida. Her answer seemed to die on her lips. She just managed to whisper it. I thought she would have fainted; but she had a work to do—it was begun, it must be completed.

'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' inquired the reverend gentleman.

Mrs Thompson came forward and replied. The clergyman handed the ring to the bridegroom; but at the same moment there was a bustle in the church—a murmur of voices—and in another second Mr Colebrooke rushed hurriedly and breathlessly to the altar.

'Stop!' he cried. 'I forbid this marriage. She shall not marry him.'

The clergyman stared at him in blank amazement. Mr Colebrooke's objection was demanded.

'I declare,' he replied with deliberate distinctness, 'that this is my reason. My daughter only consented to marry that man to save my life. I give myself up to justice. My daughter wished to save me; I am here to save her.'

I felt my heart throb wildly. I cannot describe the strange relief I experienced. I could almost have cried out in my thankfulness. She cast upon him a look of deep tenderness, blended with pitying sorrow. Purse trembled with rage. Revenge was in his eye. I turned away from the sight of the wretch; my soul loathed him.

'Is this statement correct?' asked the clergyman of Ida.

She did not speak; she only hid her face in her hands in an agony of emotion. Her father took her gently by the hand and led her into the vestry, followed by Mrs Thompson and the clergy-

man. I joined them there. Colebrooke seemed pleased to see me.

'I have done it,' he said; 'I am not such an unfeeling parent as you thought me. I shall die, and you and my child will be happy when I'm gone.'

'O father, father,' she sobbed despairingly. 'Don't, don't speak so.'

There were tears of pity in the minister's eyes; my own were moist. Such a scene as that would affect the hardest nature. Two policemen, who had been sent for by Purse, now entered the vestry to arrest Colebrooke. Ida clung to him convulsively. He tried to soothe her, and kissed her with passionate affection. I knew now how I had wronged the man. His devotion to his child had conquered his fear of death. I felt an admiration for him. The sense of right had gained the day.

'Come and see me in prison, my darling,' he said, as he was being led off, accompanied by Purse; 'and you too,' he added, turning to me.

I promised willingly. The next minute he was gone, leaving Ida in speechless grief. I ordered a cab for her, and took her home. My dear aunt stayed with her the whole day, a ministering angel of comfort.

Two months passed away, and the trial took place. At one time the evidence seemed conclusive of the guilt of Mr Colebrooke—that the deed was intentional and designed, not the result of a momentary passion, or accident. His known enmity to the dead man was certainly a strong fact against him; while the evidence of the man Purse seemed to make the links of circumstantial proof complete and deadly. But when Ida was placed in the witness-box, and told the story of Purse's villainy, a change came over the jury; more especially when the prisoner's counsel pointed out how Purse had used his knowledge to coerce the daughter and father into a compact as distasteful to them as it was, on Purse's part, opposed to the laws of the country. Purse had indeed been guilty of an endeavour, for personal and selfish ends, to compound a felony, and this was itself a crime. The speech was successful. The jury returned a verdict that the prisoner had not been guilty of murder; and no alternative charge of manslaughter having been made—the prosecutor having relied upon Purse's evidence as sufficient to prove the capital charge—the prisoner was thereupon acquitted.

Purse must soon thereafter have left the district, as we never saw or heard of him again.

But Mr Colebrooke did not long survive the shock which he had sustained, and in a few weeks we stood by the bed where he lay dying. He took his daughter's hand.

'I give my child to you,' he said, as he placed it in mine. 'She is the only legacy I have to leave, but you will have a priceless treasure in her. I am certain she will prove to you as true and affectionate a wife, as she has been a true and affectionate daughter to me.'

For many weeks after that, Ida was very ill. We thought we should have lost her also, but God mercifully spared her to me. I left Spanners, and came to London, where I have since obtained a considerable practice, and where we were quietly married.

My darling is looking over me now, as I write,

and I kiss the white hand that rests on my shoulder.

Ah, who in the world has a wife more fondly loving, more dearly beloved?

OUR PETS.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

AMONGST our feathered pets, we always had a number of sea-birds; indeed, the larger proportion of them were of this class. The beautiful and graceful Herring-gull is the commonest of the gulls in Shetland, and does not migrate to other climes after the breeding season, as do so many of his congeners, the Lesser black-backed gull, the Kittiwake, the Great skua, and the Arctic skua. One of this species we had for many years. No restraint was put upon her movements. She came and went at her pleasure, but always put in an appearance about dinner-time, when she was sure to get a meal of boiled fish or something else which seemed equally palatable; for she was not in the least particular, porridge or potatoes, or butter-milk curd, being apparently as much relished as newly caught sillocks. When the breeding season commenced, she always got a mate, and brought him with her to the house—to show, as I suppose, what a handsome one she had secured. The important duties of incubation on a high cliff not far distant having fairly commenced, and the cares of a rising family demanding her assiduous supervision, her visits for some weeks would be infrequent and brief. In due time, she would appear on the lawn, accompanied by her lord and master and two or three well-grown *scories* (Shetlandic for young gulls). It was a sight to see her in the full glory of her summer plumage—lovely snow-white breast, bluish-gray back, and black-tipped wings—her head proudly erect, and every movement of her elegant form the perfection of tender grace and stately dignity, marching backwards and forwards, as though asking for approval, and pleased with the admiration she seemed conscious of inspiring. This bird was quite an institution about the house for I think at least five-and-twenty years. She is associated with my very earliest memories; and for years after I no longer resided in the old home, but annually visited it, it was no small delight to me to find my dear old friend healthy, hearty, and beautiful as ever.

Another of our pets was a 'Lesser black-backed gull;' but she kept closely to the garden, which she manifestly regarded as her especial domain, if one might judge from the violent indignation she exhibited, and the furious rage into which she wrought herself if any other bird, or a dog or cat, were introduced or showed face within the precincts of her half-acre. Some injury to her wing in her *scorie* days rendered her unable to fly; but indeed, even if she could have used her wings, it would have been a great risk to allow it; for this species, as I have mentioned, unlike the Herring-gull, regularly migrates southwards on the approach of winter; and probably the instinct to move off with her kind would have proved too strong for her local attachments, and we should have lost her. She died a natural death, at the advanced age of twenty-four.

Another of our pets was a 'Greater black-backed gull,' an immense burly fellow, a sort of alderman amongst the gulls, whose habits and practices were very similar to those of the Herring-gull. He came and went as she did, and like her, put in a daily appearance at the early dinner-hour of three o'clock, with a punctuality which was a standing reproof to some members of the family—myself, I fear, more than any one else.

The Glaucus gull is a magnificent bird, about the same size as the last named, but handsomer, and more active in his habits and movements. He does not breed in Shetland, but is a pretty regular winter visitor. We were very anxious to obtain a Glaucus for a pet; but the difficulty was to procure one without injuring him. Long and deep were the discussions we held, and many were the schemes proposed. At last we succeeded in capturing one. Like most of the larger species of gulls, the Glaucus is very partial to carrion of every description. A pony had tumbled over a precipice, and his carcass was washed up by the sea on a little beach hard by. We observed a fine young Glaucus taking his morning meal off the poor pony's bones. Here was a chance not to be let slip. First we tried a number of nooses; but failed. Finally, we adopted another contrivance, which happily proved successful. He was an exceedingly beautiful and handsome bird; but did not prove a very successful pet, for having experienced the sweets of liberty, he never became very familiar. We clipped his wings, and kept him in the garden, to the great disgust of our Lesser black-backed gull, who evidently regarded him as an interloper, and would fain have murdered, or at least extruded him, had he been able; but soon learning that he was no match for the Glaucus, he restricted his ill-temper to sulking and complaining. We kept our Glaucus in captivity for some months; till at last, not having noticed that his pinions required shortening, he took advantage of what was, for him at least, a favourable storm of wind, to make his escape, and we never saw him more.

The Great skua or 'Bonxie' is another of the gull tribe which we occasionally numbered among our pets. This bold and powerful bird, with his eminently robust frame and chocolate-coloured plumage, a king amongst the gulls, fierce and almost rapacious in his habits, is now rare in Shetland, where he appears about the end of April, leaving again in autumn, after the breeding season is over. A few pairs breed on the isolated island of Foula, a few on Rooness Hill, and a few on Hermanness, the most northern promontory of Unst. Their numbers, however, have latterly become thinned; the high market-price of their eggs, and the wanton, pitiless cupidity of rambling tourists, who thought no shame to shoot down the noble birds even in the middle of the breeding season, combining to all but exterminate the Great skua. It is to be hoped, now that the Wild Bird Preservation Act is in force, they will multiply. To be allowed to procure a young skua was an immense favour and concession. We had one for several years; and a most interesting and intelligent pet he was. The only drawback was that he was rather inclined to tyrannise over all other birds about the premises which might come within his reach, always excepting our gamecock

Cœur-de-Lion. The two had more than once tried conclusions; but the skua received such thorough chastisement for his daring presumption, that he soon learned habitually to acknowledge the superiority of his conqueror. He had an excellent appetite, and was quite omnivorous, anything and everything eatable being gratefully received, from new-caught trout or herring and sheep's liver, to cold potatoes and porridge. But I am afraid he did not always confine himself strictly to the fare provided for him; for it was pretty well known amongst us that several of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray's newly hatched ducklings, which had disappeared mysteriously, had passed into his greedy maw; so we needed to be very careful not to allow him opportunities of exercising his rapacious propensities, which he was but too ready to take advantage of when he wanted a specially dainty dinner.

We had a very effective trap for catching mice. A little grease of any kind was dropped in the bottom of a bowl and sprinkled over with oatmeal. The bowl was turned on a plate, and supported on the lip by a penny. *Mousie* is the most simple and unsuspecting of creatures, and in this respect strikingly contrasts with her eminently sagacious and cunning congener, the rat. In her efforts to get at the tempting fare provided for her, she moves the treacherous dome; the supporting penny slips, down comes the bowl, and she is a prisoner. I thought our skua would not be unwilling to try his digestive organs on a mouse; so one morning I took the plate and bowl with a captive mouse to the tub in which he was washing himself, and dropped it in the water. In a moment he seized and swallowed it alive. The poor little creature, evidently resenting such treatment, and kicking against such an unceremonious proceeding, made it highly uncomfortable for the skua's gullet; so *mousie* was quietly disgorged *still alive*. A pinch on the head speedily despatched her, and then she was swallowed without any further unpleasant consequences. Ever after that, when I caught a mouse in the manner described, and sallied forth with the plate and bowl, '*Bonxie*'—that was the skua's name—who perfectly understood what it meant, flew to me full of eager expectation. I raised the lip of the bowl the least thing, when, as neatly as possible he inserted his bill sideways, pulled out the little prisoner, killed, and bolted it. Ten or twelve mice were no more than a comfortable breakfast for him, and fare which evidently he enjoyed exceedingly.

Another of the gull tribe, closely allied to the last, which we frequently had amongst our pets, but were never able to keep for any length of time, was the Arctic or Richardson's skua. This elegant and active little bird, about the size of an ordinary pigeon, is much more common than the Great skua. Like his big congener, he is seen in Shetland only during summer and autumn. On the wing, he is one of the swiftest and most graceful of the feathered tribe. Some birds, as is well known, have a practice of simulating distress, in order to allure from the neighbourhood of their nests any one who may be approaching dangerously near; but no bird with which I am acquainted can approach the Arctic skua in this artifice. His acting is simply perfect. As Dr Saxby, in his admirable *Birds of Shetland*, says: 'There is not an ill that bird-flesh is heir to, which the shooi

[the Arctic skua's Shetland name] cannot convince you he is afflicted with.'

This bird has another peculiarity worth mentioning. He seems to disdain the laborious task of fishing for himself; but, from his proceedings, evidently regards all other birds of the gull tribe as existing solely for the purpose of catering for him. No sooner does he spy one carrying home, perchance, a supper to her hungry family, or contentedly and lazily hieing to some skerry with an evidently well-filled maw, than he gives chase, pestering the poor stupid gull unmercifully, and despite the latter's loud remonstrances, demanding of her to deliver up. Not relishing that all her labour should be lost, very possibly she bolts what she may be carrying, if she had not done so before, in the hope, no doubt, that with its disappearance the robber will desist. Vain hope. The little falcon skua is not to be put off in that way, and only becomes more imperative and more fierce in his attacks. Nothing for it, therefore, but to give up or disgorge the object of contention; which she does at last with a very bad grace certainly, and with a loud scream of angry disgust. Before it has reached the sea, it is snapped up and carried off in triumph by this freebooter of the air. Owing to this singular habit of the Arctic skua, we had a theory that there was some weakness or peculiarity in his digestive organs, which rendered it necessary that his food should be partially digested, or at least lubricated with foreign saliva, before it was in a fit condition for his delicate stomach. I do not know if there is anything in the notion; but certain it is we never saw him fishing or seeking any kind of food on his own account, like other respectable and industrious birds; and seldom ever saw him that he was not fiercely engaged in pressing and persecuting his neighbours in the manner and for the purpose described. Moreover, the young birds of this species were our only pets that never throve well in captivity; but notwithstanding the utmost care and attention, always pined away after a few months.

The variation in the plumage of the adult Arctic skua, as is well known to ornithologists, is very remarkable and very perplexing. There are two distinct varieties, and only two. One is dark brown all over; the other is of a similar colour on the back, head, and neck; but the lower part of the breast and the belly are white. It is not accounted for by sex, as we proved by dissection, and as we knew perfectly well from observing pairs, sometimes both of the all-over-dark-coloured variety, sometimes both of the white-bellied, sometimes one of each. There is also a marked difference in the colour of the young birds; one being dark chocolate-brown, and another a very light brown, and mottled almost exactly like a young hawk. There are two young birds in each nest; both may be of the dark or both of the light variety, or there may be one of each; while the parent birds are also of either colour, dark or white bellied indiscriminately. The strong presumption is that the lighter-coloured young birds develop into the white-bellied adults, and not, as some suppose, that the variety is referable to age. One great object with us was to solve this problem; but from our pets of this species never surviving the first winter, and so never reaching the moulting

stage, we failed to throw any light on so singular an anomaly.—But this is ornithology, and I am afraid rather a digression.

I pass over many more of our feathered pets, and conclude with a notice of Toby, whose memory deserves something more than a passing reference. Toby was a magnificent Cormorant, taken when very young from his nest on the side of a *hellyer*—Shetlandic for a cave or cavern into which the sea flows. He was easily tamed; and became one of the most familiar, intelligent, affectionate, and interesting of our pets. We very soon came to learn the exceeding appropriateness of the saying, 'voracious as a cormorant.' What a splendid appetite, what a capacious maw our Toby had! Fish he preferred certainly, and I should be afraid to state the number of sillocks or trout he could discuss at a meal. But so long as he got quantity, he was not in the least particular about quality. He was omnivorous, and no mistake. Nothing eatable, nothing digestible seemed to come amiss to him; mice, young rabbits, small birds, porridge, potatoes, bread, seal and whale flesh, being just as gratefully received and devoured as the freshest of fish. One day his breakfast consisted of twelve mice, which exhausted the supply, or I am sure he would have consumed as many more, for he was not half satisfied. Another day five plump starlings, wings, feet, bills, and all, disappeared down his throat with manifest gusto. Eight or ten sparrows were nothing more than a tolerably comfortable meal for Toby. Once he attempted to swallow a live young kitten, and had half accomplished the feat, when the poor little thing was rescued, evidently very much to Toby's disappointment and disgust.

Toby's favourite perch was the chimney top. When he saw any one coming to the house with a basket, or little boys with a string of small cod, down he swooped with an imperative demand for toll; and if his obvious wishes were not attended to, he made no scruple about helping himself without leave asked or granted, and the small boys at least were a deal too much afraid to offer any opposition. When Toby was nearly a year old, he was one day surveying the landscape from his elevated perch on the chimney. After considerable meditation, stretching out of his neck, and shaking his wings, he seemed for the first time to realise that the sea, which was not far distant, was a place he had a legitimate right to know something about, and that possibly he might find something there worth seeking. Toby was not the sort of fellow to hesitate from any fear of the unexplored region he saw before him. He was always bold and prompt in action. To our consternation, he made a grand plunge into the air, and flew off direct to the sea. We all thought he had taken final leave of us, for he had never before been known to roam beyond a hundred yards from the house. It seemed hopeless to follow; yet follow we did down to the beach in the direction we had seen him take. Our boat was hauled down, and for several hours we rowed about the bay, thinking, if we could only fall in with him, he was so tame and confident, he would come to our familiar call. But our search was fruitless; and we were obliged to return home discouraged and sorrowful. What, then, was our surprise and joy to find our favourite sitting on his accustomed perch, as happy and comfortable as possible;

his outspread wings, quiet, self-satisfied air, and general appearance of content, proving to us, who knew his manners so well, that his cruise, although a short one, had certainly, as a hunting, or rather fishing expedition, been highly successful. After that, Toby went daily to the sea and catered for himself; and we were very glad he did so, for it relieved our pets' larder very considerably. Toby was very fond of the kitchen fireside, and not unfrequently found his way into the dining-room in search of the head of the house, for whom he always showed the utmost fondness and affection.

Poor Toby! his fate was melancholy and tragic. My faithful old dog was as partial to the kitchen fireside as Toby was. He had reached the venerable—for a dog very venerable—age of twenty. Very deaf, blind, rheumatic, and nearly toothless, he was nevertheless honoured and cherished, as he deserved to be, and no one interfered with his favourite nook by the ingle. He had not only himself been honest and trusty during all his long life, but always exacted the strictest integrity of conduct from all over whom he had any influence or control, and would permit no peculation if he could prevent it. One day—fatal day for poor Toby!—no one but the old dog was in the kitchen. There happened to be some oatmeal cakes toasting before the fire. The door was open, and Toby hobbled in. He was never, it must be confessed, troubled with any scruples of conscience. I don't think Nature had endowed him with a conscience at all, and so he is not to be blamed. He was hungry; the cakes looked inviting; and they were temptingly within reach. Given these conditions and circumstances, and only one thing was sure to happen. Toby proceeded to help himself. The wrath and indignation of the old dog were roused. A brief scuffle ensued. Some one ran to see what all the terrible din was about; and found poor Toby in the death-agony, with outspread wings and neck broken, the tell-tale cakes scattered upon the floor, and his slayer standing over him, and looking very much ashamed and crestfallen, and as though he was exceedingly afraid his well-meant, honest zeal had for once carried him too far. I do not know whether the effort had been too much for his feeble strength, or whether the reproaches of conscience—he had a conscience, without doubt—proved more than he was able to bear; but the fact is he survived Toby only a few days; and they were buried tenderly and sorrowfully side by side in a little patch of ground consecrated as the cemetery of Our Pets.

HUMOROUS RETORTS.

A RETORT may be either civil or uncivil, courteous or uncourteous, witty or severe. The simple meaning of the word is thus given by a well-known compiler: 'To return an argument, accusation, censure, or incivility; to make a severe reply.' A few examples may not be uninteresting to the reader.

We must not always infer, because a man takes to the army as a profession, or for pastime, or even under any other circumstances adopts a military uniform, that a plucky and courageous disposition has prompted him to the act; or we might never have heard of the following: 'Many days to your Honour, and may God bless you, for you once

saved my life,' said a tattered mendicant to a Captain under whom he had served. 'Indeed,' replied the gallant-looking officer, with a smile; 'I have no particular recollection of the heroic circumstance. Maybe you mistake me for a doctor?' 'No,' answered the beggar; 'I served under you at the famous battle of Corunna, in 1809; and when I saw you run away, I thought it was high time for me to quit the scene of action too, or otherwise I should certainly have been killed.'

On the other hand, it is doubtful whether it is good policy to damp the ardour of a youthful aspirant to military honours, as was the case with the present writer, who, having joined the 37th Middlesex Rifles some years ago, arrived home one evening in high glee, and told his father he had just got his arms. 'Arms, indeed!' muttered the old gentleman drily. 'I am afraid your first thoughts on a battle-field would be how to make the best use of your legs.'

And however patriotic or brave we may imagine ourselves to be, it is perhaps not always advisable to boast of the same, or a cutting retort may await us, similar to that once received by a French officer, who, in a bombastical manner reproached a Swiss, with whom he was quarrelling, with his country's custom of fighting on either side for money; 'while we Frenchmen,' said he, 'fight for honour.'—'Sir,' replied the Swiss, 'I have no doubt we all fight for what we need most.'

It is also as well to assure ourselves that we are on the right side ere we venture to accuse any one wrongfully. In the 'good old times,' some soldiers robbed a night-watchman of his coat, boots, and money. The next day he repaired to the Captain of the regiment to complain of his misfortune. The Captain at once asked him whether he had on at the time the same things he was then wearing. 'Yes, sir, the very same,' replied the poor man. 'Then, in that case, my good fellow,' rejoined the Captain, 'I can positively assure you that the paltry rascals do not belong to my distinguished company, otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat, trousers, nor shirt.'

At repartee the Rev. Sydney Smith had few equals, and he must have been a bold individual who attempted to banter words with that celebrated humorist. His humorous and deliberate manner of driving home a retort, a thick-headed Squire once discovered, who, being worsted by him in an argument, revenged himself by exclaiming: 'By Jove, if I had a son who was an idiot, I'd make him a parson.'—'Very probably,' replied Sydney; 'but I see *your* father was of a different mind.'

Evidently, we cannot be too cautious when we 'argue the point' with others, or too careful in the choice of an expression, especially with those who are reputedly known to be both sharp and clever. Sometimes the 'tables are turned' when we least expect it. A severe home-thrust was once given to a young country clergyman, who happened at the time to be walking home from church with one of his elder parishioners. It was a very icy day, when the latter suddenly slipped and fell at full length on his back. The minister, at a glance, feeling assured he was not much hurt, said to him: 'Ah, my good sir, pray give me your hand;

sinners stand on slippery places.' The old gentleman looked up, and immediately answered: 'So I perceive; you certainly keep your footing remarkably well.'

A native of the Emerald Isle is credited with the well-known remark, 'that he never opened his mouth but he put his foot in it.' The subjoined example may be a case in point. An Irish member of parliament, boasting of his attachment to the jury system, in a room full of company, of whom Curran, the distinguished barrister and celebrated orator, was one, said: 'With trial by jury I have lived, and by the blessing of God, with trial by jury I will die!' 'Why then,' said Curran, in mock amazement, 'you've entirely made up your mind to be hanged, Dick!'

We shall also find that natural history plays a frequent part in the character of a retort; the following being of daily occurrence: 'As rough as a bear,' 'sharp as a ferret,' 'sly as a fox,' 'nervous as a kitten,' 'bold as a lion,' 'playful as a lamb,' 'timid as a mouse,' 'obstinate as a mule,' 'hungry as a wolf.' In our earlier days we may gain the distinction of being 'a young monkey,' and in our later years, of being 'pig-headed.' One's temper, however, is not very considerably ruffled by these mild allusions to the animal kingdom; a smile or a serious look, at the time, being sufficient retaliation.

A witty nobleman once asked a clerical gentleman at the bottom of the table, why the goose, when there was one, was always placed next to the parson. 'Really, my lord,' said the clergyman, 'your question is somewhat difficult to answer, and so remarkably odd, that I vow I shall never see a goose again without being reminded of your lordship.'

It is related of Lord Falkland, that in 1658, under the Commonwealth, his admission to the House of Commons was very much opposed by several members, he being barely of legal age. Some urged that he had not yet sown his wild-oats. 'Perhaps not,' he quickly retorted; 'but no doubt a good opportunity will be afforded me to sow them in this House, where evidently there are plenty of geese to pick them up.' The petulance of youth was here most forcibly exhibited.

A shrewd 'pawky' reply was given by one of the humbler folk to Lord Cockburn, who after a long stroll, was sitting on a hill-side with a shepherd, and observing the sheep had selected the coldest situation for lying down. 'Mac,' said he, 'I think, if I were a sheep, I should certainly have preferred the other side of that hill.' The shepherd answered: 'Ay, my lord; but if ye had been a sheep, ye would have had mair sense.'

There is a class of peculiar people we sometimes observe at places of public resort, who endeavour by various means to make themselves remarkably conspicuous, it may be in dress, conversation, or general behaviour. At a cattle-show held in one of our county-towns, a country bumpkin, who for some time had been disturbing the company with his loud remarks, at last broke forth: 'Prize-cattle, indeed! Call these 'ere prize-cattle? Why, they ain't nothing to what our folks raised. You mayn't think it, but my father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts.'—'Oh,' exclaimed a by-stander, 'we have no doubt of that.'

Then again, to be considered a donkey, is not altogether conducive to one's satisfaction or dignity; few, if any of us, caring to be classed with that much abused and villified animal. On one occasion, no small amount of merriment followed a retort, made by an indignant gentleman during a sale of pictures at a London auction-room. He and another disputed the possession of a capital picture by a celebrated English painter, which faithfully represented an ass. Each seemed determined to outbid the other. Finally, one said: 'My dear sir, it is of no use, I shall not give in. The painting once belonged to my grandfather, and I intend to have it.'—'Oh, in that case,' said his opponent, 'I will give it up. I think you are fully entitled to it, if it is one of your family portraits.'

To be equal to the occasion is with some persons a natural gift. We may mention an incident in connection with the famous French Marshal Bassompierre. During his incarceration in the Bastille, he was observed by a friend one morning to be diligently turning over the leaves of a Bible, whereupon the friend inquired what particular passage he was looking for. 'One that I cannot find,' was the reply—'a way to get out of this prison.' On his coming out of prison, Louis XIII. asked him his age. Fifty was all that the gallant soldier would own to. To the surprised look of the king, Bassompierre answered: 'Sire, I subtract ten years passed in the Bastille, because I did not employ them in your Majesty's service.' Some years, however, before this, when serving in the capacity of ambassador to Spain, he was telling the Count how he first entered Madrid. 'I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world'—'Ah!' interrupted the joke-loving king, 'it must indeed have been an amusing sight to have seen the biggest ass in the place mounted on so small a quadruped.' With a profound obeisance, came the quiet rejoinder: 'I was your Majesty's representative.'

Sometimes, too, it happens that some peevish sportsman in the field finds fault with the sport provided for him, as occurred a few years ago. A Yorkshire squire told Sir Tatton Sykes that in future he would make his appearance in the hunt on a jackass. 'Do, my good sir, by all means,' was the ready reply; 'and then there'll be a pair of ye.'

A remarkably witty reply was once made by an English architect, who had been giving an important opinion, and whose professional status the opposing counsel was anxious to depreciate. 'You are a builder, I believe?' 'No, sir, I am an architect.'—'Well, well, builder or architect, architect or builder, they are pretty much the same, I suppose.' 'I beg your pardon, sir, I cannot admit that; I consider them to be totally different.'—'Perhaps you will be kind enough to state wherein this great difference consists.' 'An architect, sir, conceives the design, prepares the plans, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going.'—'Oh, very good indeed, Mr Architect, that will do; a very ingenious distinction without a difference. Do you happen to know who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?' 'There was no architect,

sir,' replied the witness; 'hence the confusion that took place.'

We naturally expect more from a professional, of whatever calling, than we should from an amateur. A single instance is here given to show that our expectations are not altogether groundless. The court jester of Francis I., complained that a noble personage had threatened to shoot him, if he did not cease joking about him. 'If he does so,' said the king, 'I should hang him a few minutes after.' 'If it makes no difference to you, Sire,' replied the jester, 'it would add considerably to my comfort and peace of mind if Your Gracious Majesty would hang him a few minutes before.'

We need not mention the particular county in which the following occurred; it is, however, very suggestive of the lively manner in which matters of a parochial kind are occasionally discussed in some districts. 'What a fearful thunder-storm we had last night,' said a gentleman on meeting with an overseer of the parish; 'the oldest inhabitant can scarcely remember a worse one.' 'So I have been informed,' was the reply; 'but the fact is, we had a meeting of the Town Council at the time, and none of us heard a single peal of it.'

WALKING-STICK GOSSIP.

To break off a branch for defensive purposes, as Crusoe did on finding himself on an unknown island, would be one of the first acts of primitive man. A rude support of this kind would soon be followed by the pilgrim's staff, familiar to us in pictures of the Patriarchs; and from these early staves down to the gold-headed cane of our modern dandy, what a variety of walking-sticks have been produced, according to the fancy and fashion of the time. When, in 1701, footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, those quarrelsome weapons were usually replaced by a porter's staff 'with a large silver handle,' as it was then described. Thirty years later, gentlemen of fashion began to discard their swords, and to carry large oak-sticks with great heads, and ugly faces carved thereon. Before very long, a competition arose between long and short walking-sticks, some gentlemen liking them as long as leaping-poles, as a satirist of the day tells us; while others preferred a yard of varnished cane 'scraped taper, bound at one end with wax thread, and tipped at the other with a neat turned ivory head as big as a silver penny.'

Sword-canes and walking-stick guns neatly constructed to look like ordinary sticks, are familiar contrivances; but that sticks and staves in the Tudor times were sometimes provided with the clumsy firearms of those days, is more surprising. For instance, we are told that a walking-staff of Henry VIII.'s had three matchlock pistols in it, with coverings to keep the charges dry. With this staff, it is said the king sometimes walked round the city, to see that the constables did their duty; and one night, as he was walking near the bridge-foot, the constable stepped him, to know what he did with such a weapon at that time of night; upon which the king struck him; but the constable calling the watch to his assistance, His Majesty was apprehended, and confined till

morning without fire or candle. When the keeper was informed of the rank of his prisoner, he sent for the constable, who came trembling, expecting nothing but death; instead of which, the king applauded him for honestly doing his duty, and made him a handsome present. More peaceably inclined folks had snuff-boxes, and sometimes watches, in the heads of their sticks. In a will drawn up in Latin, Archbishop Parker said: 'I give to my Reverend brother Richard, Bishop of Ely, my stick of Indian cane, which hath a watch in the top of it.' Some of these walking-stick watches may still be seen in collections of curiosities.

As all 'prentices were once expected to be skilled in the use of their 'clubs,' so to excel in the 'nice conduct of a clouded cane' was one of the requisites of the dandies of past days. Some of the advanced youths of our own time carry wax matches and cigarettes in the hollow handles of their 'crutch-sticks;' just as ladies find it convenient to have miniature scent and vinaigrette bottles inserted in the handles of their parasols. Very ingenious fishing-rods are made with hollow pieces to slide, telescopic fashion, one into the other; so that when all the pieces are in the bottom one, and a cap screwed over the end to act as a ferrule, the whole contrivance becomes an ordinary-looking walking-stick. One of the latest inventions in connection with our subject is the patent walking-stick telescope, the only noticeable feature of which when carrying it is the beauty of the wood. Under the handle of the stick is imbedded a small and very correct compass, neatly covered by a folding shield, in the centre of which is a small concave eye-glass. Each purchaser is supplied with a small concave eye-glass weighing only one and a half ounces. This object-glass, easily carried in the waistcoat pocket, can be used as a microscope, reading-glass, or cigar-lighter in sunny weather, and when fixed on the stick, forms a long-range telescope. It is easily slid upon the smooth portion of the stick, so as to alter the focus to any sight.

Stick-fanciers collect at times many curiosities in the way of metal-mounted, elaborately carved, and fantastically twisted walking-canes. Balzac used to exhibit himself at all public places of amusement in what was described as a 'rapture of self-satisfied vanity,' inspired by the possession of a cane nearly as big as a drum-major's staff, and all ablaze with rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires. It was grandly topped by a huge gold knob, which contained a lock of hair presented by an unknown lady-admirer. The outside was studded with all the jewels he had bought, as well as those he had received as presents. Enthusiastic admirers of Garrick declared that even his stick seemed to act; though whether the gold-headed cane with which his widow used for years after his death to go about, talking of her 'dear Davy,' inherited the spirit of the departed, we are unable to say. Many an unpretending-looking walking-cane is carefully preserved for the sake of the associations it awakens in the mind of the owner it has perhaps often accompanied in his pilgrimages. One of the largest proprietors of those palatial warehouses in Manchester made his way to that city with a small bundle and a crooked stick. The latter is said to be carefully preserved in a glass case among the archives of the firm.

When Sir Walter Scott, fording the Ettrick in company with his friend Mr Skene, slipped on a stone, and went headlong into a pool, emerging with no worse than a drenching and the loss of his stick, which floated down the river, the finder of that drifting waif would have little idea of the valuable memento of the 'Great Unknown' thus accidentally acquired. In short, whether used to hail 'buses, turn aside children's hoops, or drive away too intrusive dogs, the walking-stick is a blind man's guide and a universal friend, for which no man could show a higher regard than did the justice of Norfolk when he directed in his will to be buried in a full suit and bag-wig, and with his trusty cane in his right hand.

A FEW WORDS AT PARTING.

[A ship bound for Australia lies in the offing. A friend about to embark, thus speaks to a sorrowing friend whom he is about to part with.]

Yes, dearest friend; we'll ever keep
The fondest memory of thee;
O'er isles and continents can leap
The mind, and rush o'er land and sea.

When kindred spirits own the power
Of mental and of moral worth,
They feel a union, hour by hour,
Though separate by half the earth.

What though new paths before us lie—
Though old familiar sights be far;
Whene'er it wills, the mind can fly,
Though changed the clime, though changed the star.

What though Life's ever-varying scene
Must leave its mark upon the brow,
The chequered Past will still be green
With joy and grief, as it is now.

Though I must in Australia live—
Let Fancy's sail be once unfurled,
Let magic thought the order give,
And magic thought shall cross the world!

Mind wed to mind, and heart to heart,
Oh, friendship thus can ne'er be less,
But greater; and, though oceans part,
Can draw the bands of faithfulness.

Swifter than eagle in its flight—
Quicker than steam or telegraph,
The fleetest mind can outstrip light,
And at the longest leagues can laugh!

Though mighty oceans 'twixt us roll,
From earth's remotest end to end,
The mind to mind, and soul to soul,
Shall instantaneous message send.

Thy face and voice we'll ne'er forget;
Though strangers may attention claim,
We'll feel thee near, and hold thee yet—
Though changed the clime, the mind the same!

H. B.

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ON THE ARTIFICIAL FILTRATION OF WATER.

As illustrations of the process of filtration on a large scale, nothing better can be had, perhaps, than the filter-beds of the London Water Companies. They cover altogether close upon eighty-four acres of ground; and though they vary very greatly in their composition, the principle on which they are constructed is the same in all cases, and any one of them may be taken to exemplify the operation. The subject of filtration is one which at first sight may look simple enough, but it nevertheless affords scope for a good deal of diversity of opinion, both as regards theory and application.

In practice, all the Companies requiring to filter their water do so by allowing it to stand in huge reservoirs, the bottoms of which are porous, and supported on brick arches, which at once form the base of the filter-beds, and the roof of a water-tank, from which the purified water is pumped up into the mains. The composition of the filter-beds varies with each Company. The New River Company, the largest of them all, make their filters of two feet three inches of sand, underneath which are three feet of gravel, increasing in coarseness towards the bottom. Others are more elaborate. The Grand Junction Waterworks Company, for instance, make their filters by first depositing one foot of boulders, over which are nine inches of coarse gravel, then nine inches of fine gravel, six inches of hoggins, and two feet six inches of Harwich sand. The Lambeth and the Chelsea Companies, again, construct their beds of shells, as well as sand and gravel, though in different proportions, one having altogether eight feet of filtering material, the other only seven feet. The object of all of them, however, is to make a porous bed through which the water will percolate slowly enough to insure efficient purification, but yet not so slowly as to make the process too tedious and expensive. As to what should be the rate at which the process may be carried on to be effective, is a point upon which authorities differ somewhat. Dr Tidy con-

siders that it should be as nearly as possible two gallons per square foot per hour; Colonel Frank Bolton, the Water Examiner under the Metropolitan Act of 1871, thinks it may be two-and-a-half gallons. All agree, however, that it must not be too rapid.

What, it may be asked, has the mere rapidity of the water-passage through the filtering medium to do with the purification of the water? The answer to this brings into prominence two rival theories on the subject. It is evident enough that a part of the efficiency of any filter will depend on its power of intercepting in a merely mechanical way the foreign particles of matter that may chance to be contained in the water. In other words, a filter purifies water by straining it. It is clear, too, that the more gently this process is carried on, the better; as a rapid flow of water through the interstices of the sand, shells, pebbles, and so on, would be likely to carry through with it a good deal of extraneous matter, which might otherwise be left behind in the bed. There is, however, perhaps a better reason for very slow filtration afforded by another theory. It is obvious enough that a filter-bed is a kind of strainer for the water; and some have maintained that it is nothing more than a strainer, and that the process altogether is purely mechanical. Other authorities, however, have maintained that a very important chemical process goes on as the water percolates through the beds, and that it is important that the percolation shall be slow, in order to allow this chemical action to come into play. This action is what chemists term oxidation of organic impurity—that is, the chemical combination of organic impurity with oxygen gas. It is, in fact, the burning up of organic matter by a very slow and imperceptible process of combustion; just as in a more rapid and manifest way a piece of coal is burnt in a fire-grate.

In order to explain how this chemical action is supposed to be brought about by bringing the water in contact with sand, pebbles, shells, &c., it will be necessary to pay a little attention to a very curious phase of what is commonly spoken of as

capillary attraction. Everybody knows that if one dips his finger into a glass of water it will be wet—that is, a thin coating of the liquid will adhere to the finger when it is withdrawn. It is not everybody, however, who stops to ask *why* a thin coating of the fluid adheres. If a finger be similarly dipped into a glass of quicksilver, it may be withdrawn without a particle of the fluid adhering; though if half-a-crown be immersed, it will come out covered with quicksilver, just as the finger is with water. The surface of the half-crown exerts an attractive power upon the mercury sufficient to overcome the attraction which the particles of mercury have for each other. In just the same way the surface of the finger, though not exerting sufficient attraction to overcome the affinity of the mercury, *does* exert sufficient attractive power to overcome the natural affinity of the particles of water for each other. The water is drawn out with the finger by virtue of a surface attraction. It clings to the finger more tenaciously than to the rest of the water. It will be just the same with a pebble. A pebble taken out of the water will have a thin coating of the fluid about it, because the surface of the stone exerts a positive attraction greater than the attraction of the particles of the fluid for each other; and it has been further ascertained that even when in the water, a pebble will, by virtue of this attractive power, condense around it, in a close concentrated form, that coating of the fluid which appears upon the pebble when taken out of the water.

Now, let the reader carefully note this. Just as the pebble when immersed in water has around it a thin concentrated film of the fluid, so that same pebble, when immersed in a thinner fluid—the air, for instance—will, by virtue of that same attractive power, incase itself in a thin concentrated film of that thinner fluid. In other words, a pebble or piece of rock when lying in the open air is not merely surrounded by the air, but is entirely enveloped in a closely condensed atmospheric film.

Now, if that is clearly understood, it will be easy to perceive how it is that water containing a considerable amount of any organic impurity will be purified by falling upon a rock, and that, too, without leaving any deposit of its impurity upon the surface of that rock. Not only will the impurity be decomposed and eliminated by the surrounding atmosphere, but the process will be carried on with special rapidity and completeness by this concentrated air clinging to the rock. The oxygen of that concentrated air will enter into chemical combination with the elementary components of the organic impurity, whatever it may be—sewage matter, decaying vegetable, and so forth—and that impurity will be converted into carbonic acid gas, ammonia, and water. Thus, the polluted water will be purified without depositing any of its oxidisable matter on the surface of the stone.

Now, we may understand the explanation which some authorities have given of the action of such filter-beds as those of the London Companies; and which it should be remembered are only modifications of the natural process of filtration up through beds of gravel and sand, from which the best of spring-water flows. These authorities say that the sand not only acts as a strainer, but it performs the office of the rock in bringing every

particle of the water into close contact with the air. The sand, they tell us, is but a vast collection of minute rocks; and every grain of sand is a particle of rock, incased in a film of air just as we have been describing. They say that the water, in passing over the surfaces of these innumerable little stones, presents its impurity to the action of their air-surfaces, and that that impurity is thus not merely arrested, but that it is decomposed, and converted into carbonic acid, ammonia, and water. In proof of this, they refer to certain analyses of the sand-beds of the Chelsea Company, at a time when the Thames was so abominably foul that the House of Commons could not endure the windows open for the stench of the river. After the Chelsea filter-beds had been purifying this liquid for many weeks, the sand was examined; and only one and a quarter per cent. of deposit was found—a quantity far less than the water must have brought in with it and left behind. Other observations and experiments tend to confirm the opinion, that slow filtration through beds of sand and gravel not only arrests the suspended matter that may be contained in the water, but removes at any rate a considerable amount of its dissolved organic impurity by chemical action. The point is, however, we believe, still a moot one.

But though this may be the case with regard to sand filtration, there is no question that there are other materials which exert both a mechanical and a chemical purifying influence to a very powerful degree. The most familiar of these substances is charcoal. Charcoal, as everybody may see by close examination, is an exceedingly porous material. It is full of minute cavities, which must present an immense surface-attraction to the air, and which suck up air just as a sponge sucks up water. Now, it is easy to perceive that if a lump of charcoal is an agglomeration of little particles thickly coated over with air, we have only to allow water to trickle slowly through its substance in order to bring every particle of it into close contact with that atmospheric coating. The result will be just as we have already described—any impurity will not only be arrested in a mechanical way, but will undergo chemical decomposition, and disappear. There are many substances which have this purifying property. All porous and fibrous materials have it more or less; hence foul water passed through a layer of cotton-wool, sponge, spongy iron, pumice-stone, &c., will have much of its impurity removed. Clay, too, is a marvellous purifier of fluids passing through it. It is obvious, however, that any material liable to decay, such as sponge or wool, may impart greater impurity than it arrests, and should never be tolerated in a domestic filter. Moreover, although there are a good many substances which are capable to some extent of purifying liquids passed through them, they are not all equally efficient.

Till recently, animal charcoal was considered the most satisfactory filtering medium. It has been calculated that a pound of animal charcoal will arrest the impurity of one hundred and thirty-six pounds of the filthiest of water, provided it be passed through slowly enough to keep every particle of the water in contact with the charcoal for at least four minutes. The one objection to charcoal as a filtering material is that it feeds any organic life the germs of which may be in the

water passing through it. Silicated charcoal was introduced as an improvement in this respect; but it has been pronounced not absolutely free from this objection. Spongy iron completely obviated this difficulty, and appears to be in all respects a thoroughly efficient filtering material; though in its turn it seems likely to give way to a new medium which has been announced by the scientific authorities of the Military Hospital at Netley, where a series of experiments have been completed, the result of which seems to be to put spongy iron second on the list of the best media for domestic filters. Silicated carbon comes third; and pure animal charcoal next. But the new material is said to eclipse them all in its power of eliminating organic matter ammonia nitrous acid, and other objectionable ingredients in water for domestic purposes.

This newly invented substance is, we are told, compounded of carbon, iron, and alumina; and it has been designated *carferul*. This—if further experience of it should confirm the opinion formed of it—seems very likely to supersede all other filtering media for use on a small scale. For filtration on a large scale, there is no reason to suppose that any better medium can be devised than that afforded in some such form as the London Companies' filtering-beds. It should be observed, however, that whatever the filtering substance may be—whether sand, clay, sponge, carbon, spongy iron, or *carferul*—its power of filtration is only temporary. It cannot indefinitely keep on straining out impure matter, or transforming it by chemical action, without clogging up and exhausting its power. However good and efficient a filter may be, therefore, there comes a time when it is efficient no longer, and when any water passed through it will certainly receive more impurity than it loses. The exact period at which this occurs is, of course, a matter depending on the nature of the filter, and the amount and condition of the water which is passed through it.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE PROGRESS OF THE PLOT.

'Two, for the Scilly business; two, for the regular trade of the "Islands"—all to be built of iron and steel, and for speed. Customers in Covent Garden Market can't wait for their early potatoes and early peas, and March asparagus and April strawberries. Can they, Mr Weston? If Scilly don't send them, Portugal must, or Algiers must; and we had better be first on Tom Tiddler's Ground—eh, Mr Weston?'

A shrewd man, in his way, was Mr. or Commodore, Harris, a notable inhabitant of Southampton, who had certainly been steward of a West-Indian man in his youth, and was rumoured to have been a cook's boy on board a West-Indian man in his childhood, but who now owned thirty keels in the short-voyage line. He had just, sure of the success of his speculation, ordered four steamers from the great ship-building firm—two to range around the fertile isles of Jersey and Guernsey, wild Sark, and pastoral Alderney, where agriculture means market-gardening, and money is abundant; and two to speed the actual

garden products of early Scilly, with its fuchsias and myrtles and precocious vegetables, to the omnivorous mouth of rich and greedy London.

'And quite right too. We'll prepare the contracts as soon as the Principal and yourself, Commodore, have squared it about the price—and I'll warrant the craft are to your liking, Harris,' responded Mr Weston genially. 'Glass of sherry, Harris, to wet the bargain.'

The Commodore and Mr Weston had not yet finished their sherry before a tap, tap of modest knuckles resounded on the door, and a small, pink-faced, beardless clerk presented himself to announce, in a piping voice, that Mr Crawley craved an interview.

'Presently—with pleasure,' said Mr Weston, waving his hand. The juvenile clerk disappeared.

'Don't let me keep you,' put in Commodore Harris, sipping his sherry, which was sound and strong.

'No hurry, pray,' answered the Manager. Bargains for sea-going vessels worth several thousand pounds ought, in Mr Weston's old-fashioned conception of the fitness of things, to be solemnly celebrated with a libation, perhaps to Neptune.

'Crawley. Yes; that's your head-man here?' asked Mr. or Commodore, Harris.

'Head-clerk; yes. But the Assistant Manager, Mr Oakley, Bertram Oakley, takes rank above him,' was the answer.

'Don't know him—never saw him. Crawley, when he brought me the sketch of the estimates, seemed a steady sort of chap—and adds up figures like Cocker himself,' said the shipowner.

'Crawley is an excellent clerk—slow, perhaps, but as steady as Old Time. I rather like a man to be slow, so as he's sure,' added Mr Weston, who was slow himself, and was suspicious of quick brains in others. 'I have a regard for Crawley, whom I trust, and whom I understand. A good Assistant Manager he would have made, if our Mr Mervyn'—Here Mr Weston shook his head meaningly, and the Commodore finished his glass. 'A little more wine, Harris?'

But the shipowner would have no more sherry, and soon departed.

Almost as the door closed on the retiring figure of the Commodore, it opened to give admission to Mr Crawley. The steady head-clerk seemed strangely agitated. His unwholesome face was at a dull white-heat, so to speak, and there were blotches of pink on his pale forehead. He was hot, eager, trembling.

'Nothing wrong, Mr Crawley?' asked the Manager.

They had known one another, these two men, for twelve years, yet it was remarkable how little, except during office-hours, they had seen of one another. It was not Mr Weston's fault. He had invited Crawley to his house perhaps eight or nine times in the dozen years. But the hospitality had proved a failure. Mrs Weston had never liked Crawley. Crawley, at the Weston dinner-table, had been as mute as a fish, opening his ugly mouth only to absorb viands and wines. The daughters had by no means approved of Mr Crawley, who was not a ladies' man, was not a men's man, was nothing but an arithmetical text-book transmuted into flesh and blood. Still,

Mr Weston had an esteem, in business hours, for the confidential clerk. He had never seen Crawley agitated before. There was something portentous in the stirring-up of that negative, secretive soul.

'I am afraid, sir, that something is wrong,' said Crawley, dropping into the chair that was offered to him, and rubbing his moist brow with damp cambric. 'In all the years I have served the firm, I have never felt any position so painful, or so perplexing, as I find it to-day. I do not know,' added Mr Crawley ingenuously, 'whom to suspect, or whom to accuse; and yet there must be guilt somewhere,' he said despondently.

'What's the matter, and what do you mean?' demanded Mr Weston gruffly; and then more gently added: 'I did not mean to hurry you, Mr Crawley; but I am naturally anxious to know the meaning of all this. It must be something serious, I should say.'

'So it is,' answered the confidential clerk, dropping his eyes to the carpet and speaking in a low voice. 'With your kind permission, sir, I will explain the affair.'

Mr Crawley's explanation, which was sufficiently lucid, came to this. The Fittings' Store, so called, of Messrs Mervyn's Southampton Yard was a roomy warehouse, that contained miscellaneous but valuable materials employed in equipping vessels for sea. Copper sheathing was kept there, and so were rods and ringbolts, and brass-work, and tools and nails, and nuts and screws, and bolts and rivets, the costly fittings of steamers, and the expensive trophies of arms and gilded mirrors and moulded stanchions that figure in the cabins of dainty yachts. All sorts of goods, handy, portable, light, easily converted into money, were kept there, and, of course, under a system of sensible precautions.

'We must be careful, sir,' said Crawley, with his ghastly smile. 'Copper and nails and so forth are a shipwright's sweethearts, as the saying is, and'—

'And he will steal them, if he gets the chance,' interrupted Mr Weston, catching fire from the excitement of his subordinate. 'But then, of course, he ought not to get the chance. Our men are picked men, of good character; but it would be cruel to put temptation in the way of a set of rough, uneducated wrights, and I am sure no check has been omitted.'

'And yet, sir, Warren himself told me, with tears in his eyes,' began Mr Crawley slowly, 'and Warren is a trustworthy man'—

'I should think he was. Old Warren! No, no, Mr Crawley; whatever may be wrong with the materials, Sergeant Warren, the storekeeper, is blameless. I would as soon think of suspecting you, or myself,' said the Manager warmly.

'So I thought, sir,' responded the confidential clerk, with his ghastly grin. 'Still, things are missing—no trifles, such as might be easily purloined, perhaps thoughtlessly snatched up by one of the men, but quantities of well-selected property, which it must have taken time to select, and time to remove. Would you wish to see Warren himself, sir?'

'By all means. Let him come in,' replied the Manager, with a troubled brow.

Warren, the storekeeper, entered, and made his military salute, and drew himself up, stiff and

respectful, as he had done many a time, in his commanding officer's tent, on some sultry evening in India. Tall and thin and gray was Jacob Warren, once a stalwart Sergeant-major of Lancers, and who still, in his civilian capacity, wore on the breast of his tight coat the medals and clasps that he had won in old battles against Sikh and revolted Sepoy. He limped a little too, in consequence of an old wound. Altogether, Warren, with his honourable past and his long services, did look a man to be trusted. He was almost sobbing, now, as he entered the office.

'Something amiss, Warren, I am sorry to hear,' said the Manager. 'Come, don't take it to heart so, man. Nobody blames you.'

'I am afraid it seems like neglect of duty, sir,' said Warren, who stood 'at attention,' with his hands rigid as the pendulum of a clock, by his side. 'And yet, sir, if you'll believe me, I've kept a look-out, faithful to orders. Artful beggars, Mr Weston, are at the bottom of this—very artful.' And the storekeeper went on to relate how a quantity of the more valuable property under his charge had been removed, evidently by some person or persons well acquainted with the contents of the warehouse, and so dexterously, that a screen of wire-rope, chain-cable, and other bulky objects, had been left between the emptied compartments and the front of the building, and that all other objects were apparently undisturbed. The work of plunder had—so Warren conjectured—been going on for some time, and the deficit was large, though how large the storekeeper could not tell. 'But how, unless the Evil One himself helped 'em, the thieves got in,' was beyond Warren's power of guessing. The old soldier was much distressed, and seemed to think some slur rested on his own fair fame, in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of his employer's goods.

'No one blames you, Sergeant, remember that,' said Mr Weston kindly. 'Don't talk of this, however, until we have time to make a strict inquiry into the matter. That will do for the present.'

And, with his stiff martial salute, the ex-Sergeant-major retired.

When they were left alone together, Messrs Weston and Crawley looked into one another's faces.

'An unpleasant business, Mr Crawley,' said the Manager.

'A bad business, sir,' rejoined the confidential clerk.

'This key,' pursued Mr Weston, unlocking a private drawer of his desk, and taking out the key he spoke of, 'has never been out of my own possession, except when it has been intrusted for a short time to one of our young clerks, who has accompanied Warren and the men who acted as porters, to and from the Fittings' Store. And for all materials, proper receipts have been signed by the foremen or overlookers. Warren himself has no means of access to the warehouse at other times.'

'No, sir,' said Crawley, as if meditating. 'That is true. There are but two keys. You have one; and young Mr Oakley, the Assistant Manager, has the other.'

Mr Weston could not repress a little start. 'Ah, well, I must speak to Mr Bertram about it,' he said, after a pause.

'If I were you, sir, if you will excuse the liberty I take in offering advice to one so much more capable than myself,' said Mr Crawley smoothly, 'I would keep the matter quiet and to ourselves for a little while, at first. Young men will be— young men; and with all Mr Oakley's cleverness, he has not had much experience, and might bungle the matter, and so cause the escape of the real culprits, who must, it seems to me, have a knowledge of the premises. If the detective, sir, whom you consult,'—

Mr Weston had not spoken, or perhaps thought, of consulting a detective; but he willingly, as dull men often do, appropriated the idea as his own. 'Ah, well, we shall see,' he said. 'I'll drop in at the police station as I go home; and in the meantime, Mr Crawley, mum's the word!'

TEA AND SILK FARMING IN NEW ZEALAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

HAVING in a former article, to which we would refer the reader (No. 899, March 19), offered a few statistic, climatic, and commercial reasons for the encouragement of tea-growing and silk-culture as a combined industry in New Zealand, particularly in the charming province of Auckland, we now propose to supplement that paper with some arguments, dealing chiefly with the suggested enterprise, as suited for the employment of educated yet reduced gentlewomen, whose means of living were now, through misfortune or other causes, not such as they had been accustomed to. That the merits of this view may be properly appreciated, it will be desirable to refer briefly to such of the manipulative operations as in other countries are undertaken by females, in order to show that similar duties might be efficiently performed by the educated intelligence of lady-emigrants, and that the employment need not rob them of one iota of dignity, or lower them a single inch in the social scale.

In a Chinese tea-garden, the first duty for which female co-operation is in demand occurs in leaf-plucking, on the careful, intelligent, and conscientious performance of which much of the subsequent high character and value of the finished produce depends. Where ignorance was rampant, as in the early days of some of the Indian tea-plantations, the blameworthy habit of stripping the branches—that is, grasping them at their junction with the main stem, and drawing the closed fingers sharply along, thus clearing them at one sweep of every bud and leaf—was frequently practised. It was a most reprehensible custom, as the planters soon discovered, and was indulged in by unscrupulous pluckers, when safe from the eye of supervision, in order to save themselves trouble, and quickly augment the contents of their baskets, thereby completing the day's 'task' in the shortest space of time. The practice was physiologically damaging to the tea-bushes and fatal to the value of the finished tea, turning out, as it did with such rough manipulation, a mere confused aggregation of leaves of all ages and sizes—a piebald and harlequin-looking mixture, badly plucked, unevenly fermented, and pleasing neither to palate, nose, nor eye. In China, the home of tea-

farming and preparation, such serious but quite preventable practices could scarcely happen; and we think we may venture to assert that where British ladies and girls of even the most ordinary education were employed, such wilful bungling would be next to an impossibility.

On the arrival of the tea-season in Hou-nan and Hu-peh, and doubtless also in the other districts, the more experienced among the leaf-pluckers—who have previously undergone a system of dieting and sanitary supervision, so as to avoid the risk of communicating any taint to the delicate flowery pekoe they are about to handle—are marshalled in select companies and taken to the scene of their pleasant labour. By dawn, a day or two afterwards perhaps, hundreds, sometimes thousands of merry, black-eyed, well-dressed girls may be observed tripping gaily along the raised banks of the paddy-fields to the gardens, situated on the hill-slopes beyond; all unmistakably evincing the keen interest they feel in the agreeable and healthful work to which they are hastening. Reaching the gardens, each detachment—accompanied by coolies to bear away the pluckings to the central drying-shed or manipulating *hong*—begins upon a separate plot of tea-bushes; and in a few hours two of every three leaves have been carefully removed, the terminal leaf of every branch or twig being usually allowed to remain.

Let the reader now, in imagination, transfer the scene from China to the margin of one of the enchanting lakes of New Zealand, with the bold ruddy children of British emigrants—and in the good time coming perhaps troops of laughing little Maoris, and sedate and solemn-looking Celestials—for pluckers, superintended by intelligent ladies and girls from home; some on foot, and others on stout Australian palfreys, bustling about the plantations and directing the busy crowd. To some of the languid among the gentler sex in the old country, on whose features an unmodified sunbeam is never permitted to rest, a sketch such as this may seem pregnant with freckles and other causes of dismay. Yet those who have already spent years in New Zealand's delightful climate, and who have had other experience as well, agree that nowhere else, except perhaps in the Sandwich Islands, is an open-air life more enjoyable, and the toll exacted by the sun more merciful.

Not only in the field might the services of educated females be utilised, but to some extent in the factory also. It is well known to travellers who have spent their time intelligently in the tea-districts of China, that the finest and most expensive tea of that country is never exported, for the simple reason that, being only sun-dried, and scarcely 'fired' at all, it would decay on the voyage to Europe or America, and turn out offensive and utterly useless on its arrival. But although it could not endure a long voyage, the few days occupied in a passage to Australia from Auckland would inflict no material injury, so that this rare and fragrant tea might easily be enjoyed by our relatives in Sydney and Melbourne at least for a few weeks every season. The preparation of this exquisite article, samples of which never decorate the brokers' tables in the London market, might be left almost wholly in the hands of the ladies connected with the New Zealand Tea

and Silk Company's establishment, as, there being no rolling, fermenting, roasting, and very little firing necessary—only some twisting, curling, exposure to the sun, and loose packing in small tins, leaden canisters, or jars—such trifling manipulation could easily be undertaken by even the least robust among them, and seem more in the nature of part-time than labour. In any case, the ladies would have the satisfaction of knowing that the produce of their fingers would probably command an exceptional price, like that alluded to by Mr Simmonds in his interesting work on the Commercial Products of the Vegetable Kingdom. 'For delicacy,' he says, 'no teas approach those called "Mandarin teas," which being slightly fired and even damp when in the fittest state for use, will bear neither transport nor keeping. They average twenty shillings per pound, and are in request among the wealthy.' In the preparation of brick-and-tile tea; powder-tea after the Japanese formula for native Asiatic use; compressed tea and concentrated essence for the convenience of the army, navy, and travellers, many situations would eagerly welcome the deft fingers of the fair; whilst in the production of tea-seed-oil—one of the purest and most delicate for cooking and other purposes—and oil-cake from the refuse, for cattle-food—a substance which chemical analysis shows to be superior in fattening properties to even the finest linseed-cake—numbers of poor uneducated women and children might be employed at the termination of every season.

If, in the midst of the dust, heat, and noise of the usual tea-manipulating and firing-chambers, there should scarcely be any appropriate place for women, there would still be room for them in the weighing and packing departments, as, an ever-increasing demand for decorative designs wherewith to ornament the packages being anticipated, sketches of native scenery and character would be constantly required; thus affording profitable and agreeable scope for the abilities of all those who were artistically inclined.

Important, then, as the services of educated females must prove in one great department of the proposed undertaking, they would simply be invaluable in the other. Since the days of Si-ling—who is said to have flourished twenty-six hundred years before Christ, and to have been the first to introduce the culture of silk to her subjects—to the present time, almost every branch of this important industry has been under the care of females. The proposal, therefore, to employ educated ladies and girls in silk-culture in New Zealand can scarcely be pronounced a novelty. In China, even at this day, silkworm rearing is regarded as almost of a sacred character; and the whole industry, as well as those engaged in it, are looked upon with deferential respect. Chinese females of all classes, from the most remote antiquity, and with education and acquirements vastly beneath those of civilised nations, have devoted much of their time to the occupations of feeding and rearing silkworms, so that the industry in its widest sense may truly be considered a national one. Keeping this in view, and taking into consideration the fact that as the result of comparatively ignorant female labour there was, after supplying its own requirements, imported from China to the United Kingdom in 1863 ten and a half million pounds of raw silk, we

cannot avoid speculating on the enormously greater quantity which might possibly have been forthcoming, had British women of education been largely engaged in the pursuit either there or in New Zealand.

Even in England, notwithstanding all its climatic drawbacks, some surprising triumphs in silk-culture have been achieved by ladies. Among others who have either personally engaged in the industry or given it their countenance, we need only name Lady Bentinck, Lady Lucy Calvert, Lady Mills, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lady Ramsay, Lady Macarthur, Mrs Bladen Neill, and Mrs Whitby, all of whom have taken an interest in or endeavoured to establish the industry as a national occupation in England and Australia, and who, no doubt, would prove equally enthusiastic in promoting it in the far more congenial climate of New Zealand.

Before proceeding to indicate the nature of the work involved in connection with the raw material termed silk, let us glance for a moment at its producer the silkworm. As our readers doubtless know, all butterflies and moths undergo certain changes in their life-course, termed transformations. Thus the common white butterfly of our fields in due course lays its eggs, out of which emerge larvæ or caterpillars which voraciously devour cabbages and other green leaves. Fed to repletion, these caterpillars at length show symptoms of languor, and in many cases weave for themselves silken shrouds or cocoons within which, and changed as to appearance, they remain in the condition known as the chrysalis; from which, in fullness of time, bursts the imago or perfect insect, ready to wing its joyous flight. So with the silkworm—which is neither more nor less than the caterpillar of a certain kind of moth, and whose chief food is the mulberry leaf—the silk of commerce is simply the unravelled shrouds within which the caterpillar or 'worm' has interwoven its body. The four stages in the life of a moth are, therefore, egg, larvæ or caterpillar, chrysalis or pupa, and imago or perfect insect.

With these remarks regarding the natural history of the insect, let us now refer for a moment to the nature of the work devolving upon those who would follow the interesting occupation; and this cannot be better illustrated than by a short reference to the progress of a single brood of silkworms. Suppose, therefore, that one ounce of eggs are required to be hatched, the period chosen for incubation must be coincident with the bursting of the mulberry into leaf. Formerly, there was no option or choice in the matter; the worms appeared at the usual season, if the temperature happened to be suitable, whether there was food for the little creatures or not. If the latter unfortunate circumstance happened, the brood perished. But means are now available for retarding the vivifying of the eggs, through the agency of ice, so that the 'grain' can be kept for a considerable time in refrigerators during backward seasons, until the mulberry has produced its first young leaves. That no evil effect follows this apparently unnatural expedient, was proved about two years ago, upon a scale of some magnitude, by Captain Mason of the Manor House, Yateley, Farnborough, Hampshire, one of our most distinguished home-silk growers. He found that the worms from five ounces of eggs taken

from a refrigerator, where they had been for some time during the progress of his hay harvest, in the fourth period of their existence, managed to devour six thousand one hundred and fifty-five pounds of mulberry leaves in the course of a fortnight. In the practice of silk-culture in New Zealand, however, it is believed that recourse to any retarding measure—except in the case of eggs forwarded from Europe or America—would be unnecessary, on account of the equability and geniality of the climate stimulating the mulberry into leaf year by year about the same date.

As soon, therefore, as the mulberry bushes evince signs of commencing to bud, the eggs are placed in a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, which is gradually raised during ten days to eighty degrees. On or about the tenth day, the worms issue from the egg, and must be immediately supplied with young leaves, shred very small, so that as many raw edges as possible may be presented to tempt their appetites. The temperature is now allowed to drop five degrees; and the range is afterwards maintained between seventy and seventy-five degrees, a higher figure usually proving inconvenient, and sometimes even fatal, to the rapidly growing creatures. During the next five or six days the worms—which to prevent them from wandering are kept upon roomy trays—must be fed with freshly chopped food every six hours, and kept scrupulously clean. At the end of this period, the consumption of leaves will have been from seven to fifteen pounds; when the little revellers pause for twenty-four hours, apparently from repletion, but really in order to cast skins which have become painfully tense outside their swelling bulk. This epoch is called the first sickness, and precedes the second period of life.

As soon as the old integument is sloughed, the worms are again fed as before, having been carefully removed to clean trays, and allowed additional space. The second period lasts for about four days, during which from twenty to thirty pounds of leaves ought to have been devoured. Again their skins become too tight, and are abandoned during the second sickness. The endurance of the third period is about a week; and on the eleventh day or so from incubation, the worms fall into their third sickness, after having eaten from sixty to eighty pounds of food, when their skins are once more cast. About the seventeenth day, another moulting occurs, after which the voracity of the little gluttons becomes amazing.

According to one Chinese author, each healthy worm, from this point onwards, devours about ten times its own weight of leaves per day. As a necessary result, their copious discharges and exhalations render the most prompt and exact cleanliness absolutely necessary for their well-being as well as for the comfort of the attendants. By the twenty-second day, the fourth period will have been completed, when the worms—the produce of one ounce of eggs—will probably have consumed from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and sixty pounds of leaves. During the fifth period, which lasts about ten days, the worms will have assimilated from eleven hundred to twelve hundred pounds of food. At the termination of this age, signs of restlessness usually appear; and the now thoroughly gorged cater-

pillars commence hunting about for convenient nooks in which to spin, which ought to be in readiness in the form of little bundles of common broom fastened so as to resemble miniature hedges, eighteen inches high, around and across the trays in which they have been last fed. Should any of the worms evince an apparent desire for more food, as they sometimes do, it ought to be immediately offered, as the more heartily they devour, the better and more profuse will be the yield of silk. It is considered a fair test, indeed, of what is termed 'a proper education,' that the worms hatched from one ounce of eggs should at this point have masticated at least fifteen hundred pounds-weight of fresh mulberry leaves.

It will be understood, of course, that the figures just given must not be regarded as definite, and unvarying from year to year. On the contrary, considerable variations supervene, according to the robustness of the worms, the locality in which they are fed, the equability of the temperature, the prevailing weather, the condition of the mulberry trees, and the aptitude for the industry, and the vigilance displayed by the persons engaged. Taking as our guide certain statistics of districts in France and Italy, we would say that, as a rule, one ounce of healthy eggs should produce silkworms, which ought to eat during their first period of five days, about seven pounds of leaves; second period of four days, about twenty-one pounds; third period of seven days, about seventy pounds; fourth period of seven days, about two hundred and ten pounds; fifth period of seven to seventeen days, about twelve to thirteen hundred pounds. Total of five periods of thirty to forty days, about fifteen to sixteen hundred pounds of leaves.

A certain degree of irregularity, therefore, is evidently a feature in silk-culture, and it is this element of uncertainty, united with others, which renders the industry somewhat precarious when intrusted to uneducated persons who are guided by tradition and the rule-of-thumb rather than by the teachings of science. It will perhaps be admitted, however, that conducted with superior intelligence and scientific appliances, such as the ladies and officers connected with the proposed syndicate would bring to bear, the profession could hardly fail, in such an equable climate as that of Auckland, soon to rise into one of the most permanent of industries.

About the thirty-second day, when the now full-grown and satiated caterpillar begins to emit its fragile silken line, the cocoon and the sixth period are commenced, the former being usually finished in four days, when the worm undergoes its last change but one, fluffing off its already frequently changed skin as a caterpillar, and becoming a chrysalis. Four days more are generally allowed, when the cocoons are carefully removed; and if the education has been thorough, the worms healthy, and all have survived, the result should be about one hundred and twenty pounds-weight of cocoons for every ounce of eggs hatched.

Here, although not yet the conclusion of our illustrative incubation, the special duties of the ladies of the establishment might probably cease, as the stifling of the worms in the cocoons intended for export, could scarcely be considered a lady-like employment. But at some future date, when silk-

reeling may have become understood—if happily, this special branch in the meantime has not been superseded by the success of a curious device at present under consideration—this delicate and difficult operation, namely, the unravelling of the shroud, would fall to their care. When such a degree of efficiency has been reached, it would still become an object of attainment to obviate the objectionable sacrifice of insect life, at present the rule, in subjecting the cocoons to a degree of heat which kills the chrysalis within. One economical object to be thus gained is taught us in a lesson from Syria, where the cocoons which are smartly unwound before the developed moths have had time to perforate their silken prisons, yield fifty per cent. more silk than after the stifling has been accomplished. Indeed, it is hoped that ere long, means will be arranged of obtaining silk direct from the spinnerets of the worm, without the intermediate form of a cocoon, or compromising the comfort and safety of the creature whilst undergoing its final transformation. As soon as this great issue has been achieved, we need scarcely say that all further anxiety about the difficulties of reeling as at present conducted will vanish, for the process will no longer be required. The whole of the moths, instead of only a very small percentage, would be thus saved to complete their natural functions and term of life; and the quantity of eggs produced would be enormously increased; and, if necessity should arise, might serve to replenish the stores of Italy and other European and Asiatic silk-countries.

It will have been gathered from the foregoing that the responsibility, attendance, and portage connected with the incubation and feeding of the worms from even one ounce of silkworm eggs, are considerable. In the case of the proposed Company's first plantation of one hundred acres of mulberries, where food would be available to 'educate' the worms from say six hundred ounces of eggs, the quantity of leaves required would probably exceed forty-four tons.

In a succeeding and final article we shall wind up this important subject by endeavouring to show the position of the proposed enterprise, and the general lines upon which the industries in question have been projected.

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

'PUIR MISS FRENCH.'

MY earliest recollection of Poor, or *Puir* Miss French, as she was invariably designated in our Scottish village, is of a little old lady who had probably passed her sixtieth year; somewhat less robust and smaller of stature than most ladies of her own age; with features singularly delicate and expressive, and the most wistful, wonderful eyes that ever looked out of a human face. Her smile, on those rare occasions when she did smile, was unmatched for sweetness and 'attraction' by anything I had ever seen; and even to this day, when I meet in the course of my reading with any gentle female character which appeals strongly to my imagina-

tion, I may be able to array her at will in purple and fine linen, or add cubits to her stature, but her eyes and her smile are always the wistful eyes and the winning smile of *Puir* Miss French. Notwithstanding her years, however, the conversation and carriage of *Puir* Miss French were by no means those of an old woman; quite the contrary. No girl of twenty could carry herself with a more jaunty air, or exercise with greater assiduity those innocent little coquettish arts which sit so gracefully on the young and beautiful; but which, coming from the aged, are so apt to excite in the onlooker feelings of mingled pity and contempt. Her conversation had none of that staidness and gravity befitting her years, but was confined by preference to the young, and was invariably on subjects, and in a style, suited to her own inclinations and the years of her youthful auditors. It must not be imagined that her every-day dress at all corresponded with her youthful airs, for such was by no means the case.

With the exception of about two weeks in summer, when a light dress and abundance of white ribbons made the little lady a very conspicuous object in the village street, her ordinary apparel was of the soberest kind, almost invariably surmounted with the scarlet cloak and hood of her earlier years. Though living in a very humble way, and on an income so small as only to be slightly removed from poverty, her manners were those of a perfect lady, and that too of the old school. No contempt whatever mingled in the feeling with which she was regarded by her humble village neighbours; there was only pity—pity of the purest kind, crystallised to perfection in the name by which she was known far and wide—*Puir* Miss French.

Her father, the Rev. John French, A.M., had settled in the village as pastor of a denomination of Presbyterian worshippers termed Anti-Burgher, when his daughter Alison—the younger of his two children, a boy and a girl—was a little over ten years old. That he was a man who became very dear to his flock, and was altogether worthy of their esteem and affection, is to this day abundantly proved by the epitaph on the tomb-stone erected by them to his memory. At the time of which I write, this evidence could have been largely supplemented by the living testimony of many old inhabitants, who perfectly remembered the man, and who never failed, on due occasion given, to wax enthusiastic in their praises of his piety and fervour, as well as of his homeliness and genial human worth. His great learning and extensive reading are clearly to be traced in every line of numerous treatises which he left behind him in manuscript. These works, unfortunately, never found a publisher, probably because the good man had too carefully modelled his English style on that of the Scottish theological writers of the latter half of the seventeenth century—a style which has somehow dropped out of fashion; while those subjects which he treated in Latin had long since ceased to stir the national heart, or to affect in the slightest degree the opinions of the people.

A few years from the time when this estimable man settled in our village, and after due and careful preparation, his son John had been sent to Glasgow, to undergo a preliminary examination previous to entering the University of that city, and carried off triumphantly a handsome bursary. This help towards the young man's education was, I daresay, nearly as necessary as it was gratifying to the modest country minister. On his son's entry at college, his very respectable acquirements naturally recalled to the minds of his teachers the father who had been their own class-fellow; and arrangements were made whereby, at the end of the first session, a young gentleman of good family and means—Mr Arthur Young—was to accompany him to his village home, there to pursue his studies during the recess, under the guidance of the elder Mr French.

So far as can be ascertained, this Arthur Young seems to have been a young man of unimpeachable morals, of a modest and retiring nature, and of studious habits. His studies were not, however, like those of the younger French, pursued with any ultimate view to the ministry, or indeed to any particular profession. His researches in the classics were consequently not entered into with that young gentleman's feverish eagerness, nor continued with similar devotion, but were diversified by little excursions into various branches of natural science, more especially into the science of botany, of which he was an eager and intelligent student. In his wanderings after specimens, during the first two or three terms of his residence in the village, he was sometimes accompanied by the brother and sister; for he had contrived to inoculate both with a little of his own enthusiasm for his favourite science. By degrees, however, and as the time drew nearer to enter on those studies more especially connected with his future profession, John's botanical ardour considerably cooled, and the study was carried on by Arthur Young and Alison French only.

Thrown together in this way almost constantly during the last term of the young man's sojourn at the manse, with no one to observe or check the growing intimacy between them—for the minister's wife was a notable housewife, and took little interest in other than the merest kitchen duties; and the minister rarely left his study during the day, except to sally out on some pastoral visitation—nothing save the usual result was to be expected, and nothing else came to pass. Only after the young people had solemnly plighted their troth to each other, were Alison's father and mother made acquainted with the attachment which had sprung up between them. To do them justice, they threw no obstacles in the way of a union between Arthur and their daughter, rightly deeming her a fitting match for any untitled gentleman, and stipulated for no further delay than such as should enable Mr French to communicate with the young man's guardian. No objection having been raised in this quarter, it was arranged that Arthur should proceed to Glasgow for his last session at college, take his degree, and be married at the manse by his bride's father in the last week of the following June.

During this interval, our charming little Alison was supremely happy. Her lover's letters were long and frequent, and models of what a lover's letters ought to be—full of light and airy gossip;

but never forgetting, for the sake of matter or form, to throw in those delicate personal touches which go straight to the dear one's heart, and make all the difference between a genuine love-letter and a purely literary exercise. At the close of the session, and with his brand-new degree, he paid her a short visit, during which the arrangements for the forthcoming ceremony were completed; and when they parted, it was with all those tokens of mutual affection which have been current since the nature of things earthly have made lovers' partings necessary.

One short month would see our Alison's happiness complete. Her open and joyous nature took pleasure in showing to the young women of the village the various dresses and other articles which she was preparing against the great event of her life. It was observed that for two weeks previous to the happy day, she dressed herself as nearly in white as she could very well do, without drawing on herself any satirical or ill-natured remarks. While standing thus arrayed in the modest parlour of the manse on the eve of her wedding-day, and surrounded by her youthful companions, a letter from her affianced husband was put into her hands. It was very short, and said that circumstances over which he had no control whatever, compelled him to go abroad; that he begged wholly to relieve her from her engagement; hoped she might find a husband much more worthy than himself; and so bade her 'affectionately farewell.' Poor little Alison French read this terribly cruel letter steadily to the end, then, without outcry or alarm or speaking a single word, groped her way to her own room like one stricken with sudden blindness.

Her father's first impression seemed to be that this letter was merely the outcome of some horrible and fiendish practical joke; but while he counselled patience until it should be seen whether the bridegroom would make his appearance on the morrow, it was easy to see that the poor man had already lost faith in his own hastily formed opinion. The morrow came, however, and went; but no bridegroom came to claim the hand of pretty Alison French, who was now mercifully unconscious of the great wrong of which she was the victim, and was babbling of her lost lover in the delirium of a fever, which brought her to the very brink of the grave.

Meanwhile, steps were taken to find, if possible, the man who had thus made shipwreck of her young life, and to hear what explanation he had to offer of his otherwise inexplicable and altogether shameful conduct. His guardian, in reply to inquiries addressed to him, made answer, that Mr Young was no longer in any sense under his control; that he had delivered up his trust some months previous to the date of this communication; that since that time he had heard nothing of the young man's movements, and was entirely ignorant of his present whereabouts. He added that, sympathising deeply with the young lady and her family, he had written to Mr Young's bankers, who had at once informed him that that gentleman had severed his connection with them as soon as they were able, after he became his own master, to arrange his affairs and close his account. And this was all. Arthur Young was as completely lost to Alison French as if he had plunged into the middle of the sea.

After many weeks, and a severe struggle between life and death for the mastery, Alison was strong enough to leave her room; but so changed was she—changed in mind and body, that she was no longer that Alison French whom we had hitherto known. Instead of filling, as was her wont, the gray old manse with bursts of joyous song, with pleasant, hearty laughter, and with a general air of summer sunshine, she now wandered about the house and garden in a vacant, listless way, very pitiful to see. She spoke to no one unless directly addressed, when she answered in monosyllables; and never referred in the most remote way to the tragic episode through which she had so recently passed. Nothing appeared now to possess the slightest interest for her—even those pursuits, botanical and other, which formerly gave her the keenest pleasure, were so wholly neglected, it seemed as if they had faded utterly from her memory. But when the month of June again came round, she roused herself somewhat from her apathy, and for two weeks before the anniversary of the day which should have seen her married, she appeared dressed in white, a style to which she adhered until the fatal day was past, when she reverted to her usual sober habit. This practice she continued till her death.

Years rolled on, and Alison was left alone with her father, her mother having died, and her brother 'placed' at what was, in those days of imperfect communication, a great distance from our village. Although still comparatively vigorous, the venerable minister was beginning to show unmistakable symptoms of decay. His daughter's taciturnity had in a great measure worn off, and although she never laughed, and very rarely even smiled in the presence of strangers, she had always a ready smile for him. Their mutual affection was deep and tender, and yet he never seemed to observe what was sufficiently patent to every one else in the village: that his daughter's mental growth had been arrested by her great misfortune, and that although in years she was now a middle-aged woman, she was mentally no older than she had been twenty years before.

Such was the state of things in the quiet village manse, when, on a summer Sunday morning, just after Alison had laid aside her bridal finery for the season, her father was preparing for the usual pulpit ministrations of the day. His manner was more than usually solemn; for, although a man of sincere and unaffected piety, his disposition was cheerful and his enjoyment of life perfectly natural and healthy. 'Ailsie, dearie,' he said, 'I'm not altogether myself this morning. I think I'll tak a cup o' tea, wi' just a thimblefu' o' spirits in 't.' Many stories were afterwards current of the old minister's demeanour and little traits of kindness and consideration, as he passed through the kirk-yard on that sunny summer morning. How he had greeted with even more than his wonted cordiality every individual or group as he passed; how little Johnnies had got kindly smiles, and little Jennies tender words, even more winning and impressive than usual, from the dear old minister; and what a look of uneasy wonderment was on his face as he looked round upon his congregation after entering the pulpit. All these things were often told and long remembered. The preliminaries of praise and prayer were gone through in the usual manner; but

when the minister rose to give out his text, it was evident to all that something unusual was about to happen. There was a certain vacancy upon his countenance which filled his hearers with an uneasy dread. He turned over the leaves of his Bible in a vain search for something he could not find, then slowly closed the book.

'My brethren,' he said, 'the hand of God is upon me this day. I came here prepared to expound to you, to the best of my ability, a portion of His holy Word, as was my duty and my pleasure; but I have forgotten that, and much, much besides. I can only remember now that this day thirty years ago, I ministered to you for the first time within these walls, as your chosen pastor. I think the end is here.'

Two of the elders went at once to assist him down the pulpit stairs. In little more than a week, he was laid to rest in a corner of the quiet village kirkyard; and from that time, his dear, helpless daughter Alison, to the sorrowing villagers became Puir Miss French.

A Scottish country minister was rarely in those days, any more than at present, a man encumbered with wealth. When the little which the Rev. John French had left behind him was realised, there was found to be enough to secure for his daughter such an annuity as would enable her, with great economy and in a quiet way, to live beyond the reach of actual want. Her brother, who claimed for his own share nothing save his father's manuscripts, offered her a home with himself; but this she declined, preferring to remain in the village, which she had not once left since her arrival, a bright-eyed, laughing child, thirty years before. A room was accordingly secured for her; and here, for twenty years longer, her life flowed calmly onward day after day with little of outward change. It is true that for some years after her father's death, Puir Miss French was in the habit, during her 'weddin' weeks,' as they came to be called, of sitting in a ghostly way, at midnight, around the kirkyard and the manse. But this habit died away; and with the exception of a few belated rustics who mistook her for some unearthly visitant, and were terror-stricken accordingly, neither herself nor any one else seems to have come to any harm by it. About the time, however, at which we have now arrived—which is indicated at the beginning of this sketch—a visitor dropped into our village who was destined to exercise a considerable influence over her, and to disturb very materially 'the even tenor of her way.'

Mr Andrew Hepburn arrived in our village, according to his own showing, in search of rest and quiet, after the cares of an unusually busy and active life. Had his business and activity been devoted wholly to the search for a place in which to enjoy these blessings, he could not have been more successful, or have found a spot more likely to secure them in fullest measure. Our village had doubtless its hopes and fears, its joys and cares, its sins and sorrows—all the passions, indeed, of poor humanity, as other villages have; but with us they seemed to be mainly of the subdued kind, life chiefly consisting in getting up, killing the day, and going to bed again. So thoroughly did Mr Hepburn realise the fact of his having dropped into a genuine Scottish Sleepy

Hollow, that he had the very best rooms in the place fitted out afresh for himself—to the intense surprise of the village, which thought Mrs Watson's rooms 'gude enuch for a lord'—and sat down, as he himself said, for quite a long stay. He was a man, judging from his perfectly white hair and beard, and deeply furrowed features, not less than sixty-five years old, although his keen eye and light step would almost plead for some abatement. His height was certainly not less than six feet; while his firm and upright carriage spoke of no immediate pressing necessity for that rest, to secure which was the ostensible object of his coming to this old-fashioned, out-of-the-way village. His knowledge was extensive enough to astonish even the 'dominie,' who gave it as his opinion that 'Maister Hepburn was certainly a college-bred man;' while his manner with the old was so free and sympathetic, and his distribution of small coin among the young so judicious—not to say liberal—that in a marvellously short space of time he became an established and general favourite.

Ridiculous as it may appear, it soon became evident, even to 'Patie the fool,' that Puir Miss French was smitten with the charms of our too fascinating visitor. Seldom a day passed that she did not contrive to meet him on the most frequented part of our single street, where the formal and elaborate courtesy with which they greeted each other, was a sight not soon to be forgotten. Puir Miss French's youthful airs were in themselves sad enough, when contrasted with her aged appearance; but to hear her girlish giggle, unaccompanied by the faintest suspicion of laughter, was inexpressibly pathetic, and seemed to impress Mr Hepburn with feelings of profound melancholy. But when a day came that he met her somewhat suddenly, tricked out in all her faded bridal array, it was something deeper than melancholy, it was absolute horror that was depicted on his face; and though he contrived to go through the customary ceremony, his subsequent usual walk was abandoned for that day; while the village street knew him no more, until the hapless maid had returned to her every-day and less conspicuous apparel.

For the first few days of Mr Hepburn's seclusion, Puir Miss French wandered about in a very love-lorn and disconsolate way. No thought seemed ever to have entered her mind that her unusual style of dress could have in any way contributed to that gentleman's temporary seclusion, or who knows what effect it might have had on her strange and long established custom? As it was, she sought distraction on the green.

The village green was—and is—divided, in a very irregular way, into two unequal portions by the nameless rill or *burn* which runs through it. The larger had been consecrated from time immemorial, and by the unwritten law of custom, to such sports and pastimes as were cultivated by the village youth of Scotland. The younger generation engaged here, during a large portion of the year, in the games of Hide and Seek, Snuggle the Keg, Hare and Hounds, Steal the Colours, and, when a sufficient contingent of the softer sex would wander round from the village street, even that venerable and amusing pastime Bab-at-the-Bowster. Young men met here on summer evenings to compete in such exercises as putting the

stone, throwing the hammer, tossing the caber, quoiting, &c.; and though the scenes on 'this side the burn' were often extremely animated—not to say boisterous—they offered very little temptation to Puir Miss French. The 'wee green,' on the other hand, was strictly reserved from any inroad of boy or youth. Here almost every day, and well on into the night, during the summer months, was carried on that most animated and picturesque species of female labour, the domestic clothes-washing as practised in the country. Here it was that Puir Miss French sought and, in a great measure, found consolation. Amid the gossip and the jokes and laughter of the young women as they stood in their tubs 'trampin' the claes,' she seemed to forget her sorrow, and enjoyed herself, in her quiet way, almost as much as if Mr Hepburn had never crossed her path. Her 'weddin' weeks' were past, and she had returned to her usual plain and unobtrusive dress; but yet that gentleman had not resumed his daily promenades on the village street, although he now took long walks in other directions, making his way out and in by the garden, a gate from which opened on to the 'big green.'

The sports on the 'big green' were going on with great vigour, and the washing on the 'wee green' with shrill mirth, when Mr Hepburn one evening made his appearance, returning from his walk, and quite unconscious of coming evil. Puir Miss French could not for some seconds believe her eyes; but when convinced that he was really before her, she gathered up her skirts, and made with all haste for the stepping-stones by which the burn was crossed. The gentleman's way took him by the water's edge, and when he reached the stepping-stones, the lady was endeavouring to steady herself in the middle of the stream. To offer assistance was no more than the duty of any gentleman; and Mr Hepburn's offer was prompt.

'If you will take my hand, Miss French,' he said, placing his foot on one of the stepping-stones, and reaching out towards her. But by this time she had succeeded in recovering her balance. Instead of at once accepting the proffered aid, she brought her closed hands up to a level with her breast, twirled them round and round each other, saying slowly and with perfect gravity:

Nievy, nievy, nick-naek,
Which hand will ye tak?
Tak the right, tak the wrang,
I'll beguile ye, if I can.

The situation was intensely droll; but strange to say, Mr Hepburn, although a man by no means deficient in humour, did not seem to see it. Not so the onlookers, male and female, who not only took in the comic features of the scene at a glance, but testified their appreciation of them by bursts of merriment loud and hearty enough to have satisfied the longings of a wilderness of low-comedians. When the lady did at length condescend to take his hand, and found herself at his side, she was by no means inclined to relinquish the advantage she had obtained. On the contrary, she clung to him tenaciously, and would lay her head on his breast, as if overpowered by the suddenness of her escape from some grave disaster.

'The auld sinner!' came a voice from a washing-

tub, 'is he actually gaun to rin awa' wi' Puir Miss French?'

This was more than Mr Hepburn could stand; so, with the perspiration dropping from his forehead, and the jeers of his tormentors ringing in his ears, he fairly broke away, to hide his shame and mortification in the privacy of his own rooms.

This episode seemed in some mysterious way to have wrought a great change in the relations between Mr Hepburn and Miss French. Next day, the gentleman appeared on the street as formerly; but those who expected to see the grave, formal salutation, were grievously disappointed. The lady failed to make her appearance. From this time, instead of seeking his presence, she seemed anxious to avoid him, and although, when chance threw them in each other's way, their greeting was as formally courteous as ever, no one could fail to see the pain it inflicted on Puir Miss French. When her 'weddin' weeks' came round, Mr Hepburn kept his rooms, although he had always some more or less valid excuse for this course, quite apart from the colour of that lady's garments; while she herself, instead of parading them as formerly, never ventured out in the daytime, except to do those little pieces of business that could not very well be left undone.

Things went on in this way for some years, until it began to be bruited abroad that Mr Hepburn was seriously ill. And seriously ill he undoubtedly was—so ill, indeed, that the old doctor had considered it his duty to warn him of his approaching end. Mr Hepburn expressed by word or sign neither surprise nor alarm, but seemed perfectly reconciled to his fate, and desired that some one should be sent for the hapless heroine of this story. It was the anniversary of her marriage-day that should have been; and when the message was brought to her, she trembled so violently, that she would have been quite unable either to have made the necessary additions to her dress or to have walked to his bedside without the assistance of the messenger.

'At last,' she murmured—'at last—at last!' And when she came to his room, whence all had been previously excluded, she entered, saying to the dying man: 'I have come—at last.' This was all that was ever heard of what passed at that interview. After some time, the poor creature came out and passed to her home, leaving Mr Hepburn's nurses to their duty. He died on that same night; and was buried, a few days afterwards, beside the grave of the Rev. Mr French. By his will, his property, burdened with a respectable annuity to Miss Alison French, passed to a distant relative. The name graven on the tombstone erected to his memory was—

ARTHUR YOUNG.

Alison French lived for a few years longer, the change in her circumstances making very little change in her habits and ways of life. Her 'weddin' weeks' were henceforth spent mostly in the kirkyard, where she trimmed with loving hands, and kept in neatest order, her two graves. When she died, it was discovered that she had saved enough to enable her to bequeath a considerable sum to the kirk-session. A portion of the interest accruing from the investment of this sum was to be distributed in charitable gifts; the remainder was to be paid to a poor man of the

village, for keeping in order three graves, on one of which was to be placed a simple stone, with only this inscription—

PUIR MISS FRENCH.

A NATURAL CURE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

THE London season of 1880 was drawing to a close. The trees in the Park were beginning to look yellow and dusty; the *beau-monde* more languid and tired than usual; the drive was less crowded; cabs were conveying innumerable pieces of luggage to the station—all signs of the coming exodus.

It was high time to make up one's mind where to go for the summer. Fashion and one's own tired-out frame oblige one to go somewhere. I felt I needed not only fresh air, but a regular treatment, if I wanted to return to town in September able to resume my professional duties. I never was a strong man; but now, after a most unusual ordeal of late suppers, heavy dinner-parties, and social gaslight, I became aware that my health was going fast. But—where was I to go? Dreadful question, most difficult to answer. I have a horror of English sea-side places; it makes me yawn when I think of them—sand and children wherever you go.—To an English water-cure establishment? I had no intention to be killed or to be made lunatic. I once tried one of them, and I did not feel inclined to repeat the experiment. My friends suggested: 'Why not ask your physician?'—Ah, why? Because I do not believe in doctors and physic. I have detected them wofully in the wrong too often.

Have you ever felt the torment of not being able to make up your mind? Then you will pity me. One day, in the Club, in want of some better occupation, I looked at some obscure newspaper, and found the following advertisement: 'Waldesheim, near Düsseldorf, Germany—establishment for Curing by Natural Means—namely, Air, Water, Diet, and Exercise.—Prospectus, &c.' The brevity pleased me, and especially the 'natural means.' It was a comfort to know you would not be expected to swallow mercury, arsenic, strychnine, and other most objectionable poisons, with an amiable face and perfect confidence. I determined to write for fuller information. This turned out most satisfactory. Waldesheim was situated about an hour's distance from Düsseldorf, on the borders of a pine-forest that covered miles and miles of ground. The terms were moderate—from five to nine marks (shillings) a day, and no extras for the treatment.

My arrangements were soon made; and after a most pleasant journey, I arrived at Waldesheim, very curious to make the acquaintance of the place and the 'natural means.' A venerable old lady, with white hair and a ruddy complexion, received me. I understood that she and her brother are the proprietors of the *Kuranstalt* (curing-establishment). The house itself made the most favourable impression on me; it was simple, but comfortable and well kept. It was nearly seven o'clock P.M.; the patients were at their evening meal, and I was invited to join them. I had no objection to this; for I had an excellent appetite after my travels. By a neat waiting-maid, I was ushered

into the pretty, airy dining-room, which opened out on a garden-terrace. But imagine my feelings on beholding the scene before me! A narrow table stretched the whole length of the room; around it sat many ladies and gentlemen, most cheerfully partaking of milk, a kind of whole-meal bread, and raw or stewed fruit! It was one of the most dreadful moments of my life! I believe I should have turned into a statue with amazement, had not Miss Fellingner, the proprietress, advanced towards me and led me to the seat on her right hand. I felt I had been rash in coming to this place. My heart yearned for my excellent London dinners—for *potages*, *entrées*, and *rôts*. But it was necessary to make the best of the situation, and I began to take my sumptuous repast with as good a grace as I could muster. Strange to say, I did not find it so bad after all. I suppose the novelty seasoned it. The milk was excellent, the bread too, and the fruit delicious. When I had finished, I had to own to myself that I had seldom taken a meal with more relish.

Most of the guests were Germans. There were a few English, two or three French, and some Dutch. Miss Fellingner introduced me to the doctor and to some of the patients. Many of them were very ill indeed; they had come to Waldesheim as a last resource, after having swallowed a small druggist's shop without being cured. They were all fully satisfied with the progress in health they had made since they came to the *Kuranstalt*. Everything I heard interested me so much, that my resolve to quit this house of Spartan diet immediately, became shaken; and when I was shown to my bedroom at nine o'clock, I had made up my mind to stay for a week, in order to get an idea of the system. The windows of my apartment were only a few yards distant from a lovely pine-forest; the evening air was deliciously scented, and refreshed my spirits. I had been told it was the rule in the establishment to sleep with the window more or less open, and as I wanted to try the natural means in all their strictness, I conformed to the foregoing regulation.

At six o'clock A.M. the *Badeleiner* (bathing-servant) knocked at my door and inquired whether I wanted a bath. I felt so fresh and invigorated, that in spite of the unearthly hour, I consented. I was led down-stairs, where I found the most complete system of all kinds of baths that I had ever seen. As the doctor had not yet prescribed for me, I took a simple bath à l'Anglaise—only, to my great astonishment, nearly tepid. When I expressed my surprise to the *Badeleiner*, he replied that it was according to the doctor's orders; that cold water was so injurious to the health that it wore out the constitution. When I was ready, I was told to go directly for a walk in the pine-forest, and not to return before eight o'clock, when breakfast would be served. I had made up my mind to implicit obedience, and so I went in spite of the rain. On the way, I fell in with some of the patients I had talked to the night before. We went on together, and they showed me the sights of the place, when, to my great astonishment, we met a couple of patients barefooted and bareheaded. 'Wonders never seem to cease in this place,' said I to my companions. They laughed. 'You will get accustomed to that in time, and do it your-

self, if the doctor orders it.' 'Never!' said I, and shuddered. 'These gentlemen,' they mildly replied, 'suffer from congestion to the head or from cold feet, and there is no such efficient cure for this as walking barefooted and bareheaded.'

At eight o'clock, there was breakfast, and I returned with such a healthy appetite, that my frugal repast of milk, bread, and fruit seemed more delicious than the most dainty London meal had ever done. Miss and Mr Fellingner were most kind; they begged me to mention anything I should like to have; they would fulfil my wishes to the best of their ability.

After breakfast, the doctor paid me his professional visit. His orders adhered strictly to natural means—baths and other water appliances most minutely and elaborately prescribed, a great deal of exercise, and very strict diet. In three or four days, I was to leave off taking butcher-meat; no alcohol of any description, no tea, no coffee, no spices. In fact, to my idea—no anything. My obedience to the natural system was put to a severe test. No meat, no alcohol! It was terrible. And where then was the strength to come from to sustain me during this ordeal? Dire phantoms of my own self, emaciated and pale, rose before my terrified soul. I debated as to what I was to do. My first impulse was to fly from this starvation; but my curiosity stopped me. It would be interesting to see the results of this unheard-of cure. I felt I must be strong-minded, and give it a fair chance.

This resolution once taken, I underwent like a lamb all that I was ordered to do. I must confess I was sometimes highly amused, when I compared my London existence with my present life, and the extraordinary situations it involved. Can you picture to yourself a fashionable barrister in the undignified position of a wet pack? I was grateful that my friends were not there to see the spectacle. I will confess the worst: I walked barefooted, and I even liked it. My diet became in time equally rigorous. Milk, brown bread, and fruit, for breakfast; potatoes, vegetables, milk-pudding, and fruit for dinner; milk, bread, and fruit for supper. That was all.

Time wore on, and I remembered one day that I had already been for a whole week at Waldesheim, and that my first resolve had been not to stay longer. However, I did not feel inclined to go just yet. I felt better than I had done for many years. I had become attached to the place, to the natural means and my food, which, seasoned with a healthy appetite, seemed delicious. I thought it wise to give the Waldesheim system a longer chance. So I remained. Time went quickly. The days seemed to fly. The cure and open-air exercise kept the patients busy the whole day long. Besides, the social life of the establishment was very pleasant. Excursions into the woods were planned and pleasantly executed; in the evenings we had singing and music, sometimes dancing. Düsseldorf is within walking distance, and the Great Industrial Exhibition and the exhibitions of paintings in the town amused us on the rainy afternoons.

I began to love the place and its simple ways. Out of a weak, weary, dyspeptic, gouty man, I was fast growing into a strong, healthy one, full of spirits and energy. By degrees I also felt a mental regeneration. I saw before me most

palpably demonstrated the fallacy of the argument that meat and alcohol give strength. I had felt the virtue of a simple vegetarian diet. A few days before me, a German Lieutenant had come to Waldesheim so crippled by rheumatism that he could not take a step; he had to be carried about. He was now, after five weeks' stay, able to walk alone. I should hardly have believed such a cure possible, had I not seen it with my own eyes. This man, since the Franco-Prussian war, had tried one great medical authority after another. No one had helped him; he had only grown worse; and now he was on the high-road to recovery. I have heard since then that he is now quite restored to health.

Five weeks had elapsed since I had come to the *Kuranstalt*, when I received a telegram from an old friend: 'Join me at Cologne, Hôtel du Nord, &c.' I went, as Cologne is reached in an hour's time from Düsseldorf. My friend was more than astonished. He could hardly believe it was myself, when I shook hands with him, I looked so much stronger and younger. Jack was going to make the Rhine tour, and to take his sister, Mrs L——, a young widow, to Schwalbach, to drink the waters, as she was weak and ailing.

So we agreed to take one of the large Rhine steamers the following morning at nine o'clock, and go down as far as Eltville, the station for Schwalbach. The weather was glorious. We glided up the majestic river, and admired the Drachenfels, Rolandseck, the Loreley, and all the other lovely and poetic places that adorn the banks of the Rhine. I had often seen these sights before, but I had never enjoyed them as I did now. I began to feel the truth of the assertion, 'Health is the true key to happiness.' Never had Nature seemed so beautiful to me; never had I taken such interest in the scene around me. Who has not at least once witnessed the life on these Rhine steamers? Tourists of all nationalities enliven the deck in ever-varying groups; so we beguiled the time by looking on and by pleasant conversation. My friends wanted to know at which spring of health and youth I had been drinking. I gratified their curiosity, and gave them a true picture of my Waldesheim experience. I told them that water, exercise, and vegetarian diet, had made me a new man. My enthusiasm was infectious. The curiosity of my friends was raised, and they determined to go and see my vegetarian Eldorado. I persuaded Mrs L—— to give up her intended Schwalbach cure, and to try the natural one.

We travelled on as far as Mayence; and then we returned, enjoying all the lovely sights thoroughly; for the weather favoured us. At each place of interest, we left the boat and stayed there for a day or two. We rambled all over the country, my friends riding, I walking. I remained true to the Waldesheim principles. My daily fare was fruit, milk, and bread, to the never-ending wonder and amazement of waiters and travellers. I should have been very sensitive to that a year ago—I bore it now with perfect equanimity.

After a fortnight's absence, I returned to Waldesheim, accompanied by my friends. They soon fell into the ways of the place; and it was not long before they felt the same wonderful benefit from the treatment as I had done. We enjoyed

the lovely woods, the splendid country, and our simple life, until the autumn tints reminded us that work had to begin again. We were sorry to part from our dear Waldesheim—Mrs L—— and I especially, as the place had now more than ordinary associations of happiness for us.

I returned to London, determined to remain true to the new ideas I had gathered—namely, that simple diet is the best *healer* that Nature has given us.

My friends shake their heads in disapproval, and prophesy speedy ruin to my constitution. I bear that wonderfully well, as I feel my physical and moral strength growing daily. One sweet face, however, always smiles approbation on me. Mrs L—— has become my wife. We live in Hampstead. 'Waldesheim' is the name of our new abode. We called it so in gratitude to the place where we found health, happiness, and—each other.

POSTAGE-STAMPS.

THE first steps recently taken towards carrying into effect the proposal of a unified stamp that shall be available either for prepaying letter-postage or for receipt purposes, have already been noticed in this *Journal* (No. 909); and it need only be added here that this new stamp will, probably, very shortly be brought into operation; so soon, indeed, as the existing stocks of postage and receipt stamps have been to some extent diminished. Meanwhile, however, ere the familiar face of the present penny postage-stamp passes away from us entirely, it may be of some interest to record the various purposes which this little token has so usefully served since the date of its introduction.

As the reader probably knows, considerable uncertainty exists as to who was the original inventor of the postage-stamp; but the problem is not one that need trouble us here, since it is sufficient for the purposes of this article to know that the general use of such stamps was introduced in 1840, when Rowland Hill very naturally availed himself of the idea in connection with postal reform. It is a curious fact, however, that the suggestion to use 'bits of paper large enough to bear the stamp, and covered at the back with a glutinous wash, which might, by applying a little moisture, be attached to the letter without a wafer,' was made in the first instance by Rowland Hill before the 'Commissioners for Post-office Inquiry,' in 1837, merely as a means of obviating a difficulty that had arisen with regard to the projected universal adoption of the plan of stamped covers for the prepayment of post-letters, it having been supposed that the use of the stamped covers would become very general. But contrary to all expectation, the public speedily took most kindly to the 'small stamped detached labels;' thus flatly contradicting the opinion which freely obtained in many quarters at that period, that such a practice would be 'inconvenient and foreign to the habits of Englishmen.' It is on record that in the first fifteen years after their introduction more

than three thousand million postage-stamps were produced in order to meet the general demand.

So obvious at the present time are the benefits afforded by the use of postage-stamps for post-letters, that it is difficult to credit all the objections which were at first raised against their adoption. Many of these were, however, so ludicrous that the task of meeting them was rendered comparatively easy. Thus, amongst nine classes of letters mentioned by the then Secretary to the Post-office as cases in which the proposed stamp would not be available, we find 'half-ounce letters weighing an ounce or above.' It was somewhat shrewdly admitted in reply to this by the late Sir Rowland Hill that 'letters exhibiting so remarkable a peculiarity might present difficulties with which he was not prepared to deal.' Notwithstanding, however, all that was said and written against postage-stamps, they rapidly acquired immense popularity, which is the more noteworthy, when it is borne in mind that in those early days of its existence the prepayment of post-letters was not compulsory.

Some idea of the number of postage-stamps used at the present time may be formed by the fact that 1,581,937,300 letters, &c. passed through the Post-office in 1879. It should, of course, be explained that in these figures are included 114,458,400 post-cards, which, however, may fairly be reckoned as stamps for our present purpose; moreover, it is to be remembered that a large percentage of the letters, packets, &c. which are annually posted have more than one stamp affixed to them, so that it is impossible to arrive at even an approximate estimate of the number of postage-stamps used for letter purposes in this country in a year.

Not long after the use of postage-stamps became general, their utility, as was natural enough, began to spread in other directions. Their convenience as a medium for remitting small sums of money was speedily perceived, and taken advantage of by the public; and for some time postage-stamps were freely made use of for this purpose, the various postmasters in the country generally accepting them, in consideration of a small discount. Especially was this the case as long as the money-order rates were high and letter registration dear; but when the former were reduced, the postal authorities, who never entirely approved of it, discouraged a practice which they considered created an opening for letter-stealing, and put additional temptation in the way of the letter-carrier. The reduction of the registration fee in 1878 still further lessened the necessity for using postage-stamps for remittances, although, however, they still continued to be largely employed in this respect. The newspapers teemed with advertisements offering all sorts of imaginable articles, remedies, and information generally, in return for a few postage-stamps. Even now, such announcements may be seen daily in the columns of the press,

although the necessity for remitting in postage-stamps was almost entirely removed by the institution of Mr Chetwynd's cheap postal-order system at the beginning of the present year. These orders, as has already been noted in these pages, will meet nearly all the small remittances that are usually made; but in the few exceptional cases which cannot be met by the existing classes of postal orders, postage-stamps come in very handily to make up the required amount. "In such cases, it is right to add, only a few stamps require to be inclosed; which is a very different matter from sending in a letter some five, ten, or twenty shillings-worth, as used so frequently to be the case, and which could be readily detected by any would-be thief through whose hands they might pass.

When, in 1870, the electric wires of the country passed into the hands of the government, it was, of course, the most natural thing in the world that the utility of the postage-stamp should be recognised as applicable to telegraphic messages. It was at once apparent that it would be the most ready and convenient means of prepaying telegrams, especially as no difficulty would arise in distinguishing between the two sources of revenue, because the stamps used for this purpose never passed out of the hands of the Post-office, but were returned in due course to the chief office, to be accounted for in the ordinary way. For six years, this practice remained successfully in force; but in 1876, for certain reasons, which it is not easy to assign here, it was discontinued, and a new and distinctive stamp was introduced for purely telegraphic purposes. We cannot doubt, however, that when the idea of a unified stamp is fully carried into effect, the principle thereof will also be extended to telegrams, and the old practice thus practically reverted to.

The important part now taken by postage-stamps in fostering and encouraging habits of thrift and providence amongst the poorer classes, must be fresh in the memory of the reader, having been recently fully dealt with in this *Journal* (No. 879). We need only say, therefore, in reference to this part of the subject, that the admirable idea broached and carried out by Mr Chetwynd, whereby the poor man can now, by means of the slips furnished gratuitously by the Post-office, save his pence until they amount to the minimum allowed to be deposited in the government Savings-banks, has proved as successful as was anticipated by its most sanguine advocates, and as, indeed, it well deserves to be. A fair idea of the number of individual postage-stamps that have been used in this laudable manner since the introduction of the plan, may be formed from the fact that up to the end of June as many as twelve million stamps had been received by the Post-office in this manner. There can be little doubt as to the possibility of usefully extending the principle of this idea to the present system of government life insurance and annuities; and we hope, as is indeed not improbable, that some steps may shortly be taken by the postal authorities in this direction.

As regards the unified stamp, the convenience

and advantages that will be derived therefrom, both to the public and to the government, are no doubt obvious. The fewer distinctive stamps in use, the greater is the convenience to the public; while there will be a positive gain to the government by the abolition of the present receipt-stamp. There can be no doubt at all that the legal requirement of affixing a stamp in the receipting of bills and accounts of two pounds and upwards has over and over again been evaded, owing to the trouble of procuring the necessary stamp. Now, however, no such excuse can hold good, since the postage-stamp is a commodity that is ever to hand; and it is this very universality that enhances its utility not only as regards its normal functions, but also in respect of the various other uses to which it has been put, more especially, perhaps, in the case of the Savings-bank scheme. For this reason, therefore, it is not desirable that a special distinctive stamp for savings-bank purposes should be introduced, as has been frequently suggested, particularly as the temptation said to be placed in the way of office-boys, &c. by the penny postage savings scheme has been shown by experience to be more fancied than real. There is but one difficulty that has presented itself in connection with the plan for a unified stamp, namely, the question of distinguishing the two classes of revenue under the head of postage and receipt stamps. This is, however, to be overcome by an approximate computation of the annual revenue derived from the latter source, and, together with the allowance of an approximate annual increase, deducting the total sum annually from the gross revenue earned by the sale of the unified stamp, the resulting balance to be considered as postal profits. It cannot, of course, be said that this is a very satisfactory method of arriving at the yearly revenue derived from any particular source, yet it is perhaps well to forego any objection on this score, since no other feasible method has presented itself, and more especially—which is probably of most weight—as the method in question is amply justified by the immense amount of convenience which it will afford to the public, as well as in the saving which it will effect in the working expenses to the government.

AN ELECTRICAL SPEECH-RECORDER.

A curious instrument, which, if it never come into very general use, exhibits much ingenuity, has been devised by M. Amadeo Gentilli, of Leipzig, for the purpose of giving an intelligible record of speech. The natural movements of the mouth in speaking are employed to produce through delicate levers a series of electric contacts, and thereby sundry combinations of signs are imprinted on a moving band of paper, the signs being similar to those of the Morse alphabet. The transmitting portion of the apparatus is based on a careful study of the motion of lips and tongue in speaking with an object held between the teeth. The working parts are mainly arranged on an ebonite plate, from one end of which projects a piece to be taken between the teeth, whereupon the mouth levers come into position. There are eight electromagnets in the receiver, each of which, when actuated by a current, causes a line to be formed on the paper. The instrument is deficient, how-

ever, in articulation, there being only one sign for such sets of letters as *g* and *k*, *d* and *t*, &c., in consequence of these being produced by similar movements of the vocal organs.

WHAT ARE THE STARS?

['Aunt Mary!' said a very little boy named Cecil W—, 'I think I know all about the stars now. They are the little windows to let the "golden streets" shine through! But I'm not so sure about the sun. Do you think God moves it up and down with a string, as I do my air-ball?']

THE little cheek is pressed to mine,
The little arms my neck entwine,
In hottest haste the questions flow;
Haphazard answers—"Yes, or No!"
For, far with fancy I had flown,
Musing on questions of my own.

But suddenly some words arrest
My wandering thoughts—for they are dressed
In sense and feeling, such as we
See oft displayed in infancy;
As if to childhood it were given
To get some nearer glimpse of heaven.

'I'm thinking of the stars and God;
I'm thinking of the "bright abode,"
The "golden streets" where angels wait;
Bright spirits at the "golden gate";
And if you like, I'll tell to you
Why I think stars come twinkling through!

'You say that heaven is always bright
With "golden streets" and dazzling light.
With glory which no words can teach,
Or wildest flight of fancy reach!
So now, I think, I have found out
Why all the stars are spread about!

'While we are living here below,
God wishes us to see and know
A little of the glorious light;
But not too much to blind our sight—
"A tiny peep"—enough to show
Clearly the way we are to go.

'For this he spread a curtain out,
And here and there pierced holes about,
Small windows, in the lovely blue,
To let the "golden light" shine through;
To show us what He has in store
For those who reach the happy shore!

'To teach us of what transient worth
Are all the passing things of earth;
That beauty such as meets us here,
Is nought to that which shall appear,
When, back! God's hand the curtain holds,
And all heaven's glorious light unfolds!

'I'm not so sure about the sun,
Or how he round the sky doth run;
Or how God makes him "rules obey"—
To sleep by night, and wake by day!
I wonder if the God of All
Moves "with a string" the shining ball!'

MARY HOLDEN.

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TO DO, OR NOT TO DO?

'If you want a thing well done, do it yourself,' is a saying so common that it has almost passed into a national proverb; but, as is the case with the generality of aphorisms, something may be advanced on the opposite side of the question. In this instance, the 'something' was said long ago by a very great man, and in a form as epigrammatic as the better known phrase. It is related of the first Duke of Wellington that he gave advice to a friend in the words: 'Never do anything yourself that you can get done for you.' In these days of high-pressure, people who are at all prominently before the world, or who have regular and important occupations, are often so overworked that they act perhaps involuntarily, or even unconsciously, on the system recommended by the Iron Duke.

The man who is any way a chief must have subordinates; and probably not only his permanent success in life, but his comfort and peace of mind, will largely depend on his skill in systematically apportioning the work to be performed by each assistant. At the same time, his rules must not be too rigid for individual character to have a little play. After all, provided the necessary work be really well done, it is wise not to meddle overmuch with the manner of doing it. No servant is absolute perfection all round; and there is seldom any real progress made without some compromises proving necessary.

No doubt there are people with such a high, and consequently false idea of human possibilities of perfection, that they are positively pained by every shortcoming in their surroundings which happens to jar on their peculiar tastes; and such people are very apt to act on the principle of doing for themselves what they want done well, regardless that their exertions may sometimes prove a terrible waste of power. For instance, the man of business may have a special 'fad' about the garden of his suburban residence. It may be quite true that certain shrubs would be planted more to his liking if he stayed half a day

at home, to delve with his own hands, if need be, or at anyrate to measure distances and superintend operations, than if he trusted to the skill of his jobbing gardener. But that is hardly a reason why he should neglect business, and perhaps leave a highly important communication to be responded to by a subordinate, while the letter, or the interview, the 'Yea' or the 'Nay' to be spoken or written, was precisely one of the things that required his personal attention.

Energetic characters are in their youth—and sometimes even through life—very apt to undertake more duties than they can properly and thoroughly perform. In the attempt to do everything well and by themselves, health too often breaks down, and warns them of the limitation of their powers. The wise are they who do not wait for any serious suffering, before taking those hints which Nature always kindly gives; and these people pull up in time, recognise the irresistible logic of facts, and establish a new system. In such circumstances, the first thing to be done is to determine what occupations can with the least inconvenience be delegated to others, and what are those which—it being imperative that they should be thoroughly well done in a certain special manner—must be done by one's self. Sometimes, seemingly trifling actions come under the latter category. A letter may be so important, that it is wise to post it with one's own hand at some particular office. And we can fancy a tender husband or father, however great or busy a man he might be, who would determine himself to administer the prescribed remedies to wife or child in the peril of great sickness, rather than trust the duty to any less interested attendant. The probability is that the very man who would act thus would not waste his powers in doing the hundred little things which no doubt he *could* do exceedingly well, but which could be done sufficiently well by subordinates.

It were about as wise to search for the philosopher's stone, as to expect to find that 'other self' we all are apt to crave for at times. If, as botanists say, no two leaves are precisely alike,

we may be very sure no two human beings are without their striking differences. The 'other self' who would do just as we would do under all possible circumstances, is not to be found; and as we have to confess the limitation of our powers, the only thing a very busy and wise man can do is to decide betimes what he must do himself, and what can be done for him by others. Thus we come to what in a civilised community must prevail—the division of labour.

All great commanders and leaders of men have been distinguished for the keen insight by which they knew how to select subordinates. 'I always sleep soundly when Stapleton Cotton is on guard,' the great Duke already quoted is reported to have said; and the little anecdote throws light upon both characters. Nevertheless, when the vigilant officer thus commended gave place to some one a little less efficient, we may be sure the Duke made the best of circumstances, and did not chafe, and purposely keep himself awake with distrust.

It is certainly a very good thing for any sort of chief to be able to execute the details of all he desires to be performed by others. Such power gives great weight to his authority, but is no reason that he should consume his energies in petty ways when they are required for more important matters; though the temptation is often great to take up a matter that drags, and get it out of hand one's self. In these days, when it is so common a thing for gently nurtured and highly educated women to become, partially at anyrate, the breadwinners of a family, it behoves them to study systematically that same principle of the division of labour. Women of the middle class have, in the ordinary course of their lives, so many more petty distractions than men, that when, without neglecting their domestic duties, they achieve anything like distinction in art or literature or any special industry, it may be conceded to them that they have orderly, well-balanced minds, and that it is by method and foresight that they get through their labours. A very clever woman could probably do a multitude of things she leaves to be accomplished by others, better than they are done for her; but she must often put up with the second-best doing, if she have paramount duties which claim her time—duties that cannot be delegated to any other, to be executed even in a second-best manner.

After all, when we say, 'If you want a thing well done, do it yourself,' do we not rather mean, 'If you want it done *your own way*, do it yourself?' Probably, it happens to all of us to be agreeably surprised by finding something we had fears about, executed admirably; so admirably, that we feel at once our own powers are excelled. Of course, if we are busy people, whose time is precious, we remember never to waste our powers on that particular occupation again, if we can help it. But the subject has endless bearings; and we can do little more than draw attention to it. It is true that

Trifles make the sum of human things,

though perhaps with some qualification. What is a trifle? That is the momentous question, not always very readily answered. Truly, the active and energetic would find the day too short for all they wish to do, were it half as long again; but as our

planet persists in revolving in twenty-four hours, and the years seem to pass by the more swiftly the longer we live, they who most wisely systematise and apportion their labours, are likely in the long-run to get the most good work done.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE ARCHERY MEETING.

'GOLD, gold!—No; Red!—Excuse me; it *was* Gold, really.—Red, I assure you, but only by a hair's-breadth. The umpire has just decided, and his verdict is, Red. Though it's a pity for our score, and Mrs Denshire shooting so beautifully too, to-day!'

The spot on the target in which the lady's arrow had imbedded itself might have been the chameleon of the poets, so many opinions were expressed by interested onlookers as to its precise colour. However, the sentence of an umpire can no more be disputed than can an Act of Parliament that has received the royal assent; and therefore the hit in question, which had at first been cheered as a 'Gold,' was officially written down in the inferior category of 'Red.' And it did seem to be a pity, in the sense that the famous Club in whose grounds the contest was waged found itself overmatched in the struggle, and depended very much on Mrs Denshire's bow. Archeresses, like cricketers and oarsmen, vary very much in their performances; and some of the fair champions of the Society, whose shooting on ordinary days seemed as unerring as Diana's own, had turned out provoking failures, just when a keen eye and a strong wrist were needed to sustain the honour of the Club. Mrs Denshire, at anyrate, kept cool, and scored steadily; while brilliant sister-members disappointed their friends by irritating nervousness and unaccountable misses. But the day, in spite of the copper-coloured masses of cloud that rolled lazily down before a hot breeze, was a fine one, and the spectators pleased and happy.

Bertram never exactly knew, afterwards, how it came about that he found himself at Miss Carrington's side, and at some distance from the tent beneath which the rest of the Weston party were seated. They were not alone, except as people occasionally feel themselves alone in a crowd, when that crowd is composed of strangers; and in this case, among the groups of well-dressed persons who were near them, no well-known face was to be seen. 'A pretty sight, is it not?' said Julia Carrington, in a quick, sharp tone, that contrasted with the commonplace remark. Bertram glanced at her with some surprise. She was looking down, and with the point of her lace-bordered parasol seemed to be stabbing at a daisy that nestled in the soft smooth turf of the velvet lawn.

'It is a pretty sight; and to me, in particular, something quite new,' answered Bertram, looking round at the company, the targets, the glancing arrows as they winged their way towards the mark, the white tents, and the flags drooping, like tangles of seaweed, from their poles. The music of the band rang cheerily out, and there was much good-natured applause and clapping of

gloved hands at every fresh success. 'I am afraid, though, that you are tired,' Bertram added, seeing that his beautiful companion did not look up. 'If we were to go back to the tent?—'

'Never mind the tent! No; I am not tired,' said the girl, still with her eyes fixed on the grass. 'Mr Oakley, I have something to say to you, if I dare to say it.'

'If you dare, Miss Carrington?' exclaimed Bertram, doubting if he had heard aright.

'Yes, dare,' she repeated, in a voice that trembled, in spite of her efforts to be calm, and which was all the sweeter for its very tremulousness. 'You wonder to hear me speak of being afraid—I who am so proud—but what I fear is—can you guess it?—that by what I am about to say I should forfeit your good opinion, Mr Oakley.'

'I am sure, Miss Carrington, that that, at least, is impossible,' answered Bertram, with chivalrous heat. There had been many conversations, during the past weeks, between himself and the fair Julia, and he had been pleased—he would have been more than mortal, otherwise—and possibly flattered by the apparently unselfish interest which she took in his plans and occupations, his preferences and his wishes. She read the books he praised. She gave thought to the subjects he cared for. For his sake, she had bridled her domineering temper, and was milder and more tolerant than her guardian's family had ever known her.

'I think you have bewitched Julia,' one of the Weston girls had said, laughing, to Bertram, one day when the heiress was out of the room. 'She quotes what you say, and is getting to be quite tame and domestic.'

Then Julia looked up, her glorious beauty flashing upon him as when, in stormy weather, the sun smiles on us from behind the wrack of hurrying clouds. Her blushes, her agitation, became her well, and the very tears that glimmered in her dark eyes gave softness to their lustre. 'And yet I am afraid that it is true,' she murmured.

Bertram felt himself excessively embarrassed, and yet a sort of delicious languor stole over him as he looked. How very beautiful the girl—the enigma—was! It was a pleasant, puzzling moment. He said nothing. He was all eyes. A spell, as of some mighty magician's weaving, seemed to lie upon those two, on Bertram and Julia. He would not have cared, for his part, how long, by art magic, the spell should be prolonged, and he and she look into one another's eyes. His eyes expressed nothing, save wonder and an honest, if irrepressible admiration. In Julia's there was a strange, tender light, that glowed and trembled. He was sorry when the girl spoke, and broke the spell.

'Bertram'—she had never called him by that name before, but it dropped with a dainty shyness from her red lips—'Bertram, do you care for me, a little?'

Now, if Bertram Oakley had but been a prudent young man, like that young Mr Inkle of whom a short but touching history is preserved in the *Spectator* of the late Right Hon. Joseph Addison and the late Sir Richard Steele, he would have given their proper weight to Julia's thousands, and replied with sentimental appropriateness.

As it was, he merely stammered out, awkwardly enough, that he was proud of her friendship.

'It is more than friendship,' said Miss Carrington.

Bertram could almost hear the beating of her heart. His own beat fiercely fast. How could he misunderstand her, or affect to misunderstand her, now? Her beauty dazzled him, as she fixed her eyes on his, as the rattlesnake gazes, fixedly, on the bird that flutters, shrieking, down, down, in narrowing circles, towards the destroyer. She knew her power. She had a fierce desire to conquer and to win. And perhaps she might have won, had it not been that between him and her there floated, by an unconscious effort of the imagination, the sweet little angel face of Rose Denham, the golden hair that encircled that face as with a saintly aureole; and Julia's haughty beauty lost its most potent charm by the contrast.

'Is this generous? You know what I mean,' murmured Julia; and she put her daintily gloved hand on the young man's arm, and leaned on it lightly. She looked upon his face. 'You know what I mean?' she said again.

'I am afraid I do,' he said with a sigh.

Quick as thought, she struck in, anticipating his speech. 'Don't say it, don't say it!' she exclaimed, in a tone that throbbed and thrilled through the listener, as he heard it, it was so terribly sincere. 'I have flung conventionality behind me, and cannot brook it now, Bertram, from the lips of the man I have singled out of all the world. It is unmanly, wrong, mad, for me to speak as I do! Custom seals our lips, and compels us to be passive, and to be mute, and decorous, and to wait; and if we revolt against this tyranny of tradition, you think the worse of us, for all our gnerdon. Oh,' she continued, with a choking sob, 'it is hard, hard, to be a woman!'

Bertram felt exquisitely uncomfortable. He tried to console her; but it was a case in which only one sort of consolation could avail, and that he could not give. She grew impatient.

'A truce to platitudes,' said Miss Carrington, with somewhat of the hard imperious ring that was familiar to her voice. 'Let us talk of yourself, Bertram, rather than of me. You are young, and poor, and a genius—ambitious, as all clever men are. Now, I am rich. In a few months I shall be twenty-one, my own mistress, free to wed as I like. You know that gold is a power yet, in the world. Money can smooth the road to the success you aim at, can sweep away obstacles, bridge the way, save years of toil and pain. You would like to be in Parliament, with what noble projects and wishes I know well. Make me your wife if you will; and in two years' time at most—in less—you shall write M.P. after your name, if money and wit and work can lift a man above the heads of his fellows. And—and—you would have a true wife—a loyal slave—in me—glorying in your triumph, comforting in the hour of ill—I—I!—'

Sobs choked her voice. She had spoken, for once, from her heart. She was, for the moment, quite sincere in her self-sacrifice and her self-abasement. Her humility, the bowing down of that proud head, touched the frank-hearted young man who heard her, and it was in a broken voice that Bertram Oakley made answer: 'Hush! dear,

generous Miss Carrington—your great, undeserved kindness for me—I never can forget it. I wish I had had a sister like you!”

She started, as though he had struck her. There was reproach in her dark eyes, lustrous through their tears, as they met his. The little hand on his arm quivered.

“If I have, ignorantly, led you to mistake the nature of my feelings, Miss Carrington”—he began.

But she interrupted him petulantly. “Feelings—you have none!” she said bitterly—“no heart, no blood in your cold veins! You are a stock, a stone, a statue! I have humbled myself at your feet, as if I had knelt to you—and you—you spurn me!”

“I—Julia—I!” said Bertram, astonished.

“You—you—you!” returned the heiress, looking down, and stabbing at the daisy. She had snatched her hand from his arm by this time, and was nervously fretting the costly lace that edged her parasol into tatters. Then she again looked up. “Do you say, No?” she asked.

“If it is—do I love you, in that way, then?”—Bertram began.

Again she cut short the sentence. “Enough! When you reckon up your friends, sir, and compute your enemies, count me among the latter.” And there was a menacing glitter in her angry eyes as she spoke.

“You have taught me a lesson; I shall not forget it,” she said savagely.—“Yes; I am tired. Take me to the tent. Take me back, to Mrs Weston. I will trouble you no more.” Nor would she listen to a word that he said. There was nothing for it but to obey.

But when Bertram had escorted his fair charge back to the tent and to the chair which Mrs Weston had kept vacant for her husband’s whimsical ward, and had said a word or two, and rambled away again, his brain seemed to be on fire. Had he acted ill? Had he misled this proud, vindictive girl into believing that she had found in him an admirer who, because of the disparity of fortune and station, had not ventured to avow his sentiments; and was it his fault that Julia had transgressed the unwritten code of Society, and earned mortification—doubly bitter to one of so haughty a spirit—as her reward? And yet his conscience assured him that he had in no way trifled with the affections of Mr Weston’s ward. Always, in their intercourse, he had been himself, the soul of manly simplicity, no coxcomb, no dangler, one who, if he pleased, did so unconsciously. It was a relief to him when, strolling round, he came upon Mr Denshire, who, with Rose and the children, was looking on at the contest of the day, which Bertram had almost forgotten.

“The South will have a sad beating, I fear,” said the mild ex-barrister. “I am no great judge of archery matches; but I do care a little about this one, for my wife’s sake. Harriet has done wonders; but she cannot be expected to win the game off her own bat—her own bow, I mean. And the weather looks uncertain.”

“We shall have a storm, I am afraid,” said Rose; and Bertram’s eyes followed hers, and saw, what he had not previously noticed, that the rounded copper-tinted clouds which had floated down before the hot breeze, were thick packed, now, like hostile armies drawn up in battle-array, and

that the copper colour itself was changing fast to black, as though the sky’s face wore a frown. The sultry wind itself died away, or blew in short-lived puffs that stirred the drooping flags, or fluttered the sailcloth of the white tents, and then was still again. The match went on, and the music of the band pealed forth on the summer air.

Bertram found it a pleasant diversion from his own thoughts, not just then over-agreeable, to listen to the innocent prattle of the children. Tiny Hughie and fairy Alice were honestly eager that ‘Mamma’—who in their eyes represented all the torophilite skill and prowess of the South—should gain a victory over the rival archeresses of the North; and Rose, too, had learned to be a partisan of the local faction, and trembled as the odds against her friends’ success increased. How good and pure and sweet the golden-haired girl looked as she stood there, with the children clinging to her; and what a contrast to Julia in the bloom of her dark, imperious beauty! It was like a fair white lily, or some coy violet, peeping forth from its leafy nest in spring-time, that delicate loveliness of the one, as compared with the proud splendour of the other.

As Bertram stood and talked with Rose, there was a low rumbling of distant thunder, and a general move among the more wary of the spectators ensued. Among these were the Westons, who presently passed, and, as they passed, lingered for a minute to shake hands with Mr Denshire and Rose and the children, all except Julia Carrington, who had resumed her coldest and haughtiest air, and with a disdainful toss of her head, and a sudden compression of the lips, swept past Bertram and Rose Denham as though she had been unaware of their presence.

“Julia is quite right. She is afraid her new Paris bonnet will be spoiled; and so it will, unless we are quick,” said good-natured Mrs Weston, as a lurid flash, followed by a threatening thunder-roll, gave token of the coming storm; and soon the first of the flat broad drops came pattering down. “Where is Mrs Denshire?” she added. “I hope you will all take shelter in our house, it is so near.”

Then the storm came on, as such summer storms do, and there was hurrying, and haste to get away ere dresses should be drenched and hats ruined; and horses stamped, and whips cracked, as carriages were brought up to the gates; and the irregular column of spectators poured out of the grounds in laughing or complaining groups, and the match was perforce left unfinished, under pressure of the elements. But Bertram could not be persuaded to accompany the party bound for Mrs Weston’s house. He felt that Julia Carrington and himself were best apart.

(To be continued.)

DREAMLAND AND SOMNAMBULISM.

On the subject of somnambulism, we have on various occasions offered remarks calculated to interest those who seek to understand the strikingly abnormal phases of mind that occasionally affect persons while partially asleep. The revelations of ‘dreamland’ are both numerous and prolific; but few of them can be said to convey intellectual and moral suggestions of the normal.

action of mind and life; though some of them may lay hold of the mind with a mental grip that cannot be easily relaxed.

The writer of this article has a brother-in-law who has felt some of his dreams to be of a remarkable and significant character; and his experience shows that there is a strange and inexplicable connection between such dreams and the state of somnambulism. Before giving in detail, therefore, some instances of somnambulism as exhibited by him and also by his daughter, I will give an account of one of his dreams, which has been four times repeated in its striking and salient points, at uncertain periods, during the past thirty years. He was in his active years a practical agriculturist, but now lives retired. All his life he has been spare of flesh, active, cheerful, and very companionable, and not in any sense what is called a bookworm. His dream was as follows. He found himself alone, standing in front of a monument of very solid masonry, looking vacantly at the north side of it, when, to his astonishment, the middle stones on the level of his sight gradually opened and slid down one upon another, until an opening was made large enough to hold a man. All of a sudden, a little man, dressed in black, with a large bald head, appeared inside the opening, seemingly fixed there by reason of his feet and legs being buried in the masonry. The expression of his face was mild and intelligent. They looked at each other for what seemed a long time without either of them attempting to speak, and all the while my brother's astonishment increased. At length, as the dreamer expressed himself, 'The little man in black with the bald head and serene countenance said: "Don't you know me? I am the man whom you murdered in an ante-natal state of existence; and I am waiting until you come, and shall wait without sleeping. There is no evidence of the foul deed in your state of human existence, so you need not trouble in your mortal life—shut me again in darkness."'

The dreamer began, as he thought, to put the stones in their original position, remarking—as he expressed himself—to the little man: 'This is all a dream of yours, for there is no ante-natal state of existence.' The little man, who seemed to grow less and less, said: 'Cover me over, and begone.' At this the dreamer awoke.

Years passed away, and the dream was forgotten in the common acceptance of the term, when behold! without any previous thought of the matter, he dreamed that he was standing in the sunshine, facing an ancient garden-wall that belonged to a large unoccupied mansion, when the stones in front of him began to fall out with a gently sliding motion, and soon revealed the self-same mysterious person, and everything pertaining to him, including his verbal utterances as on the first occasion, though an uncertain number of years had passed. The same identical dream has since occurred twice at irregular periods; but there was no change in the facial appearance of the little man in black.

My brother-in-law was about twenty-three years of age when he first dreamed the above dream, and

was a single man living with his father, a farmer. The house was of a large straggling construction, some two hundred and fifty years old; and by the side of it was what was called the 'old house,' comprising a kitchen, dairy, coal and wood house, and several lumber-rooms above. He had a decided taste for drawing, and had several sketches in blacklead of horses, pigs, cows, and sheep, which he thought worthy of being put into frames. It so happened that in his bedroom there were hanging on the whitewashed walls six old engravings of Scripture subjects, designed some one hundred and fifty years before, which were almost totally obliterated by dust, mildew, and the operations of spiders and moths. They were all about twelve inches by fifteen in size, in old oak frames painted black; and oak back-boards were firmly nailed into each, to keep the engraving *in situ*. After mature thought, he decided to take the worthless engravings out of the frames, and put six of his drawings in their places. The engravings had been at some remote time thought worthy to be protected with glass.

One summer afternoon he took the engravings from the walls, and in the window-seat of his bedroom he began the operation of taking them out of the frames. He attempted with a claw-hammer to draw the old rusty nails out of the back; but with all his skill, he was unable to extract a single nail, so tightly were they fixed in the well-seasoned oak frames. He bethought himself of a pair of pincers which he knew he had; but he was unable to find them, though he searched till dark; so he gave up the project for that day, and again hung all the pictures in their original places. In the usual order of daily events, he took his supper, went to bed, and fell soundly asleep as usual.

The next morning, the early-rising sun darted his rays into the room, and he awoke. He felt that he had dreamed about the pictures, the frames and nails, as also of his failure to extract the latter; and glancing at the walls of the room, he found that they were all removed; and he was perfectly sure he had hung them up the previous evening. He was equally sure that nobody had been in his bedroom. In his surprise he got up, and to his astonishment found the six engravings and the glass of each, but without the frames, all standing against each other on the chair by his bedside, and not one of the glasses cracked! The six frames he also found placed in a similar manner in the window-seat, the rusty nails lying beside them. The whole thing was a mystery. After making inquiries, however, into the matter, he came to the conclusion that he himself had done the whole of the work while in a state of somnambulism. Nor was this all. The pincers, which the day before he had searched for in vain, and which he had dreamed were in a certain place in the lumber-room over the kitchen, which stood about five yards from the dwelling-house, were lying with the nails! But as the door of the kitchen and dairy was regularly locked every night, and the key hung up in the sitting-room, the somnambulist must have gone down a winding staircase, through two doorways, unlocked and unbolted the outer door, taken the key of the old house from the place where it was kept, then crossed the open yard, gone up a rickety staircase into the lumber-room, and found the pincers with

the help of which he accomplished the work. The only thing that betrayed any lapse of thought was that the old house-door was left wide open, to the surprise of the dairymaid whose duty it was to see it securely fastened. The persons sleeping in the house were his father and mother, two sisters, two maid-servants, and the carter; yet not one of them was conscious that any person had been moving during the night.

Somnambulism of this extreme character has since left him; yet something of the quality still shows itself occasionally in his getting out of bed, doing some trifling thing to his clothes, or dressing himself in an eccentric manner, and then getting into bed, to find the result in the morning. His only daughter, my niece, inherited this mental peculiarity of his, but with a difference. When she was about ten years of age, she was sent to a ladies' boarding-school, where it was noticed that while she was in the habit of neglecting her lessons at the usual time of preparation, she was always perfect in her tasks in the morning. This was ultimately explained by an accidental discovery that she used to walk in her sleep, going in her night-dress into the school-room, and sitting down to her books, and coming over her lessons for a greater or shorter time, according to the difficulty of the task. She would then go quietly back to bed without waking. The accuracy with which she said her lessons, when her governess knew from observation that she had not devoted any time to them, ultimately led to the suspicion that she walked in her sleep, and acquired them in a state of somnambulism. This was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the whole school, including the governess and mistress. It happened thus.

There was a music-master engaged, who had a pupil older than my niece by four years, but very far inferior in taste for music. The master had tried hard to make his pupil perfect in a certain new piece of music, but without success. At an evening's practice, my niece was in the room, and had paid particular attention to the master's instructions, though she had not attempted to play the air herself. After the lesson, the overture was put aside with the other pieces of music, and in ordinary course the young ladies retired to bed, and the governess and mistress followed. The whole house was under the balmy influence of gentle sleep, when one after another the inmates awoke under the thrilling tones of the piano, giving forth the air which the music-master had been vainly trying to impart to his incompetent pupil the previous afternoon. It turned out to be my niece, who was playing the air perfectly, with an execution said to be brilliant. She had a natural ear and faculty for music, so that there was nothing extraordinary in the mere playing. She was, in fact, a musical genius; and before she was twenty, had regularly played the organ at church, and did so with great ability. Still, on this occasion it is somewhat singular that though she had listened for only a short time to the air in question, she had found no difficulty, whilst under somnambulism, in giving a correct rendering to the piece. She would sometimes sit up in bed and hold an animated conversation with an ideal image of her mind, not always, but most frequently with her companions.

Closely allied to the phenomenon of somnam-

bulism is that of 'dual existence,' or, as it is sometimes called, 'double brains;' and on this subject the following reminiscences, communicated to us by a London physician, are of interest.

I am not clever enough to enter into any discussion respecting 'dual existence,' nor to give any explanation of the same; but if the expression mean to signify that persons sometimes in their sleep lead a different life from that which belongs to them when they are awake, I have no hesitation in saying that I firmly believe it. This peculiar mental condition, I take it, is wholly apart from ordinary sleep-walking, inasmuch as the actions of a somnambulist are to some extent allied to events which have occurred during wakeful hours. The late Alderman Kelly, who was Lord Mayor of London about the year 1836, was remarkable as a somnambulist in his younger days. He was a relative of mine; and I have heard many well-authenticated accounts of his doings whilst asleep. He was the shop-assistant of a large publisher in Paternoster Row—in which establishment he was later on the proprietor; where he made his money, and where he published the numerous works which bear his name. These publications include the several editions of the Bible, of which it is estimated that he sold nearly a hundred thousand copies of the large folio Brown's *Self-interpreting Family Bible*.

One instance of his somnambulism was this. A large order for various books (in numbers) had come in late one afternoon; and to insure delivery in time, it was necessary that early attention next morning should be given. As in the present day, so it was half a century ago with large books such as Brown's *Bible*, which were issued to the public in weekly instalments termed 'numbers,' and monthly instalments termed 'parts'—each with a wrapper, and its number in the series printed thereon. In those days the dwelling-houses of business-men were usually connected with their shops or warehouses; and when the business of the day was done, the merchant retired up-stairs to his family. On the occasion under notice, Kelly, who was an extremely anxious young man, always nervously fearful of not being able to accomplish his duty, retired to rest with the intention of rising very early next morning, so as to get the order selected and despatched. What was his surprise, on entering the shop, to find his task completed, the books all correctly collected in 'numbers,' and packed up ready for delivery! He had risen in the night, and without being at all conscious of his actions, had done his work as deftly and neatly as though he had been awake!

Now, to estimate the difficulty of this, I must explain that in the old shop in Paternoster Row, all the publications were in weekly numbers or monthly parts, and were arranged in shelves reaching from the ground nearly to the ceiling, not only around the walls, but in racks all over the place. The numbers, it will be understood, were not placed in sets—each set in a compartment of its own, but in continuous rows; so that in row A there might perhaps be Brown's *Bible*, numbers one to twenty; and whilst there were ten copies of number one, there might perhaps be thirty of number two, and perhaps only four of number three; and

so on: showing that there must be some intelligence at work—not mere mechanical habit—to enable the operator to select the numbers required. These sleep-walking acts of business were, I am told, always correctly performed; and on no occasion was a number known to be wrongly selected. This, then, is an illustration of ordinary sleep-walking or somnambulism; and, as I said before, is a continuance or completion of acts or events which have taken place whilst the sleeper was awake. But what I understand by the term ‘dual existence’ is a totally different affair. It is a series of actions which, taking place during sleep, are discontinued during waking hours, to be resumed when sleep again occurs. I have given an example of the former; I will now give one of the latter.

Called upon one night, in the pursuance of my professional duties, to visit a young lady in whose family a series of sad misfortunes had recently taken place, I found my patient in what is known as a cataleptic condition; or rather it would perhaps be better to describe it as one form of catalepsy, since, in some rare attacks of this curious affliction, the patient is suddenly seized, whatever he or she may be doing at the moment, and transfixed like a statue, firm and rigid, until the symptoms abate. In this case, however, I found Miss S—— in bed, to all appearance lifeless. Pulsation could be detected with the greatest difficulty; and it was only by placing a small mirror over her mouth that breathing was apparent. The most singular feature of the attack was this, that in whatever position you placed a joint or limb—however inconvenient or impossible to sustain during consciousness—it remained there until you replaced it; just for all the world like the limbs of an artist's lay-figure. I remained by her bed-side until the morning, when the pulse began to be a little stronger and the breathing a little deeper. She then gave one or two profound sighs, and appeared to awake as if from an ordinary sleep, being quite unconscious of having been ill. This was the commencement of a series of phenomena which then took place. On the following night, she retired to rest as usual, and went to sleep; but after an hour or so, her sister—who slept in the same bed—saw her get up and dress. When asked what was the matter, Miss S—— made no answer, but continued in the most mechanical manner to dress, as though she were getting up in the morning in the usual way. Her eyes were wide open, although she did not appear to use them. Thoroughly alarmed, her sister rose also, and sent for me.

When I arrived, Miss S—— had completed dressing, and had descended to the drawing-room, where she proceeded to rearrange the furniture: placing a chair, for example, in the corner opposite to its accustomed place; putting some of the chimney ornaments on the cabinet, and after removing each, standing with a reflective air, as if considering whether the new position were advisable. All this was done by the aid of a small lamp—though light was evidently not necessary to her proceedings, since she moved with the most perfect ease amongst the many articles of fragile ware which usually adorn a drawing-room. I requested that she might not be disturbed, but stood by and watched her for more than two hours.

Amongst other articles of furniture in the room was a table, upon which stood Miss S——'s writing-desk. It stood in a corner away from the window. Taking the table and desk, Miss S—— lifted it carefully, and placed it at the window, as if she wished to have all the light she could get. She then sat down in a chair, produced a bunch of keys from her pocket, selected the right one, opened the desk, and, having apparently looked for and found certain letters, appeared to read them. After a while, the letters were replaced, the desk locked; and as if tired with her work, she sat down in an armchair and apparently slept. Finding that she made no answer when spoken to, I carefully lifted her, and carried her up to bed.

Next morning, she awoke as usual; and beyond expressing surprise that ‘she had fallen asleep without undressing,’ knew nothing of the events of the preceding night. Of course, we kept our own counsel, and did not tell her. On entering the drawing-room next day, she observed that her desk and table had been removed, and expressed some considerable annoyance that any one should interfere with them, being evidently utterly unconscious that she had removed them herself.

On the following night, Miss S—— rose from her sleep, as before, and went straight to the drawing-room. The furniture, at my request, had been left as she had arranged it, with the exception of the table and desk, which had been relegated to their proper corner. On entering the drawing-room, taking her keys out of her pocket as she went, she proceeded straight to the window where she had placed her desk on the preceding night; and not finding it there, seemed vexed, and stamped her foot. She soon, however, removed it from its place to the window; and sitting down, read, or appeared to read, her letters, until she sank to sleep as before, and was carried to bed.

This went on for some time. I carefully watched her; and my observations convinced me that her sleeping world was a distinct and separate world from her waking one. Under careful treatment and attention to her bodily health, these phenomena after a while ceased, and she was, to all appearance, in good health. Whilst fairly well, Miss S—— had a paper sent her which was of considerable value. She placed it in her desk. Her sister saw her place it there. Shortly afterwards, having occasion to refer to this document, Miss S—— went to her desk to look for it. It was not there! Every place in the house was fruitlessly searched. There were no signs of the missing paper. Happening to hear of the circumstance, and being aware that some events had occurred likely to worry such a sensitive mind as that of Miss S——, I advised that she should be watched at night. This was done. One night, after sleep, as formerly, Miss S—— rose, dressed herself, entered the drawing-room, and without hesitation went to a large vase which was nearly filled with dried rose-leaves. Plunging her hand into this vase, she at once drew forth the lost paper! She then opened the paper, appeared to read it attentively, and then deliberately folding it up, replaced it amongst the rose-leaves. Here, the next morning, her sister, when they were together in the room, pretended to find it by accident, to

the great delight of Miss S.—, and to her intense surprise, how any one could have taken it from her desk and so hidden it, and why they did so.

Who shall explain these phenomena?

A TALE OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS.

FIFTY years ago, the laws were not so thoroughly enforced as they are now upon the wild ranges of England called the Yorkshire Wolds. Few of the busy dwellers in populous London have any idea of their grandeur in a winter snowstorm, or of their beauty when an August sun pours down its rays upon stretches of waving corn, that lie like sheets of gold along the ridges, fringed above with dark plantations. During the Great Exhibition of 1851, a few friends and I took a real holiday for once in our lives, and went for a week to see the wonderful things in London which the papers were so full of. We saw all that could be seen in the time, and we did not lose a moment. I assure you. But after all, I saw nothing like our grand old hills. It was the first time that most of us had been so far away from home.

My tale!—O yes, that was what I started to tell you; but that was twenty-five years before our London visit, when I was a young man, farming a hundred and sixty acres of land. I had occupied the farm about two years, renting at the same time a house in the nearest village, two miles away, for my wife and two children. The farm-buildings consisted of a large barn, which went by the name of the Red Barn, it being built of red bricks; an old six-horse stable, thatched with whins; a fold-yard, paved around; and two or three wood-sheds. A good-sized house and better out-buildings were being built; but none of them was far enough advanced to be habitable for man or beast. A plantation of ash and spruce trees sheltered the farmstead from wind and storm, as it was situated high up on the hillside.

Returning home rather later than usual one Saturday night from our market-town, a distance of twelve miles, I was told by the man who came out to take my horse, that an accident had happened up at the farm that afternoon.

'What is the matter, David?' I asked.

'Roger has run a fork into his foot,' was the answer.

Roger was one of the horses. It appeared, on further questioning, that one of the large steel forks, used for stacking in harvest-time, had been carelessly laid upon the stable-floor, and Roger, a farm-horse, had run its prongs into his foot. The man thought that it was a serious wound.

'What have you done to it?' was my next question.

'Sent off for Coats.' Coats was the veterinary surgeon for the district.

'Has he come?'

'No, sir; he had gone to Melby.'

Melby, I knew, was eighteen miles away across country from Coats's home; and after that journey, he would not feel inclined, at eleven o'clock on a cold winter night, to start again for other sixteen miles.

Turning my horse's head, I told David to go to bed, and I would ride up to the Red Barn.

'Shall I sit up for your horse?' he asked, yawning, tired from a long day's exposure to cold and storm.

'No; no one need wait for me;' and I started off.

Fifteen minutes brought me to the stable-door; but I paused to let my heated mare drink from the pond close by, and as I stood I caught a murmur of human voices within the stable. Surprised, as not a man lived at the standing, I tried the door. It was fastened from the inside. I knocked, still holding my horse by her bridle, tho' thought coming across my mind, that Coats must have come straight here, without waiting for any one to assist him. There was no answer to my first summons; so I knocked and called again more loudly.

'What d'ye want?' demanded a gruff voice from the inside.

'Want? I want in, to be sure. What are you doing there, I should like to know! Open the door at once!'

'Likely!' was grunted back again, 'when we are just warm and settled after a nasty, cold tramp.'

Now I knew who my uninvited guests were. It is not every one who knows, or knew, of the existence of a class of mendicants, familiarly termed amongst us 'Wold Rangers,' a pest to the farmers, and a great dread to the inhabitants of outlying farms. They were constant pilferers; and rarely would work, though often applying for it. None of them was above poaching; and most of them had been in prison some time or another. A few professed to be hawkers of some sort; but the majority begged from door to door. We had no policeman nearer than ten miles, and his face was almost as strange as the Shah's in our district. These lawless wanderers rarely travelled alone, but were generally accompanied by a numerous following of women and children, a horse and cart or two, often a donkey, and two or three dogs.

My visitors were in no particular hurry to comply with my reiterated demand for admittance, and their loud snores were most irritating to hear from the outside. Again I vigorously pommelled the door with an ash sapling that I carried in my hand, and loudly stormed at their obstinacy. It was no use, as a growl was all the reply I got. As determined to be inside as they were to keep me out, I went back a few paces, then dashed open the door with my foot.

The moonlight just shone in with sufficient light to enable me to see what a strange lot of bedfellows were grouped together among the straw; and the loose horse-box was at the end of the stable, right through the thick of them. I ordered them one and all to 'turn out.' An Irishman who went by the nickname of 'Dead Ned,' lifted his fierce, shaggy face, and dared me, in strong language, to attempt to disturb them.

'But my horse,' I reasoned—'I must see to him.'

But reason was drowned in the opposition of a dozen hoarse voices.

I was young then, and reckless of danger; more so than I am now on the wrong side of sixty. Incensed, I drew back from the open door, slipped the bridle over my thoroughbred's neck, and struck her sharply across the flanks with the ash sapling. It was the work of an instant. She bounded into the stable-door; and no sooner were her hoofs heard on the threshold, than

every creature inside leaped up, the startled men, women, and children rushing out pell-mell.

I lost no time in striking a light after their quick exit, to see after the wounded animal, leaving the one I had ridden to follow her own devices, which she did by going outside again. The foot was in a serious state, and evidently painful.

'Coats will never come to-night,' I thought, 'and something must be done;' and to foment the swollen foot was the only thing that I could think of.

I went outside again, allowing the disturbed women and children to return to their straw; but requesting Dead Ned and some of the others to help me to heat some water. We drove three thick stakes into the bank, close beside the pond, crammed plenty of sticks under the iron pot, and soon had a blazing fire. When the water was hot enough for our purpose, we carried it into the stable, and fomented the wounded foot. The process eased the pain; and after half-an-hour's fomentation, I wrapped it up in cloths saturated with some healing oils which were kept in the stable. One of the men held the flickering candle, stuck on the top of a lantern; whilst other eight or ten more were grouped around, watching the proceedings, and giving occasional assistance. As I was bandaging the foot, I caught a motion or sign, not intended for me to see. It was a signal from Dead Ned—who, I perceived to my horror, held in his hand the heavy iron gavellock that we had used to hammer the stakes into the ground—to another of his fraternity. Like a flash it came over me, how could I have been so reckless, so foolhardy, as to trust myself alone, and unarmed, amongst this ruffianly crew?

I grew hot and cold by turns as I remembered that I carried in my breast-pocket one hundred and sixty pounds. It was a large sum, you think, for a farmer to have about him; but you see it was not my own. That year I held the office of Income-tax Collector; and I had taken the money with me to market to pay to the government Commissioners. I had made a mistake in the hour appointed, and was too late, for they had finished and were gone; consequently, I brought the money back, intending to forward it on Monday. The occurrence had passed out of my mind before reaching home; then David's news completely put everything else out of my head, until I caught that gleam of evil in Dead Ned's eye. It was not so much the physical harm I feared, as the idea that they would not be content with stunning or murdering me, but would rob the senseless body; and what would become of my wife and children, if my goods and chattels were sold to repay the lost government taxes? Why, they would be turned out into the wide world homeless and unprotected. The bare thought made me tremble. I must not let them suspect that I had seen their signals. Oh! the agony of that moment.

Making one venture for home, wife, and children, as well as life, I carelessly dropped the horse's foot, telling them, in a loud voice, to keep the candle still, until I fetched some more string; and walked out of the stable as deliberately as I possibly could. Once out, I looked for the bay mare that had carried me up. She was leisurely nibbling some short grass a few yards from the

door. 'Jess, Jess, good lass!' I cried, softly and very gently approaching her, as I knew that if she bolted, it was good-bye to life for me.

Fortunately, she allowed me to catch her, and not a moment too soon, for my unwelcome visitors had followed me, and a glance at their low, villainous faces, as I dashed off, proved that they were full of rage at thus being baffled. The village church clock struck one as I entered my home in safety.

I paid a second visit next morning at four to the wounded animal, but leaving my pocket-book at home this time, and going neither alone nor unarmed. The birds, however, had flown. If the ashes of the stick-fire, and the bandages on the wounded horse, had not borne me witness, I should have been inclined to fancy that last night's narrow escape was nothing more than a disturbing dream, a bad attack of nightmare; but these evidences were there, and it had been real.

Two years afterwards, I saw, in our weekly paper, that Dead Ned and two of his companions had been transported for manslaughter in a midnight scuffle.

SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

THE painful frequency and fatality of lung disease is one of the saddest elements of our insular existence, and any well-grounded scientific remedial appliance must always be hailed with satisfaction. The disease, known among medical men as *phtisis pulmonalis*, and otherwise as *consumption*, is due to a tubercular or putrid condition of the lungs—a condition which has hitherto been most difficult of cure, resulting in a gradual 'wasting away' of the patient, and but too frequently ending in a lingering death and an early grave.

In considering the subject of the treatment of this disease, medical men acknowledge that the question of atmospheric conditions takes precedence of others; hence the richer class of patients are generally advised to take their flight from the cold and variable regions of the north, to the milder and more equable temperatures of the south. The object aimed at is to check the septic or putrid condition of the lungs; and this, in Britain, is rendered possible by the use of antiseptics in the treatment of the disease. An antiseptic is simply a preservative against decay; peat-moss being perhaps the best known of the various substances possessing this property. The same antiseptic qualities are contained also in the smoke of peat—'peat-reek'; hence, the increase of consumption among the native Highlanders has been attributed by a high authority to the changes which have of late years taken place in the domestic arrangements of their homes, and notably to the substitution of modern fireplaces and coal for the old peat-fire in the centre of the apartment. The smoke of peat, by virtue of the antiseptic substances it contained, had a marked beneficial action on the lungs of those breathing it.

The question therefore arises, in the treatment of consumption by antiseptics, should the employment of the antiseptic be local or constitutional? This was discussed in the *Lancet* of November 27, 1880, by Dr G. Hunter Mackenzie of Edinburgh;

which article, and a subsequent one in the same journal, form the basis of our present remarks on the subject. Dr Mackenzie has for some time recognised that the employment of the antiseptic in cases of consumption must be local rather than constitutional, and he has in the articles referred to fully explained his system of topical medication. For more than two years he has used what he calls a naso-oral antiseptic respirator—that is, a respirator that covers both the mouth and nose, and contains a volatile antiseptic, such as creasote and carbolic acid, or creasote only, which is drawn into the lungs of the patient with each inspiration. The respirator is not liable to get out of order, and is easily worked. Dr Mackenzie has treated various patients with success. In the first-mentioned article, he briefly refers to two cases; one that of a girl of seven years, and the other a young man of twenty-five—the latter having the right lung much affected—and both of these patients recovered by the use of the respirator.

In Dr Mackenzie's second article to the *Lancet* of May 14 of this year, he gives a more detailed account of a patient in Edinburgh whom he treated in the way indicated. The patient was a young man of eighteen, whom the physician was called to see in October 1879, and whose lungs were then found to give undoubted signs of disease. During that and the following month the treatment embraced the continual administration of cod-liver oil and hypophosphites, quinine and digitalis, &c.; but there was no disputing the fact that the disease, in spite of this and similar treatment, continued to make rapid and alarming headway. Under these circumstances Dr Mackenzie, on November 26, began the system of topical medication by means of the respirator. The general results of this changed treatment were, a slight fall of temperature, a great diminution of the cough, marked improvement in the appetite and general strength, as also in the physical condition of the lungs. To assist in determining the relationship between the particular method of treatment employed and the improvement in the patient's condition, Dr Mackenzie, on the 25th of February 1880, discontinued the creasote and carbolic inhalations; when the patient decidedly relapsed—the cough returned, the temperature was heightened, and the patient expressed himself as not feeling nearly so well as when wearing the respirator. At his own desire he resumed the inhalations, and again most marked improvement followed. By June, he was able to take a walk of four miles without difficulty.

'The further history of the case,' says Dr Mackenzie, 'is of interest. During the late severe winter the patient went about rather freely, and, contrary to my advice, abandoned altogether the creasote inhalations. The result was that about the beginning of the year he had a relapse, with a return of the cough, night-sweats, and other symptoms, but not to the same extent as formerly. He now, of his own accord, resumed the use of the respirator, and precisely the same results as on the two former occasions followed. When I had an opportunity of examining him on March 8th last, there was no cough, expectoration, or night-sweating; the appetite was good, and the patient felt "very well." He had slightly increased in weight. He was not by any means "the picture

of perfect health," but he had a very different appearance from what he presented before commencing the use of the respirator.'

'There can,' he adds, 'be no doubt whatever, that the success in this case was owing to the particular method of treatment employed, namely, causing the patient to respire as continuously as possible an "antiseptic" atmosphere.' The inhalations should be for *lengthened periods*; intermittent spraying or inhaling not producing the same result. 'In order to insure success, the application to the lungs must be made *continuously*.'

In connection with this all-important subject, we have received the following account from a correspondent, of a case successfully treated after the same method. He says: 'An editorial article in a London newspaper, commenting upon a communication from Dr Hunter Mackenzie of Edinburgh, which lately appeared in the *Lancet*, regarding a case of successful treatment of acute phthisis by means of the inhalation of creasote and carbolic acid, has attracted my attention; and as Dr Mackenzie's experiments would seem to be further confirmed by a case in the island of Sanday, in the Orkneys, within the last few months, a few of the particulars may be of interest to the readers of *Chambers's Journal*.

'The patient, a young man of some twenty years, had evidently contracted this fatal disorder, and was apparently making rapid progress in becoming one more victim to the insatiable malady. The usual allopathic remedies had been prescribed by a worthy physician, after careful and repeated examinations by means of the stethoscope; but these did not seem even to afford any appreciable check on the course of the disease. Neither the patient nor his relatives anticipated anything but a fatal termination in a short space of time; and the medical adviser of the family did not seem to entertain any more favourable opinion. The symptoms manifested at this time may be said to have been extreme prostration, the body wasted and shrunk, absence of appetite for food, constant and racking cough, the breathing short, and attended with labour and moaning, and the pulse generally running quite one hundred and twenty degrees a minute.

'A friend, to whom the inhalation of creasote, combined with other compounds, had been prescribed for a tendency to bronchial affection, tendered the use of his prescription, hoping that the use of the "inhaler" might afford some relief to the oppressed breathing of the patient. The inhalation of the compound was alternated with carbolic acid; and from the commencement of this treatment, supplementing, but not at first superseding the doctor's prescriptions, there began a slow and gradual, but very decided, improvement in the health of the individual. The almost sepulchral pallor and discoloration of the features in a few weeks began to give place to more healthy hues; with reviving appetite and digestion there came a corresponding increase in flesh and strength of muscle; the breath gradually improved and the cough ceased; and for several weeks the young man has been able to engage with comparative vigour in the ordinary duties of life. From an eager relish for cod-liver oil up to the time of the employment of the inhaler and these antiseptics, in a short time it became nauseous

and repulsive to the taste of the patient; and the use of both the cod-liver oil and the ordinary prescriptions was discontinued after a brief period of the use of all.

'I cannot assume to say that these remedies have been the material means of restoring my brother, for such he is, to convalescence; but that he was, to human eye, but a step from the grave—that he is now enjoying health and strength, and still continuing to improve—and that these were the remedies and means employed, and to all appearance successfully, are facts which may easily be authentically confirmed. I cannot help remarking that the publication of the results of Dr Mackenzie's experiments is remarkably coincident with the expiry of a reasonable time for the demonstration of the efficacy of the treatment in the case of my brother; and it surely, at least, serves to demand that it receive adequate consideration at the hands of the medical faculty of this country.'

We may mention that the Naso-oral Respirator is made large enough, as already stated, to cover both mouth and nose, and contains a sponge which is saturated from time to time as required with a solution of creasote and carbolic acid in equal parts, or of creasote only. The respirator should be worn by the patient as continuously as possible, and the inhalations should from time to time be deeply drawn, so as to make the volatile antiseptic permeate the lung. We have seen a sample of this apparatus at the shop of Mr J. Gardner, surgeons' instrument maker, 45 South Bridge, Edinburgh, from whom a circular may be had containing printed instructions for its use, with prices, &c. The respirator may also, we believe, be obtained by applying to any respectable dealer in surgical instruments in London, or elsewhere in the country.

THE HOME OF THE HAPSBURGS.

AMONGST the many costly nuptial presents recently received by Rudolph, Crown-Prince of Austria, there was none which in romantic interest could vie with that of the Corporation of Vienna, which took advantage of the occasion to acquire, on His Highness's behalf, the ruined Castle of Hapsburg, near Aarau, in Switzerland, the ancient home of the House of Austria. A few years ago, the royal family of Austria were anxious to purchase the ruin on their own account; but the pride of the Swiss rebelled against the proposal, and the negotiations accordingly fell through. Now, however, the acquisition has been indirectly effected, the Swiss authorities probably thinking that, in view of the auspicious occasion, it would be ungracious to veto the transaction.

The Castle of Hapsburg is situated in the canton of Aargau, in the north of Switzerland, midway between Zurich and Basle, a district which lies quite out of the track of the ordinary tourist. Feudal castles have vanished from the Swiss landscape almost as completely as feudal laws from the Swiss statute books, and feudal traditions from the hearts of the Swiss people. In this respect, however, the district round Hapsburg is an exception to the general rule, for many of the castles on the banks of the Aar have escaped destruction, and some of them are still in the hands of the old noble families of

the country. But though the castles and some scattered descendants of the great nobles who inhabited them, still remain, feudalism is no longer a living power in the land; feudal reverence has perished with feudal law; and in Aargau, to be of noble birth is to be an object of jealousy, and of petty insults and annoyances at the hands of the peasantry and *bourgeois*, and sometimes even of the local authorities of the district.

On alighting from the train at the village station of Wildegg, on the Aarau-Zurich line, one finds one's self in the centre of a narrow valley, girt on each side by thickly wooded heights, between which dash the turbid glacier waters of the Aar. The irregular building to the left, on the far side of the river, is the castle of Wildenstein, round which gather a thousand romantic traditions. Strange to say, this castle is in Scotch hands, having been recently taken and refitted by a distinguished Anglo-Indian member of the Strathallan family. Above the village, to the right, towers the Castle of Wildegg. This castle, which is also of great antiquity, is still in the hands of an old Swiss family, who throw open to the public the grounds and the *Rittersaal* or Knights' hall of the castle, which has recently been renewed in strict keeping with its mediæval traditions. Hapsburg itself stands some four miles beyond, on the same side of the river; but for the present it is hid behind a shoulder of the Wildegg height.

Such was the scene which presented itself to us on arriving at Wildegg Station one forenoon in October last, bent on a visit to the ruins of Hapsburg. We first climbed the steep slope to Wildegg Castle, where, having an introduction, we were hospitably received; but Hapsburg being our goal, and our time being limited, we did not delay long there. Quitting the terrace garden, we pursued a narrow path over the picturesquely wooded heights. A mound in the wood is pointed out as 'The Soldier's Grave'—one of Napoleon's heroes having been buried there, whilst the French lay in Wildegg. Farther on, there is another grave in a glade known as 'The Lady's Valley.' The story goes that nearly a century ago, a young lady who was coming on a visit to Wildegg saw in a dream, before leaving Paris, the place where she was to be buried. As she was wandering through the woods one day, after her arrival at Wildegg, she came suddenly on the spot now known as 'The Lady's Valley,' and at once recognised it as the place she had seen in her dream. Three weeks later, she was buried there!

As we emerged from the wood, Hapsburg for the first time came into view. The castle stands on the summit of a steep grassy slope above a straggling village. The situation is commanding, but not nearly so picturesque as that of many of the other castles in the neighbourhood. A walk of three-quarters of an hour across the intervening plain, and then a climb of some ten minutes up the height, brought us to our destination. Of course we were disappointed. We expected to find a ruin, whose interest would be commensurate with the historic greatness of the house that bears its name, but were disappointed. A low square tower, and four plain stone walls, broken down in places—such is the Castle of Hapsburg.

The castle is said to have been built early in the eleventh century; and certainly some of the walls look old enough to be reasonably ascribed to that date; but we were neither of us so skilled in archaeology as to venture to pronounce with confidence upon the subject.

And this, then, is Hapsburg! True; but we have spent the best part of a day in coming to see it; and is there, after all, nothing to be seen? Asking the *concierge*, who inhabits part of the castle, what he had to show us, he—with an eye to a couple of probably thirsty customers—replied, that we might have either wine or lemonade, but that, unfortunately, he was at present out of both beer and of *Schnapps*. We told him we should think of such things by-and-by, but that, first of all, we wanted to see all the objects of interest about the castle. The good man seemed at first somewhat puzzled by our request; but suddenly, there was a gleam of intelligence in his face, and he hurried away. A minute afterwards, he returned with his Visitors' Book! and opening it at a well-thumbed page, he pointed to the signature of Rudolph, Crown-Prince of Austria, who, it appears, visited the castle in 1878. Other information, the old man had none to give us; and indeed, he seemed so ignorant of the traditions of the place as to regard the autograph of Prince Rudolph as interesting, not because he is a Hapsburg, but because he is Crown-Prince of Austria.

We ordered some wine, and sat down on a bench under a tree, near the castle door, and reflected upon the associations that were interwoven with this old fortress of Hapsburg. This tame, uncared-for ruin has given rulers to Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands, and America; and has modified the course of the world's history no less in this the nineteenth, than in the thirteenth century. From these dilapidated walls there sprang the authors of the Diet of Worms, the Spanish Armada, the Thirty Years' War, the Pragmatic Sanction, and the Partition of Poland. From these narrow windows the ancestors of Charles V. and Philip II., of Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette, watched the restless windings of the Aar; and to this very portal where we sit, the Margrave of Anspach and Baireuth, head of the House of Hohenzollern, dashed up, six centuries ago, to offer to Count Rodolph of Hapsburg, in the name of the Electors of Germany, the imperial crown of Charlemagne!

Doubtless, there was good cheer in this old castle in these bygone times; but alas! as we found to our cost, the old cellars must be long since dry. We agreed that we had never tasted worse wine; indeed it was so bad, that, unable to drink it, yet unwilling to wound the feelings of the *concierge*, by leaving it undrunk, we made a libation, by pouring it on the ground, to the memory of the heroes of the House of Hapsburg.

A walk of half an hour brought us again to the railway at the town of Brugg. Here there is an ancient church, roofed and in pretty good repair, though not now used for public worship, where, for many centuries, long after their attainment to greatness, were buried the members of the House of Hapsburg. The stained windows in this church are, by many competent authorities, deemed the finest in Europe. They were recently

copied for a Swiss Archaeological Society by Mr Graeter of Basle, a celebrated Swiss engraver, who, for this purpose, was lowered from the roof of the church in a basket. The graves of the Austrian family are behind a partition in the west end of the nave; and I am sorry to say this seems to be the least-cared-for part of the building. Perhaps some steps may be taken to restore and refit the whole church, now that the House of Hapsburg has once more planted its foot upon its native soil.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE recent debate on Mr Anderson's Patents' Bill has shown that there is a very marked feeling as to the necessity of reform in the laws relating to inventions. We have more than once called attention to the high fees payable in this country by inventors for the privilege of protecting their ideas, and to the manner in which such charges must cripple the progress of inventive brain-workers. That the costs of an English patent are much in excess of those customary in other countries may be seen from the following figures, which in each case include the first payment and the sum demanded at the end of three years: Belgium, four pounds; United States, fourteen pounds; Germany, eighteen pounds; France, twenty pounds; Austria, twenty pounds; England, one hundred pounds.

Messrs Tuchman & Co., of St Thomas's Street, London, have lately introduced a new Fire Annihilator in the form of a liquid consisting of chalk, alumina, and certain silicates dissolved in water. From recent experiments, it would seem that the compound is really what it professes to be. A timber shed, besides two stacks of wood and straw, which before being ignited, were saturated with petroleum, were extinguished by the new agent in less than two minutes, the liquid being merely applied to the burning mass by means of ordinary buckets. Apart from its annihilating properties, this liquid is said to render anything to which it has been applied absolutely fireproof.

A few years ago, the intended destruction of a certain picturesque old London inn suggested to a few artists the desirability of preserving its outlines, for the eyes of future generations, by the aid of photography. Many other old houses seemed to be worthy of similar attention, and in this way the 'Society for photographing Relics of Old London' began its useful work. This Society is now issuing, at regular intervals, permanent (auto-type) prints of many interesting spots which have already been, or will soon be, cleared away for more substantial, but possibly less picturesque structures. There are many cities far more rich in such relics than the Metropolis, and it would be well if similar precautions were taken for preserving their features. The Honorary Secretary of this Society is Mr A. Marks of Long Ditton, Surrey.

It is not often that the American is forestalled in his own country by any new venture of a

commercial nature; but a recent proposal to turn one of the avenues of the famed Mammoth Cave of Kentucky to practical account, comes from an enterprising Frenchman. He proposes to rent part of the Cave for the purpose of mushroom cultivation. The temperature of the Cavern is nearly uniform all the year round, and the deposits of the refuse of bats—of which there are large numbers in the Cave—when mixed with other fertilisers, are considered to be favourable for the propagation of edible fungi. Should the scheme prove successful, we may possibly have imported to this country tinned mushrooms, in addition to the vast variety of all kinds of food in canisters which daily reach our shores.

A disadvantage in the use of these tinned provisions is represented by the difficulty of opening the cans. This has been met and obviated by the use of a very simple and ingenious form of tin, invented by Mr J. Featherstone-Griffin, of Upper Thames Street, London. The lid of the can fits upon a sloping rim, and is there soldered air-tight. A few blows on this lid force it over a projecting shoulder, and at once break the line of solder all round. It can then be removed without difficulty. The cans are not damaged by the operation; so that if it would not exactly pay to send them back to the place of export, they will prove useful allies to the careful housewife.

Sir John Lubbock has brought before the Linnean Society some new observations upon Ant-life. These bear more especially upon the sensibility of those insects to different-coloured rays of the solar spectrum. The experiments which he described were founded on the fear shown by ants when their nests are disturbed, and their eagerness to carry their grubs to a place of darkness and apparent safety. By placing glasses of different colours above the ants, he soon found that they preferred to hide their treasures beneath certain colours, in preference to others. They showed a remarkable sensibility to violet light, preferring it to what is to us a far more transparent colour—namely, yellow. But the most remarkable fact elicited is that the sight of ants does not seem to be limited to what we regard as the visible rays of the spectrum. The ultra-violet rays—which to us are quite invisible, and are only made patent to us by experiment—seem to be apparent to them. To test this, upon the ants' nest a spectrum was thrown, the colours of which were so arranged that the disturbed inmates might retreat to the ultra-violet region, or to the space covered by the visible red rays. They invariably ran to the latter; showing that it presented to them a nearer approach to darkness, and therefore safety, than did the ultra-violet region, which to our eyes would be black as night. The author of the observations incidentally stated that some particular ants had been under his care for seven years, and that they were still vigorous and in perfect health. We believe that there is no record of similar longevity among insects; but this may

possibly be for want of such careful study as the busy ants have received.

The work of the modern chemist consists mainly of two great divisions—namely, analysis and synthesis. The former consists in dividing a compound substance into its component parts; and the latter in reversing that operation, or collecting all the materials wherewith to put together any particular compound. A remarkable instance of the latter operation was afforded some years ago by the manufacture from mineral agents of the vegetable colouring material of madder. This remarkable triumph of science has just been equalled, if not excelled, by the production of artificial indigo. That this discovery is of great importance, may be judged by the statement that the value of natural indigo imported here amounts to about two millions sterling annually. The artificial product cannot at present compete with imported indigo, for the cost of manufacture is too great. But there is every reason to believe that in the near future there will be less necessity for its importation.

It will be remembered that great interest was excited last summer by the discovery, in the *Victoria Regia* tank in the Botanic Gardens, London, of a fresh-water jelly-fish or *Medusa*. Although, during the late winter, this tank was cleared out and remained for some months empty, these curious organisms have again made their appearance, and very nearly on the anniversary of their first discovery.

While the inhabitants of India are doing all in their power to destroy the serpents which year after year find so many thousands of human victims, the Fellows of the Zoological Society at home are intent upon rearing a brood of young pythons. A python in the Society's Gardens recently deposited a number of eggs, and is now engaged in the motherly duty of incubation. The eggs are carefully covered by the reptile's folds, and the mother herself is hidden from curious eyes by a blanket. The last attempt at snake-hatching was in 1862, and for some reason it failed, although after-examination showed that many of the eggs were fertile. Naturalists hope, in the present instance, for a more successful issue.

The great engineering feat of cutting a passage through the Isthmus of Suez seems to have initiated some bold proposals of a similar nature. M. Lesseps is already busy upon the narrow neck of land at Panama, and we hope that it will soon yield to his genius and perseverance. In the meantime, another well-known Frenchman has been commissioned to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth, which separates the Adriatic and Egean Seas. The ruins of the works begun with the same object by the Emperor Nero, are still shown at Corinth. Whether these were abandoned for want of capital, or because of the absence of means for blasting the rock, is unknown. In the present time, if money be forthcoming—as it assuredly will be for such an important work—dynamite will solve the rest of the question.

Those who have visited any of the large agricultural shows will remember the immense machine designed to supersede the plough, which is known as Darby's Digger. It resembles in outward appearance a huge traction engine moving sideways, with projecting forks or spades, which are alternately lifted and buried in the

ground as the monster advances. Many improvements have lately been made in this modern representative of spade-culture, and it is doing good work in the character of a hired farm-servant at Writtle.

The pollution of streams, and consequent destruction of fish, about which we occasionally hear so much, seems to have its counterpart in the ocean upon a very extended scale. The Gulf of Mexico suffered in 1844, in 1854, in 1878, and again last year, from a widespread destruction of marine life, the water being apparently poisoned. The keeper of the Egmont lighthouse reports that, in October last, the waters were covered with dead fish, and that the next day dead and dying fish were strewn along the shores. The effluvia from the putrefying mass became so terrible, that it was almost impossible to withstand it, until a gale brought unpolluted water and air in its wake. The curious phenomenon will probably be traced to the escape of volcanic gases from the bed of the Gulf. Professor Baird is inquiring into the matter, and his Report upon it will be looked forward to with interest.

A lecture was recently delivered before the Paris Geographical Society by Dr Lenz, who has just returned from an expedition through the Desert of Sahara. He states that the proposal to turn the Desert into an inland sea by flooding it is impracticable. He notices that the climate is not so hot as has been generally believed—that wild beasts are scarce—and that the only enemies to be dreaded are the ferocious Touareg tribes.

There is also current a belief that the central part of South Australia consists of little else than desert land, which by reason of its absence of water and every kind of vegetation, is inhospitable to man and beast. Mr Sanger has recently published in the *Colonies* a Report which will go far to remove this impression. He tells us how a great part of the land is intersected by watercourses, which branch out into flood-flats or lakes; and although these are, in certain seasons, dried up, or much reduced in bulk, there is reason to believe in the existence of an immense store of subterranean water. It would thus seem that by well-sinking, as well as by careful storage of the water now allowed to run to waste, this so-called Desert might, with the assistance of scientific husbandry, be turned into a fruitful land.

The 'dark continent' is to receive another intrepid traveller, in the person of M. Léon Lacroix, who has brought before the Lille Geographical Society a scheme for penetrating the country in a hitherto unexplored region. The difficulties of the enterprise are very great, but not more than those already successfully overcome by explorers in other directions. M. Lacroix hopes, by following the course of the river Wellé, to reach a part of the country about which absolutely nothing of a definite nature is at present known. We may well wish the author of the enterprise God-speed.

A voyage of a far different kind has just been commenced by Mr Benjamin Leo Smith, who for the fifth time has started on a private expedition to the Arctic regions. He intends to proceed direct to Franz Josef Land, a large portion of which he explored and mapped last year. He carries with him the materials for building a house, which will serve as a refuge, in case of accident,

not only to his own crew, but to any travellers who follow them. The twenty-five men who compose the expedition are provided with rations for fifteen months; but the voyage is not expected to last more than one-third of that time.

A paper lately read before the American Society of Civil Engineers by Mr Shaler Smith gives some curious records of that gentleman's observations with relation to wind-pressure and its effects. During a storm at St Louis in 1871, the wind overturned a locomotive—a feat requiring ninety-three pounds on the square foot. Six years later, a jail at St Charles was wrecked by a pressure of eighty-three pounds. Besides these extraordinary cases, the author quoted several instances in which bridges were destroyed, and trains were blown bodily from the rails. People who are fond of grumbling at British weather, may remember with thankfulness that they are rarely if ever visited by such ill winds as these.

Mr L. B. Bertram, of 25 Cornwall Road, London, has recently obtained a patent for the construction of solid ink printing-rollers and colour-pads for rubber and other stamps. The ingredients of the compound employed consist of gelatine, glucose, glycerine, aniline dye of any desired colour, and acetic acid. This invention would seem to be a new application of the 'Graph' composition commonly used for copying manuscripts and drawings.

The Comet which recently formed so attractive an object in the heavens, has been, like everything else that makes its appearance in these advanced days, subjected to the critical eye of the photographic camera. The spectrum so obtained has enabled Dr Huggins to detect certain bright lines, which he attributes to the presence of carbon. There is also evident in the photograph a continuous spectrum showing what are termed the Fraunhofer lines. In this way the photographic image has corroborated certain observations recorded by the same observer in 1868—namely, that comets shine partly by their luminosity, and partly—like other members of the solar system—by light borrowed from the sun.

M. Salignac intends, it is said, to exhibit his new Electrical Cooking-stove at the forthcoming Electrical Exhibition at Paris. It is to be fixed in the grill-room of the attached restaurant, so that visitors can partake of a chop or steak cooked by the electric current. This application of electricity is suggestive of enormous revolutions in the kitchens of the future, both as regards the use of coal and gas for cooking purposes.

The recent explorations in the Gaboon—undertaken by Hugo von Koppenfels—have rendered clear the existence of a hybrid between the gorilla and chimpanzee. The explorer thus accounts for the many so-called species of apes which obtain local names from the natives. He further found that the mammalian fauna round about the Gaboon includes very few of the large animals common in the interior. The manatee—which our readers will remember has lately figured in our home aquaria as the 'Mermaid of Tradition'—is gradually disappearing, owing to the pertinacity with which it is hunted, its succulent flesh being much esteemed by the natives.

The highest point in Britain—the summit of Ben Nevis—is now furnished with a meteorological station, which transmits daily reports for publica-

tion in the *Times*. Mr Wragge—who has undertaken the duty of observer, on behalf of the Scottish Meteorological Society—lives at the foot of the mountain, and makes the ascent every day, starting on his laborious journey at five A.M. Considering that the mountain-path has lately been deep with snow, and that mist is frequent, the undertaking is by no means free from danger, to say nothing of discomfort.

We not unfrequently hear of lamentable accidents in coal-ships not only from the explosion of confined gas, but also from the spontaneous combustion of the cargo. Herr Macdicke has by experiment shown these fires to be due to the presence of iron pyrites, which undergo a chemical change gradually leading to ignition. The occasional application of a jet of steam to moisten the exposed surfaces of the coal would, he considers, render accidents of this class almost impossible.

We have already indicated the intention of the Royal Commission upon Accidents in Mines to inquire into the suitability of the electric lamp as a help and safeguard to colliery workers. Experiments having this object in view have lately been carried out at the Peasley Colliery, near Mansfield. As it was necessary to choose some form of lamp entirely cut off from communication with the surrounding atmosphere, the Swan lamp, which consists of a filament of incandescent carbon inside an exhausted glass bulb, was selected for trial. The number of lamps in circuit, which were actuated by a Gramme machine at the pit-mouth, were no less than ninety-four. The Commissioners expressed their satisfaction at the result of these experiments, which extended over two days; and we may therefore hope that one element of danger will in the future be remitted from the many which threaten the life of the poor coal-miner.

Captain Cator has invented an Alarm Buoy, which is intended to obviate such a lamentable catastrophe as that which a few years ago capsized the *Iron Duke*. It will be remembered that, in a dense fog, that ship was scuttled by the ram of another vessel which was following in its wake. The new buoy consists of an iron tube with conical ends, which is towed behind the vessel it is intended to protect. Like a patent log, it possesses a screw, which revolves as it is pulled through the water. Each revolution is marked by the stroke of an attached gong, which gives out a warning note to any vessel in its vicinity. Further than this, the time elapsing between each stroke will enable the ships of a squadron to reckon the rate at which their leader is steaming, and thus keep up a uniform speed, while the sound itself will prevent them from becoming unduly separated from one another.

The machine-gun trials have resulted in a Report, by the Committee appointed, in favour of the two-barrel Gardner gun, as being the most suitable for the general purposes of both military and naval services. Where a more powerful weapon is occasionally required for special work, they recommend the larger form of Gardner, which possesses five barrels.

The improvements which have lately been made in the cultivation of sugar-beet, as well as in the manner in which the saccharine is obtained from the raw material, have once more turned the attention of agriculturists to the possibility of

growing the root, and producing sugar from it, in this country. The extent of this industry in various parts of Europe, where neither soil nor climate offers special advantages, which we lack, is enormous. Indeed, the production on the continent alone is estimated at more than one-third of the amount of sugar manufactured from all sources in the whole world. The value of our present annual import of beet-sugar amounts to between seven and eight millions sterling; and, with the recent improved mode of culture and manufacture already alluded to, there seems no reason—except it be the natural half-heartedness born of years of disappointment among our farmers—why we should not produce at home the sugar which this large sum represents. In undertaking this new branch of industry, our agriculturists would have the advantage of profiting by continental experience in choice of machinery and in methods of manufacture; and they would not have to make a market for their produce, as in the case of a new article of diet, for they would find one ready made.

The annual Report of the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries forms a very favourable contrast to the general news which reaches us from the sister isle. In every district but one, the salmon harvest has been far above the average, in some cases more abundant than in any previous year. Even in the Cork district, where poaching is carried on openly in absolute defiance of the law, and where the fish have been destroyed in every illegal manner, the salmon have not declined in numbers. It is only within the last few years that fish-culture has been brought to the position of a fine art, and that various Exhibitions of fishery-apparatus have been held. That which was recently held at Norwich proved a success; and now we hear of a proposal to hold a National Fisheries Exhibition next year at Edinburgh.

An ingenious method of cooling railway carriages or travelling cars of any description has been invented and patented by Mr Fridenberg of Philadelphia. A revolving shaft, furnished with blades which act as fans, runs along the inside roof of the car. It is set in motion by a small windmill outside, or, in the case of a carriage travelling at a slow speed, such as a tram-car, by belting connected with the axle of the wheels. We fear that a large proportion of British travellers would fail to see the advantage gained by this circulation of the air. It is a common experience to find a railway carriage crowded with passengers who keep every window rigidly closed. They appear not to object to being poisoned, but they certainly will not sit in a draught.

A new process for working the rare metal iridium has been brought forward by Mr John Holland of Cincinnati. Iridium has the appearance of steel, but is much harder; it represents, indeed, such a refractory material, that hitherto it has been worked with the greatest difficulty, neither hammer nor file making any impression upon it. The new process consists in adding phosphorus to the metal after it has been brought to a great heat. The iridium is then cast in moulds, after which the phosphorus is eliminated. As an electrode for the arc form of electric lamp, iridium is unrivalled. Its cost—at present far above that of pure gold—has hitherto limited iridium to the laboratory; but the new method of

manufacture will probably bring down its price, and make it popular in many industries where small quantities of intensely hard material are required.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SCULPTURING ON GRANITE WITH STONE IMPLEMENTS.

IN a second volume on *Excavations at Carnac*, in Brittany, by the late Mr James Miln (Edinburgh: David Douglas), an interesting statement is made as to the manner in which ancient sculpturing on granite blocks may have been executed in an age when as yet iron tools were unknown. The statement is as follows: 'It has been held by some archaeologists that these sculpturings could not have been cut without the use of iron tools; but others have of late years succeeded in reproducing similar markings on granite slabs, using solely stone implements; and in doing so they found that diorite and other such tough stones cut the granite better than flint. This corresponds with the practice of the stone-cutters of the present time, whose steel tools for cutting granite are of a much softer temper than those they use for cutting sandstone. The great sculptured stone of Montezuma, in Mexico, is a striking proof of the extent to which granite can be sculptured with stone implements. Gama, in his work describing this stone, states that ten thousand Indians were employed in transporting it to the city of Mexico, where it was sculptured by thirty workmen with stone axes.'

THE ARTIFICIAL CULTURE OF SPONGES.

A Report has been issued by Professor Baird, the Fish Commissioner to the United States, in which some interesting details are given of the way in which the sponge of commerce may be produced by artificial culture. Professor Oscar Schmidt, of the University of Grütz, has been so successful in his preliminary efforts in this direction, that the Austrian government have authorised him to attempt the development of the industry on the coast of Dalmatia. The process is very simple, consisting in selecting the proper season in the spring, dividing a living marketable sponge into numerous small pieces, and then fastening them to stakes driven into the sea-bottom. These fragments at once begin to grow out, and at the end of a given time each one becomes an entire sponge. According to Mr Schmidt, three years is a sufficient length of time to obtain from very small pieces fair-sized sponges. In one experiment, the cost of raising four thousand sponges amounted only to nine pounds, or about a half-penny each; and this sum included the interest for three years on the capital employed.

'W A G E S.'

I.

It was a merry brook, that ran
Beside my cottage-door all day;
I heard it, as I sat and span,
Singing a pleasant song alway.

I span my thread with mickle care;
The weight within my hand increased;
The Spring crept by me unaware;
The brook dried up—the music ceased.

I missed it little, took small thought
That silent was its merry din,
Because its melody was wrought
Into the thread I sat to spin.

II.

It was a lark that sang most sweet
Amongst the sunrise clouds so red;
I knew his nest lay near my feet,
Although he sang so high o'erhead.

And though he sang so loud and clear
Up in the golden clouds above,
His throbbing song seemed wondrous near;
I twined it with the web I wove.

The long days' glory still drew on;
Then Autumn came; the Summer fled;
The music that I loved was gone;
The song was hushed—the singer dead.

III.

I wove on with a steadfast heart;
My web grew greater, fold on fold.
I bore it to the crowded mart;
They paid my wage in good real gold—

Real gold, and fine. I turned me back.
The city's dust was in my throat—
No brook ran babbling down its track;
No bird trilled out a tender note—

But city noise, and rush, and heat.
The gold was red like minted blood.
Oh! for the cool grass to my feet,
The bird's song, and the babbling flood.

IV.

I turned me, and I went my way—
My lonely, empty way, alone;
The gold within my bosom lay;
My woven web of dreams was gone!

Did the gold pay me? No; in sooth.
Gold never paid for brook and bird,
Nor for the coiled dreams of youth,
Nor for the music that I heard.

My web is gone! The gold is mine.
And they who bought it, can they see
What dreams and fancies intertwine
With every woven thread for me?

F. C. A.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

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UNCLASSSED MEN.

HOWEVER narrow be the circle of our acquaintance, we are sure to find in it one or two young men who are off the high-road of life and wandering in the wastes of leisure. While others are pursuing professions and callings by which future existence will be assured, the youngsters we are treating of are learning nothing, and living as if they were of no further use, while in fact they are only rising to the heyday of life. As we watch them getting taller, stronger, and lazier, we know the poor fellows are drifting towards 'the bad,' and that their friends and themselves are going to have some painful experiences. For this world has always been an uncomfortable place for people having no direct aims. Social gravitation is as resistless as cosmical gravitation; and as the meteor is reduced to dust by the attrition of the atmosphere, so the 'unclassified' man is often dissipated into a state of inutility by the social forces against which he collides. No gifts of fortune, no altitude of rank, can wholly relieve us of the laws of life. We are bound to contribute to the harmonious working of things, or pay the heavy penalty laid upon discord.

The recruits of the unclassified army, which is getting larger with our increasing wealth, are derived from various sources. Many are younger sons of good families, waiting for political fair winds to run them into some snug harbour in the official world. But often the storm keeps them in the offing until it is too late, or others are preferred; and they find themselves bearded men, dependent upon irascible fathers for pocket-money, which does not go so far in cigars as it used to do for pastry. And they find smoking pleasant. It gets over the time when others are busy and they are left to keep themselves company. Billiards, too, are pleasant, but woefully expensive for a fellow who makes no money on his own account. Some of the unclassified ponder on this; and improve the shining hour, and learn to eke out their pitiful income. However, Nemesis stands behind the cue,

and the gentlemanly method of making a few pleasant guineas only makes matters the worse. A man gets shunned, as too 'professional' in his style of play, and somehow becomes reckoned among the dubious members of society.

The only sons of widows add abundantly to the unclassified. Bereft of a husband's guidance, many poor ladies keep young Tom at home when he should be learning a trade or following an occupation. 'The boy is so useful, so good, and such a comfort, that he cannot be spared yet a while. Though his cheeks be rosy, his shoulders broad, and his voice stentorian, there is a latent delicacy of constitution to be feared. His poor father was not strong, and Tom must not go to business too soon.' The years slide; and Tom at twenty has no more idea how to earn his bread than he had at ten. He can draw, paint a little, play a sonatina, and is undeniably smart at making a pigeon-box or rabbit hutch, being quite handy with joiners' tools. Still, if Tom were to seek hiring in the market-place, he would be put in the lowest grade of unskilled labourers. With all his education and high moral excellence, with noble aspirations, with deep filial piety, nay, with a strong wish to do something manly, the commercial value of the amiable youth is about ten shillings per week. When mamma dies, and the loving world in which he has lived flies like a fairy phantasm, poor Tom will wake to the horrible truth of his 'worth.' He will realise in all its agony what it is to be unclassified in a country where every grade is defining its borders more minutely hour by hour.

The 'failures' of society contribute largely to the unclassified. These unfortunates, who are everything by turns and nothing long, finally land among the nondescripts. The law was too dry, medicine too repulsive, literature too precarious, commerce so much competed, trade so laborious, that really it was impossible to devote a life to any of them. Nevertheless, the true vocation will be found at last. 'Try, try, try again, you know.' Alas! for the triers. Who does not know the unfortunates that have gyrated to every sentimental gust—

who are learning to do nothing else than gyrate—and who will gyrate to the end—whose lives are a series of spasms, uncontrollable by advice, by experience, by suffering? Of all the unclassed, these are the most to be pitied. Want of mental force cannot be compensated for. The most benevolent of friends grow tired of the man who can do nothing but blunder.

Then there are the dogged idlers, who will loaf and lounge and impose upon their parents— young men averse to any classification. They are utterly selfish, and dangerously unscrupulous. Rebels from birth, they continue to war with their kindred as long as the conflict can be maintained. When the parental home has been broken up, they live parasitically upon tradesmen and lodging-house keepers; and it is astonishing how long they can continue the system before it breaks down. Their very recklessness of debt seems to open up avenues for credit which are closed to honest folks. No nervous qualms ever trouble their slumbers. An army of duns may menace them; they eat and drink and smoke with serene indifference. Insults fall upon them like dew. They have perfect health. The cares, worries, and exhaustions which make the industrious frail and feeble at times, are unknown to the robust idler, who looks on placidly at their struggles to make ends meet.

Even while youth lasts and early friends remain, the lot of the unclassed is an unenviable one. The deep gratifications of an ascending career, which only busy men can experience, are unknown to them. Too much holiday destroys all perception of repose. Though idle, they are not at ease; a blank vacancy surrounds them like a debilitating atmosphere. A quite undefinable *malaise* makes them discontented when alone, and outer excitements must quench the inner pains. These can give a temporary relief; for the unclassed man, like him who has found a congenial vocation, finds joy in activity. But as youth wanes and companions depart to other scenes, or settle down to the serious purposes of life, the unclassed man finds himself treading the arid and appalling wilderness of civilisation alone. Crusoe's isolation was nothing to that of the companionless man in a populous and busy city. The eager, combating multitude pursuing alluring objects, pass him by as an inanimate thing. As by instinct, the crowd knows that he is not one of them. He does not contribute one spark to the fire that warms and animates the world. He is a loiterer among the runners, sauntering while others toil; in short, he is not 'in it.'

The silent rebuke of the toiling hosts rouses agonies in the heart of the unclassed man, who stands apart from them by accident, and not by choice. The monk-like solitude to which parental neglect or unwisdom has condemned him, is all too hard to bear. Yet what can he do in a society where the classified will not allow the unclassified to commingle? It is right for society to insist upon each of its units doing something for the commonweal. But its ranks are closed to the man who knows no craft. Special drilling must precede employment, even the humblest. In the battalions of unskilled labour, there is need of credentials of some sort. Mere muscles do not suffice. The Dock porter has a knack of turning a winch, of hoisting a bale, of stowing

coal, which has to be learned. A navvy is not merely a muscular machine. His movements are directed by an adroitness that has come from an apprenticeship more or less long. And an unformulated 'union' federates these lowly occupations, just as solidly as the trade organisations of the higher artisans.

Before seeking an entrance into such 'low' methods of gaining a livelihood, the unclassed man will have made desperate efforts to find employment in more refined walks. There he will have learned how many are situated similarly to himself. He will have found that the unclassified are numbered by thousands, and that they compete as fiercely for ill-paid but 'gentlemanly' appointments as hungry dogs for offal. If any one wishes to know something of the unclassified and their despair, he has only to advertise for a junior clerk, a time-keeper, night-porter, or other employé of the untrained sort. For days he will be overwhelmed with letters from many parts of the country. Some of them will be couched in Addisonian phraseology, betraying evidence of high culture and considerable mental power. Others will be pathetic appeals for a trial, concluding with assurances of lifelong devotion if engaged. Others will contain recitals of a struggle for bread so painful as to equal anything found in fiction. But if the advertiser wishes to know the darker depths in which many of the unclassified dwell, he will receive the applicants in person. The veil which hides the obscurer movements of society will then be lifted, and the spectator will be amazed at what he sees and hears. What waste of life, what corrosion of energy, what desperate tragedies!

The terrible epoch for the unclassified lies from the twenty-fifth to the thirtieth year. Friends and relatives of the same age are then entering upon the solid paths of life. They marry, set up establishments on their own account, become absorbed in new worlds, and forget bachelor acquaintances. The unclassified being also human, longs, like others, to form those ties which are the dearest and purest. He desires a wife and a bright home, an arena and a prize to stimulate what powers he has. But position and assured prospects are needed. The maintenance of his own existence is difficult and problematical. What parent would intrust a daughter to such an anomalously situated man? What girl would embark upon such a mad enterprise? The intolerable misery of the position sometimes so rouses the forces of the man thus placed, that he cuts through all impediments, and makes a successful career after all. The affection of a good woman supplies a motive for exertion and perseverance, which has saved thousands of men from the consequences of youthful mistakes and ineptitudes.

Some of the baser sort among the unclassified plunge into matrimony with the same crafty recklessness that they display towards tradesmen. Often they beguile a confiding girl into the most sacred of relationships for the sake of the little fortune she may possess or expect. Or failing such advantage, they marry with deliberate intent of living upon the earnings of their wives. The records of police courts furnish daily instances of the heartless villainies perpetrated by such men. They are of that low type

to which the savage belongs. Mentally and morally, they are below the standard of the race. They have no sympathy with the social amenities going on around them. Order, system, steady industry, are impossible for them. They had a place in the old warlike times. There was scope for the ferocity of their nature; the brutal pleasures of camp-life furnished their elysium; the alternations of fierce activity and large repose suited their fitful moods. Civilisation is their bane. Its exactitude, its rectitude, its utilitarianism, are all irritations and offences. Like carnivores in a menagerie, they wander in narrow environment, wondering why they are restrained. When opportunity affords them the means to gratify their instincts, society is horrified at their callous inhumanity.

Men of this kind leave a ring of tragedies more or less terrible around their path. Broken-hearted mothers, broken-hearted wives, ill-used and neglected children, fill the world with wailing and poverty and crime. Increase of years does not improve them, and this is their striking mark of dissimilarity from average men. The infinite majority *do* improve as experiences multiply. Like pebbles on the beach, most men get ground into a common contour by meliorating action. But the unclassifiable savage will not be shaped; he lives and dies in angular hostility.

Pitiful is the fate of the better sort of the unclassed who fail to get over the impediments besetting them by their thirtieth year. Precluded from living a domestic life, shut out from the ordinary encouragements and consolations of humanity, they begin to yield to the overwhelming odds against them. Few survive to forty, and these are not the best. When a man can live on a few fugitive shillings per week, in a squalid lodging, with no sanctifying object before him, he has either lived out his nobler nature, or he has not had one. In our time, when 'living' is becoming more and more a purposeful thing, to be employed skilfully and for other than personal ends, it is almost impossible for a man of high spirit and high intentions to survive the death of hope. Some of the unclassed are gifted with unusual powers, mental and emotional, and are hindered by their superiority from falling into the proscribed ranks. These cannot live in uncongenial surroundings and debarred from the virtue and the intellect of their period. They yearn to bless the world with their talents, and to leave names behind them that are not 'writ in water.' If they are rejected, they turn their faces to the wall and die.

All who have studied the question of unclassified men, will agree that it is one of serious import for themselves and for the body politic. Their existence is an evidence of society's ignorance of one of its dangerous maladies, or of incapacity to deal with it. Of course, it is impossible to have any statistical account of the numbers of the unclassed amongst us; but that they number many thousands is beyond doubt. A mass of energy is lost which ought to be turned to profitable ends. It is a subtraction from the prosperity and happiness of the nation that can be ill spared, and it must be dealt with eventually. Thrift is now a serious study for those guiding the national march. No aspect of economy is more deserving of attention than the employment of stagnant human powers.

In waiting for the hour when the unclassified will come under the sway of practical social science, much can be done by parents themselves to prevent the miseries inevitable from aimless careers. The middle class in particular must get rid of some of its delusions regarding 'respectability.' It must accept *work*, in any form, as honourable. An honest artisan is in his way as much to be respected as a physician or a lawyer. Only a pernicious pride can separate the man from his vocation. Each man is a bundle of wants, that must be satisfied, either by his own labour or by the bounty of others. And each man may be the football of fortune, and pass through all declensions of adversity. Amid all vicissitudes, however, independent bread may be won by the man who has some skill or craft that subserves his fellow. It is therefore the plain duty of all parents to train their boys industrially, unless they have ample means to launch them into the professions. With our ever-augmenting population, large numbers of both sexes will continue to emigrate; but without some handicraft, a man finds himself worse off in the colonies than at home. Trade may fluctuate, the capable and deserving artisan may have a period of slackness; but taking an average, he finds enough to keep himself and family in comfort. His lot is, indeed, a happy one compared with the struggling untrained man.

It is time for parents to understand that the youth who is not being drilled for a definite career, is treading the road which leads to misfortune. The rising generation will find it more difficult to get through life's conflict than the risen generation. The stupendous changes which have taken place in human destiny in the past century have only produced their minimum of effects so far. The maximum will fall upon those coming upon the scene. They will be weighted with heavier responsibilities; they will have higher tastes, more numerous appetites and desires. And they will be less able to bear poverty and despair. Order is heaven's first law; it is also that of society. Parents neglecting the business training of their boys defy both divine and human ordinances; and the suffering of the unclassed is the atonement exacted for the offence.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE MARINE STORE.

MR WESTON sat in his snug office, in Mervyn's Yard, Southampton Branch, outwardly comfortable, but miserably ill at ease. The waste-paper basket that lay within reach of the corner of his well-furnished writing-table might have told tales, had any deft fingers and prying eyes been busy with its contents. How many times that day had the Manager begun a letter to his absent chief, and how often had he impatiently torn up the inchoate epistle, and with a quick angry 'Pshaw!' pitched the fragments into the gulf that yawns, like the hungry mouth of the grim Ghaour in *Vathek*, for all such failures. Mr Weston was fretful, restless, not in an enviable frame of mind. He had given snappish answers to every clerk who approached him on business of routine, until at last the clerks feared to approach him.

'What's up with the governor to-day? He's like a bear with a sore head,' whispered the youngsters to one another, as they crept on tiptoe from desk to desk, glancing the while over their shoulders towards the door of the room wherein the Manager sat, scribbling, half unconsciously, on the paper before him, 'Bertram Oakley,' 'Bertram Oakley,' 'Bertram Oak'—

'Come in!' snapped out Mr Weston, as a fresh tap resounded on the door.

This time it was Mr Crawley's ugly white face that darkened the doorway. Instinctively, Mr Weston snatched the folded newspaper that lay at his right hand, and placed it upon the paper on which he had scribbled the name of Bertram Oakley. Crawley, who noted the stratagem, smiled with the contempt of a superior scoundrel at the bungling effort to be secretive. But the smile was so merged in the deferential smirk which characterised the man, that Mr Weston did not perceive it.

'I hope, sir, that I have not kept you waiting too long,' said the confidential clerk humbly. 'Inspector Birch and I have hunted in couples, up and down, high and low, since breakfast, and not, I admit, with very encouraging results.'

'Aha!' exclaimed Mr Weston, brightening up. He was in the main a good-natured man, and, as such, was heartily glad when a painful duty was lifted off his shoulders. 'Yes, yes; needle in a haystack, and so forth, eh?'

'Until an hour ago,' resumed Crawley, with malicious emphasis—whereat Mr Weston's face clouded again—'when we were so fortunate as to find—not the thief—but the receiver, sir, of at least a portion of the stolen property. It was at a marine store, sir, kept by an old man of no good repute—Bond by name, in a place called Chimney Street, down by the waterside.'

'Ay, ay; a low neighbourhood,' chimed in Mr Weston with a nod.

'You may well say so, sir,' replied Crawley, rubbing his sleek palms together in a moist way. 'Many obscure nooks had we explored; but Chimney Street, I should consider, was about the worst and the vilest; and there it was that the Inspector's superior knowledge of the town, and, of course, superior aptitude for these inquiries, stood us in good stead. He it was who first espied, amidst a heap of unsorted rubbish, *this*, which bears our mark.' And Mr Crawley the confidential produced from beneath his loose coat a heavy fragment of broken brass-work, new and bright, and on which was stamped, in small letters, —vyn & Co.

'Part of a cabin lamp, or binnacle light, I should say,' pronounced Mr Weston, after a brief examination of the fragment.

'Of a binnacle light, I venture to think,' hinted Mr Crawley with extreme deference. 'And the Inspector, quick as detectives are to follow on a scent, suggests that since this has evidently been roughly separated, with a hammer or hatchet, from the apparatus of which it formed a part, the other portions may yet be found in the Fittings Warehouse, so that the identification—should!'

'I see,' returned Mr Weston magisterially, and perhaps he was meant to see. 'Where is the Inspector?'

'He is walking up and down near the gate, outside,' answered Crawley. 'We thought—or at

least the policeman did—that the sight of him in my company in the Yard might give the alarm to the suspected person, and so'—

'Quite right, and very prudent,' broke in Mr Weston approvingly. 'Bless me, what a sad affair! Where's my hat?' And he bustled out, Crawley following, with his evil leer and blinking eyes.

Near the outer paling was Inspector Birch, clean-shaven, trim, plump, and alert, with nothing about him to indicate his connection with the police—no semi-military surtout, no ponderous boots, rigid hat, or mahogany cane. You might have taken the man for a grocer in a small way of business, or an ironmonger's foreman, or even for an ex-butler, but neither for a constable nor for a spy.

'Servant, sir,' said the detective, touching his soft hat, of black felt, to Mr Weston—such a hat as inspires confidence, such a hat as a minor shopkeeper, who rarely has time to go abroad, may don when he dons his apron to leave his little account, or small parcel, at the door of a customer round the corner. Mr Weston, who was dull-witted if honest, would probably have preferred that his professional Mentor should be tight-stocked and tight-buttoned, a terror to evil-doers; but as it was, he trudged on with his two companions, at the policeman's request, to Chimney Street. An ill-looking locality was this—long, crooked, straggling, with its beer-shop, around the door of which wild Irishwomen—whose husbands and brothers laboured in the Docks—with unkempt black hair like horses' manes, and bare feet, brawled or gossiped noisily; with its blank wall of a smoky factory, its tumble-down tenements, its ragged children squabbling over dirt-pies, and its marine store, black-browed, beetling, rickety, and choked with heterogeneous lumber.

The name, inscribed in thin white letters over the frowzy doorway of this delectable shop, just beneath the clumsy feet of the squat black doll that dangled, like a hideous heathen idol of some degraded tribe of savages, from a projecting bar, was Isaac Bond. And into the presence of Isaac himself, sitting, or more correctly crouching, in his little back parlour, intrenched behind barrels set on end, and screened by a bower of red herrings that swung from strings suspended from the ceiling, did Inspector Birch, with the practised adroitness of a Palace Chamberlain, guide the way. It was dark enough among the stacks of empty bottles, the dilapidated red coats, and piles of tarpaulins, and ossuaries of bones, and heaps of metal, and kegs of kitchen-stuff; but it was darker in the back parlour, where the proprietor of all these unsavoury wares sat and smoked beside the red little stove-fire on which some onion-scented mess was greasily cooking.

'Now, Daddy Bond,' said the detective briskly, 'here we are again; and this is the gentleman who manages Messrs Mervyn's Yard, and who, as I told you by his authority, is prepared to pay for information; and is not disposed, provided he gets it, to press matters to any length as to unlawful possession, and that; so, as you know me, Daddy, and I know you, and we are all on a friendly footing here, why, we can't do better than come to an understanding at once.'

During the policeman's harangue, the proprietor of the shop had laid aside his long pipe, and slowly

coughing the while, and with some exertion, raised himself from his creaking chair, and now stood erect—or if not erect, at least as much so as a very tall and meagre old man, bent by age and rum and rheumatism into the shape of a half-hoop, and with limbs quaintly contorted and curved like the roots of an old tree, could possibly contrive to be. Such as he was, Isaac Bond, marine storekeeper, reared himself upon his slipshod feet, shaded his red-rimmed eyes with one gnarled hand, outspread, and silently surveyed his visitors.

'Ugh! gents and honest men all! I make ye free of your footing,' said the dealer in bones, rags, grease, and tarnished metal, hoarsely.

Mr Weston rightly conjectured this to be some barbaric formula of welcome; but did not speak at first, partly, perhaps, because of the awkwardness of commencing the conversation, and partly because his eyes, as well as nostrils, were affected by the smoky and malodorous atmosphere of this den.

'Now,' said the detective persuasively—'now, Daddy, nobody blames you, of course, because in carrying on your lawful business'—

'Ay, that's it, Mr Birch—lawful business—ugh, ugh! and a precious business, too, to scratch a living by, I can tell you. I'm worn to skin and bone for one, and don't make, some weeks, the price of a hot dinner on Sundays.'

'Is reputed to have saved a deal of money,' whispered the detective, aside, to Mr Weston. 'Don't be afraid—he's deaf;' and then, in a louder voice, continued: 'Well, Daddy Bond, since you, thinking no harm, bought this bit of brass, and maybe other things as well, which came from this gentleman's premises, you'll not object, I'm sure, to tell us how you came by them, and who was the seller. You can speak out, and trust to this gentleman's generosity to be rewarded.'

'Well, well, gents and honest men all,' replied Mr Bond, half-querulously, after a moment's pause, during which he looked at Crawley the confidential, and that pattern of head-clerks looked blinkingly at him, 'how can a poor old cove like me pick up a livelihood, if he don't get custom as he can, I'd like to know! So, when a chap comes to me, and he says, Here's a young gent has a lot of broken metal to dispose of cheapish, says he—and I'll introduce him, if you'll make it worth my while, and I'm to carry it for him to the wharf-end here, in my boat, says he, what could a poor old creature like me do, but speak him fair, and stand a quartern for luck! And he brings me the young gent, who seems desperate flustered, he does—and we come to terms—and I've not made a brace of sovs by it, clear, I'll take my'—

'What sort of person,' interrupted Mr Weston, 'was this young gentleman you speak of? Tell me what you know of him, and I will pay you for your trouble.'

'Well, master,' coughed out Isaac Bond, 'I don't know much, 'cept that he was a young one, and a tall one, with good clothes; on'y he was flustered—he was—ugh, ugh!—but there, we can't pick our customers. And I on'y clapped eyes on him that once. Always, afterwards, he sent word by the man that brought him, and brought the goods.'

'And his name?' asked Mr Weston.

'Name of Gooch—lodges up Friars' Alley,' answered the dealer in marine stores; nor could

any further information, even when chinking money was put into his wrinkled palm, be extracted from him.

'A bad business, Mr Crawley,' said the Manager, as they emerged from the shop.

'A treacherous business, sir. I feel it very much, I assure you,' replied the confidential clerk.

Inspector Birch being of opinion that, at such an hour, to beat up the quarters of Mr Gooch would be but labour lost, and pledging himself in due time to produce that euphonistically named dweller in Friars' Alley for extra-judicial examination, the next thing to be done was to pay the projected visit to the Fittings Room. It was after closing hours that the Yard was reached; but Mr Weston's master-key enabled the party to enter by a side-door. It was necessary to light the lantern which Mr Crawley's forethought had provided, before unlocking the warehouse. The storehouse, when inspected, presented a motley appearance of order and disarray. Quantities of valuable goods still stood, tier above tier, undisturbed. But many articles had been carried off, and others were lying strewn about in wild confusion. Some of the bulkier wares had been broken, to wrench away the more saleable portions, and on the floor lay a plasterer's hammer, which had apparently been used for this purpose. Near it was an object of small size, which the policeman was the first to discern.

'A card-case, eh?' said Mr Weston, as Inspector Birch stooped to pick it up. 'How came it here?'

'How, indeed!' murmured Crawley; and the general astonishment increased when the little leather case was opened, and the cards which it contained proved to bear the name of 'Mr Bertram Oakley.' The Manager and the confidential clerk exchanged glances that spoke volumes.

'You will take care, Inspector, of this—this piece of evidence,' said Mr Weston.

'Certainly, sir, as in duty bound,' was the reply; and as the searchers quitted the Yard, the Inspector, who walked last, softly whistled the Dead March in *Sul.* Once without the gates, they separated. Mr Weston, on his homeward way, stepped into the telegraph office, to address a telegram to Arthur Mervyn, Esq., Park Lane, London.

CRAB GOSSIP.

WITH the crab-race, as represented on our shores, every reader is familiar. The common crab itself, exposed for sale in the fishmonger's window, may be called truly a 'common object' of the street, not to speak of the shore. Yet common as the animal in question is, there is a vast deal of natural-history romance bound up within the compass of its frame, and if we select this crab as a starting-point for our brief researches into some of its less familiar brethren, we shall not regret making its further and nearer acquaintance, especially as it illustrates some of the most important points in crab-life at large. To begin with its early history. This well-known crustacean has a somewhat peculiar life-history. It begins its existence in a decidedly abnormal and unusual fashion. Instead of breaking free from its egg—carried about by mater Cancer in her 'purse' in company with hundreds of its brethren and

sisters, likewise in the egg-state—the young or baby-crab appears on the stage of existence as a curious little creature with an enormous head, and a short, jointed, and forked tail. It is no more like the perfect crab than it is like an alligator. It more nearly resembles an abnormal shrimp on a roving expedition, than the staid angular crustacean whose progeny it is, and whose likeness—on the idea that ‘like begets like’—we shall expect it sooner or later to assume. Its big head bears in front two great compound eyes, and is drawn out above and below into a long pointed spine; whilst two pairs of feelers, and three pairs of jaws complete the furnishings of this infant crab.

Behind the head, come at least two pairs of legs which will be represented in the perfect crab as ‘foot-jaws,’ and then succeed mere rudiments of six pairs of appendages, of which all but the first are represented in the adult state by the walking legs. The jointed tail, itself, has at first no belongings in the shape of appendages or ought else, but legs become mapped out at a later stage on the tail. Now when this young form was first noted by naturalists it was regarded as a new species of crustacean, and was accordingly named a *Zoëa*. Now, however, we know that the *Zoëa* shows evident signs of changing into something different from its youthful state. Its body becomes broader, and the limbs behind the head come to resemble those of the full-grown crab. Then the jaws are completed in their transformations, and by-and-by the young crab appears before us, a crab as to its body, but a lobster as to its tail. For it still retains this latter appendage, and is known in this second part of its life history as the *Megalopa*—a name signifying ‘big-eyed,’ in reference to the large eyes it possesses; which organs have now become fixed to the end of a stalk.

Like the *Zoëa*, the *Megalopa* stage of crab-life was at first regarded as representing a new and before unknown animal form. Changing its skin frequently, as it did in passing from the *Zoëa* to the ‘big-eyed’ stage, in which the crab looks more like a lobster than the tailless crustacean it is destined to become—the *Megalopa* or youthful crab begins to assume the full-grown form. The body becomes broader, and the tail grows ‘small by degrees and beautifully less,’ until it becomes tucked up under the body, and exists in matured crab-existence as the familiar ‘purse’ which children are so fond of prying into. Thus we see that a crab’s body is, to put it popularly, all head and chest. The lobster or prawn has not merely a head and chest (united to form the so-called ‘head’ of that animal) but a tail or abdomen as well. And from the fact that our crab in its infancy possesses a tail, but afterwards loses this appendage, we should be inclined in a zoological sense to believe that the crabs represent a higher crustacean race derived from the lower lobsters or their kith and kin. At least, it is certain that lobsters and their kind were crawling over the rocks and swimming in the seas of this world’s former epochs, ages before the crabs appeared. This much we know from the history of fossils. As the lobster-race preceded the crab-race in time, so the latter, as the later products of life-development, evince the higher structure of the two.

The disappearance of a tail in the crabs is by no means unparalleled in other groups of animals. Man himself, for that matter, possesses at an early period in his history a tolerably well-developed tail, which shrinks into the ‘coccyx’ or rudimentary bones at the tip of his spine. The frog begins life as a tadpole, but the tail of that form shrivels up to become the short and unrecognisable stump of the sedate frog. So that we find instances in higher life, bearing out the fact that abbreviation of body is by no means an invariable sign of deterioration and backsliding, but on the contrary may be more properly regarded as a sign of an animal’s ‘getting on in the world,’ and rising in the scale of animated creation.

If, however, we wished for proofs of the high place of our crab in its own class as compared with the place of the tailed lobsters, we might discover such proof in an inspection of the crab’s nervous system. A lobster’s nervous system is a chain of nerve-knots lying along the floor of its body. Each joint of its body should possess a pair of such knots, either joined or separated. Now in a crab, whose nervous system likewise lies on the floor of its body, what strikes us as most remarkable is the concentration of that system. Instead of being a chain of nerves, the crab’s system consists (1) of one big nerve-knot supplying the head-parts and organs of sense with nerves, and (2) of a very large knot or mass of nervous matter in the centre of its body. This last represents all the nerve-knots of the lobster rolled into one, and serves as a centre from which nerves pass to the surrounding organs and parts. In a word, on the principle that when a general wishes to obtain the fullest service of his troops, he concentrates them upon a given point, so Nature, in giving the crab a superior nervous system to that of the lobster, does not proceed upon the plan of manufacturing new nerves, but, on the contrary localises and concentrates those proper to the common type to which crab and lobster belong.

So much for our common crab and its history. One brief glance at its anatomy and development, has at least served to show us the position and rank of crabs in general in the crustacean class. The nearest relations of our crabs include some forms which may certainly be regarded as very abnormal in some of their ways and works. For instance, the well-known land-crabs of the West Indies are creatures which exist in damp places, and which make periodical journeys to the sea for the purpose of depositing their eggs. These ‘up-country’ species possess a structure essentially resembling that of the common crab; but the chief fact of interest in connection with them relates, of course, to their powers of breathing apart from water. The common crab is perfectly lively after a twelve hours’ absence from his native element; and as he breathes like a fish by gills, placed in the sides of his body and attached to his legs, we must presume that he can retain in his gill-chamber moisture enough to purify his blood for a considerable period of time. For we must bear in mind that a crab’s necessities of life in this respect, resemble our own. We require a constant supply of oxygen—derived from the atmosphere—to purify our blood; and the crab demands a supply of the same gas—derived from the water in which it is mechanically suspended—

for the same purpose of blood-purification. The crab's heart, placed on his back, is a square sac or bag, which goes on beating and pulsating, from first to last, circulating pure blood through his body. Cessation of breathing means, of course, stoppage of the heart's action, and consequent annihilation of crab-life; hence breathing, or aeration of the blood in the gills, must be as constant a function of crab-existence as breathing is in ourselves.

Now, it is evident that in the land-crabs, which live in burrows, there cannot exist that provision for blood-aëration by water, which is present in their neighbours of the sea. Hence, when we examine a land-crab's gills, we find that its gill-arrangements exhibit an adaptation to its own peculiar way of life. For instance, between its gills—lodged as these are in a very capacious gill-chamber—are found certain hard stiff processes, probably modifications of similar structures met with in the common crab and lobster. These processes are believed to possess the function of keeping the gills widely apart, so as to admit copious currents of air to the gill-chamber. If we presume that this air is moist, we can conceive how an animal with gills can therein obtain the necessary medium for blood-purification. But whilst moist air is a necessity for a land-crab's life, we must not neglect the all-important observation, that with new ways of life, nature has probably modified the land-crab's constitution so as to render its peculiar breathing habits more readily discharged. Nobody doubts that land-crabs were originally water-living in habits. The whole history of the Crustacean class points to that conclusion, and no other, as the original way of life of all its members. Hence, we learn from the mere fact of a land-crab's existence the ever-recurring lesson, that living things, like the world on which they dwell, have been and still are the creatures of change and modification. Habits alter, and carry change of body and form with them; and although this is not the whole story of diversity and variety in living things, it involves a large part of the 'reason why' that diversity exists and is perpetuated from day to day and from age to age.

The 'hermit-crabs,' those crustacean Diogenes of our coasts, each ensconced in a cast of shell for its 'tub,' are decidedly queer crabs in many aspects of their existence. Morally and mentally, so to speak, they are erratic. They are much given to sanguinary encounters, and are ferocious and vindictive enough, as may be seen when two hermit-crabs happen to light upon the same morsel of food. Then comes the tug of war; and the combat may only be terminated by the stronger dragging off not merely the morsel but the body of the vanquished along with it—the victim having pulled his tenacious rival out of his shell in the energy of his triumph. Hermit-crabs represent zoologically a kind of half-way house between the true crabs and the lobsters and their long-tailed neighbours. The hermit does not possess the well-developed tail of the lobster, but he can boast of a much superior tail to the crab. This tail, however, is soft and unprotected; so Pagurus, as the hermit is named, alips his appendage and body into the cast-off shell of a whelk or periwinkle; adheres to the shell by certain small 'feet' at the tip of his tail, and

defies the outer world at large when withdrawn into his abode, by placing the bigger of his two 'nippers' across the door of the shell and effectually closing the aperture of his domicile.

Amongst the near relatives of the hermit-crabs are one or two forms which deserve mention. Thus just as the land-crabs represent the terrestrial members of the Common-crab class, so we find in the West Indies a hermit-crab which likewise is a land-lover. This land-hermit creeps into the cast-off snail-shells, just as its sea-neighbour utilises those of the whelk, and has its breathing system modified for its land-existence. Then also, ranked amongst the hermits by zoologists, we find the famous *Birgus latro* or 'tree-crab,' also known as the 'cocoa-nut crab.' With its great pincers, this crab certainly smashes open the shells of cocoa-nuts, and exhibits in this operation not merely much dexterity, but great muscular power. Whether or not the crab climbs the trees in search of the nuts, is a moot-point. Exact observation is yet wanting here; but the facts of its vegetarian tendencies, and its dexterous manipulation of the nuts, are sufficiently notable points in the history of the *Birgus* tribe.

Space will hardly admit of our dwelling upon such 'queer crabs' as the little pea-crabs, which live inside mussel-shells and in the breathing sacs of sea-squirts, on the terms of friendly lodgers, if not of boarders as well. These latter are cases of animal association very difficult to explain. Nor can we do more than mention the curious glass-crabs which swim freely on the surface of the sea, and in which the body consists chiefly of two very flat, transparent plates, the front one of which bears the eyes, feelers, &c.; whilst the hinder possesses amongst its belongings eight pairs of limbs, and behind these again, comes the very short and rudimentary tail. The 'glass-crabs' only doubtfully claim from us a place in the list of 'queer crabs.' Good authority says they are most likely the young stages of lobster-like forms. If this be so, we may speculate on the time when, just as the *Zoëa* of old is now found in its proper place as the young crab, the 'glass-crabs' will have found their true place as the young of other crustaceans.

There are no more remarkable 'crabs,' with the mention of which we may bring this paper to a close, than the so-called 'king-crabs' or *Limuli*, of the Moluccas and West Indian Islands. Every museum contains specimens of these crabs, with their great broad horse-shoe-shaped 'heads,' and their long spinous tail, from the presence of which their name of 'sword-tails' has been derived. The 'king-crabs' are not 'crabs' in the zoological or ordinary sense of that word. They are very far removed indeed, from the ordinary crab in structure; and belong, so to speak, to a branch of the crustacean stem, distinct and separate from all the other branches. Looking at a king-crab, we are reminded mostly of the crabs of the past. Their nearest relatives are buried as fossils in the rocks of the far-back past of the world, and they therefore stand well nigh alone in the present array of crustacean life; although time was, when the king-crabs and their ancestors represented in themselves the aristocracy of the class. One set of extinct 'crabs' called 'Trilobites' in particular claims kindred with the king-crabs. The young king-crab is remarkably like these

fossil relatives. Hence we may conclude that as the old Trilobitic stock died out, the king-crabs as a later development remained to link a far-back period with our own times. The king-crabs are very peculiar in respect of their legs, of which there are some thirteen pairs in all, six of the front pairs surrounding the mouth, and curiously enough, serving to masticate and divide the food through the movements of their first or attached joints. The sword-tail is highly movable, and serves as a kind of lever to aid the animal in regaining its position when untoward circumstances have tossed it on its back.

The history of the crabs may be shown to teem with much interest even to the reader whose daily avocations lead him from zoological paths and by-ways. But the study of living nature is fortunately the exclusive property of no scientist, and belongs to no special age, sect, or school of thought. On the contrary, such studies in their freshness and variety appeal to all; and amongst the infinite diversity of subjects and the wide range of topics on which the seeking eye and understanding mind may alight, there are to be found many less instructive chapters, and few which, properly pursued, may lead to truer or wider notions of this universe, than the history of the crabs and their neighbour-kith and kin.

TOM'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

'WELL, sir, and what is the result of your inquiries?'

'Very favourable indeed,' I replied, as Squire Atheling, one of my oldest clients, sank into my own especial armchair and peered at me, inquiringly, from beneath the grizzled penthouse of his wrinkled brows. 'My agents in London have procured for me a copy of the late Mr Martin's will. The whole of his splendid property, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, is left unconditionally to the testator's niece, Christabel Martin, for her sole and separate use—that is, entirely free from the control or power of any husband whom she may have married or whom she may marry.'—

'Yes, yes; I know—I understand,' interrupted my client impatiently. 'Go on.'

'My agents have also ascertained,' I continued as I read from their letter, 'that the testator's property was in due time realised; and after the settlement of all claims, a balance of forty-five thousand pounds became payable to Christabel Martin—then widow of a Monsieur Favre, a French officer who was killed at Sedan.'

'Precisely so,' assented the Squire. 'It is just as she told me.'

'Inquiries have been made,' I resumed, as the old man once more gave me his attention, 'by my stockbroker, who, by a fortunate coincidence, happens to be the one employed by Madame Favre's solicitors, in pursuance of her wish, in the investment of this large sum; and they state that the different stocks and securities purchased by them for her, still stand in her name, the dividends and interest being remitted to her regularly every half-year.'

The Squire rubbed his thin hands together and gave a pleased chuckle as I finished. 'Eh,

Woollaston,' he exclaimed; 'a nice little nest-egg for a young widow free from encumbrances! Confess now, you are curious to know my motives for all these inquiries, eh?'

'It is for Tom,' he cried, as I admitted the impeachment.

Tom was the Squire's son—his only child. He had just entered his twenty-sixth year, and was a fine specimen of what the son and heir of the lord of the manor should be. He was a proficient in all the sports and pastimes of a rural life, and had a fair knowledge of farming and agriculture. His frank, good-humoured nature had won for him the good-will of all who knew him; while many a bright eye flashed and fair face flushed their testimony to the young Squire's good looks, as he rode through the village on his stont roan mare. His bright blue eyes, golden-brown curls, and fair complexion—though tanned to a darker hue by the sun—all bespoke his Saxon origin. Without being unduly extravagant, Tom was sufficiently liberal and open-handed to afford a pleasing contrast to the somewhat parsimonious and miserly proclivities of the Squire. His easy, good-tempered disposition enabled him to steer clear of many a threatening collision with the far less compliant temper of the latter; but behind the winning frankness of his smile, there was a look of sturdy, manly determination, that required but the occasion to bring it into action.

'For Tom?' I asked, as the Squire's shrewd twinkling eyes showed that some scheme, advantageous to his own interests, was being hatched in his plotting brain. 'How is Tom to become possessed of this nest-egg? Is he going to marry the wealthy widow?'

'Bravo, Woollaston!' cried the Squire, with a half-sneer. 'Your wisdom has actually discovered the secret. Yes; Master Tom is to become Madame Favre's husband number two. It will be a capital thing for him. She is young, good-looking; and an early life of poverty, before she inherited her uncle's wealth, has taught her economy. Yes—she knows the value of money, and will be a good check on the lad, who has a tendency in the opposite direction. And then, just think what an advantage to me and to the estate. I shall be able to save the allowance that I now make to Tom; for the income from her property will be more than enough for them to live on.'

'And what does Tom say to it?' I asked, for I was cognisant of a certain romantic episode in his life which might raise difficulties in the fulfilment of his father's wishes.

'Say to it! What should he say to it?' he asked with an ill-disguised contempt. 'I haven't told him yet; but he'll know better than to say no. Tom is a discreet lad, Woollaston. He knows on which side his bread is buttered.—No; you need not alarm yourself. There'll be no difficulty with him; and Madame Favre must be hard to please if he can't win her; for Tom's a likely fellow with the lasses.'

'But supposing he refuse,' I suggested; and as I spoke, a cruel, hard look came over the old man's shrivelled face and glittered in his cold, unfeeling eyes, that bespoke a relentless determination, if his will should be thwarted. 'Trust me to deal with him,' he said in grim tones, as he added with a cynical laugh: 'Your fears are

groundless, Woollaston. He likes comfort and ease too much to oppose himself to me, when poverty—miserable, biting poverty—would be the result; for I—I would discard him for it. Yes; I would cut him off with'—

'How did you meet with this fortunate lady?' I asked with covert irony, and anxious to lead the conversation into a less unpleasant channel.

'I met her at Fécamp, where that dolt-headed doctor sent me for my health; but I don't grudge the expense, since it is going to bring me so good a return. I was out walking one day,' he continued, 'and she was a few yards in front of me. I should not have noticed her, had not a savage-looking cur attacked her. I drove the brute away with my stick; and her gratitude for my protection made her rather friendly with me. We met several times afterwards; and she told me who she was and all about herself, her youth of penury, and then her uncle's unexpected legacy. She had been married only a few months when her husband was killed in battle, and she was left a young widow, unencumbered, and with a noble fortune of forty-five thousand pounds in good and sound investments, in addition to the small pension that I suppose she would receive from the French government as an officer's widow. I at once saw what a capital wife she would make for Tom; and as she was now impatient of the retirement in which she had lived at Fécamp since her widowhood, and was thinking of purchasing a house in England, I invited her over here, and have placed the dower-house at her disposal—you know it is just vacant—while she looks about her. Rather skilful diplomacy, eh? Your inquiries satisfy me that her fortune is safe. Yes; she is a fine woman, and so you'll say when you see her. She ought to be here by now. She was to arrive by the noon train. Perhaps I shall meet her. I wish Tom were here to go with me.'

Buttoning his coat across his chest, the stooping and weather-beaten, but still hale old man picked up his ivory-handled stick, and taking leave of me, marched from the room. I heard him pass through the outer office and into the street, as the clattering of a horse's hoofs smote my ears. Raising my eyes from the musty law tome into which I had been diving in search of an abstruse point of law that was puzzling my brains, I saw, through the window, that the horseman was young Tom Atheling on his roan mare. He stopped when he saw his father; and the old man stood on the side-path talking to his son as, with one hand, he patted Wheatear's graceful, glossy neck. The Squire was in a good humour, for he was pleased with himself; and as he laughed at some joke that Tom appeared to be telling him, a look of paternal pride and, perchance, affection—for even the hardest shell may hold a sweet kernel—lighted up the harsh lines and curves of his astute, hard-featured countenance. The cackling sounds of his chuckling laugh, mingling with the merry peal of Tom's full-toned joyous voice, reached me as I sat watching them. Just at that moment the solitary 'fly' that the village possessed, drove by. It had but one occupant, a lady, dressed in the deepest mourning. She raised her veil as she passed, and I saw that her face was wondrously fair and beautiful. 'Madame Favre!' I exclaimed to myself, as she inclined her head gracefully to the Squire,

who eagerly responded to the salutation. With gentlemanly courtesy—although a stranger to her—Tom raised his hat, and met the tender, pleading glance of her who, perchance, would prove his destiny, and seal his earthly career for good or ill, as the record of fate might have decreed for the house of Atheling.

CHAPTER II.

To explain a romance of which I believed Tom to be the hero, it is necessary to dip into the archives of the past. When Tom was about to enter his teens, a widow lady and her only child, a daughter of about eight or nine years of age, came to reside in a small house named Rosebank Cottage belonging to me, that stood about a mile from the entrance to Atheling Park. They were evidently in poor circumstances, and the small rose-embowered cottage had apparently been chosen more on the ground of economy than as a desirable residence; for although picturesque in appearance, it was very lonely, being situated some distance from the village, and also away from the high-road. They appeared, however, to live very happily; and a friendship was soon established between the pretty little black-eyed, gipsy-looking brunette and Master Tom, who was in the habit of riding in that direction to and from the school at the neighbouring market-town where he was being educated. Many a half-hour did he loiter away, while his pretty little playfellow had a scamper on his pony's back, heedless of the flight of time and the master's ominous frown and threatened birch; and amply rewarded by awakening the sane, happy laugh of enjoyment that rang so joyously from his little comrade's lips, and her mother's pleased words of thanks as she saw the bright looks and rosy-tinted cheeks of her darling.

Time crept on, and Tom returned from college to find his little child-mate, Jessica, a beautiful young woman, in whose presence he felt as shy as she apparently felt bashful in his. But he was pained by the altered looks of the mother; and his dire apprehensions of an approaching calamity soon received a fatal confirmation. Before many months had passed, Death had claimed her, and Jessica was now an orphan. Her only relatives were some friends of her mother's who resided in Paris. They came forward in her trouble, and generously offered her an asylum with them; which Jessica thankfully accepted. The evening before her departure, I was returning from a day's shooting, through a small wood near Rosebank Cottage. As I approached the house, the clouds rolled from the front of the moon, and before me I saw Tom Atheling. Poor little Jessica was clinging to him, and tears were glistening on her pretty cheeks as he held her to him. Then, as his love-enraptured face was pressed to hers, I slowly retraced my steps, and sought another and more distant path, rather than break rudely upon their happy young dream. My withered old heart had once known its romance, and the mystic melody was ever ready to sound at the touch of sympathy.

To return to my narrative. The next morning, after Madame Favre's arrival, I was sitting in my office, expecting a visit from the Squire, who had made an appointment with me about some matters relating to one of his leases, when

a messenger arrived from the Hall, asking me to go there, as the Master was prevented by a slight cold from coming to me. Several things detained me during the morning, and it was not till after luncheon that I was free to attend to the message.

When I arrived at the Hall, I was at once ushered into the picturesque old dining-room. The remains of the mid-day meal were still on the table, at which Tom was sitting with an unwonted flush on his handsome face. The Squire also was apparently labouring under some excitement, for his brow was knit, and his mouth was twitching with ominous portent. Yet, how well their two figures matched with the appointments of the room! A wainscoting of richly carved oak covered the walls and the ceiling, which—with the upper half of the wainscoting—was divided into panels, on which had been painted a series of pictures of the chase; the age-blackened wood, with its elaborate carvings of fruit and flowers and trophies of the hunt, forming a rich and quaintly fantastical frame to each time-mellowed specimen of the painter's skill. Tom, with his stalwart form clad in the hunters' pink, looked as if he had stepped forth from one of the pictures; and his father's thin, spare, but dignified figure, as he leaned forward in his large, old-fashioned chair, and with a black velvet skull-cap crowning his snowy hair, but added to the completeness of the scene.

'Perhaps you may be able to instil a little sense into this son of mine,' the old man began, as I entered.

I was about to make a reassuring reply, for I could perceive that I was approaching troubled waters, when Tom interposed. 'Had we not better stop the discussion, father?' he said in a quiet tone.

'Stop it? No!' shouted the old man angrily. 'I will have it settled now, once and for all.—What have you to say against Madame Favre? Nothing. Most young fellows would think themselves only too lucky to get the chance of wooing and winning a young and lovely woman with nearly fifty thousand pounds in her pocket. Bah! I've no patience with such folly.'

'I know nothing of Madame Favre, father,' said Tom, 'save what you have told me. But, as I have already said to you, it is out of my power to become a suitor for her heart and fortune.' The almost unconscious stress that he laid on the latter word, showed the contempt that he felt for the bribe for which he was asked to sell himself.

His father interrupted him impatiently. 'Tush, boy!' he cried, stamping his stick angrily on the ground; 'you've told me a cock-and-bull story—some entanglement that you have got into with some wretched girl. But what do I care for that? Woollaston, I daresay, will soon make that straight for you; for I'll be bound she's no better than she ought to be.'

The hot blood rushed over the young man's face at the insult implied by his father's words and tone, as he brought his clenched fist down on to the table with a ringing blow that made the china and glass shiver and dance. 'Father,' he cried in passionate angry tones, 'how dare you utter such an unfounded slander! I will not listen to such words—not even from you. That wretched girl, as you call her, is as sacred to me as if she

already were my wife, which she shall be before many weeks have passed over my head, so help me!'

'Hush!' I cried, as I stayed the utterance of the holy name that was on his lips. 'Not that, my boy.—Be calm. Remember that you are speaking to your father.'

'Ay—and he *shall* remember it,' came from the Squire's thin bloodless lips, as he turned his cold gray eyes on his angry son. 'Begone, sir, from my presence! No child of mine—though he be but my only one—shall use such language to me with impunity. Begone, sir; and never darken my doors again till you have learned the respect due to a father, and are prepared to accede to my wishes.'

Tom rose to his feet, and his face paled at his father's words. Like most of his high-spirited temperament, Tom's anger, once vent had been given to it, quickly died. 'Do you mean it, father?' he asked in a wistful, reproachful voice, as he turned his warm, loving eyes to his. Tom was a tender-hearted, affectionate fellow, and I knew, must feel his father's conduct a blow that was hard to bear. He might strike in anger, but not in revenge. The implacable spirit of the old man, however, was cast in a different mould. He screwed up his eyes, and pursing his lips together, sat as if no one had addressed him. Tom waited a moment, and then he said: 'You will shake hands, father, before I go—will you not?' He advanced a step towards him and held out his hand. 'Come, father,' he cried with manly spirit, as the Squire still sat with unmoved countenance, 'don't bear malice. I am sorry I cut up rough and spoke disrespectfully; but I could not keep quiet when you spoke so unjustly of one who is so dear to me. I'm not going to ask you to take me back. I have a fair amount of brains, and I daresay I shall have no difficulty in making a home for myself and -her.' How brave and hopeful his young voice sounded!

But the hard old man, whose life's affections had been blunted by his accursed thirst for gold, had no echo within him to the appeal thus made; hence he ignored the outstretched hand, turning his head away so as not to see it.

With a sigh, Tom left the room. I waited patiently for some signs of relenting; but the grim, hard-featured face was immovable.

'Ungrateful boy!' at last was the muttered exclamation as we heard the sounds of Tom's footsteps dying away in the distance as he crossed the flooring of the old hall on his way to his rooms to prepare for his departure. 'And after all the money that I have spent on him too!' continued the old man in a regretful tone. 'I only wish I had it all back again!'

No wish for the return of him who was the sole pledge of her who, now wrapped in the slumber of Death, had once, perchance, been as much to him as his now so greedily hoarded gold.

The Squire quickly, however, recovered the appearance at least of equanimity. He abruptly changed the subject; and for the next two hours, we devoted ourselves to the dry details of business. I watched him curiously, for the betrayal of any signs of feeling; but apparently, all was dead within him. His attention to the subject we were discussing was closer than mine; for I was feeling saddened and shaken by the scene that I had

witnessed and been powerless to prevent. Almost unconsciously, I was cogitating in my mind a plan for the reconciliation of father and son, when the Squire brought our discussion to a sudden end. 'There!' he cried, thrusting away from him a paper relating to one of his farm-leases; 'upon those terms, I will grant a renewal of the lease; and if there is any objection to the increased rent, I shall have no difficulty in finding others who will accept my conditions.'

Feeling that the interview was at an end, I rose, and began putting on my gloves. Suddenly, the sound of wheels in the front of the house made the Squire turn to the window. My eyes followed the direction of his, and, as he held himself back, I saw that it was Tom in the dogcart, at the back of which were placed a big portmanteau and a railway-rug. A large and favourite retriever rushed out to follow him, and began barking and leaping about the horse's head. Tom leaned down from his seat and, affectionately patting the animal's head, called to the groom to take him back to his kennel. The man having done so, returned; and then, with a gentle flick of the whip, the mare started forward down the long elm-flanked drive that fronted the Hall; and still the old man stood watching the retreating figures. After about a quarter of a mile, there was a bend in the avenue. As Tom reached it, he turned his face for a last look at the old roof-tree that had sheltered his ancestors for so many by-gone generations. The last rays of the setting sun played through the tall branches of the trees, and, as the discarded light disappeared from view, the bright rays faded, and the cold wintry wind, with a melancholy whistling-sough, caught the last leaves of the dying Autumn, and sent them rustling and whirling to the ground.

Did no tender feeling awake within the father's breast as his boy—his only child—went from his sight? Was it fancy; or did the cold gray eyes glisten with a strange, unwonted emotion, as the sound of the distant wheels died on our ears?

'He will come back—and obedient to my wishes,' murmured the now childless father in a low and slightly husky voice. It seemed to me that the words were uttered more as a set-off of bravado for the temporary softening influence that had crept over their utterer, than because he had faith in them; and as I mournfully wended my way homewards from the silent house, I hoped that, though the shell was very hard, the kernel might not be quite withered, and that there might still lurk some sweetness in its shrivelled folds.

LIFE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

NOVA SCOTIA is most appropriately named. It is similar in many respects to Scotland, though its area is little more than half that of the old country. It possesses large pine forests; has many lakes and rapid rivers; hills nearly equal in altitude to the highest in Scotland; and a climate which, although warmer in summer, is yet in winter covered with snow, much as in North Britain. The traveller who visits Nova Scotia, usually lands at Halifax, the chief town, or city as it is termed, which is provided with a splendid harbour not unlike that of Plymouth. On the left, as you

enter, there are eminences some two hundred feet above the sea, on the summit of which is a fort, termed York Redoubt. On the right is a lovely wooded island termed McNab's, on which there is also a powerful fort; and a third fort on a small island in the middle of the harbour. Halifax is located on the left side of the harbour; whilst opposite to it is the pretty little town of Dartmouth. The shore on the Halifax side is provided with a number of wooden wharfs, so arranged that the sidings offer every facility for small vessels, steamers, &c. to discharge and receive their cargoes.

The town of Halifax is not imposing. With few exceptions the houses are constructed of wood, and are small and mean-looking, especially near the landing-place. The streets are ill-paved and dirty; and although there are numbers of men who apparently have no means of subsistence, and poverty is indicated by their appearance, yet such manual labour as clearing the mud off the streets in wet weather, or removing large stones from the middle of the roads in dry weather, is rarely employed. Here and there, we find well-built stone or brick buildings, belonging to some of the leading merchants; then, probably next door, a tumble-down wooden hovel. The whole place has a look of patchwork about it. It is, moreover, badly drained; and the consequence is that diphtheria is very prevalent, whole families of children being frequently carried off by this preventable disease.

The most beautiful part of Halifax is that termed the Western Arm, where an estuary of the sea runs inland about two miles, and is about half a mile broad. On its banks there are villas with gardens sloping down to the water, and possessing a south-west aspect. The rise and fall of the tide is rarely more than five feet; and the sea-water is clear and blue, as it is off Madeira.

Halifax is well supplied from the surrounding country with every necessary in the way of food. The beef and mutton are as good as in England; whilst poultry, butter, eggs, and vegetables are plentiful and cheap. An excellent market on Saturday enables the country-people to dispose of their farm supplies. This market is an interesting scene. First you see the stolid Scotch emigrant, with a cow and calf for sale, or some turkeys and fowl, vegetables of all kinds, or a load of hay. Next him may be seen the Miamae Indian with his squaw, disposing of fresh eggs, butter, and cream. Then, again, a thorough negro, a descendant of the liberated slaves, with a large basket of beautiful ferns; or some baskets made by themselves, and filled with wild strawberries, raspberries, or some of the numerous other edible berries that grow wild in profusion; for Nova Scotia is the land of wild fruits.

The climate of Nova Scotia, although very fine, is yet peculiar. From about the middle of November till about the early part of April, the climate is almost arctic in its severity; during

January and February the thermometer often falls to ten and fifteen degrees below zero. Snow falls in abundance, and the soil is ice-bound. During May and a part of June, the weather is objectionable. Fogs, damp winds, and steamy weather prevail. The melting of the snow and ice causes the country to be soft and muddy, and it is then unhealthy. By the end of June, fine weather sets in; and spring, then summer, rush, as it were, to make up for lost time. In an interval of a fortnight, the climate changes, and becomes almost tropical, the thermometer running up sometimes to above ninety degrees in the shade. The nights, however, are invariably cool and pleasant. Vegetation progresses with equal rapidity; flowers come to maturity, and plants pass on to the development of leaves, in as many days as it occupies them weeks in England. From August to November—called the 'Fall'—the weather is lovely—fine clear warm days, mild nights, and a fresh feeling that is enjoyable.

The soil in Nova Scotia is very fruitful; and little manure is required. Everything grows rapidly and well, and the necessaries of life consequently are abundant. Cattle, pigs, sheep, and poultry thrive, and can be obtained at prices far less than those paid for the same articles in England. The sea on the coast of Nova Scotia abounds with cod, haddock, mackerel, smelt, and other kinds of small fish. In a few hours, any amateur with a hook and line can catch pounds-weight of fish. Lobsters and oysters are also plentiful. A regiment which arrived at Halifax intended giving a lunch, and considered lobster salad an essential. One of the messmen was sent down town to buy a pound's-worth of lobsters. The man obeyed his orders, and returned with a cask containing about one hundred! The retail price for a fair-sized lobster is ten cents—about fivepence; but when bought wholesale, of course are cheaper. Oysters are found on the coast, of excellent quality; but the best come from America. There are no finer oysters in the world than those termed Silver Stream and Shrewsbury. They are about the size and shape of English Natives, but finer in flavour; and as they are fresh from the sea and not muffled, they possess the true oyster flavour. A barrel of these oysters can be purchased in Nova Scotia at the price of eightpence a dozen.

About the middle of November, winter sets in. The cold is guarded against by putting up double windows to the houses, using large hall stoves termed 'base burners,' which are so constructed that they feed themselves with fuel when properly loaded, and consequently burn all night without being attended to. By opening or closing small apertures in these burners, the heat can be regulated, and the halls and passages kept at any required temperature, varying from fifty to seventy degrees. A particular kind of coal termed 'hard coal' is required for these stoves. With these precautions, a house is always pleasantly warm, although outside the thermometer may indicate ten degrees below zero.

As soon as the snow and ice period set in, the winter amusements begin. Sleighs with their jingling bells take the place of wheeled vehicles. Omnibuses have their wheels unshipped, and 'runners' take their place. Snow-shoes are made ready, and snow-shoe clubs arrange their meetings. Skates are sharpened, fur coats and caps taken out from their camphor-guarded boxes, and preparations set on foot to make the best of five months of snow and ice. The rinks in Nova Scotia become the daily resort of those who have no special business to attract them elsewhere, and skating in its most perfect style is then seen. Each year, one or two carnivals take place on these rinks, and they are scenes to be remembered. To see gathered together some four or five hundred ladies and gentlemen in fancy dress, all first-class skaters, winding and twisting, yet rarely colliding, is an exhibition only to be witnessed in a country where the people are nearly as often on ice as they are on solid ground.

The water in the rinks is frozen solid, and in the following manner. About six inches of water are first let in on the flooring; when this is frozen solid, a few more inches of water are let in, and frozen; and so on, till about two feet of solid ice are in the rink. When a thaw takes place, the water on the surface of the ice is pushed off by india-rubber scrapers, and the ice is still good. Consequently, long after it has ceased to freeze out of doors, skating under cover is practicable.

The amount of snow-fall varies considerably during different years. During some winters, snow covers the ground from December to April, and sleighs are used without interruption. In other winters, the snow lasts only a few days, and then disappears. When this is the case, the roads are very bad, as sleighs cannot always be used, and wheels sink deep in the soft ground. Plenty of snow is considered a blessing during a Nova Scotian winter.

One of the most exciting amusements during the winter is 'tobogganing.' A slope of considerable length is selected, either the side of a hill or a road; on this the toboggan is placed, and consists of a couple of thin planks fastened together, turned up in the front, and shod with 'runners.' On this toboggan, two people usually sit, and glide down over the snow at a pace that rivals an express train. Sometimes six or seven people will travel down on one large toboggan; and by using a leg as a sort of rudder, the toboggan can be steered to a nicety.

In the matter of sport—in every lake and river, trout can be caught, similar to the trout in England; in some few lakes, grayling also can be taken. Some years ago, salmon were plentiful in every river in Nova Scotia; but although game-laws have been framed by the government of Canada for the protection of salmon, and also for the preservation of game, these laws are practically useless. The destruction of salmon is being rapidly accomplished in Nova Scotia; and during last year, salmon was as rarely seen on any table as venison is on that of the working-man in England. The principal cause of the destruction of salmon is reckless netting and spearing, and also the fact, that the sawdust from mills is allowed to pollute some of the finest salmon rivers.

Spearing salmon is a favourite amusement of the poacher, and is accomplished in a manner

similar to what used to be called 'burning the water' in Scotland. A canoe or flat-bottomed boat is used; and at the head and stern, a piece of birch bark is blazing. The canoe is then gently pushed over the pools at night; and when the water is clear, the salmon can be distinctly seen lying near the bottom. The spear is about ten feet long, has a barbed point, and a fork of wood, which is so shaped that it opens when the fish is struck, and then closes round it. By this means, the whole of the salmon in the pools may be either captured, or so badly wounded that they die. If the salmon were some terrible enemy whose extermination were desirable, no more effective method could be practised to insure its destruction. Of course the law forbids spearing; but either from disinclination, shortsightedness, or incapacity, it is not efficiently carried out. Consequently, at present it is only by paying a large sum for a river, or visiting the most out-of-the-way localities, that even fair salmon-fishing can be obtained.

The sport for which Nova Scotia is famous is moose-shooting. This sport, however, is dying out; and before long it will probably be extinct. The moose is the largest of the deer tribe, and stands, when full grown, seventeen or eighteen hands high. It is a denizen of the large pine forests and swamps, and is rarely seen in the open except when alarmed and retreating. There are three methods of hunting the moose, which are at present allowed. The first and most popular is 'calling'; the second is 'creeping'; and the third is running the moose down, when the snow is deep. The calling commences on the 15th September, and is practised in the following manner. The sportsman selects some Indian of the Micmac tribe as his assistant who is a good caller; provides himself with a stock of provisions; takes a second Indian as a camp-keeper, and travels to some part of the country where it is reported moose have been seen or their tracks are abundant. Having formed the camp, the sportsman starts about two hours before daybreak to some elevated position, and where he can obtain a good view round. The Indian has peeled a strip of bark about a foot long from a birch-tree, and has rolled this into the shape of a frustum of a cone, to form the 'call.' Standing on a rock or small tree, the Indian then calls through his trumpet, giving an imitation of the call of the female moose for her mate. This call is repeated at intervals of five or ten minutes. If a bull-moose be within hearing, he will come straight to it until within one or two hundred yards. He then gets cautious, and waits listening, or tries to circle and get to leeward of where the call came from. Sometimes he comes on recklessly to within a few yards of where the sportsman is concealed; and if not then shot, it is the fault of the hunter himself. Late in the evening and early in the morning are the times selected for calling. There is a certain amount of excitement about this method; but to the thorough sportsman it savours of poaching.

The next plan requires greater skill and perseverance, and is that usually practised by the solitary Indian. The moose, during the daytime, remains quiet in the woods. Previous to selecting any locality as his resting-place, he walks round in a circular course, the diameter of his circle being about a mile. Having by his keen scent discovered that there is no danger, he then walks

into the centre of the circle, and either feeds or lies down. The Indian coming across this trail, follows it, and forms usually a very good idea of where the moose is located. He then creeps through the forest, peeping in all directions; and at length, if successful, gets a shot at the animal. The best condition for this creeping is immediately after rain, for then the leaves on the ground being wet, do not crackle when trodden upon. Also if a strong breeze is blowing, the noise made by the branches of the trees conceals any sound made by the Indian creeping through the forest. When the snow is two or three feet deep, and the surface has been thawed and has then frozen again, the moose is at the mercy of the hunter. The animal, from its weight, breaks through the thin crust of ice, and is consequently impeded in its movements; its legs also get cut by the broken ice; whereas the hunter, on his snow-shoes, skims over the surface with as much ease as he would over a lake on skates. The moose, consequently, is run to a stand-still, and shot.

Unfortunately for the hunter, the moose, in addition to being very wary, is also very scarce. It is not an uncommon thing for one or two good sportsmen to travel some two or three hundred miles to their hunting-ground, to pass three weeks in the forest, to expend thirty or forty pounds each, and fail to see a single moose. There is very variable luck also in moose-hunting, as the following fact will prove. Two hunters had been out during a fortnight in a likely moose district; they had each day walked twenty or thirty miles in the forest, but had not seen a moose; consequently, they gave up trying, packed up their camp equipage, and started for the farm from which they could drive to the railway station. When within a mile of the farm, they came face to face with a bull-moose which was feeding near the road, and there shot him. Moose-flesh is excellent eating; it looks like beef, but has the flavour of venison.

During September, the time when the moose-hunter is out, the woods in Nova Scotia are lovely. The maple, birch, and other leaves change to all the colours of the rainbow. The lakes, which abound in the country, are pale blue in colour, and reflect the crimson, yellow, pink, and green colours of the forest trees. The climate is also charming; warm by day, and just chilly by night, with occasionally a slight frost; the sweet scent of the spruce-trees, the fresh air one breathes, and the exercise, being excellent restorers of health.

Nova Scotia offers a fine field to the hard-working agriculturist with a small capital. The soil is very fruitful, and the necessities of life are easily procured. Land is cheap, and wood abundant. The coal-mines of the country are almost inexhaustible; and gold is found in nearly every part of the country. There are few countries in the world where the emigrant is likely to suffer less either from the climate or from the want of the necessities of life; but it is not a country in which a rapid fortune is to be made, except by successful trade or some lucky chance. As yet, however, it is a young country. Capital is required to bring out many of its hidden treasures. Gold-mining alone, if properly worked, would form one important source of occupation for thousands; whilst farming for home-produce would

always bring a fair remuneration; and consequently, Nova Scotia ought to be better known than it is, and its advantages more appreciated.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF REPORTING.

It would be manifestly unfair—as we have on former occasions admitted—to credit the compositor, who has quite enough to answer for in respect of his own misdeeds, with all or even most of the curious and ridiculous things that appear in our newspapers. A very considerable share of these is traceable to the editorial, sub-editorial, telegraphic, and reporting departments; and the last-mentioned source has proved as prolific as any of the others, if not more so. It would not be easy to name any sphere of literary work in which there is greater scope and opportunity for bungling, and in which a man's capabilities may be more readily gauged, than that of the newspaper reporter. Of reporters as a class, it may be said that they are on the whole capable and intelligent men, who fully appreciate the responsibilities of their office, and conscientiously endeavour to discharge their onerous functions in a thorough and business-like fashion. Yet in this as in all other professions there are to be found careless, inexperienced, and incompetent persons, whose inefficiency is inevitably reflected from time to time in their work.

In the course of an introductory lecture to his students, the late Professor Hodgson on one occasion remarked that the economic world was 'a chaos of discordant and conflicting atoms, with only a superficial and deceptive resemblance of peace.' What must have been the feelings of the Professor when he found next morning that one of the newspapers had made him speak of the economic world as 'a chaos of discordant and conflicting demons!' In this instance, the word 'atoms,' which in phonography somewhat resembles 'demons,' was so translated, having been imperfectly written.

A much more extraordinary series of blunders which had occurred in the same way—that is, by the misinterpretation of shorthand characters—appeared some time ago in a Glasgow paper. The Rev. Fergus Ferguson was the victim on this occasion; and he, in the course of a second letter to the Editor on the subject, says: 'The report was, in all essentials, as remarked in your note, and already admitted by me, a reproduction of the opening passages of the lecture, followed by a correct outline of the whole. But, in support of the suggestion I have made as to the origin of the mistakes, I may say that "exhibited" occurs twice for explicit, "doctrines" for documents, "nations" for notions, "invaluable" twice for infallible, "unions" for communions, and, in a very important passage, "good" for God.' It is but fair to the inventor of phonography to say that only very bad or careless writing could have led to such an exhibition of inaccuracy.

Imperfect hearing is a common source of error. In a report of a Roman Catholic festival in Dumfries some years ago, where there was a good deal of noisy demonstration, a reverend Father was repre-

sented as having appealed to his hearers whether they should longer be degraded by the presence of 'the triangle' in Rome. It was the presence of Victor-Emmanuel to which the reverend gentleman objected; and the mistake can only be accounted for by a misapprehension on the part of the reporter, in consequence, no doubt, of the rapid articulation of the speaker and the enthusiastic response of the audience. It was probably under somewhat similar circumstances that a temperance orator was made to speak about getting farther and farther from the 'Land of Promise,' when he was only deploring retrogression from the 'van of progress.'

Reports are liable to be rendered misleading or absurd in the process of condensation. A large proportion of our public oratory is exceedingly 'spongy,' and easily 'squeezed' into the required compass; at the same time it is often necessary greatly to condense speeches and lectures, almost every word of which, were space available, would be worthy of reproduction. In such circumstances, the reporter must exercise his discretion and ingenuity in reducing into the most concentrated form the opinions and statements with which he has to deal. It would not do to dismiss the oration, as an American paper recently did a lecture on Ireland's miseries, with the words—'It is too long to report and too good to condense.' An intelligible account of the matter must be given, though 'in a line,' as the editor's instructions frequently are. There may, however, be such a thing as condensation overdone. Perhaps the funniest instance of this on record is one which occurred in a report of the inauguration of the Bruce Statue at Lochmaben, in the autumn of 1879. On that occasion, a vote of thanks was awarded to the Rev. William Graham, Newhaven, for the part he had taken in promoting the statue, and in acknowledging the compliment, the reverend gentleman quoted the lines:

I've travelled east, I've travelled west,
E'en dreamt I've been in Eden;
But Bruce's birthplace takes the gree;
There's nae place like Lochmaben.

This was spoken in the open air, amid tremendous cheering, and with an involuntary pause at the end of every line. One of the reporters, curiously, failed to recognise the poetic form of the words, and selecting this as the most remarkable part of the speech, not only wrote it out in the form of prose, but summarised it, and gave it in the third person. It accordingly appeared as follows: 'Mr Graham, in responding, said he had travelled east and west, and had even dreamed he was in Eden; but Bruce's birthplace took "the gree"—there was no place like Lochmaben.' (It may be well to explain that the Scotch phrase "takes the gree" signifies unequalled.)

Sometimes a report is incomplete because the reporter has not succeeded in procuring the necessary information, or, for some other reason, is unable to accomplish his task. It is seldom, however, that one comes across such a refreshingly candid confession as that of the gentleman who concluded his report of a banquet with the statement—'It is not distinctly remembered who made the last speech.' This recalls an account of the speech of the evening at a Burns Anniversary Dinner, which stated that 'the cloth being

removed, after a very excellent dinner, the Chairman addressed the meeting for ten minutes, in a strain of eloquence so overpowering that there was not a dry eye in the room; and though several skilful shorthand writers were present, not one of them seemed inclined or felt it possible to attempt the exercise of his art. The impression of this speech will be long felt; but it is impossible by an effort of memory to give any conception of the enthusiasm, feeling, and glowing expression evinced on this occasion. Without in the least disparaging the Chairman's oratory, one can hardly restrain the suspicion that something still more overpowering was responsible for the loss to the world of this panegyric on the poet.

A good story is told about the banquet given by the Corporation of London to the Prince of Wales, on his return from India. It was arranged that the gathering, which was to be one of great splendour, should take place on a Thursday evening. A London penny-a-liner thought he would write an account of the banquet for the metropolitan newspapers. Failing to get a ticket of admission, he was neither defeated nor discouraged. With a fertile pen and an uncommon power of imagination, he sat down and prepared his narrative. Not satisfied with producing an ordinary paragraph, he wrote a comparatively long report. He began by describing the procession from Marlborough House to the Guildhall, the cordial greeting and tumultuous cheering of the crowds that lined the streets, and the personal appearance of the Prince and Princess of Wales. His capacity for descriptive writing was not exhausted here. Other important figures in the group that gathered round the Lord Mayor's board were elaborately drawn, and an astonishing power of detail was expended on the more prominent statesmen who sat on the right and left of the civic dignitary. Special care was taken with Lord Beaconsfield, who was described as pale and worn out, in consequence of a severe stress of work mingled with anxiety. Lord Derby, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the First Lord of the Admiralty were also portrayed with more or less exactness; and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress had the full benefit of a graceful and easy pen. A minute account of the magnificent decorations was also given, the knowledge of flowers manifested in the description being almost equal to that possessed by any gardener. The proceedings were then reported in detail. First, of course, came the toast of 'The Queen,' followed by the playing of the National Anthem and the other customary loyal toasts. Then came the Lord Mayor's speech in proposing the toast of the evening, in which the remarkable social and genial qualities of the Prince of Wales were referred to, and suitable allusion was made to the great advantages which His Royal Highness must have derived from his visit to India. A brief philosophical dissertation followed respecting the immense blessings which the visit had conferred upon the Indian people, and, finally, a peroration on the prospective advantages of the journey in building up and cementing our noble Indian Empire. All the usual 'hear, hears' and 'loud cheers' were carefully inserted. Equally detailed was the reply of the royal guest, the Prince himself; while the toast of 'Her Majesty's

ministers' and the reply of the Earl of Beaconsfield were likewise written out at considerable length. Other speeches were briefly summarised; and some account of the closing proceedings and the music brought the report to an end.

This ingenious fabrication was so cleverly executed that the deception might not have been discovered had it not been for one simple but fatal mistake. The reporter thought the banquet was on the Wednesday instead of the Thursday evening. About eleven o'clock, therefore, on the former night he sent the report to several London and provincial newspapers, in some instances carrying it himself. The amusement the affair occasioned in the newspaper offices that night may be imagined. The unfortunate journalist was not seen in that neighbourhood for ten months after, and it was believed that he had entirely deserted the profession. Of late, however, there has been some reason to fear that he has resumed his old practices. If this suspicion is unfounded, it can only be said that his mantle appears to have fallen upon some no less gifted adventurer in the field of romance. How otherwise are we to account for the following letter, which a member of parliament had occasion to write to the *Daily News* in December last?—'Sir, in the *Daily News* of to-day there appears what purports to be a report of a speech I addressed to my constituents at Dunfermline last night. I think it right to state that it is a pure fabrication. Had it been merely an incorrect report, I should not have troubled you on the subject; but although it follows the sequence of my topics, I cannot recognise a single sentence as my own, but from beginning to end the words and phrases are the creation of some one else. In proof of what I say, I beg to enclose a copy of a fairly accurate report, which appears in the *Scotsman* of to-day.'

Ignorance and carelessness on the part of reporters have led to some very amusing blunders. 'Fratricide at Haddington' was the title given some time ago in an Edinburgh paper to the case of a man who was tried for the murder of his father. An American reporter once transformed the quotation, 'Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas,' into: 'I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates, said Major Veritas.' The next morning's feelings of the orator to whose words this extraordinary rendering was given may be more easily imagined than described.

It was a Welsh reporter who headed a paragraph—'Suicide of Two Persons—Statement of the One that Survived.' This seems more like a product of the sister isle, and if the writer was not of Hibernian birth or extraction, he might at all events claim affinity in genius. The erroneous use of the word 'other' has occasioned many a curious blunder. A Scotch paper recently announced that 'a man named Alexander Buchanan, and two other women,' were charged with assault.

Nothing is more ridiculous than some of the attempts at fine writing, resulting usually in pointless euphuism, indulged in by some young, eccentric, or would-be eloquent writers for the press. Mr T. A. Reed, in his *Reporter's Guide*, cautions youthful aspirants against this snare, and points out the absurdity of saying that 'Sol's effulgent rays illumined the scene with unaccus-

tomed brightness,' instead of simply recording that the sun shone brightly. As Mr Reed observes, however, such bald simplicity would be too much to expect from a young and ardent 'contemporary historian.' Singularly enough, these flights seem to occur more frequently in descriptions of the weather than in almost any other connection. This was how a poetic youth wanted to inform the prosaic world that there had been a fall of snow: 'The angels rustled their wings at the hour when Aurora goes forth to fulfil her mission, and the earth was covered with a fleecy mantle of white.' But the editor quietly dropped it into the waste-basket, and wrote instead, 'Snow fell this morning.' Here is an example, from a country paper, of the ambitious style of a weather paragraph: 'After a long period of unsettled weather, it must have gladdened every one yesterday morning when the sun, with all his glorious brilliancy and splendour, shone forth, with golden ray scattering cloud and mist, and with his cheering beams and glowing smile causing the birds to sing, the trees of the forest to rejoice, and the flowers of the field to unfold themselves in bright array.' It was also a country brother who thus began a paragraph announcing the sudden demise of a local shoemaker: 'We are being constantly reminded of the inexorability of Death—the certain, and it may be sudden visit of "the angel with the amaranthine wreath," as Death is so beautifully designed by Longfellow; and it is our painful duty to-day to chronicle the melancholy fact that one who had played his part, and played it well in life, has passed through Nature to Eternity.'

The reporter is often blamed by speech-makers for condensing their orations. A reporter, responding to the toast of 'The Press,' told his hearers that they were often much more indebted to the representatives of the press for what they left out of their reports than for what they gave; and there was a great deal of truth in the remark. By reproducing all the silly and childish things that are said at public meetings, reporters might, if they chose, make the speakers appear in a most unenviable light, while by judicious condensation they almost every day make presentable, and even telling, speeches which, as spoken, were incoherent, rambling, and, it may be, ungrammatical. The reporters in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales recently dealt with one of the members in a way which ought to act as a salutary warning to him and other too exacting orators. This gentleman, angry at the abridgment of his speeches, joined with others in demanding that full reports should be given; and the reporters accordingly granted his desire, printing several of his subsequent orations verbatim, to the great amusement of the public, and the mortification of the member himself.

Reporters as a rule are persevering men, and like to give good value for their services. A good story is told of Lord Palmerston's experience of importunate reporters. A London scribe having heard that his Lordship was to be present at an archery meeting in a small country village in Hampshire, posted down to the place and attended the meeting. Lord Palmerston's task was to distribute prizes to some half-dozen blushing young ladies, and the whole company present did not number much above a score.

His Lordship performed the task with his customary grace and good-humour, giving the young ladies a kindly pat on the head, but making only the most commonplace observations. The reporter waited anxiously in his place until, to his horror, he saw the proceedings brought to a close without any formal speech from the Premier. This was more than he could stand. He rushed from his corner to the noble Lord, who was passing out of the room. 'My lord, I beg your pardon, but really this won't do.'

'What do you mean?' was the reply of the astonished statesman.

'Why, you've made no speech! I've come all the way from London to report it, and I must have a speech of some sort.'

Whereupon, it is on record that the good-tempered old gentleman turned back, and detained the retreating audience for twenty minutes, while he gave them a genial dissertation on the good qualities of English women in general, and of Hampshire lasses in particular.

SEAWARD.

Thin long surf whitens up the bay,
Fringing the yellow sand with pearl;
And treacherous the rippled spray,
Sway to and fro, and dash and curl!
They whisper softly to her feet
Who lingers lonely on the sand,
Still looking seaward, with her sweet
Dark eyes overshadowed by her hand.
Her loosened hair is backward blown,
And brightens in the noonday light;
And the fresh landward breeze has thrown
Soft colour on her cheek's cold white.

Is it to watch the sea-bird shoot
On sunny wings above the foam,
She lingers with reluctant foot,
All lonely from her cottage home?
Is it to watch the waters fret
And toss their snowy foam like a froe,
Her tender long-lashed eyes are set
So often to the windy sea?
Is it to mark the archer's hue
Where the deep heavens and ocean meet,
The golden melting in the blue
So softly, that she stays her feet?

There is a bark with snowy sail,
And pennon fluttering in the wind,
Bright foam about her bows, a trail
Of broken waters far behind:
She leans before the breeze, she flies
Bird-like, with pinions widely set:—
And now in seaward-looking eyes
Heart-weary shades no longer fret.
Sail on! fair bark, amid the spray;
Sail on! and safely shoreward run:
Break on, soft ripples, up the bay;
And know, sweet maid, thy vigil done.

G. LOGAN MOORE, A.B.

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FILLING LITTLE PITCHERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'LITTLE pitchers have large ears,' says the proverb, as a warning to talkers. Why is not there another proverb to put old folks on their guard about the talking specially meant for small pitchers—that is, little folks—to hear. The proverb might be, 'Little pitchers have narrow necks.' Very narrow, indeed, are their necks, though they stand up straight, and mostly open wide-tipped at the top, as if eager to be filled. In shape they are not unlike the vessel pictured in the old fable-book where the crane asks the fox to dinner. They are fragile vessels too. It is a law running through all Nature, that what is finely organised is easily spoiled, and that whatever is most delicately beautiful is also most perishable. Now, this law applies to the little pitchers, and it makes the filling process a dangerous one. Yet they have to hold something, or they are of but little use. Somehow, they must be filled wholly or in part; some one must manage to do it; and something good must be put in them, even though it be but a few drops.

How, then, are they to be filled? How fast, and how far, and with what? Some people are content with pouring in a little—slowly, gently; but most people have a different idea of the duty and capacity of little pitchers. They are in a hurry to show them off brimful all at once. They turn on a strong tap of knowledge, and grasp the slender little thing tight under the deafening torrent—most of which is only pretending to go in, and surging out again, and dashing over the sides. Or else they try to produce a supply of prodigious pitchers, by mustering them in crowds, and discharging the precious liquid in volleys and volumes, a bucketful at a time. A grand quantity is discharged, but very little is retained. And it is well for those weak little pitchers if the shock does not send some of them rolling over, spilling half what they had already, and leaving them chipped and fractured, to stand up patiently

for more perhaps, but never again to be so fair and perfect, even in the glory of being brimful, as they might have been in simple soundness and half-emptiness. But worse than this. There may be some one—poor prodigy of a little pitcher!—smashed by the fall, under that douche of water that could not go down the narrow neck; or if it be not ruined yet, it may be cracked so that it must break asunder soon in the world's wear and tear. And when once it has had such a fall as that, not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men—no, nor all the pitcher-fillers and pitcher-menders in the kingdom—can set it right again. They may patch it and cement it, and it may hold together long enough then in a quiet corner; but be it known to them all that when the poor little pitcher was so beautifully and lovingly made, it was not made to be broken; it was to have a noble use because a real use in the world, though perhaps a very simple use.

Let us, then, keep in mind our proverb, 'Little pitchers have narrow necks,' and ask, How are they to be filled? How fast? How far? With what?

First of all, how fast? That depends entirely upon the capacity of the vessel—the natural ability of the child's mind; and there are not two of them alike. Very rapid pitcher-filling is, for instance, to be found in the Life of John Stuart Mill. As a young child, he had an amazing aptitude for serious learning, and his father had an equally amazing determination that he should learn. The boy passed direct from babyhood to student-life; he seems to have tumbled out of the cradle into the classics. 'I have no remembrance,' he wrote, 'of the time when I began to learn Greek; I have been told that it was when I was three years old.' He began Latin in his eighth year, having read by that time a host of Greek authors, some of which he avows it was impossible to understand. As to English reading, at that mature age he had already gone through a whole historical library, including Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, some volumes of Rollin, Burnet, Watson, and Hooke, Millar's Historical View of

the English Government; and much more. But was he a child at all? And who could have chatted and played with a seven-year-old wisecracker?

Five-year-old scholars of a very different sort are to be found peopling the little ones' gallery in any of the Board schools. Compulsory education snatches these pinafores from their mud-pies and doorstep convocations. There is a kindness, even though a hard kindness, in thus gathering them in out of the city by-streets, or placing them for the best hours of the day in airy rooms and by warm winter-fires, in exchange for their greater freedom in the foul air of close-unhealthy rooms with cheerless hearths in winter. But how the new regimen and the awful heights of infantile study must stagger the courage of these wee scholars! Think of the whole alphabet rushing upon them all at once, a confusion of hieroglyphics and of disconnected sounds, with the future prospect of being expected to decipher pages where the letters seem to unaccustomed eyes too small and close to be rightly seen. How little children ever learn to read, is one of the greatest mysteries in the world, as the almost natural familiarity of deciphering not letters but the sequence of ideas at a glance, is one of its grandest wonders. Pity the five-year-old scholars, then, in their stupendous difficulties, and don't keep their quicksilver spirits too quiet, or hurry their lessons too fast. Let them sing their tables, and refresh them with the blithe ballad of the Cock-sparrow, before passing on to give them their first lesson in the great art of putting two and two together.

And here may be the right place for a word about the Kindergarten system, and also about the custom of teaching by means of games. The object lessons of the Kindergarten plan are excellent for little children; it teaches them, too, in various ways, ornamental and useful, to do simple work with those little hands, which open first upon the world only able to clutch and hold like a pair of polyps, or as unwieldy for use as a couple of little pink starfish. It is a great thing to teach little children to use their hands dexterously, even in putting together toys, or working with coloured wool, or copying simply with a pencil. Another task, still better, is to teach them to use their voice. Beside the perfection of the voice in speaking, we have to think of the development of the voice as an aid to health. Just as the senses develop with practice, and the muscles increase with exercise, the lungs—on which the security and long lease of life often depend—are strengthened and developed by use. It is well known that singing, instead of wearing out the lungs, strengthens the chest; and the singing voice—a great gift in itself—often depends on the early use of the lungs and throat. A quiet, silent, subdued child will rarely have roundness and strength in the later singing voice, though sweetness and compass there may be, the quality of the voice being independent of the force of the sound. The most notable illustration of voice-develop-

ment is in the theory that Italian babies become Italian singers because the mother so often goes out to her field and vineyard labour, leaving the baby to keep house, hanging swathed and bagged against the cottage wall, and most likely developing its lungs for an hour or two before she comes back. But in teaching children, it must be borne in mind that if it is wrong to suppress outdoor shouting, it is also an injury to the voice to allow much outdoor singing with the strain of the wide open air, or ever to permit singing notes to be shouted. All singing, kept within moderate bounds, and not too loud, will be found to develop the compass of the speaking voice, and naturally to give it that soft roundness and those ever-varying tones which save speech from monotony, and constitute the lively quality of a pleasant voice. Beyond all this, there is the task of perfecting the pronunciation. Many young children have, for instance, a defective utterance of the *s* and the *r*, and however pretty their infantile failures may sound, it is cruel to their after-life to let the lisp and the baby language grow in a few years into a confirmed disadvantage of speech. Other children in large schools have to be cured of vulgarities and provincialisms in the sounding of the vowels.

We have dwelt upon this point of the training of the voice for two reasons: partly, because we are conscious that large as the School Board curriculum is growing, correct and distinct pronunciation of our own language seems hardly to be included; partly, because there are many children of wealthy parents who lisp in French before they are able to pronounce the *s* and the *r* of their mother-tongue—a most foolish want of training, for in a few years the inability to sound an *r* will make their French itself unintelligible. Speaking of schools for the people, and the advisability of perfecting the distinct pronunciation of the national language there, we may add that it has often struck us that the three *R's* ought to be increased to five. Respect and Reverence—are not these worthy to be taught as carefully as Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic? The correct sounds of their own language, the gentleness and respect which we count as a part of mutual courtesy, the simple reverence which in these days is too often forgotten—we have often felt painfully that these great things are in the background, while room is made to teach less necessary things to the children of our working classes—the future mass of the nation.

As to the custom of teaching various branches by means of games devised to fix them in the memory, we can only say, that a musical game or a spelling puzzle, a floral lotto or a dissected map, may teach their wisdom well enough to little children, but they will always amuse rather than teach; or if they do not, the children will turn to another play instead. Any system of play-lessons, however much it may instruct for the time, leaves the greatest lesson of all untaught. This great

lesson has a long name, but it is unconsciously learned in school-days by very little children—it is Self-discipline, the power of application to duty, the training of the will to turn naturally to the work of the hour, because it is the duty of the hour, letting pleasure wait till after. Big children in after-life learn soon enough that work is not play, though their cheerful energy and willingness in its performance, turns that duty into pleasure. This is one of the unconscious lessons learned in childhood; and in that little picture of the great world, we see the children who enjoy the work of lessons enjoying play too in its own time, and in both cases growing stronger in that duty-doing will, which is one of the greatest treasures that boy or girl can carry into manhood and womanhood.

But if lessons be work, pure and simple, there is no reason why they should be dull work, too hard work, or unprofitable work. The lessons are often so very hard, the examinations so terribly tough, that their very play-time has an air of wet-day recreation. For heaven's sake, let the children have as happy a time as they can, and preparation as pleasant, so that they may bring brave cheery hearts with them into this crowded upper school of ours. Let there be a laugh now and then to lighten the lessons—a few moments of an anecdote, to fix wandering attention; let the teacher stoop down to the child's level, and see from that low point of vision the difficulties higher sight cannot see. Above all, the schoolrooms meant for the poorer classes should be bright, and their lessons attractive, not too dry and not too weighty for those small wayfarers, who tread such rough paths in life already outside the schoolroom walls, and who will have such burdens to bear by-and-by.

We say above, let not the lessons be unprofitable work; and this hint mostly applies to a higher class of little scholars. Children who begin very early to learn from books, and who at first learn rapidly and brilliantly, are apt to wear out their energy in a few years; and for the most part we observe that the most steady and lasting success is gained by children who are not hurried through hard studies in the nursery, but who begin their book-lessons later, and pursue them without haste, after a healthy state has been secured for mind and body by the first years of play and rest. There is also in such cases a zest for work, a longing for lessons which carries the little student with its hearty impetus far on into the school-life that was delayed until it was wished for. When the school-life comes, there is too often unprofitable work given as fuel to all this delighted energy. Minutes of the history of ancient empires are ambitiously attempted, before children know the commonest facts about the empires, republics, and monarchies in the world of to-day. They are required to know the genealogy and rights not only of every Saxon and English king, but of his sisters and his cousins and his aunts, before they know the general features of England itself as in a broad bright picture. We have known a curly-haired, rosy, little student, in her first year at school, breaking her head and heart over learning out of a book the unpronounceable names of Russian geography, while she was still blissfully unconscious of what divides us from America, or what the words Great Britain exactly

meant. And we have heard the waking from fever of a bright girl, far too earnest-hearted in everything she touched. Recollections of the striving for an English history prize had mingled in a tell-tale way with her rambling talk, and she laughingly explained it: 'You must know, there was the king of England, and the king of France, and the emperor of Austria, and they wanted to carry off mamma and kill her; so there was a great war all over the house and everywhere; and I used to be so afraid the king of France would get mamma in the battles.'

This set us wondering what the whole orderly arrangement of nine or ten centuries of battles, kings, and genealogies, had to do with this child; how much of it would remain in her memory. No doubt, some of the information which is contained in school-books sinks into the mind, and remains to form a foundation for future reading; but ninety-nine drops out of every hundred must certainly gush out again when such taps of knowledge are turned torrent-strong upon such slender necks. Perhaps, as to the speed of filling, the golden mean will be struck by not beginning in haste, and always going slowly and surely. *Hurry slowly* is a wonderfully wise maxim, and in filling the little pitchers it is an invaluable rule. The time of childhood is beyond a doubt precious for learning; but let us go quietly, carefully, never fast, never roughly. The pitchers that are best filled are filled by those who hurry slowly.

In this filling process, there is sometimes a terrible douche given all at once, shattering the frail little vessel. Those who make the mistake forget that the child's mind must receive food for study in a certain fitting progression, because there is a progressive development of the child's faculties. First comes the memory, then the imagination is brought into play—that rich imagination of the young mind, unfettered by reason. Later comes understanding in its fullness, and the reasoning power. When little children learn fragments of verse and listen to stories, they are exercising two of their strongest qualities of mind—memory and imagination. Afterwards, many a worthless school lesson becomes valuable as a memory exercise. Countless names and dates that make the lesson hard, will be utterly useless in themselves; but in another way they are useful, in moderation, as practice for the memory; and no faculty grows by practice so fast and, we might say, so luxuriantly as memory. The reasoning power is awakened by helping the child to understand the reading of books and the meaning of the simple verses already learned. If any poetry-loving child were questioned about the sense of well-known verses, most amusing misconceptions would come to light. We ourselves were once for a long time under the impression that heaven was invoked in verse to cast away 'the captain's fethers,' having at that happy age some idea of what a captain was and a feather, but the vaguest idea of slavery or of 'captive's fetters.'

Another way of developing the reason is by the study of grammar, grammatical analysis, or by intelligent talks about history. Arithmetic is to childhood for teaching exactness, what logic is to manhood; but higher mathematics coming down suddenly and in force upon the bright realm of imagination, risks the great loss of driving out the

imagination and stunting the sensitive and poetic parts of the mind. Have we any poet who was such a mathematician as our schools expect to produce in dozens moulded out of one mould?

Again, the filling of little pitchers with hard facts, ignoring imagination, is very apt to break them. We all know how Mr Gradgrind ruined his little pitchers; and how did he begin? He allowed them no progress. He began with reason, and condemned imagination. They had the circle of the sciences open to them, and were trained in mathematical exactness. They got lessons in political economy, instead of story-books, statistics instead of pictures. They were strictly forbidden to wonder; they had little to wonder about except the dullness of their life and the hardness of the tables of 'stutterings.' 'Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts—you can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them,' said Gradgrind's system of ruin. In the excessive cramming that goes on everywhere, there may be a survival of this doctrine of hard facts. We have only time to allude here to one great and hard fact that underlies our whole argument about filling the little pitchers gently and slowly, and that is, that the age of mental study is the age of physical growth; and we all know about a certain living dog that was better than a dead lion.

So next, let us ask, How far should these little pitchers be gently filled? Need they be brimful? And with what?

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE ACCUSATION.

MR WESTON rose early. He had passed but a restless, miserable night, with snatches of uneasy sleep and troubled dreams. The evening before, he had partaken of dinner without appetite, had been morose to his wife, snappish with his daughters, everything that a kind-hearted man of business wishes not to be, but sometimes is, for no fault of his or of those of his own household. And Bertram Oakley was at the root of all this. We are all strangely fanciful, even those of us who pride ourselves the most on the practical steadiness with which, in blinkers of an approved pattern, we do our allotted task upon the tramway of the world. Oddly enough, never had Mr Weston liked Bertram so well—never had he so thoroughly realised the brightness and the winning nature of the young fellow, as when he feared that the strong proofs against him would bear him down. 'The pity o' it!' he could have cried out, with Othello; and it did seem a pity.

Mr Weston had made up his mind. He would do the honest thing, take the straightforward path. The youngster had sat at his table, had been greeted with friendly confidence by his wife and daughters. Not even for the sake of Mervyn & Co. would he first communicate with him through the medium of the police. Face to face, he would tell him how bad and how black things looked. If the lad could clear himself—why, thank God! If not—well, well! Messrs Mervyn must decide

as to the punishment. Mr Weston therefore started for the Yard far earlier than usual; and when Bertram arrived, he was requested at once to step into the Manager's office.

Bertram, by the cloud on Mr Weston's brow, by his constrained manner, by the very fact that his superior did not hold out his hand, but employed it in nervous readjustment of his papers, saw at once that something was amiss.

'Nothing wrong, I hope—no one ill?' he asked, nervous himself, for there is something contagious in all sincere emotion.

Mr Weston, dull, if well-meaning, misconstrued Bertram's agitation. 'Nobody ill, I thank you,' he said stilly; 'but wrong; yes, Mr Oakley, you have guessed right there. Something is wrong. Nothing could be worse, I should say. The thief from outside is a mere vermin preying on society. But what shall we say to him who robs under trust?'

'Do you mean, sir—has anybody?'—Bertram wonderingly began.

'The Fittings Warehouse has been robbed, systematically, as it seems, of costly and portable property, to the value of a thousand pounds, or more,' said Mr Weston, beginning in a low tone, but speaking in louder accents as he warmed to his work. 'The thieves were evidently familiar with the place, and entered by means of a key. Now, you, Mr Oakley, have one key, and I have the other, of a complicated and difficult pattern, as you know. Now, Mr Oakley, I think it right and fair to tell you that we have learned the name of the rascally old dealer in marine stores who has bought a portion of the stolen property, and that of the fellow who negotiated the sale of it; that the Fittings Room has been searched by Mr Crawley and myself, in company with a police Inspector, and that the detective himself picked up there a card-case containing cards of yours, and supposed to have been dropped'—

Mr Weston may have said more, but Bertram did not hear it. A noise as of the waves of the sea was in his ears, and his eyes grew dim; and he was faint, sick, giddy, and, reeling back, leaned against the wall for support. At last he became conscious that the Manager was still speaking, and the words 'confess'—'young, and liable to temptation'—'clemency,' rang on his dulled sense of hearing. Then Bertram, by an effort, rallied his strength, and pale still, but almost calm, walked up to the Manager, who had half risen from his chair.

'Mr Weston,' he said, in a voice that was broken by emotion, do what he would to steady it, 'your words have given me great pain, and greater surprise. Had you stabbed me, the shock could not have been more cruelly unexpected. I am conscious that you meant well and fairly by me, when you— But, can it be that you, sir, that any who knew me, could have believed me for a moment to be the robber of my benefactor, to have stung the kind hand that gave me bread? I have been a poor boy, sir, a lonely lad, without kindred or a home, but no one ever suspected Bertram Oakley before this day.' His face was in a flame now, crimsoned by the sudden flush of warm indignant blood; and he looked so handsome and so full of frank courage, that the Manager began to feel uneasy doubts creep over him, and was rendered thereby even more unhappy than

before. That Bertram should be guilty, had cost him a pang. We none of us like to think worse of human nature than we can help, and Mr Weston had been sorry, and almost ashamed, because of Bertram's supposed sin.

But if the lad were innocent! The Manager it was who, as this thought passed through his brain, felt his own eyes quail before those brighter eyes that sought them, not as those of delinquents do. 'I have felt this—very much,' stammered out the Manager. 'We all thought so highly—think so still, if only— Why, but two days ago— But never mind that. If you can clear yourself, Bertram, I shall rejoice as if my own son had been in such a scrape and come out of it. But,' added Mr Weston, with a sorrowful shake of the head, 'circumstances, I must say, tell terribly against you.'

'They do so, sometimes, as I have read, against innocent men—more often, no doubt, against the guilty,' replied Bertram, in his calm, deep voice, which even to his prejudiced auditor seemed to speak in Truth's own accents. 'Will you excuse me, sir, if I crave time to think the matter over, and if I forsake my duties for the moment?—You need not fear, Mr Weston, that I shall seek a disgraceful safety in flight,' he added; 'I have nothing to conceal, and shall be found when wanted.' And without another word, he turned away, and walked from the Yard and from the bustling neighbourhood of the Docks, his head bent, and his eyes on the pavement, and neither noticing nor returning the salutations of the few acquaintances whom he encountered. Suddenly, as he passed by the police station, the windows of which were decorated, as usual, with handbills in fat black type, offering rewards for absconded clerks, fraudulent bankrupts, and undetected burglars, Bertram made up his mind as rapidly as we all of us do, now and then, under the pressure of excitement. He had meant to go back to his quiet lodgings, and thence to think; but now he felt as though such meditation were superfluous, and resolved to act. Unhesitatingly he crossed the threshold. As he did so, he remembered his last visit to such a place. That had been at Blackwall, when he sought to save his employers' property and to prevent the river pirates from capturing the *Golden Gate*. Now, he was himself accused of blackest treachery and most cowardly crime! He smiled bitterly—he could not help it—as he entered the Superintendent's little den.

'We have only one detective just now off duty,' said the commandant of the petty fortress civilly, in answer to Bertram's inquiry—'Inspector Birch. You'll find him, sir, in his room, across the passage.' And indeed there sat the Inspector, writing, at a chipped table, with a stand of brass-hilted cutlasses fastened to the whitewashed wall over his head.

'Inspector Birch, I am told?' said Bertram quietly. 'My name is Bertram Oakley, the Assistant Manager at Mervyn's Yard.'

Inspector Birch winced and reddened. Our circulation is not under our own control, and even detectives can blush; but as he motioned Bertram to a chair, he looked at him with professional keenness.

'Now, Inspector Birch,' said Bertram, as quietly as before, 'I have no wish to waste your time, or to trespass on your patience. We will leave

feelings, then, for the moment alone, and attend to facts. Somebody is guilty—that is clear—of the robbery which has been committed at our place of business. And it is equally clear that I—who am wrongfully accused—am not the robber. Mr Weston has just told me, for the first time, of the suspicions against me, and of the discovery of the card-case.'

'Then Mr Weston is'—The detective did not complete his summary of Mr Weston's character, but whistled instead a bar or two of a popular tune. 'It's hardly fair upon the Force,' he said presently, in a deeply injured tone—'hardly fair, to spoil a case that way.'

'He has told me about it, at any rate, and from kind motives, I am convinced,' resumed Bertram, with a gentle but weighty manner which impressed the policeman in spite of himself; 'and the first use I make of the information is to come to you. Now, Mr Inspector, you must have had some experience of such affairs. Look into my face. Is it the face of a thief?'

'By George!' exclaimed the Inspector, with a sharp rap of his hand on the ink-stained table in front of him, 'we're on the'— But he checked himself before he had quite uttered the words, 'wrong scent, after all,' which had been trembling on his lips, and merely coughed awkwardly behind his outspread hand. 'Can't judge by looks,' he said grudgingly, but with a crest-fallen air. A good bloodhound does not like to be at fault, or to track the wrong quarry. Now, the Inspector had had excellent opportunities of observing the behaviour of very many criminals, when taxed with their crime. It was all very stale to him, the passionate grief, the febrile anger, the eloquent appeals to heaven, the false oaths, the whimpering of some, the coarse attempts of bolder knaves to brazen it out. His acquaintance professionally did not lie much among the innocent, whom he had usually noted to be hot, flustered, speechless, and far less plausible than the guilty. But he had never met with an accused person who bore himself as Bertram did.

'Circumstances, as Mr Weston said, are suspicious,' Bertram went on to say. 'That card-case which you picked up, for example, and which is mine'—

'You admit that, sir?' asked the Inspector. 'Though I am bound to remind you that whatever you say may be used against you.'

'Use it, then, and welcome!' answered Bertram, with a patient smile. 'I lost it, as nearly as I can remember, a fortnight ago; but certainly not in the Fittings Store. Now, Inspector, if you will hear me for a while, I have something to propose which will entail no dereliction of duty, no betrayal of trust, and which will profit me nothing, unless, of course, I should have guessed aright. Now, listen.'

And then there ensued a conversation, in low, hurried accents, between Bertram and Inspector Birch, in which at first, of course, the former took the lion's share, though presently the policeman's voice might be heard speaking in a subdued tone, but evidently with an unfeigned and eager interest. Had the busy Superintendent, penning letters and filling up forms on the opposite side of the passage, been capable, like Bluebeard's latest sister-in-law, according to the lamented Bishop Heber, of listening at the door, scarcely an intelligible word would

have reached his ears except: 'Not a word, then, to Mr Weston,' and, 'For to-night, then.'

'Too good, too good for an amateur,' grumbled the Inspector, as he stood on the worn doorstep of the police station and watched Bertram as he walked away. 'I feel humbled, somehow, that the first idea didn't come, as it ought to have done, from the Force. But anyhow, it stands for to-night.'

HEAT AND HEALTH.

WE have somewhere read of a system of cure in which the only means used was heat. The principle upon which this system was founded had an appearance of plausibility. It was expressed in a sort of motto: 'Heat is life—cold is death.' Hot substances, such as ginger, Cayenne pepper, &c., were prescribed for internal use. Hot baths of various sorts were applied externally. While it is well known that extremes of heat, no less than extremes of cold, are destructive of both life and health, it may well be admitted that a moderate administration of either might be beneficial in many cases. It is on a modification of this principle that hydropathy is based; not, as for a time misnamed, the *Cold Water Cure*. Water of various degrees of temperature, and air as high as two hundred degrees Fahrenheit, are employed, according to the effect desired.

There can be little doubt as to the advantage of a due amount of heat, so far at least as the preservation of health is concerned. And in cases where health has been interfered with through defect of heat, a supply of heat in proper degree must be beneficial. And it may even be allowed that, under certain circumstances, an extreme degree of heat may be used with advantage—as in the case of the Turkish bath.

When a person swallows a dose of Cayenne pepper, or enters the hot-room of a Turkish bath, he experiences the effects of artificial heat. When he partakes of a meal of ordinary food, or exposes himself to the rays of the sun, the heat he derives from either source is natural. The combustion of carbon in respiration, and the burning of coal in the furnace of the bath, are very similar processes, both consisting essentially of the chemical combination of oxygen gas with carbon. Stephenson termed coal, 'bottled sunshine;' and the same may be said of Cayenne pepper and all similar substances from which heat can be evolved.

Science has done much to utilise and conserve the heat derivable from respiration and from the combustion of fuel in our stoves and grates. By means of suitable clothing and muscular exercise, we husband the heat produced within us; and by properly constructed fireplaces and dwelling-houses, we economise the heat of our fires. It is very questionable if science has done as much in utilising and controlling the immense amount of heat continually radiating from the sun. Even in our temperate zone, during our brief summer, the poet makes the sun 'shoot full perfection through the swelling year;' which is

the literal truth. But at what expense and pains do our 'busy housewives' prevent his benign rays from penetrating our dwellings. Window-blinds of every form have become a great article of modern trade. The advantages obtained from cheapened glass in the form of enlarged windows, are in great measure lost. The fear of faded colours in carpets, hangings, and other upholstery, deprives our apartments of a healthy influence from the great source of light and heat. On a smaller scale, might it not be said that the parasol (sun-guard) saves the complexion of our fair kinswomen at the expense of their health and vigour.

There are some indications of a more rational appreciation of the value of sunshine both as a preservative and restorative of health. The late Mr David Urquhart, M.P., and Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople, who acquired vast experience in the East, attached great importance to the rays of the sun as a means of cure. He affirmed that he cured even consumption by means of exposure of the body of the patient to sunlight, without any other remedy. In a work on the Turkish Bath, by Sir John Fife, senior surgeon to the Newcastle Infirmary, in which he gives many passages from the writings of Mr Urquhart, this agency of sunshine is introduced. The experience of a New York physician is quoted to the effect, that he had so many facts illustrating the power of the sun's rays in curing certain diseases, that he seriously thought of publishing a work to be entitled the *Sun-cure*. He says: 'I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and hypochondriacal people into health by the sun-cure.' He mentions the case of an overwrought lawyer who was suffering from partial paralysis. His right leg and hip were reduced in size, with constant pain in the loins. He was obliged, in coming up-stairs, to raise the left foot first, and drag the right foot after it. He told the doctor he had been failing for several years, closing with: 'My work is done. At sixty, I find myself worn out.' The doctor directed him to lie down under a large window, and allow the sunshine to reach every part of his body. He was to begin with ten minutes a day, gradually increasing it to an hour. His habits were not materially altered in any other respect. The result was that in six months he came running up-stairs like a vigorous man of forty, and declared, with sparkling eyes: 'I have twenty years more of work in me.'

Mr Urquhart mentions the experience of a correspondent of his, who had been recommended by Dr Proel, at the baths of Gastein, to try air-baths in the neighbouring forest. At first, he used to remain for two hours undressed in the shadiest part of the forest. He confidently asserts that his health derived the greatest benefit from this practice. But on another visit to the continent, he determined on the addition of what he terms another element of power—full sunshine. He says: 'I am easily affected by the sun; the consequence being headache and derangement of stomach. I found, however, when the body was entirely exposed to the sunshine, and without even the head being covered, or the pit of the stomach—an equally sensitive part—being sheltered from the rays, that I was not in the slightest degree unpleasantly affected. But on resuming my

clothes, or even a portion of my clothing, I instantly experienced the symptoms I have alluded to, and was obliged quickly to get into the shade. I reversed the experiment, and proved the fact.' He further describes the sensation of sunshine on the body as very agreeable—genial warmth, not heat, being felt. He noticed, on covering any portion of it with a single fold of light clothing or linen, that the heat on that part became intolerable. These sunshine-baths lasted from half an hour to an hour and a half in ordinary summer heat. He also mentions a pricking and itching sensation all over the body, with redness of the skin, which followed these sunshine-baths. These symptoms lasted a couple of days; but he used no remedy, only he did not try any more baths till they had disappeared.

Shortly afterwards, Mr Urquhart met one of the most celebrated physicians in Europe, Dr Scanzoni of Würzburg. He was much interested in the narrative of the sunshine-bath, and anticipated the statement respecting the head remaining unaffected. The doctor explained it by the equal diffusion of the sunshine over the whole body, by which the action of the blood would not be determined merely to the head. The doctor also gave him to understand that the greatest power is practically the most ignored by medical science—that it is unreasonable not to believe that the great centre of action in nature can exert vast influence on the human organism, and develop the energies and resources of life.

The curative properties of heat were observed fifty years ago in the experience of a French physician, who fortunately committed the results to the press. Dr Gosse of Geneva published a book entitled *Des Maladies Rhumatoïdes* (Geneva and Paris, 1826). In this work, the author speaks highly of the remedial value of heat. He says: 'The excitant which plays the most important rôle in the phenomena whether of health or of disease, is caloric—a fluid imponderable and incompressible, which pervades all bodies, and vivifies all organised existences. No other agent can be compared with this one in the treatment of rheumatoid disorders. It is, so to say, the soul of this treatment, and all other means can only be regarded as subordinate. Who can tell if even those substances which we define as excitant are not indebted to its presence for their properties? At least, we find amongst them principles eminently combustible, and which disengage a considerable quantity of light and of caloric.' Dr Gosse regards the restoring the action of the skin as the *modus operandi* of heat as a remedy. He says this explains the immense advantages derived by the Greeks and Romans from the use of the bath. While still employed by the Russians and the nations of the East, he regretted its neglect in the central parts of Europe, where a less equable climate renders rheumatic affections more frequent and inveterate. He says: 'We ought to put up prayers that the European governments may favour the introduction of such public establishments, and so bring within the reach of the citizens unendowed with fortune this real panacea for the larger portion of the evils that assail mankind.'

It may be mentioned that whether the theory of heat current when Dr Gosse wrote, or that now more generally received, be the correct one, the

practical value of heat as a remedial agency is in nowise affected.

It is now about twenty years since the hot-air bath was introduced as a curative agency into the Newcastle Infirmary. Sir John Fife, senior surgeon to the Infirmary, had experienced the benefit of a private bath in Northumberland, in which he was treated as a patient. He brought it under the notice of the Pathological Society of Newcastle, and also the House Committee of the Infirmary. The Duke of Northumberland lent his influence to the movement, having witnessed, during his Eastern travels, the value of the bath. The result was the construction of a hot-air bath in the hospital. The Report of the Infirmary bears ample testimony to the value of the bath in a great variety of cases considered suitable for treatment.

The hot-air bath has also been found suitable for the treatment of mental disease. It has been introduced into several lunatic asylums. The *Lancet*, in noticing the Fifth Annual Report of the Sussex County Lunatic Asylum, mentions that Dr Lockhart Robertson published some important remarks on the Turkish bath as a curative agent. He relates a case in which a patient was admitted with symptoms of mania, complicated with dropsy and albuminuria of the most severe character. The patient was in a desperate state, menaced with madness and paralysis, and apparently dying from the extent of kidney disease. Dr Robertson states that the bath saved the patient's life, and restored him to reason. He believes its medical uses to be very great. Of its curative power in the early stages of consumption, he has had several examples, and is of opinion that if used at a sufficiently high temperature—a hundred and seventy to two hundred degrees—the results will astonish us all.

Mr Urquhart explains that this high temperature is quite endurable when the heat is radiating. Heat which is transmitted through flues is said to be more oppressive at high temperatures than heat which radiates directly from a heated surface such as a stove. He does not profess to explain the reason; but he thinks radiating heat more nearly resembles the rays of the sun, and impresses one with a sort of electrical action. This seems to correspond with a fact quoted, on the authority of Sir David Brewster, in regard to the effect of sunbeams on magnets. Professor Barlocci found that an armed natural lodestone which would carry one and a half Roman pounds, had its power nearly doubled by twenty-four hours' exposure to the strong light of the sun. M. Zantedeschi found that an artificial horse-shoe lodestone which carried thirteen and a half ounces, carried three and a half more by three days' exposure, and at last arrived to thirty-one ounces by continuing in the sun's light. He found that while the strength increased in oxidated magnets, it diminished in those which were not oxidated, the diminution becoming insensible when the lodestone was highly polished. He now concentrated the solar rays upon the lodestone by means of a lens; and he found that both in oxidated and polished magnets, they acquire strength when their north pole is exposed to the sun's rays, and lose strength when the south pole is exposed.

It is well known that the action of the hot-air bath on the human frame operates through the

skin. In many diseases, the skin is under-active, and requires increased circulation of blood. The congestion of internal organs is thus relieved, and digestion, respiration, &c. promoted.

TOM'S WIFE

CHAPTER III.

ALTHOUGH I had succeeded in checking the utterance of the vow on Tom's lips, yet he speedily fulfilled it, as if it had been duly recorded against him. He sought out Jessica in her French home. His eager love proved triumphant; and he wrote to me that in a few weeks' time they would be united at the British Consulate. His sanguine temperament made him, notwithstanding several rebuffs, still hopeful of obtaining employment. He had an annual income of about a hundred pounds of his own, which he had inherited from his mother. Beyond that, he was possessed of nothing save his own untried talents.

As far as I could judge, his father still seemed to maintain his feeling of resentment against him, for he refused to allow me ever to mention his name in his presence. Tom's letter to me from Paris with the news of his approaching marriage, first caused the silence to be broken. His last hope was gone, and he would indeed disinherit his disobedient son. The Hall and Park were entailed; but what would they be without money to maintain them? The rest of his extensive property was his own absolutely, and this he determined to leave to Christabel Favre, formerly Christabel Martin. 'And, Woollaston,' he added, as I listened to him in silence, 'let the will state that I have disinherited my son for disobedience and disrespect to his father, so that hereafter the words may rankle within him, and their remembrance be as gall and wormwood.'

Poor miserable old man! And so you would sting from beyond the grave, carrying your vengeance into another world, where, if our past be remembered, how small must seem the good of even the best among us.

We were standing talking not far from the dower-house. 'You do not know her, I think,' said the Squire, as, at the conclusion of his speech, my eyes wandered in the direction of Madame Favre's abode. 'I am going to call on her. Come with me, and I will introduce you to her.' Linking his arm within mine, he led me to the house.

Madame Favre, fortunately, was at home; and the neat little maid—one of our village lasses, for Madame had only brought her own personal attendant with her—opened the door, and at once ushered us into the drawing-room. The furniture was very prim and old-fashioned; but the delicate arrangement of the room, with its pretty pink-lined curtains, and bowls and vases filled with winter flowers, robbed it of its stiffness, and lent it a feminine grace, which must have owed its origin to its mistress's refined and cultured taste. Presently, the door opened, and a tall, elegant woman entered, with a graceful, gliding movement. Her black dress was plain and simple, almost to severity, and fitted closely to the supple outlines of her well-formed figure. I should have estimated her age as about thirty,

although, from her appearance, she might well have passed for a much younger woman. The face was undoubtedly captivating, though it possessed features in some respects too strongly contrasting, and the light of her dark hazel eyes seemed to me slightly furtive and restless. Her soft, golden hair was uncovered by anything to denote widowhood, and the beautifully modelled white hands displayed no ornaments save a wedding-ring and an unpretending keeper. She received us with a sweet graciousness; and soon I found myself rapidly succumbing to her fascinating power, and half regretting the Rosebank Cottage episode, which had deprived Tom of the chance of winning so fair a prize.

'You will not forget me, if you should hear of anything that would be likely to suit me,' she said as we rose to leave, after she had confided to me the requirements of the residence for which she was searching. 'I have no one to advise me now—I am quite alone,' she murmured with a pretty little sigh, as she half-absently bent her gaze on a small ivory miniature that was standing, in a costly frame, on the mantel-piece.

'Not quite alone, Madame Favre,' interposed the Squire gallantly. 'I am always at your service—and so is Mr Woollaston.' There was a humorous twinkle in his shrewd old eyes as he glanced at me; and my foolish, shrivelled, old cheeks actually flushed at the covert railery, as my old-world politeness made me bow my head and murmur: 'I am ever your obedient servant, Madame.'

'John,' cried the Squire, turning so as to face me, as we reached the Park gates, and addressing me by my Christian name, as in the days when we were lads together, 'are you going to take unto yourself a wife in your old age?'

'Why not?' I returned jokingly.

'Your years are threescore and ten, John.'

'Ay, what then?' I retorted. 'Why should not the heart be as green at seventy as at twenty?'

Time passed on, and I delayed as long as I could the preparation of the unnatural and vindictive deed by which the old man proposed to disinherit his son. Meanwhile, I had again heard from Tom, this time telling me that he was actually married, and that he intended, after some weeks' stay in France, to proceed to London, in the hope of obtaining employment. I was half afraid to mention the fact to the Squire, as I judged it would at once bring matters to an issue, and that he would order the will to be immediately completed and signed. Still a few weeks more were allowed to elapse, during which time I, as much as possible, avoided meeting the Squire. But one day he called upon me, and asked if I had had any further letters from his son. I told him that I had, and that Tom was married. He was in a state of great excitement and wrath; and it was with some difficulty that I could subdue his rage enough to enable us to converse in ordinary business terms of the will, which he now told me to prepare without another day's delay. I made more than one attempt to intercede for the young man thus to be disinherited; but this only served to exasperate him still more; and he intimated that if I was not prepared to carry out his wishes, he would be necessitated to place his affairs in the hands of another agent.

Merely as a matter of business, my connection with the Squire was of small moment to me; but we had been old friends, and I had long managed all the affairs of the Athelings of Atheling, and did not relish any suggestion of another taking my place. Besides, I considered that my refusal to draw up the will would not in any way prevent the Squire from carrying out his design; while, if the matter were placed in other hands, I should lose the opportunity of still doing something, as I hoped, for the advantage of his banished and disinherited son. The obnoxious document, therefore, was prepared, the Squire himself writing the draft of the fatal clause that disinherited his son, and a day was fixed for me to call at the Hall to have it signed.

On the day named I found my client waiting for me in the library. Everything was in readiness; and the will, which was very short, was quickly read through. The pen was in his hand, and I was about to summon two of the servants as witnesses, when he stopped me. 'Does not marriage invalidate a will?' he asked as he turned to me inquiringly.

'It does,' I replied, 'if signed before the ceremony.'

'Humph!' he muttered, as if considering some point. He paused for a moment, and then added, as if he had found a solution of his difficulty: 'Procrastination is always dangerous. I will sign this now; and if another should be required, why, you won't object. It will be so much more gait to your mill.'

'Certainly,' I replied, taking his joke in good-humour; 'and I am glad to hear you talk of making another will, for this is a most unjust one.'

'You are purposely and unnecessarily wandering from the question,' he said with icy sarcasm. 'I have no intention of making any alteration in my will. I was alluding to the probability of my marriage with Madame Favre.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed, at a loss for words with which to express my surprise.

'Yes,' he continued; 'I have written to her on the subject, and am now awaiting her answer. No reason, you know, Woollaston,' he added with sly humour, repeating my own words, 'that the heart should not be as green at seventy as at twenty.'

I could only laugh. A great disparity in age between husband and wife, on whichever side it may be, is generally objectionable; but beyond this, I could see no valid reason against the marriage. The lady's ample fortune would obviate the necessity of a large jointure to cumber the estate. Again, I was in hopes that if the Squire once saw the golden bait that had tempted him, within his grasp, his resentment against Tom might become softened, and eventually, under his wife's undoubtedly amiable influence, be entirely removed.

I could not, however, find words in which to offer the money-loving old suitor any congratulations upon the step which he proposed to take, and somehow I could not help wishing that the lady would have the good sense to refuse the offered marriage. As it was, I was fain to hide my confusion and dislike of the proceeding, by ringing the bell, and calling in a couple of servants to witness the signing of the deed. A few minutes

served to complete the work; and I took an early opportunity of bidding good-bye to the Squire, making a pretence of urgent business elsewhere the excuse for not staying to dine with him, as he seemed more than usually anxious I should do.

As I returned to my office, I could not help reflecting upon the sudden and unexpected determination of the Squire to marry this lady, so much his junior in years, and so unlike him in other respects; and in truth I scarcely knew whether to attribute his resolve more to a feeling of revenge against his son, or simply to a desire to possess the lady's large and unencumbered fortune. I felt inclined to write to Tom at once, and tell him of what was taking place; but on second thoughts I decided that it would be better to delay doing so till I knew the issue of the Squire's proposal to the beautiful widow.

I was not allowed to remain long in suspense. Next afternoon, the Atheling carriage arrived at my door, and the Squire walked into my room.

'Congratulate me, John!' he cried, with something like juvenile merriment, which sat ill upon a countenance where age had already left its indelible imprint. 'Congratulate me! The lady has accepted my offer; and in one month from to-day, Madame Favre is to become the Lady of Atheling Manor.'

'Well, well,' I said, with a faint attempt to appear hearty, 'you are doing twice what I have not yet had the courage to do once.'

'But, then, there is no reason why the heart should not be as green at seventy as at twenty!' he replied, slapping me on the shoulder.

I felt that I could not reciprocate his jocularly, and so was glad when he proceeded to some other matters of business between us than this of his marriage. After his departure, I sat down and wrote to Tom a brief account of what had taken place, hiding my own concern as to the issue of this strange turn of events under expressions of hope that things might somehow be brought about by the lady's influence to remove the Squire's feelings of antipathy towards his son. But this was more with a view to Tom's peace of mind than my own; for I could not divest myself of the fear that the consequences of this marriage might be more inimical to Tom's chances of succession than at first sight it had seemed to me.

For a week I saw nothing more of the Squire; but at the end of that time he called, and stated that it would be necessary for me to prepare a contract of marriage, and that without delay, as Madame Favre found it necessary to go to France on some business which her agent in Paris could not complete in her absence; and for this reason, it was decided that the marriage should take place in the following week, after which the Squire would accompany her to the continent. The terms of the contract were therefore agreed upon; and they were somewhat peculiar. Under this agreement, he was to receive from Madame Favre the absolute possession of all her property, both heritable and movable; she, on her part, to receive a large annual sum in name of pin-money out of the Atheling estate, with a handsome jointure in the event of her surviving him. It is unnecessary to enter into details regarding the other provisions of the contract, except to say that the Squire's son was by name excluded from

the succession, in accordance with the terms of the will already executed by his father.

However unpleasant might be my feelings on the subject, I had no alternative but to comply with the Squire's wishes, or rather commands. This was on Wednesday; and it was arranged that on Friday I should go to Atheling with the completed contract, in order that it might be signed by the principals, and the matter concluded. The marriage was to take place on the Monday following. My heart bled for Tom; but as I had already written him as to his father's engagement with Madame Favre, and as no further letter could now reach him in time to admit of any interference on his part, even if that were of any use, I contented myself with allowing things to take their course.

C I D E R.

IN England, the cider-apple is principally grown in Herefordshire and Devonshire, and in portions of Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Worcestershire, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, and Cornwall; and, on the other side of the British Channel, must be mentioned Jersey, Normandy, and Brittany. Many a farmer counts, in a good year, upon paying his rent by his cider-harvest. Although its value in relation to other beverages is not great, it is astonishing how important a factor it is in successful farming in those districts, and what a respectable *pièce de résistance* is a good cellarful of this drink. Throughout the summer, but especially in hay and harvest time, the quantity consumed by the farm-labourer would astonish the North-countryman or town operative, it being considered nothing unusual for him to dispose of his two to three gallons in a day; and the farmer, his sons and his servants, and in many cases his whole household, make use of hardly any other drink throughout the year. If the farmer's stock runs dry in consequence of a meagre harvest, he is obliged to procure the cider at any price, for the labourers will insist upon a regular allowance of their favourite refreshment. In some districts the use of beer is gradually being substituted in certain establishments for that of cider; but this is not so much to be regretted as the more baneful consumption of cheap spirituous liquors. Notwithstanding so great a consumption of what is sometimes not much better than vinegar, cider-drinking does not appear to be fraught with any very serious results.

At most of the *tables-d'hôte* in Normandy and Brittany, decanters of cider are supplied gratis; and the thirsty wayfarer need only visit a *restaurateur*, to procure a quart of that liquor for about three-halfpence. He may sometimes chance to have the produce of the first pressure applied to the apples, and which the grower calls *gross cidre*; but he is more likely to have to content himself with the second extract, or *petit cidre*, a watery though still not quite innocuous liquid.

The climate and ground of Jersey are particularly adapted for this branch of husbandry, and, in proportion to its size, it produces large quantities. Its manufacture has often been the subject of enactments by the local legislature; and among musty records may be found a claim for expenses incurred in besieging Mount Orgueil Castle in 1487, in which there is an item for

twelve pipes of cider. It is also to be remarked that among the Acts passed in the first year of Queen Mary's reign, 1553, was one forbidding the sale of cider in the island unless the mayor, with two parishioners, had previously tested it and fixed the price. In the same reign, the inhabitants were obliged to petition Her Catholic Majesty for license to import from England, duty free, six hundred and fifty tuns of beer, in consequence of the almost total failure of their apple-harvest. The export trade from that island, which, especially to Bristol and the west and north of England, was, during a long period, of considerable dimensions, has of late years received a gradual but important check, in consequence of the unprincipled practices of some exporters, who, aware that acetate of lead, commonly known as sugar of lead, possessed the property of speedily 'fining' new cider, did not scruple to make use of it, in order to give to their produce the semblance of superior liquor.

Orchard-culture does not present many important differences. Some cultivators adopt the system of high grafting, say at a height of five to seven feet; and others are satisfied with stocks of half the height. According to the nature or state of the soil, the aspect, prevalent wind, &c., the orchard-planter decides upon the system he must adopt in planting; but no estimate of the productive value of an orchard can be formed from its extent, as, whether through exposure, poorness of soil, decaying stocks, want of manure, or other causes, a five-acre plantation will sometimes yield less and inferior fruit than another of one-fifth its size. As a rule, when once the trees are planted, the farmer devotes very little time to them, save when the gathering season comes round. Sometimes he opens the ground near his young trees; but that attention ceases after the third or fourth year, and then he may apply a winter deposit of decaying weeds or other cheap organic manures; but the general inattention to this matter, and generally unskilful pruning, cannot but too frequently make a serious difference in his financial returns.

To enumerate the different varieties of apples used in the manufacture of cider, would be somewhat difficult, and would only interest a pomologist. Next in importance to that variety, which is immense, is the different seasons at which the fruit ripens. Some, as the codlings, begin to fall from the middle to the end of September; while others only attain maturity in the end of November; and here the manufacturer on a small scale meets with a drawback. The inferiority of cider may in many cases be attributed to the improper assortment of apples; and it is well known that to make good liquor there are combinations of certain kinds of fruit which admit of being ground together, so that the disadvantage of the small grower is apparent, when it is borne in mind that his 'mashes' must of necessity be few in number, and his different sorts of fruit cannot be equally fit for use. Even among those who have better opportunities, the practice of indiscriminately mingling sweet and sour, ripe and green, is too frequently followed.

When the autumn breezes cause the earlier apples to fall, the husbandman carefully gathers them, and collects them into heaps under the shade of his larger trees, where they remain for

some weeks, until they have acquired the proper degree of mellowness; and the judgment required to decide the latter point would put a novice completely 'at sea.' The remaining fruit is sometimes picked by children, but more generally shaken down; and a valuable tree is frequently injured by the incautious use of poles.

The different heaps having been pronounced in a satisfactory condition, the most arduous phase of the manufacture commences. The apples are taken to the mill or press-house, and thrown into the 'chase'—a circular trough of hewn stone. For crushing them, a heavy millstone or 'runner' is used, driven by one or two horses, blindfolded as they tramp their wearisome circles, which have to be continued until the fruit is so thoroughly 'mashed' that the pulp or 'must' may be squeezed between the fingers without the detection of any lumps, and has acquired a deep colour. The pulp is then placed upon 'hairs'—square horse-hair cloths, which are spread under a powerful press, fitted with a wooden or iron screw. The latter is applied when eight or ten 'hairs' have been filled, the edges well folded, and the whole surmounted with a solid wooden frame. In some districts, the layers are made with unbroken straw or reed. The expressed juice flows thickly into flat tubs, or is poured into open casks, at the rate of four to six hogsheds for each 'mash.' The dry residue is usually given to the pigs, or thrown on the manure-heap; but sometimes in England, and generally in France, it is watered and pressed a second time, producing an inferior beverage appropriately called *petit cidre*.

The casks are now either exposed to the open air or placed in draughty buildings; and in a few days, according to the weather, the liquor will ferment and become clear, when it is 'racked,' or drawn off into other casks. It is during the process of fermentation that the manufacturer has to exercise the most delicate skill; for if the fermentation be insufficient, the cider will not attain the requisite brightness and flavour. If it be excessive, the result will be poorness and acidity; and a rapidly fermented liquor does not keep well. By the addition of yeast or isinglass, the fermentation and condition may be assisted; but successful results are in the greatest measure dependent upon the skilled watchfulness of the maker. Doctorings, by the addition of treacle or other sweetening and colouring materials, are frequently had recourse to by cider-merchants and taverners, but in rare cases by manufacturers. On many farms, it is usual to burn a small quantity of sulphur in the casks intended for the reception of the cider, the effect being generally the prevention of further perceptible fermentation; but it occasionally happens that the cider has more than once to be racked from one set of casks to another until it is considered safe. The discovery was made by Mr Leuchars, a German chemist, that newly burned charcoal possessed the property of checking the fermentation of new wines; and the principle was applied in the manufacture of cider by Mr Knight, a former President of the Horticultural Society of London, with successful results. He found that the fermentation was completely arrested, and the harshness rendered *nil*, the only drawback, if any, being that some of the colouring matter became absorbed.

In the first weeks of the year, the casks are

stored in large cellars or cool sheds; and the 'bunging-down' takes place two months later, when the cider is ready for delivery to the consumer.

THE WEDDING MARCH

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

'No. 329—A Wedding March.' Such was the number and name of a picture in the 'Academy' of a certain year which shall, for politic and personal reasons, be left undesignated. The picture was one of my painting; and I, Reginald Tracey, had been fortunate enough to attain three very important ends by its production. Firstly, it was deemed excellent enough by the Hanging Committee to be placed on the line, and it faced you in a very prominent manner as you entered Room No. V. Secondly, this prominent position secured for my picture a large share of attention, which resulted in its finding a purchaser almost as soon as the Exhibition doors opened. But thirdly, it served the actual purpose for which I painted it, and which led me to choose my subject. That purpose involved just the least bit of romance; and although the clever critics praised the picture, and even hinted that 'Mr Tracey had been singularly fortunate in his treatment of a somewhat unusual and difficult theme,' &c., not one of them so much as guessed that it was a picture with a purpose. As the sequel may serve to show, that purpose sprang from and ended in what I am pleased to call my little romance.

It was a charming day that on which I went to Rockhampton to sketch the water-meadows, and to see my old friend Dr James Brooke—Jim, I generally called him—who had settled as a practitioner in that town. The whole place was steeped in sunlight; and the deep shadows cast by the old houses in the narrow streets by the waterside, reminded one of nothing so much as the blackness of the shades in some old Dutch town; where Rembrandt must have learned the special art that bears the impress of his genius to-day. The old church of Rockhampton is a fine bit of Norman architecture. Rising architects declare that there are no purer pillars of that style, or better preserved arches, with their queer faces squeezed into the corners thereof, and which seem to impress the Rockhampton juveniles on Sundays quite as much as the service. Passing through the churchyard, I found myself at last at the church. With little hope of finding the door open, I lifted the latch, when at once it yielded to my touch. As I passed within the green baize doors within the porch, I heard the sound of the organ; so stealing quietly into the grateful shade and coolness of the church, I ensconced myself in the biggest pew I could find, and listened. How soothing was the effect of the music and surroundings on that glorious day. I could not see the player, who was concealed by the curtains in front of the organ-loft, but intuitively I guessed it was a lady who played. I imagined that only a woman's delicate touch could have made that *Kyrie* speak in these tones; and there was more gentleness than power in the *Stabat Mater* into which the player glided. Then

I remember the *Wedding March* succeeded; and after half an hour's private hearing of the masters, I quietly slipped out of church, once again into the glad sunlight that played around the grave-stones, and made the world so fair to see.

After lunching at my hotel, the *Red Lion*, I went to see Dr Jim. It appeared that the fair player of the church was a Miss Spalding, and the only daughter of a well-to-do and retired merchant who had settled at Rockhampton some eighteen months before; and Jim, I found, had been paying his addresses to the young lady. Her father had married for the second time, and had thus given Miss Spalding a step-mother. The old gentleman, as Jim called him, was an easy-going man, kind-hearted in every way, generous to a fault, and looked kindly enough on Dr Jim's suit. But as to Mrs Spalding, Jim pronounced a decidedly unfavourable opinion. She was an ambitious and, as he expressed it, scheming woman, who thought that Nelly should look somewhat higher than Dr Brooke of Rockhampton—and that she should at least marry money—with which latter commodity, Jim was, as a young doctor of course, by no means overburdened. Without actually discouraging Jim's attentions, Mrs Spalding made things decidedly unpleasant for the lovers. Mr Spalding, good easy man, was completely under the dominion of his wife. Hence, Jim confessed, he was in a somewhat unsettled state of mind.

'You see, Regy,' said Jim, 'Nelly will not disobey her parents in any way. That she cares for me, she has confessed to me more than once. But when I press her to consent to be married at once, and to make me happy, she won't hear of it.'

'My dear Jim,' I responded, in my new-found capacity of guide, counsellor, and friend, 'she is not the first girl who has had to struggle between love and duty; or at least what she conceives to be her duty.'

'She is so thoroughly conscientious,' replied Jim, 'that I feel even to press her to take the step which would make me a happy man for life. When I ask her, in my despair, whether she will ever choose between her step-mother's wishes and my love, she implores me not to tempt her; and so,' added Jim, 'here I am; miserable as need be.'

All this interested me exceedingly. She was evidently a girl of sterling worth, and with a high sense of the duty she believed she owed to her parents' wishes. I thought over Master Jim's love affair as I lay in bed that night, and came to the conclusion that the case was a difficult one. You cannot always mould human minds to your own bent and purpose by simply speaking. Hence I came to the conclusion that Miss Spalding's love for my old friend ought to be tested and tried in some other way. As my experience of human nature goes, there seems nothing like putting love, of all human emotions, to some rigid test. But how the test could be applied to the case in which I had thus been led to feel a special interest, I knew not.

I confessed, as I rolled over to sleep, that I did not see my way clear to help them. Little did I think that the morrow was to bring the means and the man. The man was Josiah Blagden, Esquire, iron-founder, of the firm of Blagden,

Bilge, & Co., of Birmingham and elsewhere; the means was—my humble self.

The day after my arrival at Rockhampton, Jim proposed that I should drive with him on his morning round, and added he: 'We'll call at Mount Grove on our way home.' Mount Grove was the residence of Mr Spalding; and two o'clock found us at the gate of a very nice villa residence, overlooking the river, and standing within its own nicely kept grounds.

We were ushered into the drawing-room, where we found assembled certain persons whom Jim had not expected to see. Mr Spalding received me courteously, as also did Mrs Spalding. Miss Nelly greeted me most cordially, adding that she was much pleased to make the acquaintance of Dr Brooke's old friend of whom he so often spoke. In addition to the family-circle of three, it was clear there were strangers present. These latter were Mr Josiah Blagden and his sister. Mr Blagden did not impress me favourably. He was a stout, florid-complexioned man, remarkable for the extreme breadth of his white waistcoat and for the profusion of jewellery displayed thereon.

'A safe man, my dear sir; a very safe man,' said Mr Spalding to me at lunch. 'Why I suppose his turn-over is about half a million a year—the iron trade, you know,' added the old gentleman by way of explaining that Mr Blagden was one of the metal-kings of England.

'Self-made man too,' said Mr Spalding; 'began life as a foundry-boy.'

From what I saw of Mr Blagden within the next few weeks, his origin could have been pretty accurately guessed from the manner in which he imparted the 'foundry-boy's' manners into the sphere in which his industry and success had led him. He was essentially a vulgar man, who bullied his sister, a meek, silent little woman, with a good heart and a kindly nature, as I discovered later on.

As we drove home from lunch that day, Jim was strangely depressed. I guessed his thoughts pretty accurately, for he burst out into a tirade against Mrs Spalding on our arrival at home.

'I shouldn't wonder, Regy,' said he, 'if that fellow Blagden has been invited down here as a suitor for Nelly. He's a friend of Mrs Spalding's, I know, because she herself comes from the "Black Country."'

Jim's state of mind, from the moment he broached this theory, may be better imagined than described. For the next three weeks I am bound to say that his temper was well-nigh unendurable. One evening at dinner at Mount Grove, I felt half afraid he was going to inflict personal chastisement upon Mr Blagden; a feat I should have much rejoiced to have seen skilfully performed, after the iron-master's coarse invectives against the medical profession, which had been called forth during some argument concerning doctors' fees. Nelly's attitude towards Jim appeared to have undergone no perceptible change. She was loving and gentle as before; but I fancied that Mrs Spalding contrived dexterously to keep Miss Blagden and Nelly as frequently together as possible; and thus Jim's *l'âle-à-l'âle* were reduced to a miserable minimum. Worst of all, as Jim remarked to me one day, Nelly had confessed that her step-mother had on more

than one occasion hinted that Mr Blagden's visit and stay were not solely prompted by friendship to her parents. Mrs Spalding was, in other words, a clever woman, playing a nice little game of diplomacy, and whilst keeping on the most friendly terms with Jim, was to my mind, furthering her own aims and ideas of a matrimonial alliance for Nelly with the elderly iron-founder. I know that most of my readers will say that Miss Spalding should have settled the matter for herself, and have given Mr Blagden to understand that his attentions were unwelcome and hopeless. But as I remarked before, we are not all cast in one mould; and the most loving natures may sometimes be coerced by what seems to be their duty, into self-sacrifice of the most unreasonable kind, and which can only entail misery in the end.

So things went on at Rockhampton, with diplomacy at Mount Grove, and despair at No. 14 High Street, where Dr James Brooke announced his willingness to relieve the afflicted daily from ten to eleven A.M. and from six to eight P.M. I had been sitting cogitating over matters one evening at the *Red Lion*—Jim having been called to a distant part of his parish—when an idea, founded, I believe, on a quotation from an old French author, occurred to me. The quotation was to the effect, that 'when moral suasion fails from any cause to change an opinion, it is lawful to appeal to the most trivial of our emotions.' Happy idea! thought I. I shall see whether or not I can work it out to the advantage of Dr James Brooke and—shall I add it?—to the confusion of Josiah Blagden, Esquire.

My plans were then rapidly matured. Morning, noon, and night find me busy in the old church. I am hard at work on a canvas in which the interior of the edifice grows under my brush day by day. There are no sounds of the *Kurik* now; nor are the jubilant strains of Mendelssohn heard, as on a bright sunny day not so far gone by. Nelly does not come to practise her old favourites as of yore. Blagden, I know, hates music; and painters, as he once expressed it—in shocking bad taste—are usually 'a seedy lot.' I remember Mr Josiah's white vest and the cable chain, with enough appendages attached thereto to have set up a small jeweller in a thriving way of business. The aisle and gallery of the church are now complete in my picture. I paint it as I sit in the aisle; in the distance you can see the altar and chancel: and the vicar who looks in upon me occasionally, says it is as like as can be. He is curious, however, to know the nature of the figures I have sketched roughly in. There is a group passing down the aisle from the altar-rails where the vicar can still be seen at his post; and there is a figure standing alone and solitary in a pew, as if facing the advancing party. The vicar cannot quite fathom the design. The church he can understand; but the *meaning* of the picture puzzles him. I bid him wait patiently for the solution of the mystery.

When my study of the church was completed, I went home to the *Red Lion*, and there I painted in my figures. There was little need for models, for my sketch-book was full of studies. Turning to my picture, now progressing rapidly, I find that there are heads of two elderly men, and there is a careful sketch of a young man's face likewise.

There is a fair girl's face, and a matronly countenance, and another face which seems not unlike that of Miss Blagden. At last, my task is completed. The picture is a mere 'study,' but it is a careful study withal. The old church you recognise at a glance; the figures— Well, we shall see.

The vicar has been busily spreading a report that I have been painting pictures of the church, and there is curiosity to see them. I now propose that one fine day a very few of my Rockhampton friends shall come to see my work. The circle is very select. I have invited only Mr and Mrs Spalding, the great Josiah, Miss Blagden, and Jim. I contrive, with a diplomatic cunning for which I have not before given myself credit, that Nelly Spalding shall be admitted to a private view. She herself has been all anxiety to see the picture, and I pretend that by great favour she shall see it before any one else. Mine host of the *Red Lion* has prepared a nice little luncheon, even to some dry Pommery, which 'the great Josiah'—as I have been accustomed to call him, possibly from the magnitude of his waistcoats—says he dotes upon. I make a malicious and unkind but perfectly just mental suggestion that in early life, 'the great Josiah' was 'better acquainted with the merit of 'alf-and-'alf' than dry champagne. Mine host has done his best; and now I wait my guests. I feel nervous and excited; why, I can hardly tell; but I confess to myself, that I shall be glad when my little symposium is over.

Here at last. They troop up-stairs into the large room where my luncheon is spread. Mr Josiah is looking very large to-day. There is an air of jubilant triumph about him as he bustles about Nelly, assisting her in taking off her wraps, and saying 'nothings' which are anything but 'soft,' as the great man expresses them. To me, his air is simply patronising. Mrs Spalding is gracious as usual; and Mr Spalding seems to regard the near prospect of lunch with more evident satisfaction than he does the prospect of an artistic treat. Mr Blagden suggests we had better step in to see the picture—lunch has evidently its attractions for 'the great Josiah.' But I tell him I wait Dr Brooke, at which announcement, he subsides. Then I suggest to Miss Nelly, that with her mother's permission, she may now have the picture all to herself for a momentary peep. Mrs Spalding, who is deep with Miss Blagden in the mysteries of the manufacture of rhubarb-jam, readily consents.

Nelly follows me into the room, where my picture stands, covered with a crimson cloth, on my easel. I close the door, and unveil it. Nelly glances at it for a moment; then growing deadly pale, sinks half-fainting—not into my arms, but into those of Dr James Brooke, who has most opportunely come upon the scene. In speechless astonishment he gazes at me, but he too seems as if he were going to repeat Nelly's procedure, as he glances at the picture. 'For heaven's sake, Regy,' says Jim in a hoarse voice, 'cover that picture up!'

Nelly opened her eyes in a moment or two, which seemed to me like an age. Jim had employed the interval in a fashion not unfamiliar to lovers, I believe. And when she did open her eyes, it was to clasp Jim round the neck, and her

words were few but decided: 'Jim, dear! I can never, never marry that man! I will do whatever you wish me to. But oh! they have tried me so!'

What is it in my picture that has so perturbed the lovers, and brought Nelly Spalding to her senses? Simply the interior of the old church once again. A ray of sunlight streaming through a chink in the stained window falls on the sad, pale, tearful face of a newly-made bride. The bride's face is Nelly's own; and the pompous bridegroom is Josiah Blagden, the artistic treatment of whose white waistcoat and chain has cost me no end of pains. Behind bride and bridegroom come the figures of Mr and Mrs Spalding; and in the dim distance the vicar is seen still standing within the altar rails. But the central figure after the bride herself, is the young man, pale, motionless as a statue, who stands in a pew, and whose ashy gaze is fixed on the bride. The face of the man in the pew is that of James Brooke. The picture tells its own story to Nelly Spalding. It places the possibility of the future before her eyes, as she has never dared to picture it to herself. It reflects in all its naked truth, the fate to which through her indecision she may commit herself and Jim. And it tells its story so well, that art conquers diplomacy in decision, and aids love in its triumph over the great Josiah himself.

Footsteps on the stairs. I cover the picture again. Nelly stands beside Dr Brooke; her cheek is pale, and there are tears like dewdrops glistening in her eyes. The iron-master looms in the doorway. He takes in the matter at a glance, and frowns darkly at Jim and me.

As soon as Mr and Mrs Spalding, who closely follow Josiah, have entered the room, Nelly, to my surprise, walks quickly up to her father and takes his hand. 'Father,' said she, with a tremulous yet decisive tone, 'you know the message you brought me from Mr Blagden this morning? Give him my answer now. Tell him that I am going to marry Dr Brooke.'

Now, it is my opinion that, had the discarded Josiah at this moment held his tongue, he might have got both Mr and Mrs Spalding to speak a word for him with Nelly. But, as it was, he destroyed his own case at a blow.

'Message from me?—and this is my answer!' he said in an angry voice. 'Why, I care nowt—nowt,' he repeated bitterly, 'about the matter. I guess it was the lass's father and mother that wanted to marry Josiah Blagden's money—perhaps they wanted some of it for themselves.'

The rudeness and vulgarity which marked the man came out unmistakably as he said these words; and taking his sister's arm in his, and casting a look of vindictive scorn at the doctor and myself, he walked out at the door with an ungainly strut which was meant for dignity; and we saw the great Josiah no more.

Mrs Spalding was especially cut up by the parting fling of Josiah, as it was she who had manœuvred the matter thus far. Mr Spalding, on the other hand, burst into a jovial laugh, and taking his daughter's hand, placed it in that of the doctor.

After all had left the studio but Mr Spalding, the latter asked me to tell him in plain terms how I had brought this about—for he had no doubt I

was at the bottom of it. I uncovered the picture, which Mr Spalding—simple, easy-minded gentleman that he was—scrutinised with his double eye-glass, remarking to me that he didn't quite understand it at all, but that it was wonderfully clever, and that Josiah's 'weskit was as like as life.'

In six weeks thereafter I officiated as 'best-man' at Jim's marriage. As the organist pealed forth the jubilant strains of Mendelssohn, after the vicar's benediction had been given, and Nelly, radiant and beautiful, passed down the aisle on her husband's arm, I could not help rejoicing in the success of what is now 'No. 329—A Wedding March,' though the faces in the picture as exhibited are slightly disguised, and Mr Josiah's vest has been shorn of certain of its distinctive peculiarities.

That is the romance which, as I told you at the outset, hangs round the picture which in the Academy catalogue was numbered '329—A Wedding March.'

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

'APOPTHEGMS,' says Sir Francis Bacon, 'are certainly of excellent use. They are *numerous carborum*, pointed speeches. Cicero prettily calls them *salinas*, salt-pits; that you may extract salt out of, and sprinkle it where you will. They serve to be interlaced in continued speech. They serve to be recited upon occasion of themselves.'

In our own days, no less than in 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth,' the excellent use of apophthegms is known and turned duly to account. Our daily talk is full of these 'pointed speeches,' derived from a hundred different sources, and very often used without any knowledge of their context, or any thought as to their authors. Who ever thinks, for example, when he cheerily reminds a friend that 'Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer,' that he is quoting a modification of the words of old Tusser? the homely philosopher who bids you 'Look ere you leap,' who warns us that 'A stone that is rolling can gather no moss,' and to whom we owe whatever comfort is to be had from the reflection that 'It is an ill wind turns none to good.' The hackneyed phrase, 'Neither fish nor flesh nor good red-herring,' savours little of the style of the 'majestic' Dryden; it is taken, nevertheless, from his epilogue to the *Duke of Guise*. It is probable, however, that many of these sayings were simply adaptations by the authors from popular existing proverbs. It is Dryden also who tells us that 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' that 'Sweet is pleasure after pain,' that it is well to 'Take the good the gods provide,' and who reminds us, in his prologue to *Love for Love*, that 'Men are but children of a larger growth.'

'When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war'—a line, by the way, which is generally misquoted—is from *Alexander the Great*, written by the mad dramatist Nat Lee. 'Plato, thou reasonest well,' is in the *Cato* of Addison; and from him also come the well-worn phrases, 'Rides

in the whirlwind and directs the storm,' and 'Still I seem to tread on classic ground.' It is in Pope's *Odyssey* that the line occurs, 'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,' varied in his translations from Horace by a change of 'parting' into 'going.' As a fruitful source of popular quotations, Pope probably ranks next after Shakspeare, and like him, is often credited with the authorship of lines which he never wrote. To Pope, for example, has often been attributed the famous couplet—

'True patriots we; for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good;

yet this was really composed by the notorious Barrington, as part of the prologue of a play performed by his fellow-convicts at Botany Bay.

The smooth and sonorous line, 'Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast,' which has so often been ascribed to Shakspeare, forms the opening of Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, the play in which occurs that famous description of a temple which Dr Johnson once declared to be the finest poetical passage he had ever read—that he recollected none equal to it in Shakspeare. It is from Congreve, too, that we have borrowed the somewhat terrifying couplet—

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

Upon the poet Young, many a loan has been levied, without much if any acknowledgment. From his *Night Thoughts* we get, 'Procrastination is the thief of time;' 'Man wants but little, nor that little long;' 'All men think all men mortal but themselves;' 'We take no note of time, but from its loss;' and many another familiar saying.

Grave judges, and others learned in the law, have contributed their quota, as in duty bound, to the common stock of popular sayings. It is Francis Bacon who speaks of matters that 'Come home to men's business and bosom,' who lays down the axiom that 'Knowledge is power,' and who utters that solemn warning to enamoured Benedicks, 'He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune.' We have the high authority of the renowned Sir Edward Coke for declaring that 'Corporations have no souls,' and that 'A man's house is his castle.' The expression, 'An accident of an accident,' is borrowed from Lord Thurlow. 'The greatest happiness of the greatest number,' occurs in Bentham, but as an acknowledged translation from the learned jurist Beccaria. To *Leviathan* Hobbes we owe the sage maxim, 'Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools.' It is John Schden who suggests that by throwing a straw into the air you may see the way of the wind; and to his contemporary Oxenstiern is due the discovery, 'With how little wisdom the world is governed.' Mackintosh first used the phrase, 'A wise and masterly inactivity.' 'The schoolmaster is abroad,' is from a speech by Lord Brougham. It does not mean that the teacher is 'abroad,' in the sense of being *absent*,

as many seem to interpret the phrase, but that he is 'abroad,' in the sense of being everywhere *at work*. In the familiar phrase, 'A delusion, a mockery, and a snare,' there is a certain Biblical ring, which has sometimes led to its being quoted as from one or other of the Hebrew prophets; the words are, in fact, an extract from the judgment of Lord Denman at the trial of O'Connell.

Long before Mr Matthew Arnold lived and wrote, Dean Swift had sung the praises of the 'Two noblest things, sweetness and light.' It is Swift also who wrote that 'Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent;' and who tells us, in his *Tale of a Tub*, that 'Bread is the staff of life.' 'Out of mind as soon as out of sight,' comes from the sonnets of Lord Brooke; and it was his friend and contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney, who coined the phrase, 'My dear, my better-half.' Humphry Gifford, a writer of the sixteenth century, has the following:

I cannot say the crow is white,
But needs must call a spade a spade.

Bickerstaff, a playwright as seldom read as he is often quoted, is author of the prudent admonition that 'Enough is as good as a feast,' and of the indisputable assertion that 'One cannot have one's cake and eat it too.' From Home's *Douglas* comes the famous speech, 'My name is Norval,' familiar to the readers of Enfield's once celebrated but now forgotten *Speaker*; and in the same play is found the consolatory assurance that 'Virtue is its own reward.' 'The almighty dollar' came to us across the Atlantic from Washington Irving; and it was Beaumont and Fletcher who first taught us to speak of 'money' as 'the sinews of war.' 'How goes the enemy?' is a question often asked in the *Dramatist* of Reynolds; and 'Pray, sir, what is your opinion of things in general?' is one of the 'catchwords' of that impecunious sponger Jeremy Diddler.

From old Chaucer we learn that 'Mordre wol out,' and that it is wise to 'Maken virtue of necessity.' It is he, too, who wrote, 'Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken,' a passage which the poet Gray must, consciously or unconsciously, have had in memory when he penned the celebrated line, 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.' It is Gray also who speaks of 'Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;' of 'Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;' who warns us that 'Favourites have no friends,' and that 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' It is the shy recluse Cowper who expresses his opinion that 'God made the country, and man made the town,' and who sings the praise of 'cups that cheer but not inebriate.' The light-hearted Gay instructs us that 'Life is a jest, and all things show it;' and it is part of his cheerful philosophy that 'While there's life there's hope.'

Foreign writers, moreover, have been made to contribute to our stock of familiar quotations. 'To encourage the others,' was said by Voltaire, apropos to the capital sentence passed upon Admiral Byng. 'To gild the pill,' is probably borrowed from the

line in Molière's *Amphitryon*—'Le seigneur Jupiter suit dorer la pilule.' We learn from the witty Rabelais that 'Appetite comes with eating,' and that men sometimes 'Pay Paul by robbing Peter;' and the old French farce of *Maître Pierre Patelin* supplies us with the humorous expression, 'Let us return to our muttons.' And taking this as a gentle reminder not to stray beyond our proper limits, we may fitly let it serve to close our list of 'familiar quotations.'

STATE AID TO TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

State aid to technical education must, according to our contemporary, the *Textile Manufacturer*, 'be regarded as undesirable; and not to it but to other sources must the promoters of weaving-schools and similar institutions look for the means whereby they may carry on their work. These are not so limited or difficult to secure as some seem to imagine. In addition to voluntary contributions, there is a mine of wealth that can and ought to be made available for the promotion of technical education.'

'Within the last few months, statements have been made about the increase in the income of the Livery Companies of the City of London, which have had a startling effect upon the public mind; and the more the subject is considered, the more strange does it appear that in the nineteenth century, in the capital of this vast empire, there should be small coteries of individuals, calling themselves by sundry trade names, but having no connection with the trades, administering vast funds upon no defined system, these funds being the accumulation of centuries, and which the present irresponsible administrators have not the slightest right to supervise, beyond the fictitious one of what may be called nominative succession given them by their predecessors, who also had no better title to their position.'

'From a Report issued by the London School Board, which has been making inquiries into the City Guild Charities, but has not received any assistance from the Guilds in its investigations, it appears that there are one thousand and eighty charities managed by the City Companies, with an income of upwards of one hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds per annum. This is in addition to the one thousand three hundred and thirty charities under the management of the City parishes, and valued at one hundred and four thousand pounds per annum. Here is an income of more than a quarter of a million pounds at the disposal of irresponsible bodies, and it is said that quite one-half is misappropriated. Take, for example, the accounts of the Mercers' Company, in which three hundred and two pounds nineteen shillings and eightpence is charged for the annual dinner and audit breakfast in connection with St Paul's School. Here is a direct waste of money ostensibly devoted to educational purposes.'

'To these endowments must be added a host of others scattered throughout the country, to which the foregoing remarks are in some degree applicable. Some of these have already been brought under the pruning-knife of the reformer. For instance, the Ackroyd Charity, Yorkshire, has been remodelled, and while the original intentions of the founder are carried out in

the new scheme, a large surplus is allocated to the College of Science at Leeds. It is, then, the funds left in many cases for the education of artisans, and misapplied, or for objects that no longer exist, that should be made available for aid to technical schools. Time must elapse before suitable schemes can be decided upon, and even the first step has to be taken, which is, to arouse the attention of the public to the sources of hidden wealth that can be diverted to promote the advancement of technical education, and render unnecessary all appeals for state aid.'

WITHERED.

I LIFT them to my drooping face;
My heart above them grieves;
Of all their beauty, not one trace
Lies on those leaves.

And yet, with trembling lip, I kiss
Each precious withered flower;
Baptised in tears, I still do bless
Their gentle power.

For none can know what feelings wake
In passion'd heart like mine,
That harks a trifle for sweet sake
Of dreams divine;

That gives to dust and ashes Love
Which lived in Hope's own bower;
That broods, with yearning pain, above
A faded flower.

Through shower of kisses, mist of tears,
There rises from the Past
A vision that no coming years
Can overcast.

The small white hand, so soft and true,
That gave those flowers away,
Still sparkling with the bridal dew
Of yesterday.

The smiling eyes, that seemed to gaze
Beyond Earth's cloudy rim,
As if their holy power could raise
Life's curtain dim.

The tender heart, so fain to shed
Its sunshine everywhere,
Oh, blossoms fragrantless and dead,
Yet once so fair!

O flowers he loved, ye were so bright,
I took you as a sign,
For winsome words and laughter light
With flowers entwine.

And flowers, and words, and touch, and tone
Seemed wreathed around my heart
In garland immortal, that none
Might tear apart.

My cherished Hope! my cherished Flower!
Dear tokens that she gave,
I lay you—withered in an hour—
Upon her grave.

J. M. F. SAXBY.

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THE CENSUS.

1881.

THE Census of 1881 has been taken, and the result of the labours of the Registrar General and his vast army of enumerators has been embodied in a preliminary Report, which has been presented to Parliament.

The census, as taken nowadays, is a very elaborate and, so far as human ingenuity and patience can make it, a very accurate numbering of the people. The Domesday Book of William the Conqueror was perhaps the first crude attempt in these islands of keeping a record of the numbers and condition of their inhabitants, and, at best, it was but an imperfect undertaking. It was not until the year 1753 that a formal proposal to take a census was made in the House of Commons, and it was then opposed as a project which had for its object the violation of an Englishman's rights and liberty. It was considered by many that the knowledge thus obtained would lead to acts of oppression, such as compulsory service in the army and navy, the exaction of unjust taxes, and many other things of a like arbitrary nature; and one minister was actually indiscreet enough to hint that the census would be used for conscription purposes in the case of a long war. The Bill passed the House of Commons by large majorities, but was rejected by the House of Lords. Fifty years later, there came a scare of another kind, in consequence of many people thinking that the population was increasing beyond the means of subsistence, and a Bill was passed in 1801 for the taking of a census; which was duly effected.

The Census of 1881, which is the ninth decennial enumeration of the population of the United Kingdom, was taken on 4th April last; and so vast are the figures involved in this great national roll-call, that, even with the assistance of a large staff of clerks, it took the Registrar General three months to ascertain the result. The Report embodying that result, and from the pages of

which we derive our statistics, is only a preliminary one, dealing with the actual numbers of the people. In addition to the work of abstracting the totals from the enumeration books and arranging the tables for publication, the whole of the superintendent-registrars', registrars', and enumerators' claims had to be examined and checked, and the payments made; and when we mention that there were six hundred and thirty superintendent-registrars of districts, about two thousand seven hundred registrars of sub-districts, besides thirty-five thousand enumerators, our readers will scarcely be surprised to learn that the time absorbed in this work alone was six weeks. The sum of money paid away for this part of the census was over eighty thousand pounds.

This portion of the work was performed by the Accounts Branch of the Registrar General's Department, with such accuracy of detail, that not a single mistake of any magnitude occurred in the payments in question. For the taking of the census, Parliament last year voted the sum of one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds. And by way of comparison, it may be interesting to note here that the cost of the American census is seven hundred thousand pounds.

The grand total of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom living at midnight on the 3d of April last, including the army and navy and the Channel Islands, was thirty-five millions two hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and sixty-two; the preponderance of females over males being no less than seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand six hundred and sixty-eight. The corresponding total for the whole kingdom in 1871 was thirty-one millions eight hundred and forty-five thousand three hundred and seventy-nine; which, when subtracted from the other—allowing, of course, for the decrease in Ireland and in the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man—shows an increase of three millions four hundred and one thousand one hundred and eighty-three. This is equivalent to an average daily addition of nine hundred and thirty-one persons to the population throughout the ten years; the daily increase in the

preceding decade having been seven hundred and five.

The population of England and Wales on the night of April 31 was twenty-five millions nine hundred and sixty-eight thousand two hundred and eighty-six; being an increase of three millions two hundred and fifty-six thousand and twenty over the number for 1871; and showing further an excess of females over males of seven hundred and eighteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight. To each one hundred males enumerated there were thus 105.7 females; and the proportion of females to males has, it appears, been steadily increasing at each census since 1851. England alone has a population of twenty-four millions six hundred and eight thousand three hundred and ninety-one; exhibiting an increase of three millions three hundred and thirteen thousand two hundred and sixty over the figures of 1871.

By manipulation of these figures, we find that the density of the population of England and Wales is now about four hundred and forty persons to the square mile, or nearly six times as many as in the days of 'Good Queen Bess.' In 1871 there were three hundred and ninety persons to the square mile in England and Wales; so that there is an increase of fifty to this small area in the past ten years. There is, however, plenty of breathing-room left yet to each inhabitant; for it is calculated that an area of six thousand nine hundred and fifty-five square yards could be allotted to each person in England and Wales.

The great improvements in sanitary science during the past decade are shown by the fact that the annual death-rate has decreased to such an extent, that no less than two hundred and ninety-nine thousand three hundred and eighty-five persons are now living, who, with the previous rate of mortality, would have died.

Scotland contributes to the grand total three millions seven hundred and thirty-four thousand three hundred and seventy, or nearly one hundred thousand less than the population of London! There is an increase for Scotland over the census of 1871 of three hundred and seventy-four thousand three hundred and fifty-two. This is, however, not the case with the sister isle; for Ireland exhibits a decrease of two hundred and fifty-two thousand five hundred and thirty-eight; the present total being five millions one hundred and fifty-nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine.

The population of the Isle of Man is fifty-three thousand four hundred and ninety-two; being a decrease of five hundred and fifty under the figures of 1871; and the Channel Islands eighty-seven thousand seven hundred and thirty-one, with a decrease of two thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

The army, navy, and merchant service give an aggregate return of two hundred and forty-two thousand eight hundred and forty-four; being an increase of twenty-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-four.

Eight English counties have fallen off in their numbers since 1871—Cornwall showing the large decrease of thirty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine. Cambridge, Rutland, and Westmoreland have also decreased to the extent of over one thousand each; and Dorset, Hereford, and Huntingdon by over four thousand. Shropshire has

been nearly stationary, with a slight decrease of one hundred and eighteen.

Lancashire stands first on the list of the counties whose numbers have increased, with a difference in her favour of six hundred and thirty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty. Yorkshire comes next, with an increase of four hundred and forty-nine thousand nine hundred and fifty-four; Middlesex next, with a difference of three hundred and seventy-nine thousand and forty-nine; and Surrey, with three hundred and forty-four thousand two hundred and seven. Five other counties—Durham, Essex, Kent, Stafford, and Warwick—exhibit an additional force of over one hundred thousand; while Buckingham, Devon, Norfolk, Oxford, Somerset, Suffolk, and Wilts have an increase in each case of less than ten thousand—the first-named being only about four hundred.

Wales shows a total population of one million three hundred and fifty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, of which, like England, the majority are of the fair sex. Of the Welsh counties, six show an aggregate increase of one hundred and fifty-two thousand one hundred and twenty-three. These are: Carmarthen, Carnarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Glamorgan, and Merioneth; the last named but one taking the lion's share, namely, one hundred and thirteen thousand eight hundred and thirteen. The other six counties show an aggregate decline of nine thousand three hundred and sixty-three.

Wherever we find the county areas densely populated, it may be taken for granted that the industries connected therewith are in a thriving state; while those counties which fall below a certain maximum have generally either small manufacturing agencies in operation, or are for the most part, if not entirely, agricultural. For instance, we may take it that a density of two hundred to the square mile would be fair evidence of the presence in such counties of large manufactures or mines; whilst a scarcity of population would denote the absence of such works. Lancashire and Middlesex show a density respectively of one thousand seven hundred, and one thousand three hundred, to the square mile, these counties being those in which the greatest industrial activity is developed; while six other counties exhibit a density of over five hundred to the same limited area.

Amidst all these totals, however, the most remarkable is that of London, which now stands at the astounding figure of three millions eight hundred and fourteen thousand five hundred and seventy-one; thus heading the other towns in the kingdom with the enormous increase of five hundred and sixty thousand three hundred and eleven; which in itself is more than the population of Liverpool, and is equal to the aggregate increase in thirteen of the largest towns in England during the same period. Of this immense total of nearly four millions of human souls, the fair sex predominates to the extent of two hundred and twenty-six thousand three hundred and fifty-nine; there being thus in the Great Metropolis nearly a quarter of a million more women than men. The population of London exceeds that of Scotland by eighty thousand two hundred and one. Its increase alone is a little less than the whole population of Hampshire, and about the same as that

of extra-Metropolitan Middlesex and Hertfordshire taken together, more than half as much as Staffordshire, and four times as much as Herefordshire and Radnorshire combined.

The necessity of having public parks and open spaces in London for the benefit of the health of its inhabitants, is clearly shown by the astonishing fact, that there are no fewer than thirty-two thousand three hundred and twenty-six persons to the square mile, or about fifty to the statute acre! the three portions of the Metropolis situated in Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent having respectively eighty, forty-four, and thirteen to the acre.

The City of London, according to what, for the sake of comparison only, we will term the Imperial Census, contained on the night of Sunday, 3d April, fifty thousand five hundred and twenty-six souls; but, dissatisfied with this manner of reckoning the inhabitants of the world's mart, the Corporation determined upon having a Day Census taken; and this was actually done about three weeks after the government enumeration. The result, which took the City officers three months to arrive at, shows that the commercial and mercantile population of the City on the day in question was two hundred and sixty thousand six hundred and seventy. This is an increase over the total of 1866, when a Day Census was also taken, of forty thousand and eleven. The Imperial Census shows the *residential* population of the City to have decreased by twenty-four thousand six hundred and seventy-seven. This is, of course, accounted for by its merchants and others now preferring suburban residences to those situated among factories and warehouses.

The Metropolis is divided into twenty-nine districts; and of these, Islington, Kensington, Lambeth, and Pancras stood highest as regards numbers in 1871; and now exhibit an increase of thirty-two, twenty-four, seventeen, and seven per cent. respectively, each having, more or less, a population of about a quarter of a million. Eight metropolitan districts show a decrease during the past ten years; while Fulham, which was not regarded as a distinct district until 1879, has the remarkable growth of seventy-four per cent.

The population of London has nearly doubled itself in forty years, and now displays the extraordinary fact, that out of the entire population of England and Wales, a proportion of one person in every seven resides in the 'Great City.'

London contains four hundred and eighty-six thousand two hundred and eighty-six inhabited houses, with an average of about eight persons to each; while there are thirty-seven thousand uninhabited dwellings, and eight thousand in course of erection. The area which may be apportioned to the inhabitants of London gives about ninety-five square yards to each person; but each inhabitant has in the Surrey portion of the Metropolis twice as much room as in the Middlesex part, and in the Kent portion nearly nine times as much as in Middlesex.

Liverpool, the next largest city in England, has a population of five hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and twenty-five, and shows an increase in the ten years of fifty-nine thousand and twenty. Birmingham comes next with over four hundred thousand, and an increase almost as large as Liverpool; and Leeds with three hundred and

nine thousand one hundred and twenty-six, and an increase of about fifty thousand. Sheffield and Bristol have an aggregate increase of seventy thousand; and Nottingham shows the enormous growth of one hundred and fifteen per cent. on the return for 1871. Manchester, strange to say, shows a falling-off in her population of nearly ten thousand during the decade.

For the convenience of enumeration, England and Wales was divided into eleven divisions, the Metropolis being one of them, the divisions into counties, the counties into districts, and these again into sub-districts; and amongst the interesting and valuable results to be derived from the census we may mention: (1) The age and sex of the people, the differences in which regulate the strength and development of the nation. (2) The mean age of the population. (3) The actual increase in numbers. (4) The successive numbers in a generation, or those born between two consecutive censuses whose gradual growth as a body can be accurately judged. (5) The conjugal condition of the people. (6) The various occupations, &c., in which the population is engaged, and the number to be ascribed to each.

It is the actual numbers of the population, showing the proportion of each sex to the whole, and the increase or decrease of the population, which are the subject-matter of the Registrar General's recent Report; and the totals were abstracted from the census papers as quickly as possible, for the information of Parliament and the country.

The Registrar General's second and more voluminous Report will not be made until the close of the census, which takes nearly three years to complete, although about one hundred and twenty clerks are daily employed on the work. The magnitude of the task may be imagined when it is stated that there were upwards of seven millions of schedules issued, and that each schedule contains eight columns of information, all of which must be examined, checked, corrected, abstracted, compared, and tabulated with the utmost care and precision, in order that the statistics to be deduced therefrom may be rendered valuable by being absolutely reliable. It must also be remembered that each of these schedules contains a different style of writing, much of it being so bad as to be scarcely readable, while in many instances the most astonishing blunders have been made; such, for instance, as a wife appearing as *head* of the household, and described as a 'male;' while the husband occupies the second place, and is described as a 'female.'

Many hitherto unheard-of occupations have also been discovered by the clerks engaged on the revision, and the strangest possible mis-conceptions of what was required in the geographical and infirmity columns have been to them a source of considerable amusement.

The Secretary and the gentlemen who superintend the work at the Census Office are clerks of the General Register Office, or Registrar General's Department at Somerset House—a Department which has become famous for the reliable and therefore valuable nature of its health statistics and sanitary observations—records that have made the title of 'Registrar General of England' known wherever the English language is spoken.

It is a noteworthy fact, though it is not

mentioned in the Report which we have had under review, that not a single case of prosecution for refusing information has occurred in connection with the taking of the census of 1881; and, as far as can be ascertained, very little vestiges remain of the old prejudices which existed in connection with the subject, and especially with that section of it which dealt with the ages of the fair sex. On the contrary, the work of the enumerators was everywhere lightened by the fact that the lapse of a hundred years has created a radical change in the minds and manners, in the feelings and prejudices of the English people; while the spread of education has enabled the nation to measure its own strength, and to fling aside any childish fears of invasion or oppression, knowing full well, as the humblest working-man does, what would be the fate of any minister, or ministry, who ever attempted, by means of the census, to violate the first principles of the Great Charter.

We have thus far, then, given our readers an epitome of the results of the recent numbering of the people in these islands, and the nation may be fairly congratulated on the fact that it is still making a steady advance in the path of prosperity: for growing numbers must, mean, to a certain extent, increase of wealth, and of that natural and physical strength upon which the happiness and material progress of a great empire mainly depend.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XL.—IN THE TRAP.

It was quiet, very quiet, in the great Yard of Mervyn & Co., that had rung all day long to the clink of hammers and the resonant boom of mallets beating merrily on hollow ribs and decks of sound oaken timber. The workshops were empty; so were the slips; so were wet dock and dry dock; the men were gone; and the machinery awaited the potent touch of Steam to give it life again. Very gently, a side-door—the same by which, a day earlier, Mr Weston and his searchers had found ingress—turned upon its well-oiled hinges to give admission to four men, who crossed the Yard in Indian-file, one by one, keeping as much as possible in the shadow of the buildings on which the sickly moonlight played. Bertram Oakley went first. Close behind came Inspector Birch. Two constables of the Southampton police, in their greatcoats, belted, and with cutlasses dangling from their belts, brought up the rear. With cautious tread, with bated breath, the three policemen followed Bertram as he led the way, heedfully, towards the Fittings Store. The whole quartet, as they stole across the Yard, would, to an unprejudiced eye, have had very much the air of night-prowlers. Thief and thief-taker must sometimes look alike. By Bertram's advice, the whole four ensconced themselves—two to the left, and two to the right—behind the piles of timber, beam and mast and spar, heaped and stacked in convenient profusion on both sides of the warehouse where the Fittings were kept. To the right were hidden, behind beams and keelsons and knee-timbers, like a dead grove of leafless trees, Bertram and the Inspector. To the left, behind the

rounded shapes of many spars, lurked the armed constables, armed, because who knew how fierce, or against what odds, the struggle might be?

Then came a period of waiting, with all the tedium, disappointment, uncertainty, that waiting implies, when nerves and brain and eyes grow weary, and incredulity begins to reign paramount. Would they never come? The private policemen fidgeted in their ambush. Inspector Birch muttered beneath his breath ejaculations anything but complimentary to his own wisdom. Bertram was the first to hear the faint sound of feet trampling the gravel. 'Hush!' he said, laying his hand on the detective's arm. On they came, with stealthy tread, through the shadows of night, those who were expected. One, two, three, cautiously, but without hesitation, they approached the Fittings Warehouse. A well-built, active figure led the van. Next came a shorter man in dark clothes, like the first. A tall form, clad in a light-coloured suit of slops, like a common labourer, followed. This man carried over his arm some empty bags or sacks.

'The glim!' whispered the leader, as the door was gained. The tall man in the slop-suit shuffled forward in his nailed boots, and, producing a dark-lantern, struck a light. The shorter of the two who wore broadcloth drew forth a key, and, with a practised hand, thrust it into the keyhole, and threw open the heavy door. What white face was that which gleamed, ghastly, as the glare of the lantern fell upon it! and what smooth voice was it that said, in low accents, but with a chuckling laugh: 'This last job *must* clench the business! We have but to leave the door open, and when the Governor comes to-morrow, with that owl of a detective, it'll be all U.P. with the upstart Oakley—ha! ha!'

'It was a good plant, Judas, about the —,' answered the taller man, as he passed in, close on the heels of the first; and behind came the shambling figure in the slop-suit. As the words were uttered, Bertram could not help tightening the pressure of his hand on the Inspector's arm. He distinctly felt the angry movement which evinced the detective's disgust at being called an owl; but, to the young man's surprise, his practised companion remained passive; and the two policemen were as still as if they had been two of the wooden figure-heads of ships, many of which, gay with paint and gold-leaf, stood near. There was another period of expectation, during which smothered sounds of talking and laughter, and the clatter of metal, and the tink, tink of a hammer, were faintly heard from within; and then, at last, stealthy steps approaching the door. Laden with booty, each with a weighty bag in his hands, the three figures darkened the doorway.

'At 'em!' cried the Inspector, unconsciously parodying the Great Duke of Wellington's most celebrated speech, and dashing forward. There was a flash of bull's-eye lanterns suddenly displayed; there was a scuffling and a kicking up of the gravel, and sacks were dropped, and blows struck, but not many, for the contest was soon over. Almost instantly, the Inspector had Crawley by the collar, and, though the wretch struggled like a writhing eel, he was secured. Bertram made prisoner the tall fellow in the slop-suit, who had already tripped up the heels of the constable who clutched him. But the third man, who was no

other than Nat Lee, after fighting for a moment, changed his tactics, and darted off, like a deer before the hounds. He was pursued; but in vain; for in a moment he was gone, as though the darkness had swallowed him up; and immediately afterwards the distant splash of oars reached the ears of his baffled foes.

'A boat, hey!' muttered the Inspector. 'Well, well, my gentleman, if you don't find Southampton too hot to hold you, my name is not John Birch.—Clap the darbies on these two, anyhow!' And the steel handcuffs closed, with a satisfactory snap, on the wrists of the captives.

'Lock the door—give me the key, Parsons.—That's right,' said the Inspector jubilantly. 'Pick up two of those bags, men. The other we can leave where it is. Late as it has got to be, we'll have them up to Mr Weston's house. It's irregular, very; but it's a rare success. Never knew such a game in the three-and-twenty years I have been in the Force—never!'

FILLING LITTLE PITCHERS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

How far should little pitchers be filled? Need they be brimful? As it happens, we do know of some little pitchers that somehow got filled astoundingly full; we only know of them in books, yet in such grave books, that surely it must be true. In Macaulay's time, every schoolboy knew everything from the Middle Ages downwards, and from here to the utmost limits of British India. Nor did the erudite schoolboy become extinct until later. The greatest modern art-critic declares that every schoolboy knows that the epithet of 'learned' was given to Poussin in allusion to the profound classical knowledge of the painter. But if ever there were such schoolboys, we congratulate ourselves that the race is now at least extinct, like the antediluvian giant lizards and the mammoth creation. Possibly, grave as our authors are, the schoolboy who knew everything is a fabulous animal, a unicorn or dragon of schoolboys, whom we need not fear to meet, yet whose name may survive to adorn an essayist's page.

As a matter of fact, the schoolboy at the end of his course of study, the girl in the glory of having acquired every 'accomplishment' at a finishing school—ay, and the university student with his fresh laurels, and the student of sixty, the Magliabecchi living and having his being among his books—all know but a very little of the vast everything that can be known; and their science may be measured upward by their growing sense of the finite littleness of their knowledge, their willing acknowledgment of deficiency. Again, just as it is true that the great point is not to talk of attaining 'much learning,' but to learn our own little well and suitably to our aim in life, so is it also true that even in learning that little, there is diversity of mind and of capacity; and as to talent, it may be expected of one in ten; but genius—of one in ten thousand.

Parents, proud of their children, have an unfortunate knack of believing that genius has been born to them, mistaking their more intimate knowledge of their own children for an unusual display of mind and character in the

children themselves. Pride or fondness such as this produces those disappointing failures, whom the world knows as the clever children that subside into commonplace folk. Would it not be more true to talk of the ordinary children who had been induced for a time to be clever—to attempt things beyond their power? There are boys who think themselves poets, and bitterly regret the knowledge in after-years that their juvenile verses exist scattered somewhere in print. There are girls who were renowned for their wit as children, and who, unfortunately, in later years have no way of knowing that their sharp remarks were only impertinent criticism, the early seed of the habit of clever, unkind criticism and mimicry, that now makes them feared in society—not loved and trusted. Boys, too, are expected to be born to write 'like copperplate,' as old-fashioned schoolmasters would call that species of perfection, born to be classical scholars, and expert mathematicians. Girls are supposed to be endowed by Nature with a musical ear and an aptitude to be musicians. And while the boys become young rebels under constant blame for their stupidity, the girls take a few music lessons, and torture their friends for evermore with anything but music on the piano. A girl who has the sympathies, the ear, the training of a musician, is indeed a treasure in a household; but many hours would be saved for other study, and much torture to other ears avoided, if parents would sometimes face the fact, that their child has not capacity for music; or perhaps, that she has a correct sense of sound and harmony, but has not the necessary mechanical power.

Granting that it is foolish to try to force every child to be a genius or a Hercules in school-tasks, and granting that the most that can be learned in a few years is but very little; we are inclined to believe that the best thing learned in school-hours is *how to learn*. How to read, and how to learn—that is the most the first few years of life can teach. Give the child a firm beginning for his knowledge, a strong skeleton to build upon and cover in—like the skeleton of beams, the keel and ribs, grandly shaped and riveted together, upon which are to be laid afterwards the planking, the sides, and the stout bulwarks of some ship that will have to voyage long in the great sea. Give him for his history, not dates and names alone, but a broad outline of the centuries, a story of the causes and events that shaped the world; and into this what he reads and hears will fit, and take due place and form. Give him for geography, not where remote rivers rise, and how many square miles far-off countries measure, but a picture description of the world, a knowledge of what the countries are like, and their people, what is made there, to whom those countries belong, what grows there, and how the round of life is lived. As to retaining of the names of places, and their position, much will depend upon the habit of taking the map and finding the towns, or rivers, or mountains named, whenever such names occur in the reading of any book. Every other branch could be treated in the same intelligent and attractive way.

The real education of most men comes after school-days are over; and whether self-education goes on at all, or what course it takes, depends

upon the outline of school studies, the love of serious study that a good teacher developed, and the noble choice of books which a wise teacher indicated. The over-teaching of a child will lead to less education in the end, because less self-education will follow. 'The way in which they forced him to study,' wrote Madame de Caylus of Louis XV., 'gave him such a disgust for books, that he took the resolution of never opening one again when he would be his own master; and he has kept his word.' How many boys and girls do the same without taking the resolution! They have been disgusted with serious study; and a newspaper and a novel are the only literature for which they have appetite. They are like Louis XV., that little pitcher that was filled brimful, and that tossed out the contents again with the royal privilege of self-assertion. What if, after all, some of the best pitchers were not filled brimful? What if some of the noblest natures were not clever in learning, nor brilliant with genius? If children do not show signs of such gifts, why should we force them, why should we regret it? There are better gifts—far better. Look at that man who is welcomed everywhere for his happy humour, loved at home for his kindness, honoured abroad for his integrity, his hard work, his bravery of spirit in misfortune—a greater bravery than courage on the battle-field; and yet probably he had no great name in his school and college, beyond being an ordinary boy on the list, with ordinary abilities. And see that girl, who promises to make some day the angel of home, a woman full of kindly helpfulness and sweetness, and capable of the heroism of self-sacrifice—the commonplace girl who tried Latin three times and could not get past the declensions; and whose chief musical qualifications find an outlet in humming her baby-brother to sleep.

And lastly, with what are the little pitchers to be filled? 'Ah!' said a white-haired country-woman the other day, talking about her schoolboy grandson—one of some thirty grandchildren scattered in prosperous humble homes through the green shires of Southern England—'Ah! they ought to keep him at school. It's all the scholarship nowadays. It's different from when I was young. Everything's in scholarship now!' But is everything in 'scholarship' now? we thought, looking at this homely old lady's gentle blue eyes—a pair of eyes that keep the light of love yet, far on into the happy winter of a good, hard-working, simple, cheery life—is everything in 'scholarship?' We know that the poor thirst to push their sons and daughters upward; they have a generous desire that their children shall enjoy the good things which were not within their own reach. They are anxious for their children to be what they call scholars, and they work with a touching self-denial to give them this 'scholarship,' with its vague visions of future tangible advantages. But in many cases sorrow lurks behind the delusive promise that their children's good depends upon literary proficiency, and that they will be happier for stepping up with their own children's children to rank among the educated and to be of a higher class.

Out of this idea of pushing upward comes the lamentable impression that manual labour is degrading, that a man who works at a trade, and

a woman who earns her way, are inferior to people of similar education and birth who do not work with their hands. Out of this idea also comes the filling of offices with ill-paid clerks, the overcrowding of clerks, till a man who has 'scholarship' is worse paid at his desk than if he had been a cabinet-maker or a mechanical engineer, or a skilled factory-workman. To the same causes too must we attribute the ever-increasing number of governesses and teachers, who can hardly hope to find employment. The opening of many trades to women as workers, is a step in advance, and may possibly save much of the misery that arose from the old idea that a dowryless girl degraded her family in social position if she sought any employment except teaching.

Now, to return to our little pitchers. Children are not all to lead the same kind of life. They have diversity of powers, and the great aim must be their perfect, solid preparation for the kind of life to which they are destined. Education is not book-learning alone; that is a low idea of it. Education is 'a building-up.' It is the discovery and training of the child's gifts, the development of what is good, the casting out of what is evil. And we take it that the labourer's child who is taught our five Rs—Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Respect, and above all Reverence, and who is also taught the work he is to do, has received as serviceable an education as the heir to a baronetcy who wins the honours of a university career. Of course, if the child of the poorest is gifted with great talents, he should have it in his power to find development for them in the highest kind of education; such talents carry with them a taste and aptitude for study. Such a child should be given every help to find his level; and find it he will, though he be the son of an illiterate labourer. For the rest, the mental work of study constitutes a useful exercise of the mind, but useful only in proportion as it is suitable to the future position and occupation of the scholar. In a word, the excellence of education is to be estimated not by the amount learned, but by its efficiency as a preparation for the child's after-life. A perfect education in whatever class it be, is simply the perfect preparation of the child to enter upon his life's greater tasks, to live a noble and useful life though the most obscure, filling his allotted place worthily, loyal to God and conscience, loyal to home and country, loyal to his neighbour and to his life-work. Can anything be higher than this? And yet the little pitchers have to be filled with many other things beside 'scholarship,' if we wish them to realise this grand ideal.

There is something else to be trained beside the memory and understanding: it is the will. The little ones have to be taught to distinguish and choose the path of duty. Begin by teaching them while they are still very little children—teach them practically, not drily and severely, but gaily and sweetly, that 'the path of duty is the way to glory.' Teach them, too, unselfishness and generosity, knowing that all through life, and every day of life, they will have need of others, and others will have need of them. Teach them that, nevertheless, all life long they must be ready to rely on self-help; and the lessons in self-help should begin with little things—the little everyday needs of life. Man's self-help is to be after-

wants exercised in making his way through the world. But woman's self-help will mostly have home for its sphere; and at home our wee women should learn early the self-help that saves trouble to others, and that gives promise of a good housewife by-and-by. The children of the working classes, and of the upper classes too, would benefit by such teaching. As an example: girls learn to sew at school with microscopic neatness; but they seldom learn to 'cut out,' and to make wearing apparel tastefully from patterns; yet many of them will a little later have the whole care of making their own dress; and as mothers, if they need to economise, they will have to devise, fit, and make the dresses of their children. There are many more household arts which girls ought to learn; and just as it is said that a young maiden's drawer of ribbons and gloves is a picture of the order of her future house, we may say that a child's eagerness to help practically in little things, is a picture of the grown woman's power of helpfulness.

With such thoughts in mind, we gravely suspect that some things better than scholarship may have been learned by our old friend the grandmother, worn of face, white-haired, blue-eyed. She has scholarship enough for reading aloud on Sunday evenings, and reading pleasantly; for we have heard her voice when we passed the open door. She knew enough for the straw-plaiting of her native village, and for the making of pillow-lace—lace that was worn out by fair ones somewhere about threescore years ago. She knew enough to be interested in her husband's work; to be glad of his skill in a cottage fruit-garden; to bear him untiring company in old age; to nurse him in his sickness; and to retain his memory tenderly, though in a plain and simple way, in her faithful heart. She knew enough to work through a long life of industry, and to see her children's children all growing up with family traditions of reverence, honour, mutual help. She is the type of thousands more. The lack of 'scholarship' does not seem to have made her eyes less gently loving to the last; nor to have left her old age less active and helpful and bright; nor to have marred that humble life-work that is so unconscious, so complete, so enduring. Perhaps, after all, the great thing is not to fill our little pitchers roughly and hastily and brimful, but to secure for them a little of what is truly good, to instil into them some drops of unseen worth, to think only of filling them so that they may stand nobly.

TOM'S WIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

It was with a strange sense of something unexpected going to happen, that on the Friday morning I alighted at the door of the Atheling Manor-house, and followed the servant into the library. The Squire was there, and received me with a degree of cordiality which to me seemed but affection in the love-entangled old man. Madame Favre, and her maid along with her, were there also; and she returned my bow with a graceful inclination of the head, and a patronising air, as if she were already lady of the house. Yet I could

not help being less favourably impressed with her appearance than when I was first introduced to her in her own house; and there was a certain furtiveness in her look, something half-sinister in the expression of her face, which I had before remarked, though not so strongly; yet on second thoughts I was disposed to lay these bad impressions at the door of my now personal prejudices against the lady, as having been instrumental, though maybe unconsciously, in the unnatural separation of father and son, both of whom I had long known and loved, while she was but the stranger of a day.

She was certainly a beautiful woman; and the taste and elegance with which she had attired her-self for this occasion, set off her fine face and figure to unusual advantage. Indeed, I could not look at her without a feeling of intense surprise that a woman so accomplished and handsome and wealthy should throw herself away upon a gentleman more than twice her age, and who would have better suited the relationship of father to her, than of husband. But these were all matters with which I had nothing practically to do; and after our first brief salutations were exchanged—for I was not in a mood to converse much—I proceeded to business.

Having meanwhile dismissed the maid—who was to be afterwards a co-witness with myself to the signing of the contract—I read the document aloud. The Squire and Madame Favre both expressed themselves satisfied with its provisions. I thought I could detect the Squire rubbing his hands together under the table, as I read the clause which made him absolute owner of the forty thousand pounds which constituted Madame Favre's fortune; and I was sure that *here*, and nowhere else, lay the world-loving old man's pleasure in the marriage he was thus contracting. When I had done reading the paper, Madame Favre's maid was re-called, and the Squire proceeded to subscribe his name in due form. The lady rose, and was coming forward to do the same, when, just as I was placing the deed in position to receive her signature, the quick rattle of wheels was heard upon the gravel outside, and in another minute a carriage passed the window, and drew up at the door. The lady's glance turned towards the window, and I thought, as the vehicle passed, that a peculiar, wild gleam came into her eyes—but whether of fear, surprise, or annoyance, or all three combined, I was unable to determine. She, however, took the pen in her hand, and was proceeding to sign, when the servant entered the room, bearing a visiting-card upon a silver.

'Why—Jack Silverton!' exclaimed the Squire, as he took up the card and looked at it; 'what can have brought him here at this time!—Tell the gentleman,' he continued, addressing the servant, 'that I shall see him very shortly.'

'Please, sir,' said the man, 'he says he must see you at once, as he has business as is of importance.'

'And so have I,' remarked the Squire, with a look and smile towards Madame Favre; 'and Mr Silverton, though an old friend, must bide his time. Deliver your message.'

Madame Favre, who I could see was not a little agitated for a few minutes, appeared to regain her composure; and standing with pen in hand, she heard the Squire explain to her that 'Jack Silverton,' as he called him, was one of his oldest and best friends, whom he had not seen for many years, owing to his residence on the continent. He was going to tell of their early friendship and some of its events, when the servant again entered, with a scrap of paper on the tray, on which were pencilled a few words. The Squire read them, and with an expression of impatience on his lips, begged the lady to excuse him for a minute, until he had spoken with Mr Silverton, whom he would presently beg leave to introduce to her.

As the Squire left the room, Madame Favre laid down the pen, and quietly resumed her seat. I watched her as closely as I could without making my attentions marked, and I was certain she did not feel comfortable under this interruption. Nothing was said by either of us. I busied myself, or professed to busy myself, with the other papers I had brought along with me. The minutes seemed to pass with tenfold tedium. The great marble clock on the chimney ticked with redoubled loudness, and no other sound was heard about the house. It struck me as being like the silence that precedes death, or the hush that foreruns a thunderstorm, or the deceptive hush that ushers in some great catastrophe. I felt painfully uneasy; and, rising from my seat, walked forward to the window, and looked out upon the pretty lawn, in the hope of diverting my attention from the gloomy spirit of foreboding that somehow or other had settled down upon me.

The Squire had been absent about ten minutes—possibly not so long, for each moment seemed a minute to me—when the servant returned to the room, and said his master wished to see me. Taking the precaution of refolding the deed and placing it in my pocket, I followed him, wondering within myself, as I crossed the long hall, what was to be the upshot of this day's singular proceedings.

As I entered the drawing-room, my eyes fell on the Squire. What had come over the man? Seated in a large arm-chair, his whole demeanour betrayed nervous agitation. Near him stood a gentleman whom I had not before seen. This was Mr Silverton. Opposite to the Squire sat a tall, middle-aged lady, with a matronly aspect, and dressed in mourning. What was my astonishment when I heard her introduced to me by the name of Madame Favre!

'Madame Favre!' The exclamation was off my lips before I was aware.

'Yes, Mr Woollaston,' said Mr Silverton; 'this is Madame Favre; and my old friend here has, I fear, been led upon very thin ice, from which I am thankful to have been able to rescue him in time.'

The Squire sunk his head in his hands, and groaned as if in humiliation and agony. I asked Mr Silverton for some explanation.

'Only a very few words are necessary,' said he. 'The woman whom you know under the name of Madame Favre is an impostor—a mere com-

panion, I believe, who, among other misdeeds, after robbing her mistress in Paris, abruptly decamped, to prevent the disclosure of a scandalous tale.'

I was so astonished as to be scarcely able to speak. At length I asked, had we not better secure the woman?

'By all means,' said Mr Silverton. 'Order a servant to take up his position at the door of the library, and let us know in the case of her wishing to leave the room.'

I did as suggested, and was back to the room in a minute. The Squire still sat with his head sunk on the table, utterly overcome with shame and mortification. His temporary triumph over his son had been bought at an awful price to his feelings at this moment.

I shall now explain in a few words how Mr Silverton and the real Madame Favre so opportunely arrived upon the scene. It was, I am thankful to think now, through my letter to Tom. A few days before he received it, he had seen in the list of those attending a grand *fête*, the name of a Mr Silverton, and he remembered this as the name of one whom he had often heard his father speak of as one of his earliest friends. He resolved to search him out; and in this was successful. He found Mr Silverton extremely kind, and much distressed to hear of the breach that had taken place between him and his father.

'I feel all the more regret,' said he to Tom, 'because, in my younger days, I joined with others of my family in repudiating a brother who had married, as we judged, beneath him. I never saw his face again, and he must, I fear, be long since dead; and for years I have diligently sought to find some later traces of him on the Continent, but in vain. I trust your father will never feel the remorse I have often felt.'

On the receipt of my letter as to his father's engagement, Tom again waited upon Mr Silverton. The latter gentleman read the letter carefully till he came to the name of the lady—whose name Tom had not in his former conversations with him happened to mention—when he at once exclaimed: 'Why, I know the lady. I saw her in Paris within these few weeks.'

'That can scarcely be,' replied Tom; 'she has been at Atheling for some considerable time.'

'There is some mystery then,' said Mr Silverton. 'Let us go at once and see into it.' And they thereupon got a conveyance, and drove to Madame Favre's residence.

It was, as had been suspected, and as related above. The woman whom Tom's father had pointed out to him as Madame Favre, was an impostor; and Tom determined that immediate measures must be taken, or his father might be made the victim—as he was in reality very nearly being made—of the woman's deceptive and practised wiles. The woman's real name was Miss Emma Farthing, and had no connection with Madame Favre, except that she had once been that lady's companion, and had robbed her, and absconded.

All this was told to us in a few minutes by Mr Silverton; but still the Squire gave no sign of recovery from the stupor of agony into which the revelation had cast him. He only groaned as the character of the woman who had deceived him was repeated in his hearing.

'But are you quite sure,' I asked with lawyer-like hesitation, 'that this person we have known as Madame Favre is the Miss Emma Farthing whom you refer to?'

'The best way to settle that,' said Madame Favre, who had not hitherto joined in the conversation except by occasional tokens of assent to Mr Silverton's statement—'the best way to settle that is for us to confront the lady, and see for ourselves.'

'Yes, that is right,' said Mr Silverton; and I led the way to the library. The Squire, however, remained seated where he was.

Outside the library door, the servant was standing as directed, and he opened the door as we approached. I entered first, but only to find the room empty! The birds had flown! But how? A glance at the half-open lattice showed that while the footman had been keeping watch outside the door, the two ladies had quietly stepped out and escaped by the lawn. This was proof sufficient of the identity of the lady with Miss Emma Farthing. I could now understand the wild, confused gleam that had lit up her eyes half an hour before as the carriage passed the window—she must then have obtained a glimpse of the lady she was personating, and knew that her destiny was sealed. Further, I was now able to appreciate the lady's extreme liberality in making an absolute conveyance of all her pretended property to her prospective husband; and her cleverness in arranging that her income should be secured upon the broad acres of Atheling. My blood rose against the sleek and supple deceiver, as I pondered upon all that had taken place, and especially upon the fact that for such an adventuress the Squire should have turned his only son out of doors and executed a deed of disinheritorship against him.

My first impulse was to give orders that the woman be followed and detained till she could be handed over to justice. But Mr Silverton, wisely as I now think, said: 'No; let the wretched creature go. Her apprehension would only render the matter public, and my old friend the Squire is already humiliated enough. But it would only be prudent to see that she leaves her present place of abode on the estate as she found it; and for that reason, it would not be amiss were you to step thither and see to this, while I go back to the Squire and make some endeavour to alleviate his present anguish of mind.'

Acting on this suggestion, though an hour had by this time elapsed, I took my way to the dower-house where the spurious Madame Favre had hitherto basked in the sunlight of her temporary good fortune. I felt that I also had been imposed upon, and was consequently in no pleasant frame of mind as I walked towards my destination, and was prepared, if I found the impostor there, to speak some very sharp words. But my preparations were unnecessary. As I might have thought, the lady was too much an adept at her trade to linger long on the skirts of detection. Her maid-of-all-work, the village girl formerly alluded to, was now sole occupant of the house. Her mistress and the maid, she told me, had hurriedly collected together whatever was portable and of value, and were now off! 'Bold-faced minx!' I exclaimed, as I picked up from the floor the

miniature of the soldier—her 'dear dead husband'—that had stood on the mantel-piece. I need not add that the discarded portrait had been stripped of its expensive frame; and the little phaeton which had been placed a week ago at her service by the poor cozened Squire, had been put in requisition to bear her and her spoils to the nearest railway station. I could not, however, help feeling glad that she had escaped; for now, thought I, nothing will surely intervene to prevent the old man from being reconciled to his son, unless—and this was still a serious question—the fact of his marriage with a penniless and friendless girl should be more than the father could ever forgive.

On my return to the Manor-house, I found the Squire somewhat recovered from the first shock which the revelation had given him. Mr Silverton and he were conversing together; the former having taken the method that is often the best to restore the mind of the despondent to something like animation—he had engaged him in conversation about matters quite foreign to that which had given him pain. Mr Silverton at once addressed me.

'I have just, Mr Woollaston, been telling my old friend some of the passages of my life during the many years which have intervened since I saw him last; and in the meantime, as he insists that I should remain with him for a few days, I have given orders that the conveyance be sent back to the village for my wife and daughter, whom I had left behind me till I found how things were situated here. Madame Favre has also returned with the carriage; as she is afraid this impostor may have been making use of her name in London, and she hurries thither to put her agents on the alert.'

The very reference to the woman who had so befuddled the Squire gave him, I could see, the greatest uneasiness, and he sat for a minute with downcast eyes, but without speaking a word. At last, as if anxious to divert the conversation into other channels, he said: 'You mentioned your wife and daughter, Jack; I thought you had no family.'

'Nor had I till lately,' said Mr Silverton, with a smile. 'And I will tell you how an old couple like my wife and I come to have a daughter now. You have often heard me speak of my brother Charles. You know he was wild and foolish, and that in his youth he made a marriage abroad which so annoyed and irritated his father, and, I must admit, the whole of his relations, that we discarded him for ever. I cannot now think of our harshness towards the poor fellow without remorse; for, with all his faults, he was still one of ourselves—our own flesh and blood—and no such violent rupture ever comes to good, or gives us peace, however much we may think ourselves justified at the time in making the breach.'

At these words, I thought I could see the old Squire wince. 'He must,' I said to myself, 'be thinking of Tom.' Mr Silverton went on:

'A few years ago, after we had long lost sight of my brother, and being ourselves childless, a strong desire took possession of me to take some steps to try and discover whether he might still be alive, and what condition he might be in. After a weary, and for a long time a fruitless search, I succeeded in discovering the small town

in the north of Italy where he had been married, but found that the marriage had been carried out under an assumed name. He had dropped the name of Silverton, and taken that of Cleveland. I ascertained the name of his wife also; but yet it was long before I could trace him with any certainty; and at length I found that he had lived for a few years within twenty miles of Paris, where he died. From this point all traces of him were lost till very recently, when, by a happy chance, I found a family of the same name in Paris, among whom was a sister of my brother's wife, who had in her possession the proofs of his marriage, and what was of still more interest to us, was acting as the guardian of his only child, now an orphan. This child, a lovely girl, who had inherited her father's handsome features, was like a restoration to us from the grave; and after satisfying ourselves as to the fact of her relationship to us, my wife and I resolved to adopt her as our daughter, and make her the inheritor of our possessions.—All this happened so very recently, that it almost seems to me more of a dream than a reality; for you may be sure we are very proud of our young charge. But I need not say more, for I hear the conveyance approaching with them.

As he said these words, he walked quickly out of the room, in order to receive the visitors in the hall. The Squire rose from his chair also, and made a step or two forward, as if to bid them welcome. At that moment Mr Silverton appeared at the door of the room, leading in a young lady. Close behind him came an elderly lady, whom I rightly took to be Mrs Silverton, and I could not help observing that there was an arch smile on her happy face. When I looked again at the young lady on Mr Silverton's arm, I almost cried out with surprise. It was Jessica!

'Mr Atheling,' said Mr Silverton, as he came forward towards the Squire—'this is our daughter Jessica—Tom's Wife!'

For a second or two the old man stood as if in bewilderment; but as the beautiful girl approached him and sank on her knees at his feet, he took her by the hand and raised her up, and I could see there was a tear upon his cheek. 'My dear,' he said, 'I have been a foolish old man; but God bless you; and tell my boy to try and forgive his deluded old father.'

Before she could answer, a step was heard entering the room, and Tom himself stood before us. His father advanced to meet him, took both his boy's hands in his, and it could be seen that he was making a strong effort to control his feelings. In this he only partially succeeded; his words were but few, and uttered in a quivering voice. 'Tom,' he at length said, 'you must never leave me again.'

I need not dwell upon the happiness of this reconciliation. In answer to my subsequent inquiries, I discovered, what Mr Silverton did not fully state to the Squire in his first conversation, that it was through his finding of Tom, and that the name of the lady whom Tom had married was Jessica Cleveland, that Mr Silverton regained the dropped clue in his search for his brother's child. Jessica's mother had never been aware of the fact that Cleveland was only an assumed name on the part of her husband, and died without making the discovery. This was left

for Mr Silverton to accomplish; and by it, as we have seen, happy results followed. Father and son at Atheling once more understood each other; and next to his love for his boy is his affection for the sweet and unassuming girl, whom the old man delights to speak of as 'Tom's Wife.'

TEA AND SILK FARMING IN NEW ZEALAND.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THOSE of our readers who have felt interested in the subject which heads this paper, will probably be pleased to learn what has been done in the matter beyond its advocacy through the medium of the press. On the 3d July 1879, a correspondence was commenced with the New Zealand government through the Agent-General in London, in the course of which, by means of private letters and published communications, an epitome of the design was almost simultaneously laid before the authorities and public here and at the antipodes. Several objects were sought to be attained by this method of procedure. The proposal to farm tea and silk as a combined industry being novel, it was felt by the promoters that every possible source of information available ought to be investigated and utilised; and that, concurrently with approaches to the New Zealand government, there should be appeals to the general public, so that a wholesome action and reaction might result.

In the early stages, not much was expected from the colonial authorities beyond information; but a great deal was anticipated from intelligent colonists, many individuals among whom knew the antipodes and their capabilities thoroughly, and might either stamp the scheme with their approval, should it seem to possess the elements of success, or extinguish it if unworthy by their adverse criticism. Nevertheless, something was looked for from the government, such as the promise of support, either pecuniary or otherwise, after the example of the India and continental powers, which for many years had been aiding tea or silk farming, or both, in their respective countries out of public funds. A hope was also entertained that a newspaper correspondence, starting simultaneously at populous centres in each hemisphere, might have the effect of exciting curiosity concerning various important yet neglected openings for colonial enterprise, and stimulating capitalists to examine the claims and attractions of other commercial products than the ordinary grain, wool, timber, and metals which had hitherto engrossed their attention in New Zealand. Another interesting anticipation consisted in the prospect of employing educated women and girls, who, through misfortune, had become reduced in circumstances.

Regarding the enterprise itself, its leading features may be thus briefly sketched. It has been suggested that the operations should be undertaken by (1) A sufficiently wealthy syndicate, to be incorporated under the Companies Acts of 1862 and 1867, by the title of 'The New Zealand Tea and Silk Company (Limited).' (2) That the authorised capital be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, in five hundred shares of

one hundred pounds, or fifty thousand pounds fully paid up on allotment; with power to issue mortgage debentures for fifty thousand pounds, at the end of two years, or immediately after the financial result of the first silk crop shall have been ascertained; and to issue further debenture bonds for fifty thousand pounds on the expiry of four years, or directly the first tea-crop has been realised. (3) That the Company be administered in the United Kingdom by a Board of Directors, and in New Zealand by a Manager and Board of Advice. (4) That the special aims of the Company be the acquisition of eligible lands, forests, and running streams for water-power; the erection of suitable buildings and machinery within the province of Auckland or elsewhere in New Zealand, for the purpose of conducting the farming and production of tea and silk, and any other articles of commerce which may be found desirable; and (5) keeping in view the circumstance that the successful establishment of such a group of industries in any district would probably raise the value of all adjacent lands, that, in order to obtain a share of the anticipated advance, the functions of a Land Settlement Association be assumed, by the further acquisition of a surrounding area of perhaps thirty thousand acres; to be secured, if possible, on similar terms to those granted to the corporation in the district of Rangitikei known as the Manchester Settlement.

Putting aside in the meantime this last item, and limiting our attention to the farming scheme alone, the following is an epitome of how the enterprise might be commenced and conducted upon an area of three thousand acres, costing, probably, about six thousand pounds. The first operation would be to provide for the food requirements of the future by the cultivation of two hundred and fifty acres as a permanent cereal and root farm for the maintenance of the employes and draught animals on the estate. Coincident with this work, that of tea and mulberry planting, at the rate of one or two hundred acres of each per annum, might be prosecuted; the remaining land, except a tract of forest to be kept for the supply of timber, being thrown into wheat; let to tenants for grazing or other agricultural purposes; or partly devoted to the subsidiary industries presently to be described. Meanwhile, the erection of the necessary buildings, such as houses, cottages, and other tenements for the employes; stables, barns, stores, sawmill, workshops, tea-houses, laboratory, and magnaneries or silkworm nurseries could be undertaken as required; and the whole so timed, that the arrival of the special apparatus from home, would be coincident with the completion of the premises for their reception, and with the period for their employment.

Among the *subsidiary* products to which portions of the spare land might be devoted, allusion need only be made to five: Small Fruit, Honey, Oranges, Vines, and Olives, all of which, being usually more profitable than cereal farming, might take the place of grain, except on the permanent farm.

Speaking of the first of these products, one of the witnesses examined last year by the New Zealand Colonial Industries Commission, stated that an ordinary crop of small-fruit—berries of

various kinds—would be about six tons per acre. Sold at the nominal price of three-halfpence per pound for preserving purposes, such a crop would yield a net return of fifty pounds sterling per acre. He also said that were fruit-preserving factories established, one man, attending to three acres of small-fruit—which he could easily accomplish—would be better remunerated than the farmer of fifty acres in grass or under the ordinary crops. At present, for want of such factories, immense quantities of the finest cherries, peaches, currants, brambles, and other fruits in favour for preserving, annually rot on the trees and bushes; and whilst the New Zealand public are paying at present a sum of over ninety thousand pounds a year in the home and Australian markets for similar tinned and bottled luxuries, these could be produced at a vast saving at their own doors.

Bee-keeping is still in its infancy at the antipodes, as compared with the results from apiculture elsewhere; notably in the United States. Occasionally, even in the inclement north, we hear of Scotch people who practise the humane non-swarming system—by which none of the industrious little workers are stifled—obtaining as much as seventy-nine pounds-weight of honey per annum from each hive. In the Ukraine (Polish Russia), it is a matter of common occurrence for the peasants to own five hundred hives apiece, and to boast occasionally that they make more money thereby than the farmers from their crops. At Mount Ida, in the island of Crete; Narbonne, in France; and Chamouni, in Switzerland, apiculture has long been carried on extensively, the value and fame of their honey being known all over Europe. But it is in America that this lucrative industry is to be seen in its fullest dimensions. It appears, from an article in the *Times* of January 14, 1879, that bee-keeping is conducted in the United States by means of large capital, many firms owning from two thousand three hundred to five thousand swarms of bees, and in the case of Messrs Thurber of New York, twelve thousand swarms. These apiculturists, indeed, in 1878 exported to Great Britain three hundred thousand pounds-weight of honey, being part of a product all over the States that year of thirty-five million pounds. The American mode of conducting the industry is this: Farmers and proprietors of orchards at intervals of three or four miles apart are arranged with, either at a fixed rent or for a share of the honey produced; and probably one hundred swarms are boarded with each agriculturist. Properly trained servants are sent round at regular intervals to clean the hives, remove saturated combs, and to destroy all parasitical or useless insects. In this way the farmer or gardener has very little responsibility; and the pecuniary result at the end of favourable seasons is highly satisfactory, as each suitable acre suffices for twenty-five swarms, and the insect boarders on four acres can be attended to by one man. The unremunerative nature of the industry will be admitted when we mention that in America the seven years ending with 1879 exhibited an average harvest of ninety pounds-weight of honey per hive, which realised about tenpence per pound, or, exclusive of the value of the wax, a gross return of ninety-three pounds per acre.

A very curious phase of the industry is that portion of it which is conducted float. During

the early spring, a properly fitted steamer, with a certain number of swarms on board, starts, say, from New Orleans. Sailing slowly up the Mississippi, the vessel, with its humming freight, successively passes through Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky. By the time spring has developed into the glorious Indian summer, the gorgeous flower-decked prairies of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin will have been reached and left behind. At Minnesota, the steamer probably remains for a time, or till the deepening autumnal tints warn the captain to commence his homeward voyage, when he slowly steams and drifts with the current back to the port of departure ere winter has set in. By this singular, yet eminently practical device, the bees are introduced to an ever-changing scene of floral wealth and beauty; their strength is husbanded, as their flights are necessarily short though frequent; the shining hour is improved to its utmost, honey being continually stored by the busy workers, and as constantly pillaged by the watchful crew; and the grand issue of the voyage is usually a return of two hundredweight of sweetness from every hive.

As already hinted, apiculture is yet undeveloped in New Zealand; nevertheless, the experiments which have already been made there have proved sufficient to satisfy inquirers how very profitable an industry it becomes in experienced hands, especially when the Ligurian bee is the one relied on.

Beet-growing for sugar-boiling has been tried, also with success, and as much as thirty tons per acre of first-class roots obtained; but the far more profitable sorgho-grass of Asia and Africa, although doubtless well adapted to the soil and climate, does not appear yet to have been attempted, at least on a commercial scale. This plant is extensively cultivated in the United States, thriving well as far north as Maine, where farmers not long ago stated that the profit from the sugar derived from one acre of maize—which yields one-fifth less saccharine matter than sorgho—was equal to the gain from the sale of thirty acres of wheat. Should a similar yield reward the farmer in New Zealand—and there is no reason why it should not be exceeded—our allusion to the industry as a subsidiary one will soon require modification.

Among the whole of our cultivated fruits, it is well known that none surpasses the orange as a remunerative crop, even taking into account the circumstance that nine or ten years must elapse between planting the seed and gathering the first harvest, where grafting is not resorted to. In several parts of New Zealand, both oranges and lemons already grow luxuriantly, the trees being usually planted about one hundred to the acre. At present, without the advantages conferred by scientific culture, we are informed that the annual reward to the owner from the fruiting trees is valued at the very moderate rate of seven farthings per dozen, showing a gross income of over ninety-six pounds per acre.

There is a difference of opinion about the desirability of cultivating olives and vines together upon the same estate; but happily there is none regarding the suitability of parts of New Zealand for the prosecution of both farming operations. On this point, an Italian authority

(Mr G. B. Federli, of the Survey Department, New Zealand) writes: 'The cultivation of the vine requires the identical kind of soil that is necessary for the olive, and the same treatment in planting; consequently, when they are cultivated together the labour is at least lessened one-third, and without the slightest disadvantage to either. One more important item is, that if the olive-trees fail for one year—as is the case sometimes in the countries where it is cultivated—the vines assist in lessening the loss, it being rarely the case that both fail.'

Space will not admit of our detailing several other important yet neglected plants for subsidiary culture, such as the male and female tallow-trees of China, one yielding a valuable white wax, and the other wax and varnish; the Japanese chestnut, the persimmon, cinchona, liquorice, medicinal rhubarb, dye-saffron, cork, dyer's madder, and many more, all fairly hardy, and no doubt well suited for the climate of Auckland. Those which have been particularised, should, it has been suggested, be reared under the wing of the more important tea and silk farming enterprise, with the double object of securing economy in working the whole estate, and with the view of attracting to the colony as wide and varied a circle of immigrants as possible.

With the leading points, and much of the detail comprehended in this and previous articles, the New Zealand authorities have, through their Agent-General, been already made acquainted; and as they have always been understood to be favourably disposed towards the promotion of new local industries, they have been asked if they will assist tea and silk farming in any degree; and if so, how. In order to help the government to form an opinion, the following suggestions have been offered.

For the Tea Industry.—(1) The necessary supply of one-year-old tea-plants and fresh seed from China, Ceylon, Assam, the Neilgherries, and Darjeeling, delivered at the nearest port to the proposed plantations at cost price, or free. (2) Facilities for the importation of labour from China, India, or elsewhere; and reasonable legal protection to the planter against the non-fulfilment or evasion of labourers' engagements. (3) A proportion of forest-land to the acreage purchased or rented, at a reduced figure, or free. (4) The admission without duty by the Customs of all material, implements, tools, and machinery necessary in tea cultivation, manufacture, and packing, for a short term of years. (5) Freedom from duty or excise impost for all tea grown and prepared within the colony for the first ten years.

For the Silk Industry.—(6) The necessary supply—four hundred plants per acre—of five-year-old white mulberry bushes grafted on black mulberry stocks, or other approved kinds and seed, from Sydney or elsewhere; also the needful quantities of any other silkworm-feeding shrubs, such as the castor-oil plant, the terminalia and jujube trees, the ailanthus, &c., delivered at the nearest port to the proposed plantations at cost price, or free. (7) Facilities in regard to labour, land, and freedom from duties, as in the tea industry. (8) And such encouragement as would lead to the speedy settlement of skilled reelers from France and Italy, silk throwsters from

England, and the purchase in time of all the elaborate mechanism required in the higher branches of the silk industry.

In thus indicating some of the directions in which support might be afforded, it was simply intended to prompt the executive upon a difficult subject; and it was explained that only for a limited period would aid of any sort be likely required. It was also hoped that an abstract of the probable industrial needs of the proposed enterprise, such as the above, might incline the New Zealand Parliament to come to some liberal understanding on the subject soon. Precedents are not wanting in other parts of the world, where state aid has been for lengthened periods extended to tea and silk farming. Surely, therefore, it cannot be too much to expect that the New Zealand government, once convinced of the feasibility of the project under review, will meet the proposal handsomely, and help to sow the seed of an enterprise which in the immediate future can scarcely fail to become a source of wealth to those islands, and prove an attractive refuge for at least a portion of the surplus female population of the old country.

The only other point to which it is desirable to advert is the fifth of the leading features—the expediency of adding the functions and responsibility of a Land Settlement Company. It has been represented to the New Zealand government that, in order to obtain the acme of success, it is believed that The New Zealand Tea and Silk Company (limited) should be launched upon a scale of some magnitude; and that ample provision should be made, not only for extensions of the original area, but also for the expected influx of the numerous trades and professions which elsewhere invariably cluster around the centres of great industries. The authorities have accordingly been asked if, in the event of a Company being formed, and proposing to deal with an expanse of from twenty to thirty thousand acres, they would be disposed to grant the advantages secured to the Manchester Settlement, alluded to at page 215 of the Official Hand Book of New Zealand (1875). To this inquiry, the reply, as yet, has not been of that definite character which the actual existence of an established Company would doubtless have elicited. Caution on the part of responsible officials is admitted to be right and necessary; at the same time it should not be forgotten that no great commercial undertaking was ever consummated without the exercise of mutual confidence, even during preliminary negotiations, between the contracting parties.

In these days of bogus schemes, the public must be provided with well-digested facts, distinct offers, plain contracts, and perfectly reliable information, ere it will embark in undertakings, especially on the opposite curve of the globe. If the enterprise, set forth in this and previous articles, has recommended itself to the judgment of New Zealand colonists and statesmen, there need be no difficulty or hesitation on their part in indicating how and to what extent they are prepared to sympathise. On the other hand, taking into account the many millions of capital in this rich old country the owners of which are waiting with eagerness for safe and profitable investments, coupled with the universal desire to aid our large and ever-increasing army of well-born, well-edu-

cated, but impecunious females, we think that a bargain between the New Zealand government and the promoters of tea and silk farming in the colony need not be very difficult to arrange.

CHAPTERS IN REAL LIFE.

REAPING AS WE SOW.

WE are told that our sins find us out; and equally true it is, though perhaps not so evident, that acts of virtue and kindness do at times meet with their reward. There are few who cannot call to mind among our acquaintances, examples illustrative of both these truisms. The former abound in the world, and every day come sally within our experience. But the brighter side of the subject, of which an illustration or two are about to be given, is that which is most pleasant to dwell on.

A kinder-hearted and more genial person than Mrs Waddell it would have been hard to find. She possessed in an extraordinary degree the faculty of making every one happy with whom she came in contact. A thousand little kind and gracious ways, peculiar to herself, she had—small attentions, pleasant words, encouraging smiles, friendly sympathy. And these seemed to radiate from her like sunshine, diffusing a sense of comfort and well-being on all within her reach. A favourite theory of hers was, that if people would repeat to the parties commended the praises they hear of them—as they are prone too often to whisper the blame—how much the world would be the happier for it. ‘Why not goodwill-makers as well as mischief-makers?’ she would say; ‘and why, when we hear a person or thing admired, do we hush it up from the very one to whom it would give most pleasure?’ illustrating her meaning by the case of a young bride she chanced to meet once at a dinner-party.

The newly married lady was very young and painfully timid; and all in the company were strangers. As long as her husband was in the same room with her, even though she could not see him—far down the table—there was a feeling of protection and safety. But when the ladies rose to leave the dining-room, and the long line of matrons and dowagers filed out in formidable array, her heart sank, and she turned a yearning look of despair upon her only friend, as she was leaving him behind. The hostess, pitying the shy, trembling child-bride, carried her off to show her the flowers in an adjoining conservatory; and she had no sooner left the drawing-room, than remarks upon her appearance broke out among the guests. ‘How pretty she is!’—‘But so terribly shy.’—‘So exquisitely dressed! Her gown fits as if—as the saying is—she had been melted and poured into it.’—‘And did any one remark that lace? Old rose point, I should say, or perhaps point d’Alençon. I must get near, and have a good look. Enough to make one break the Tenth Commandment.’—‘Such a quantity, too; she must have had grandmothers. I do adore old lace, and’—‘Hush, hush! Here they come back;’ and instantly the conversation was turned.

If the speakers had suddenly stepped on burning coal, they could not have started away from it more quickly than they did from the subject

under discussion. One guest became all at once interested in her neighbour's bouquet; another developed a violent anxiety about some one's cold. Anything for a change.

But now Mrs Waddell, true to her goodwill-making doctrine, came to the front. 'Do you know,' she said, with her kind winning smile to the young bride, who was timidly subsiding into a corner—'do you know we have all been talking of you while you were away! admiring your pretty dress and that superb old lace. You must let us examine it; and tell us all about it, will you not!'

The girl crimsoned with pleasure. 'I am so glad you like it. The lace was my mother's wedding-gift to me. It has been in her family for many generations, and she valued it most highly.'

And then followed more discourse, beginning with old lace for text; inasmuch that when the young husband appeared in the drawing-room, instead of finding his little wife abashed, as he expected, she was chatting away on the friendliest terms with those about her.

The charity that never faileth seemed to spring by nature—a spontaneous growth—in the kindly soil of Mrs Waddell's heart. A niece who resided with her, a fashionable young lady, given to exclusiveness and the proprieties, was oftentimes horrified at the shape it took. When, for instance, the lady would plunge into the roadway to pilot a blind beggar over a dangerous crossing; or would stop to pick up and console a miserable child fallen flat on its face in the mud while running a race, and left behind by its ragged companions, deaf to its outcries.

'Do, aunt, let the dirty little wretch alone! Here are all the Berkeleys driving up.'

But no. The incorrigible aunt would continue to fumble in her pocket for the penny which was to bring joy to the poor little heaving breast, and to evoke a smile, by blissful visions of sugar-stick, on the grimy face, down which tears and dirt were coursing.

Born 'in the purple,' and belonging to the upper ten thousand, Mrs Waddell's power of conferring benefits was confined to the exercise of the influence which station and personal popularity give. Her pecuniary means were but small, barely sufficing for the needs of her modest establishment; and it often cost her much contrivance and a hard strain to make ends meet. She was too sure of her position, as well as too essentially thoroughbred, to have recourse to the shams which make genicel poverty so terrible to those engaged in the weary struggle of keeping up appearances. But it was very unpleasant to be so poor. To be unable to do the same as others in her set—to forego any pleasures that cost money—to have to turn away from tempting 'bits' of Crown Derby and Capo di Monte—Mrs Waddell loved china as well as her neighbours—and above all, to be restricted in the alms-giving her generous soul would have delighted in.

One summer, when her exchequer was lower than usual, Mrs Waddell had decided to remain in town. Hotels and lodgings at the sea-side were expensive; and visits to country-houses entailing railway fares, vails to servants, and extra dress, were more than she could manage with prudence. So, having sent off her niece with a friend, she

remained behind to economise. The weather was exceptionally sultry for the time of year. The grass in the parks and squares was brown and burned up; fierce sunshine beat upon the hot pavements, and poured relentlessly down upon the heads of those whose business took them abroad in the day. In many shops, the employées behind the counter served in their shirt-sleeves. The lightest garments were adopted by all; every one languished in the sweltering heat. Attending church would have been a trial, had congregations been their usual size; but these were thinned by so many people being out of town.

It happened, however, that on a certain Sunday, the advent of a popular preacher had been announced in the chapel where Mrs Waddell had sittings; and in consequence, crowds flocked to hear him. The heat was intense, the crush and stuffiness almost unbearable. Every seat in the building occupied, every aisle crammed. Mrs Waddell, never very strong, was easily overcome by heat; so that the having her niece's place in addition to her own was a welcome relief, by giving her more breathing-room. Their sittings were the first two of the row; and during the service she became aware of an individual standing in the aisle immediately out-side her. He was a fat old man, dreadfully hot, and was perspiring profusely. Benevolent though she was, our good Samaritan could not make up her mind, as she ruefully scanned his dimensions, to offer her niece's place to this person. But she felt odiously selfish. It was a reproach to her, as the prayers went on, to see him leaning up against the side of the row, in, she fancied, a feeble, helpless way. The huge crimson bandana with which he mopped his puffy face became in her eyes a signal of distress; and she imagined him and suffering in his uneasy shiftings from one foot to another. At last, she could hold out no longer. Edging herself away as far as possible, she motioned to the man to come in; and with a grateful look he obeyed, sinking down—an obese perspiring mass of hot humanity—half suffocating the unhappy lady as he did so. Her discomfort was so intense, and the frowns of her neighbour on the other side so spiteful, at the accession of this extra heat and bulk, that a less kind-hearted person would have repented of her good deed.

But everything, disagreeable or otherwise, comes to an end and passes away at last. So did this sweltering Sunday service; so did the summer and its heat; and so did the memory of the elderly fat man and his crushing of her, from Mrs Waddell's mind. Summers and winters had arrived and departed; and now Christmas had come again. Christmas, with its often painful associations; telling, as anniversaries will, of change and variant places, and loved ones missed and absent. Christmas, with its greedy expectants, grumbling over gifts that at any other time, and not taken as 'matters of course,' would have filled the receivers with grateful pleasure; all craving, few satisfied. Christmas, that viewed, of course, in its secular aspect alone, brings—as some one has said—joy only to children and the young. Above all, Christmas with its bills! A distracting pile of these was on the breakfast-table before poor Mrs Waddell, when her niece came into the room.

'Enough to spoil any appetite,' she said, turning

them disconsolately over. 'Here is a letter that does not look like the rest. Not a bill, evidently. I don't know the handwriting;' and she broke the seal. 'Ah, a mistake; the letter's not for me. Some lucky person has been left a fortune,' she added with a sigh; 'and this is from the lawyer to announce it. I must send it back by return of post.'

But it was not a mistake, though Mrs Waddell maintained it must be, as she did not know the testator, and had never even heard of his name. It turned out that her little service to the old gentleman—a wealthy manufacturer, who had made his own fortune, and having neither kith nor kin, had meant to leave it to a hospital—had been thus rewarded. He had learned her name and address from the card affixed to the sittings; and subsequently identified her with it by inquiries made before leaving town.

Less direct, perhaps, than the foregoing is the instance to be recorded next. It occurred in the family of a widow lady with two daughters, living in the north of England. The elder of these was a beautiful girl; her sister painfully the reverse, and whose natural shy awkwardness was increased by the harshness of a vain and worldly mother, who, while lavishing praises and love upon the beauty, looked down upon her ill-favoured offspring, and showed that she was ashamed of her. The poor girl, sensitively alive to the deficiencies of which she was so often reminded, shrank from society, and remained neglected at home, while her handsome sister was taken about to wherever she could see and be seen.

To secure for the latter a brilliant establishment such as her charms deserved, was the object of the mother's ambition; and she had not far to look; for in the immediate neighbourhood was a *parti* eligible enough to satisfy the aspirations of any parent. Very carefully did she cultivate this splendid opportunity, making her house as agreeable as possible to the young man, and throwing him and her beautiful daughter constantly together.

Sir Hugh—as, to avoid particulars, we shall call him—on his side responded readily to her overtures. The noble mansion to which, by the death of an uncle, he had just succeeded, was depressing in its loneliness; and being of a sociable and domestic turn, he enjoyed the widow lady's pleasant home circle, and soon became a constant intimate. Her hopes rose high. Already she saw her lovely child fulfil a brilliant destiny—winner of wealth, worth, and high position; herself, thrice lucky mother-in-law! the envied of competing dowagers.

The time wore on; but still he made no sign. Almost filial in his attentions to the elder woman, and friendly in the extreme to all, no word of love had passed the young man's lips. It was unaccountable! and yet he seemed unable to keep away from the house, or to resist the attractions of its cheerful home-like charm.

Meanwhile, neighbours began to talk. The names of the pair were coupled together in the county, and there were some who smilingly inquired, when they might be permitted to congratulate. The widow was sorely puzzled. She dared not ask her guest his 'intentions,' fearing to put him off altogether; but it was impossible that

things could go on as they were. A winter in Rome had some time before been vaguely in contemplation; and now it occurred to our dowager that it might be advisable to carry out the plan.

'The prospect of our leaving home will bring him to the point, if anything can,' she thought; 'in any case, our doing so will put a stop to gossip.'

So she carried off her peerless treasure—no effort having been made to appropriate it—and went to the station, attended by Sir Hugh, who was as anxious and as useful, as full of care for her and her daughters, as thoughtful to save them trouble and see to their comforts, as if he had been the *fiancé* that he was not, and that, moreover, he showed no ambition to be. The end of disappointment was bitterly chewed during the journey to the Eternal City. It was then only friendship after all! How strange—how mortifying!

Great therefore in proportion was the mother's triumph when, after their return home, she found on her table Sir Hugh's card; and greater still when from him came a note asking for a private interview, as he wished to speak to her alone. So, then, the move had been successful—the game was won! Joy beamed in her face as she returned after the important interview, to the *salon* where she had left her girls, the youngest sitting as usual at work in her remote corner, the beauty on the sofa.

'Sir Hugh has declared himself at last—has asked me for my daughter. I knew he would,' she said; 'but I was not prepared for the splendid settlements he offers. His generosity exceeds anything I could have imagined. And now, darling, he wants to see you. Go to him, my child.'

'No, no, dear; wait. There's a mistake—a—'; and the detaining hand of the younger sister was laid timidly on her elder sister's dress.

'What do you mean?' cried the widow to her. 'Do you presume to'—, and she turned fiercely on the poor girl, but stopped dead short on seeing her face. It was quivering with emotion; lips trembling, cheek and brow flushing painfully.

'I think,' she faltered, raising a frightened and deprecating look to her angry parent—'I—I think it is me that Sir Hugh wants!'

'You! Impossible!' Then, with a burst of wrath: 'And so this is what you have been doing—carrying on underhand! You deceitful!'

'No, mother, not deceitful. Until the other evening, when he waylaid me as I was returning from church, and asked me to be his wife, I never dreamed of such a thing; and I was afraid to tell you, thinking you would be annoyed—disappointed.'

And annoyed and disappointed she was, this unnatural mother; bitterly aggrieved that her handsome favourite, the pride of her heart, should have been set aside for one so looked down upon and unloved.

The marriage, when announced, was a surprise; a nine-days' wonder, canvassed over many an evening tea-table. In those days, the five o'clock institution had not been invented.

'The girl's an oddity,' said a gossip. 'Something queer about her—is there not?'

'Not in the least,' replied a friend of the family; 'but she's extremely plain, so has always been

snubbed at home and kept out of sight; but for goodness and gentleness she is, I hear, without an equal. Not a servant in the house but worships her; and none know us better than our servants. To the poor, she is an angel; and all agree that the good fortune which has befallen her is well and richly deserved.

OUR ROLLO.

A TRUE STORY.

A YEAR and a half ago, a friend gave me a little puppy, round as a ball, black as night, and with head and tail exactly like those of a fox, except that the tail curled up and swept round feather-wise. Indeed, a dog-breeder told me it was a thoroughbred Sioux fox. If an inordinate fancy for poultry, alive or dead, raw or cooked, is a sign of a Sioux fox, then certainly our animal was of the truest breed. The scrapes she has brought us into with our neighbours touching chickens and ducklings, are many. A bark, a cackle, a stampede of half-a-dozen children, and we are made aware that there is one more missing link in somebody's poultry-yard; and once more threats of slaughter are breathed out against our pet, mingled with a promise of 'a summons' for ourselves. A few weeks ago, Rollo became more staid, and her deprecations were on a quieter, if not smaller, scale; for beyond a disinclination for plain food and a self-satisfied licking of the lips, around which feathers showed signs of her latest meal, there were no visible symptoms of bad habits.

One morning we heard our doggie crying, and when we went to see what ailed her, we found her moaning over three dead puppies. Her piteous efforts to lick them into life, her distress and sorrowful cries, touched our hearts; and it took the bravest amongst us to remove them from the poor mother and to bury them out of her sight. Now comes the strange part of my story. A little gray cat which belonged to us was, in all the pride of maternity, bringing up two kittens. We suppose that Rollo was determined to have something to love and care for, and that she was resolved not to be outdone by a paltry little gray cat. Anyhow, in the course of the morning there was a united cry of dismay from the children, and immediately eight little girls and boys ran in to tell me that 'Rol was killing a kitten.' I went to the dog's abode in the tool-house, and found her, with all the tenderness of the most loving of mothers, nursing the baby kitten. But I am sorry to say that success made the little foster mother greedy, and that, watching her opportunity, she marched off with kit number two, leaving poor Pussy babyless. The whole of that day—and in fact ever since—the amount of exchange and barter carried on between that cat and dog is a thing to be astounded at. The way those kittens travel, carried from place to place, now in the mouth of a dog, now in that of a cat, is enough to muddle the brains of any quadruped. Sometimes you will see the two kits in Pussy's basket, but far more frequently two in Rollo's. The doggie has lately adopted the plan of carrying one kit—the favourite or first-adopted one—in her mouth, sometimes head down, sometimes tail, when she takes a walk. Then, if we call 'Puss!' she drops

number one, and scampers off to the tool-house, to see if number two is all right. Oftener than not, Pussy—most likely watching in ambush—will seize the dropped kitten, and before Rollo's return, carry it off in triumph to her basket. We await the result; the head of the house not feeling quite happy, meanwhile, at having occasionally to get up in what should be the silent watches of the night, to march to the relief of a wailing kitten left on the garden door-step, while its adopted mother rushes off to indulge in a free fight with anything that comes in her way which, to her mind, is calculated to injure her baby.

The children are never tired of watching the morsels of kittens, which, I am free to confess, have the biggest heads and the straight-up-est tails I ever saw. They wait, with what patience children can, to see whether these kittens will, when they grow up, purr or bark!

A LOVE-PROMISE.

A SUMMER EVENING SONG.

At that calm hour thou lov'st the best,
When daylight softly closes,
When birds fly, weary-winged, to rest,
And Eve shuts up the roses—

At that dear hour of Nature's hush,
When zephyr scarce is sighing,
And lingering tints of roseate blush
Are in the westward dying—

When heart to heart most warmly open;
To loves the fondest clinging;
When memories, and fears, and hopes,
And orisons are springing—

I'll think how often, wending slow,
That happy hour hath seen us;
And breathe thy name in secret low,
Though oceans roll between us.

Ah! yes; though Time's cold tide shall flow
Absence and distance aiding,
And try to chill what seems to glow
Too warm, too bright for fading;

At that lay-l hour we oft have met;
Still soft as daylight closes,
Thou'lt steal on my remembrance yet,
As dew upon the roses.

H. B.

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OVERDONE.

ANY one who can throw his recollections back some sixty or seventy years, must, on considering the change of times, be struck with the manner in which criminals are now dealt with, in comparison with the way they were treated in his early days. It would be hazardous to say whether the change was, in all points of view, for the better. There is now far more leniency and humane consideration of circumstances than formerly, which, in the main, can only be spoken of with approval. But, on the other hand, the leniency is often carried to lengths so irrational and absurd as to be little better than a public scandal. The more remarkable peculiarity of the present day is the small amount of capital punishment, which at least indicates a certain improved tone of feeling. In old times, the gallows was in constant requisition, often for offences of a comparatively trivial character. Occasionally, at Newgate, a dozen or more poor wretches were hanged on a Monday morning. Every large town had an executioner as one of its salaried officers. Public executions were a favourite sight for vast crowds of spectators, among whom were boys, women, and children, who flocked to the sight as they would do to a performance of horsemanship. No boy would stay away from an execution if he could at all help it. We have the painful recollection of seeing a young man hanged for a highway robbery of four and sixpence, or some such small sum; and of seeing another youth, a post-office clerk, hanged for taking a five-pound note from a letter that was passing through his hands. People at large did not think there was anything wrong in these cruel severities. Magistrates looked very coolly on the proceedings. It was necessary to make an example. And there was all the moun that was made.

Besides frequent capital punishments, there was a good deal done in the way of banishment. Packing off shiploads of thieves and pickpockets to Botany Bay, as New South Wales was familiarly called, was a common fate of this class

of delinquents. Whipping at the cart's tail had gone out of fashion in the early years of the present century; but we have recollections of seeing men set in the pillory, in which prominent position they endured a bombardment of rotten eggs and ribaldry from the assembled populace, who gladly hailed this species of amusement. Altogether, the methods of punishing crime were of a rough and ready description, not involving much expense, as lengthened imprisonment would have been. Young lads captured for some petty offence, were abruptly sent on board a man-of-war, which was thought to be a good means of getting quit of them; for it rid the community of their presence, and at the same time helped to man the fleet. There were thousands of cases of punishment by magistrates of which no record was kept. We knew the chief magistrate of a town, who, being a grocer, adjudged criminal cases across the counter, while selling ounces of tea and half-pounds of sugar, and in an off-hand way sent people to prison for a few days or weeks without any note of the transaction. Keeping a record of sentences for the smaller order of offences, is a thing of comparatively recent date. Strangely enough, there was little complaint of these petty tyrannies. The press was still on a feeble footing, and subjected to oppressive taxation. Notions as to the liberty of the subject were howled out of countenance. Any one who did not fall in with the general opinion was deemed a revolutionist, and there was no more peace for him on earth.

At length, there was the dawn of a new era. It is due to history to say that the person who first proposed meliorations of the criminal law was Sir Samuel Romilly, who, from his position as a lawyer and a Member of Parliament, could not be well howled down, though his bills to abate severity were opposed as dangerous innovations; and not till after his death, which took place in 1818, were his views recognised as being founded on humanity and justice. In his opinion, death punishments were **OVERDONE**. They must be limited to the worst class of crimes. Since his time, as is well

known, there have been successive meliorations, in which respect matters have come to that extraordinary pass to be best described as a kind of vanishing point. We might indeed say that instead of severity in the administration of justice, it is leniency that is OVERDONE. If things go on as they are doing, there will be soon, apparently, no punishments at all, and the criminal classes will have everything their own way. It is under some such vague apprehension that we pen these remarks, in the hope—perhaps a vain hope—of recalling society to its senses.

Obviously, the meliorations referred to have been largely promoted by the social and other changes that have taken place within the last half-century. The manual labouring classes occupy an enviable position not enjoyed in any former period of the world's history. Wages have on all sides improved. Articles of daily consumption have been materially cheapened, not only by improved cultivation, but by free imports from abroad. Various odious monopolies are no more heard of. There is now much leisure time, which, we regret to say, is not always spent to advantage. If men are paid better for their work, they drink more. Admittedly, in a prodigious number of cases, a good example is set as regards clothing, house accommodation, the education of children, and the widespread taste for reading. The press no longer held down and taxed to the limit of endurance, has become a power in the state, besides being a prevalent solace. Several old and brutalising sports, such as cock-fighting, are thoroughly gone. Comforts in living, the cheapening of postage, and the easy means of personal transit from place to place, are beyond the dreams of the grandfathers of the present generation; so likewise is the freedom of popular debate, which had no example three-quarters of a century ago. Above all, the enormous sums deposited in Savings-banks, speak volumes for the general improvement in circumstances, and the widely extended habits of thrift.

Yet, when all is said in laudation of the present times, the saddening fact remains that great crimes, though frequent, are, in numerous instances, next thing to being unrepessed and unpunished. We need only allude to the stupendous frauds committed by the projection of certain joint-stock companies, and to crimes of violence arising from unregulated ebullitions of temper—the crimes of greed in the worst form, and the crimes of personal vengeance. There is our indictment.

In the meantime, we confine attention to crimes of brutal violence committed by workmen on their wives, or on women who happen to be within their power. Wife-killing has become the reproach of the latter part of the nineteenth century. There is nothing like it in the past. All the large towns in England and Scotland are less or more compromised in the foul reproach; the Metropolis of course coming in for the largest

share, but Glasgow not being very far behind. It is matter of notoriety that the parties chargeable with the atrocities are in most instances workmen, on whom all the improving influences of the age have seemingly been thrown away. We are startlingly made aware that there lurks in the depths of society a class of persons of a savage nature, who, on the slightest provocation, burst into acts of brutality comparable only to what might be expected from a wild beast. Religious considerations, and moral obligations, appear to be alike disregarded.

The modern criminal law as now administered proves unavailing as a restraint. On a late occasion, no fewer than seven cases of shameful brutality to wives were brought under the cognisance of the Metropolitan magistrates in a single day. Pulling by the hair of the head, throwing down and kicking to death with heavy boots, and stabbing with knives, were among the assaults committed. Some of the cases were dealt with summarily, others were remanded, and may come under the cognisance of the higher tribunals. It is, however, by no means certain that a sufficient punishment even in the more aggravated murderous cases will be inflicted. In every instance, there is an extraordinary uncertainty as to conviction, and what is equally observable, an extraordinary inequality in sentences. It is a toss-up whether a man who has killed his wife gets only six weeks' imprisonment, or at most a few years' penal servitude. There is no great chance of a capital punishment ensuing. What with the tenderness of juries, the discretion exercised by judges, and other causes, criminal trials have degenerated into a kind of lottery. It is not for us to go into details, or to apportion the degree of blame for what in ordinary phraseology is styled a miscarriage of justice. The matter may be left to the consideration of the bench, which in a general sense is allowed to be a model of purity and independence. All we can hint at is that there are defects somewhere. Unfortunately, the law itself has been so littered away as almost to lose its efficiency. Except to persons of sensitive feelings—and few of that class are subjects of criminal indictments—penal servitude for a few years in a well-organised prison has no special terrors. Something else in the form of smart bodily pain would need to be of more general application. Whipping, for instance, has, we believe, put an end to the crime of robbery by garrotting. The lower order of ruffians who are addicted to manslaughter, while terrified for the whip, are apt to laugh at free quarters with good feeding in a well ventilated prison as a pleasant joke in the way of punishment. Be this as it may, the whole subject of penal repression needs to be reconsidered in the light of modern experience. The public are getting indignant at the loose manner in which the slayers of defenceless women are treated. The common remark is made, that this base class of criminals 'are not half punished.' We cannot but coincide

in the opinion. Leniency has been carried beyond all rational bounds. Philanthropy as concerns criminal jurisdiction is quite **OVERDONE**.

W. C.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XII.—CLEARED.

LATE as had been the hour when the capture was made in Mervyn's Yard, and later still as it was by the time that the reluctant prisoners had been marched as far as Portland Place—by devious ways, in accordance with the supplications of Mr Crawley, who shrank from thus appearing before curious eyes in the frequented High Street—the windows of Mr Weston's house were still brightly lighted, and figures were to be seen moving to and fro behind the muslin curtains. The clang of the door-bell was quickly answered; and then came the tramp of heavy feet, and the unaccustomed clink of steel chains, in the hall; and above, the rustle and flutter of feminine dress, soft movements, the sound of soft voices, as female heads peered wonderingly over the banisters. The servants below-stairs were inquisitive too, but more guardedly, for servants lead but a suppressed life in our social system.

'Mr Weston is in his study, sir,' said the flurried man-servant, who dubbed himself a butler by right of wearing no livery. He, like the rest of the domestics, knew Bertram well. It had leaked and filtered to the underground regions that Bertram Oakley, that bright, frank young man—of whose prospects even the greasy and corpulent cook had augured well, saying often, that 'such as he might drive the world before them, scholars as they were'—had 'done something wrong.' There had not been very severe judgments passed, in the basement story of Mr Weston's house, on Bertram Oakley. 'Poor young fellow,' or 'It's a sad pity,' was what the housemaids said. And we think that their compassion must have related more to the fact that Bertram had been 'found out,' than to any blame which ought to have attached to the heinous offences attributed to him.

Into Mr Weston's study passed, first the Inspector of detectives, then Bertram. Mr Weston was not alone. Arthur Lynn, Mr Mervyn's nephew, was there. He was the first to speak, the first to regain his presence of mind. He went up to Bertram, with his hand out, and wrung Bertram's hand.—'Do me the justice to say that I never believed it,' he said, turning to the bewildered master of the house. 'I never thought Bertram here anything that I would not wish my own brother to be.—I came down, of course,' he explained to Bertram, 'in consequence of the telegram from our good friend Mr Weston to my uncle. But I knew from the first that the thing could not be, and that you at least would come stainless out of it.'

This kindness, this generous faith, were almost too much for Bertram. The young man turned away his face as the hot tears sprang to his eyes.

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed Mr Weston, whose perceptions were slower than those of his young guest, and whose train of thought required time, as it were, before it could be shunted on to another line. 'What is all this, Inspector?'

The detective, who, up to this moment had been

waiting mutely, like a grim ghost in uniform, that could not speak, according to the traditional practice of ghosts, until spoken to, now rubbed his hat with a red cotton handkerchief, and said curtly: 'Parsons, bring 'em in!'

Parsons and his comrade in blue complying promptly with this injunction, the respectable Mr Henry Crawley, with steel bracelets around his wrists, was pushed forward into the room; while behind him appeared, shambling and downcast, the gaunt length of the fellow in light-coloured slops, handcuffed too.

'Mr Crawley, why?'—exclaimed the Manager, amazed at seeing the confidential clerk, the pattern of respectability, the supporter of subscription lists, the model of subordinates, in this guise.

But Crawley, after one wild glance around him, flung himself on his knees, not at Mr Weston's feet, but at those of Arthur Lynn, pleading, praying, for mercy. 'I have been a faithful servant,' he whimpered out. 'Spare me now. It is not the punishment I dread. It is the shame. I have an old mother still living in Berkshire. It will break her heart to hear of this. My sisters are well married. They respect me now. Do not—do not let!'

Every eye was turned, first on the detective, then on Bertram Oakley. The last-mentioned was the first to speak.

'When I found myself unduly suspected,' he said in a quiet tone, but in a voice that quivered, in spite of his resolution to be calm, 'I determined to clear myself, if possible. My good friend here the Inspector, and I, contrived a little counterplot, a stratagem of the simplest kind!'

'Not at all! Mr Oakley deserves the whole praise for the idea of it!' burst out Inspector Birch in a glow of disinterested enthusiasm. 'He it was, and no other, who got the notion that when the cat was away the mice would play, and that, if we kept watch on the Fittings Room, we might nab the real rogues at their work. It's seldom we of the Force get help, but rather hinderance, from the Public. But this is one of a thousand. We did watch—we did get hold of the collars of this brace of beauties—one chap showed us a clean pair of heels—but I'll have him yet—and there's a rod in pickle for old Isaac Bond of the marine store. But this one'—and the detective pointed to Crawley, still on his knees—'is the worst of the lot. It was mean, wasn't it, to try to ruin an innocent man, and to drop a card-case that belonged to him—here it is—it's yours, Mr Oakley—just before the policeman who was to pick it up, when the warehouse was first searched?—I'll tell you what, Squire Crawley, it didn't profit you much. I began to have my doubts, from that moment, there was foul-play somewhere—d'ye hear? snivelling as you are!'

'Get up, man, and speak in an attitude less fitting for a hound!' said Arthur Lynn scornfully to Crawley.

But the confidential clerk continued to grovel and to whine in a manner that justified the comparison—indeed, it was the hound that would have had the most reason to object to the simile. How unutterably hideous, miserable, and degraded, did this educated man look, as he humbled himself in the dust before the feet of those whom he had injured, craving for pardon! There was no

attempt at denial, there were no false pleas, no wily subterfuge. Taken red-handed, the wretch could but pray to be spared. For the time, his cunning brain lay fallow. He did but beg, as a trapped reptile gifted with human speech might have done, to be spared.

'This is a wretched spectacle,' said Arthur Lynn, turning away in disgust. 'The other fellow, by the force of contrast, cuts a better figure. Let us hear what he has to say for himself, if anything.'

The tall man in the slop-suit, thus appealed to, advanced a step, the handcuffs rattling on his wrists as he did so. He wore a cap, which was pulled down over his low forehead, so as to screen the restless, shifty eyes which abruptly glanced at every face in turn, and then looked to the floor. There was nothing very notable about the man, who was neither young nor old—a loose-built, lanky, shambling fellow, whose features were sharp, and his hair rusty, and whom a believer in the Hindu doctrine of the transmigration of souls might have set down as a hill-fox changed into manly shape. Such as he was, the prisoner came forward, made a duck with his head which was presumably a bow, then moistened his lips, and, after an inarticulate growl or two, said, deprecatingly: 'I'm a pore man, gen'lmen!'

The words were very few, and the sentiment the reverse of original, but somehow, Bertram found himself eyeing the speaker more attentively than he had previously done. Where had he heard that smooth, obsequious voice before?

'Poor, you may very likely be, my friend; but that does not excuse your being caught in our Fittings Room, or your conduct in bringing away with you what those bags contain,' said Mr Weston severely, as he pointed to the nearest sack, from the open mouth of which fragments of gleaming copper and objects in burnished brass had overflowed upon the floor.

Again the man moistened his lips. 'I was drove to it, gen'lmen,' he said, with a hangdog air, but smoothly as before—'drove to it by poverty. I've tried—s'help me—to make a living on the square; but nobody won't have me; and so, meaning no harm, I got into bad company. That old Daddy Bond of the marine store says to me, says he: "Would you like to earn a few pounds? for if so, there's a job. A gent, he says, wants to get rid of a young chap that's been put over his head; and if so be you'll bear a hand to get some things out of the warehouse, of which he's got a false key, says he, and tuen kiss the book, afterwards, to its being this very young chap that put you up to the game, why?"—Here the man's fluent speech faltered, perhaps in doubt of the impression he was producing on the listeners.

'I understand—robbery, conspiracy, and false witness in reserve—these make up what you call the "game," my man?' demanded Arthur Lynn sternly.

Crawley in the meantime had risen from his knees, and stood with bowed head and shaking limbs.

'Well, Governor, it was a plant,' answered the tall man, apparently smothering a laugh, perhaps at the excellence of the plot, now frustrated. 'But surely a gent like him'—pointing to Crawley—'is deeper in it by a lot, than a pore man like me.'

At this moment, Bertram, who had approached Inspector Birch, whispered in his ear. The detective nodded assent, and whipped out in an instant a bulky black pocket-book and metallic pencil. 'Name?' he asked, in peremptory accents.

The question was twice repeated before the captive blurted out the word 'Gooch.'

'Address, Friars' Alley, hey?' said the policeman, writing.

The man nodded a sullen assent.

'Christian name?' inquired Inspector Birch.

'Christian name, Eldard,' muttered the prisoner; and then, as if he regretted the admission, turned his shoulder towards the company, and backed a pace in the direction of the hall.

'Come, you're no Southampton man, you know—not you,' said the Inspector, shaking at him a minatory forefinger. 'Where did you come from, Edward Gooch, and of what place are you?'

The restless, shifty eyes ranged about the room, surveying every face there, but one—Bertram's the eyes seemed to avoid. Then the man, again moistening his lips, replied fawningly to the question: 'I've been hovering about, seeking work. I've tried most towns, South coast, and couldn't get to stop. I've tried Portsmouth-way, Brighton-way, Dover-way, Ramsgate-way'—

'And never Chelsea-way?' asked Bertram suddenly.

The fellow started as if a wa-p had stung him, and became ashen pale, to his very lips. He threw a furtive glance at the doorway. No; escape was impossible. The two constables were at his back, and there were irons on his wrists. 'I don't understand you, Governor,' he said gaspingly.

'I think you do, Chelsea Ned,' replied Bertram, stepping forward. 'I knew your voice better than your face; and now I am certain to whom both belong. You got clear off, when your accomplices were punished for the piratical attack upon the clipper ship *Golden Gate*, at Blackwall; but now'—

'Now you are wanted,' chimed in the Inspector, rustling over the pages of his pocket-book in search of an entry. 'To be sure. Reward posted up at our station for the apprehension of Edward Blogg, alias Gooch, alias Turner. The description answers to you, my man, and it's a clear case.'

Sullen silence was the only reply.

Then there was a good deal of talking. Mr Weston had much to learn, which required explanation. Arthur Lynn was excited and eager. From above, and from below, came the stifled sounds of conversation, inquiry, and exclamation. Bertram and the detective, whose brains were quicker and clearer, asked no questions. Of the two prisoners, one kept doggedly silent, the other whimpered for mercy.

'You shall have the mercy you ask for, if you earn it,' said Arthur Lynn roughly, to the cur who craved it.

'I thank you, sir; I bless you. May heaven'—Crawley began.

'Keep your vile lips, Mr Crawley, from pronouncing sacred names and from uttering hypocritical appeals,' rejoined Mr Lynn, more harshly than he had spoken since his school-days. 'You are an old servant of the Firm, and were long thought a good one; and I am willing to believe

that the demon of Envy has prompted you to this atrocious act of yours. My uncle, I am sure, would spare you the exposure in the dock, the chains, the cropped hair, the hard prison discipline'—

I hope it may be so. The man is a good clerk. He has borne a respectable outside,' put in Mr Weston.

'I say "Yes" too, when it is a question of mercy,' said Bertram Oakley, seeing all eyes bent on him.

'Come, Mr Crawley, make a clean breast of it,' said Mr Mervyn's nephew. 'Your key to the warehouse door, which the Inspector here produces, and which was used for the robbery—how did you get it?'

'Killick the smith, in St Stephen's Lane, made me a duplicate,' answered Crawley meekly. 'The key, you had forgotten, sir, was in my care from the day Mr West left, till that on which Mr Oakley became Assistant Manager.'

'So far, so good, or so bad,' replied Arthur Lynn. 'Now why did you so hate Bertram here? That you were jealous of him, and wanted to have his place, I understand. But is that all? You know it is not.'

'Nat Lee was vexed, too, about the girl,' said Crawley hesitatingly.

'What girl?' demanded Mr Weston.

'Miss Rose Donham. That was Nat's affair, not mine,' answered the trembling wretch.

Arthur Lynn looked at Bertram's face, and saw his heightened colour at the mention of Rose's name; then at Crawley, and felt, as though he knew all. 'In Mr Mervyn's name,' he said, 'I would take it on myself to allow Mr Crawley to go free. Let him live his shame where he will, and take to better courses, if he can.'

But Inspector Birch intervened. Duty, the detective said, was duty, and Thomas must not turn blinded eyes toward's palpable guilt like this. No, no: both prisoners must appear, to-morrow, before the magistrates.—'But as for prosecuting, gentlemen, so far as *that's* concerned,' said the Inspector, jerking his thumb so as to indicate Crawley, 'the Law leaves you pretty much to your own choice. Chelsea Ned, here, is wanted for quite another business.'

So the Inspector marched away his brace of jail-birds, one sullen, the other weeping, to strong lodgings; and there was much hand-shaking and hearty congratulation among those who were left behind; and then Bertram, declining all offers of refreshment, went back to his lodgings; and Arthur Lynn remained Mr Weston's guest for the time being.

(To be continued.)

COMETS.

THE comet which glided into the northern sky towards the end of June excited an amount of interest proportionate only to the suddenness of its appearance; a brief description, therefore, of its main features, and a comparison with previous bodies of the same kind, may prove interesting.

To the unassisted observer, the most noticeable peculiarities of this comet have been these: the suddenness of its appearance, and brightness when first seen; its course among the stars; the regularity with which it dwindled night by night;

the stolidlike brilliancy of its head, and fan-like tail. It will be convenient for us to take up these points in order.

The comet was observed on the 22d of June, but was clearly seen on the 23d, when it had a tail of some length, and a head 'brighter than any star in the sky;' that is to say, more brilliant than Vega, Arcturus, or Capella. These circumstances caused but little surprise to professed astronomers, for two reasons: comets have repeatedly appeared in like manner; and one of considerable magnitude had been observed in the south a fortnight before, and announced by Dr Gould as moving northwards. In respect to the first of these reasons, it may be remarked, that on the 3d of July 1819, a comet, large and of great brilliancy, and closely resembling the present in form and position, appeared immediately after sunset in the same unexpected way. With regard to the second reason, it may be well to consider here what were mentioned above as two of those peculiarities of the present comet which must have been apparent to all—its path among the stars, and the gradual waning of its brilliancy.

The comet was first seen a little below Capella, and from this point it rapidly climbed the sky towards the Pole. To those who, though acquainted with the fact that comets are members of the solar system, were still ignorant of the peculiar character of their motions, this must have appeared striking. But what holds good as law for the other bodies of the sun's system, is in every way inapplicable to comets.

If any one wishes to comprehend these matters, let him watch the moon during a lunation. When new, she is seen, immediately after sunset, just above the place where the sun has sunk; the next evening, she will still be in the west, but somewhat higher, to the left of her previous position. On each succeeding night, she will be found to have moved farther and farther away to the left hand, until at last she will be rising in the east while the sun is setting in the west. This is what astronomers call 'direct' motion; that is, motion in the order of the signs of the zodiac—which are counted eastwards from Aries, the Ram. Excepting the satellites of Uranus and many comets, the members of the solar system move in like manner, and travel close to the ecliptic—the zodiac, the sun's apparent path among the stars. On the contrary, the paths of many comets diverge widely from the line of the ecliptic; and of many, too, the motion is 'retrograde;' that is, opposed to the order of the signs. The 'signs' are enumerated in sequence in the following verse:

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
And next the Crab the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales;
The Scorpion, Archer, and He-goat;
The Man who holds the watering-pot;
And the Fish with glittering tails.

We have already adverted to the fact that the comet of 1819 appeared in almost the same manner and place as the recent one; it would therefore, one might suppose, be open to us to identify them; but this astronomers know to be impossible. As comets obey the law of gravitation, it is essential that their path about the sun should be in the form of one of the curves called conic sections—

that is, a circle, ellipse, parabola, or hyperbola. As no comets move in circles, it is only when their orbits are elliptical that they can return. To ascertain, then, if a particular comet has been seen before, or if it is likely to return, it will be obvious that it is necessary to discover the kind of curve in which it is moving. To do so, three exact observations of its position are obtained, and treated mathematically (on the assumption that the orbit is parabolic, in order to ascertain what are termed the 'elements of the orbit.' These determined, the curve of the path can be deduced. These elements are, briefly, the exact moment of passage of perihelion, or in other words the point at which the comet approaches nearest to the sun; the position of the point of perihelion among the stars, as seen from the sun, and its exact distance from the sun; the degree to which the orbit is inclined, and the points at which it cuts the ecliptic; the extent to which the orbit varies from a circle; and whether the motion (as seen from the sun) is 'direct' or 'retrograde.' These things known, the orbit can be determined, at least approximately. An 'Ephemeris' is then computed; the places observed are compared with those predicted, and if they agree, it is inferred that the comet's orbit is parabolic; if they disagree—and if the difference increases daily—it is concluded to be elliptic. Inaccuracy or deficiency in the observations, and other things, often prevent the attainment of certainty in the result, so that there are sometimes many orbits computed for the same comet. So accurately can calculations be made, that a constant difference of two and a half hours between the predicted and actual times of perihelion passages of Encke's Comet occasioned one of the most important discussions in modern science.

We have stated that the comet of 1819 resembled the recent one in appearance. Such a resemblance, is, however, rare. Few things in nature present aspects more widely differing than comets. The nucleus of the comet of 1811 was a distinct and brilliant disk, which according to Sir William Herschel was four hundred and twenty-eight miles in diameter. This disk was severed from the sharply defined curve of light which formed the head, by a belt of utter darkness; the tail, also very vivid, was shaped like a scimitar, and in breadth about twelve times the apparent breadth of the sun. The head was red in colour. The comet of 1744 had six tails; that of 1665 had none, but was so round and so sharply defined as to be likened by Cassini to Jupiter; that of 1823—two-tailed—presented the almost unique feature of having one of its tails, the smaller, directed towards the sun.

Striking as are the differences between separate comets, the variations observed in individual comets are equally striking. The comet called Halley's, which at its appearance—in extraordinary brilliancy—in 1456 inspired such hatred, on account of its supposed connection with the Turks, as to be excommunicated by Pope Calixtus, appeared but small in 1531 and 1607; was in 1682, at one time, tailless; and in 1759 an object of considerable magnitude.

In the telescope, comets present some additional features; notably, the 'jets' and the 'envelopes.' The latter are concentric layers of matter thrown off from the head, which surround it on the side

towards the sun; they are separated from one another by dark spaces; taken all together, they form the 'coma.' They have, with more pith than poetry, been described as resembling the coats of an onion. They were seen to greatest perfection in Donati's comet of 1858. Coggia's, of 1874, had envelopes which were *not* concentric; and it would appear that the recent comet presented the same anomaly. The jets are what their name imports, ejections from the comet's head. Of some comets, more especially those of 1861 and 1835, they have formed the most striking peculiarity. That of 1835 (Halley's) was first seen on the 5th of August, as a round nebula, with a point of light situated a little to the side of its centre. It remained without tail till the 2d of October, on which day the nucleus suddenly became very bright, and threw out a jet towards the sun; afterwards, a tail was formed. This action within the nucleus then ceased, and was not renewed till the 8th, when it recommenced violently, and continued as long as the tail endured. On that day, the nucleus was like a burning coal, oblong in shape, and yellowish. The tail increased till the 15th, at which date it extended to twenty degrees. After this, it diminished. On the day of perihelion-passage the comet had, it seems, no tail, and was at no time in the interval brighter than one of the stars in the Plough; but the observations of Bessel and Struve record a series of changes in the jets and nucleus, unexampled for rapidity and complexity in the history of the heavenly bodies; in swiftness and character, they resembled those of the solar 'prominences.' Bessel says: 'The nucleus, with its emanations, presented the appearance of a burning rocket, the train of which was deflected sideways by a current of air.' The comet was lost sight of after perihelion-passage, till seen by Sir John Herschel at the Cape on the 24th January 1836, when its appearance was completely altered. It was now a round, brightish, well-defined body, within which—but not exactly in the centre—was a vivid nucleus resembling a miniature comet, with a head and tail of its own, quite distinct from, and much brighter than, the surrounding nebula. The next day it was larger, and the nucleus larger. Upon the 27th, it began to develop a fountain-like form, which remained, increasing in size, but long in brightness, till the comet finally disappeared.

Although in exterior form the comet recently seen preserved a uniformity remarkable among bodies of the class to which it belongs, yet in the telescope it exhibited changes as peculiar as any of those mentioned above. Of these, we could not hope to give any detailed account in a manner very intelligible to our readers. One striking fact may be referred to: the transit of the *nucleus* over a star—an almost unique observation. The star did not appear to change its position, but seemed a broad disk of uniform brightness, instead of, as usual, a minute point with a clear concentric ring. A letter recording this interesting fact, and acutely commenting on its bearing on cometary theories, appeared in *Nature* for July 7th. In the same number was printed a communication from Mr. Common, in which, among other things, he stated that while, on the 24th of June, the nucleus appeared like a club, on the next night it was shaped like a star with five rays.

The light of comets is derived partly from

reflection of the sun's rays, and partly from matter solid or gaseous, rendered incandescent by the solar heat. This has become known by means of the spectroscope and polariscope. By the aid of the former instrument, it has been proved that certain comets consist of carbon or some compound of carbon.

We are, however, almost completely ignorant of the constitution of those uncertain celestial wanderers, and of the nature of the forces which, working within the nucleus, produce the jets, envelopes, and tail; and we are absolutely ignorant of their origin, use, and fate. Many theories have been propounded upon these points; but none is satisfactory. Shrouded in impenetrable mystery, these filmy forms float into the sky, pass, and disappear. 'They come like shadows, and they so depart.'

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S TALE.

THE following amusing narrative is adapted from a story which appeared some years ago in the daily press.

A commercial traveller, on his business rounds, came to one of the large Yorkshire towns, where he found, upon his arrival, that the time which, under a lapse of memory, he had chosen for his visit, was most inopportune. 'The races were on;' and every house of accommodation was crowded to excess. Upon application to the landlady of the hotel where he had been in the habit of staying, he was informed that every bed in the premises had been booked for a week before his coming; and more than this, that even the very floors and tables of the dining-room would be burdened at night with racing-men and weary pleasure-seekers.

'We are extremely sorry, sir,' said Mrs Boniface, 'that we cannot receive you, an accustomed patron of the house; but under existing circumstances, it is impossible that we can. But,' she added, 'I will give you the names of some persons in the town who let rooms, and perhaps you will find among them some one who can put you up—at least I hope so.'

Our friend took the list of names with a rueful face, and at once set about the discovery of a place of rest for the night. But all his search was fruitless. Every bed and possible 'shake-down' in the whole district was pre-engaged; and if he would remain in the town, he must walk the streets until morning. But sooner than do this, he resolved to return to his good landlady of former days, and cast himself upon her benevolent contrivance and sympathy.

'Upon my word, sir,' she said, 'you greatly distress and puzzle me. I really do not know where in the world I can put you.' But after thinking for a moment, she asked: 'Will you consent to occupy the hostler's room, sir? It stands in a back part of the premises; and perhaps we could manage to make it—at least, in some degree—comfortable.'

The traveller thanked her warmly, and declared that the accommodation she spoke of was the very thing under the circumstances.

In about half an hour, the hostler was called, and told to take a lantern and conduct the gentleman to his bedroom. The way proved to be

across a large yard in the rear of the inn, up a step-ladder, along a narrow boarded passage, then up three stairs, and finally through a doorway into the sleeping apartment. Our traveller found, upon looking around, that good use had been made of the half-hour he had been kept waiting. A carpet had been put on the floor; blankets and sheets were unexceptionable.

'Good-night, sir,' said the hostler, setting down his lantern, to furnish some light. 'I hope you'll sleep well, sir; and indeed, I think you'll have a better chance of doing so here than the gents in the house—you're away from the noise; and in times like these, the streets all night are anything but quiet.'

It was late in the autumn of the year—the nights were long—and our friend, rather tired, soon fell asleep, and did not wake until the gray dawn of the morning, and not even then, had he not been aroused by some one coming along the outer passage with a heavy step, and entering his bedroom. Turning round in his blankets to learn who was the intruder, he perceived a man, tall, gaunt, and grim, his throat bare, the sleeves of his shirt turned up, and his hair all unkempt and standing upright in the most disordered manner. The dark figure drew near the traveller's bed, stooped over him, and peered down closely in the dim light, evidently anxious to find out if the person lying there was awake. Perceiving that this was the case, our traveller saw him, in the dusky light, draw himself upright in the room, then solemnly raise one arm, extend it, and point with his hand through the window to a place outside; after which, more impressively still, he slowly recovered the extended limb, and motioned with his forefinger three times across his throat. This done, the strange apparition abruptly departed, his feet sounding as distinctly upon the floor and step-ladder on his going out, as they had been heard to do when he came in.

The commercial traveller was not a nervous man, and he had knowledge, more or less, of the strange occurrences and rough usages of the world. Yet, this dark, grotesque, and absolutely silent intruder, and his most singular gestures, did not strike him as altogether pleasant or agreeable; and he would much rather not have been disturbed in such an unseasonable and unwarrantable manner. He would, however, take no action in the matter—at least for the present. Indeed, he felt himself powerless to do this in this lonely part of the premises. But he certainly, when he got up, would make complaint to Mrs Boniface of the way in which he had been annoyed. Fixing this purpose in his mind, our isolated lodger betook himself again to slumber, and had almost re-entered the land of dreams, when, both to his vexation and alarm, the footsteps he had previously heard, again sounded upon his ears—the same firm and measured tread—and soon his former visitor repeated his mysterious intrusion.

This time, the gaunt figure looked agitated and angry, and to our traveller's amazement and fear, carried in his right hand a large, long, and gleaming knife. Pointing his hand in a similar direction as before, he shook his grizzly head, and violently winked his eyes and stamped his foot; yet uttered never a word, but kept perfectly silent; and concluded his wild actions by drawing, not his finger, but the huge knife, determinately

and slowly, across his exposed throat. After this ghastly pantomime, a second time he took his leave, proceeding along the narrow, floored passage, and down the step-ladder to the inn-yard.

The man before whom this awful dumb-show had been performed, crouched and trembled in his bed. He had often heard of spectral and supernatural appearances, and had affected to laugh at those who declared they believed in them. But was not this, after all, an unearthly visitation? It looked extremely like 'it. He would not, however, fully conclude that he had really seen an apparition; yet he would guard against a third invasion of this uncanny guest. He would do, what he now remembered he had unfortunately hitherto neglected—he would fasten the door of his room, and thus put a stop to any further ingress.

To his disappointment, however, when he came to secure his room door, he found that it was destitute of all fastenings. Feeling with his fingers, in the dim twilight, no lock, nor bolt, nor bar could he discover. Here was a desperate fix; and what plan for his safety could he now resort to? Thinking rapidly over the matter, nothing better, it seemed to him, remained to be done than to roll his bedstead head-foremost against the door, and thus effectually block up all means of entrance. Luckily, the bedstead was upon casters; it was therefore easily moved; so that our friend had no difficulty in carrying out his scheme; and returned once more to bed, somewhat more certain of immunity from intrusion. He could not, however, settle himself for further sleep; he had been too much disturbed and unnerved for additional repose, so he resolved to lie awake in his bed until broad daylight.

A quarter of an hour had but barely passed, when our traveller for the third time heard the same footsteps approaching his bedroom. He felt somewhat calm and indifferent, however; for had he not rendered his apartment completely impregnable? But short-lived was this feeling of confidence; for in a few minutes the steps had reached his door, and he heard hands moving over and pressing hard against it. Then a violent push was made, and after that, another and another, till the bedstead, on its too facile casters, was driven back into the middle of the floor. Again, his dread visitor approached him, and with tenfold added horrors; for his face and hands were smeared with blood, as was also the knife which, on his second coming, he had carried. Holding it as before in his right hand, he drew the crimson-stained weapon for the second time across his throat, repeating the action once, twice, and thrice; then again shook ominously his dishevelled locks; and turning upon his heel with a look of angry portent, left the apartment.

Our traveller was almost sick with terror; he shook in every limb, while the cold perspiration oozed from every pore of his body. He was an unbeliever in apparitions no longer. He could not stand out against positive proof, and here he had the clear and certain and repeated demonstration of his bodily senses. When he judged the spectre quite gone and the coast clear, he rose, and hastily dressed himself, rushing down the step-ladder, and into the inn, where he roused the whole inmates of the house with his cries that some dreadful tragedy had been committed on the

premises, and that every effort should be made to discover and arrest the murderer.

So much for the ghost; and now for the laying of it. It turned out, upon inquiry, that the gaunt and grotesque figure which had haunted our traveller was only a poor *dumb* lad, who was accustomed to help the hostler to kill pigs. On this morning, three of these animals had to meet the common doom of their kind. The first visit of the lad to our traveller's room was to inform his comrade—who, he knew, usually slept there—that the hour was come for their deadly work, intimating the manner of it by the three passes of his finger across his throat. Upon leaving the room, and finding, after due interval, that the hostler as he took our traveller to be—had not arisen for his task, he returned the second time, angry that his call had not been obeyed, and took the slaughtering knife with him, as a token and sign of what the lazy hostler had to get up and do. By the time of his third visit to the room, he had himself done the work of death without the aid of his fellow, and he brought the blood-stained knife to signify as much; and also in dumb-show to say: 'You may now lie in your bed there for another hour or two, if you like; but it has been too bad of you to leave all this troublesome piece of butcher's-work to me.'

We are sorry we cannot add that the traveller was quite pleased either with himself or with the explanation of his fright; for he felt that he had cut rather a sorry figure in the early morning; and he could not help observing that those whom he had aroused with his clamour and terror were slipping back to their rooms with much louder indications of merriment than our hero could properly appreciate. He took an early train out of the town, not even troubling his landlady to make breakfast for him.

SOME INSTANCES OF EXTRAORDINARY PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

Milo, the pride of ancient Crotona, who could carry an ox on his shoulders, and slay one with his fist, was an athlete of might; but there have been modern men of muscle capable of emulating the feats of Milo; and were trials of strength as popular and profitable as trials of speed, endurance and skill, we should probably not have to wait very long before seeing the best performance on record thrown into the shade by some muscular champion as yet unknown to fame.

Topham, popularly known as the Strong Man of Islington, although he failed to draw the bow of a Finsbury archer two-thirds of its length, justified the title bestowed upon him by rolling up a pewter dish with his fingers, bending a kitchen poker round the neck of an offending hostler, and pulling against a horse with his feet against a low wall. With his teeth he could lift a table six feet long, having a half-hundredweight attached to it; and coming upon a watchman fast asleep in his box, he took up box and man, and dropped them over the wall of a burial-ground.

In 1871, 'Monsieur Gregorie,' claiming to be seventy-one years old, mightily astonished the good folks of Hereford by carrying seven hundred-weight with the greatest of ease, and by performing certain other extraordinary feats. Twenty years previously, he had performed Milo's feat

in a slaughter-house at Witley, in Worcestershire. It was, however, no new feat with him; he had done it again and again in his young days when travelling with an Italian circus. An English doctor who knew Gregorio intimately, describes him as looking like an exaggerated example of a muscular study by Fuseli or Haydon, having prodigious shoulders and a biceps almost incredible. For all that, he was one of the quietest of men, and simple as a child; living in constant dread lest he should be provoked into using his strength unprofessionally; and afraid to nurse his own baby lest he should give it a fatal squeeze.

Joseph Pospischilli was wont to amuse the Hungarian public by holding a table in the air by his hands and teeth, while a couple of gipsies danced upon it to a third's fiddling. He and one of his brothers would bear upon their shoulders a sort of wooden bridge, while a cart full of stones, drawn by two horses, was driven over it. Falling into evil ways, Joseph was imprisoned in the fortress of Olen, and one day volunteered to give the prison inspector a specimen of his abilities; and permission being accorded, he so arranged the governor's heavy mahogany table as to hold it suspended with his teeth for nearly half a minute.

Joignery, a French professional acrobat, lately performing at a Berlin theatre, executed the following extraordinary feat. As he swung head downwards from a trapeze, to which his ankles were fixed, a horse covered with gay trappings, and begirt with a broad leathern surcingle having two strong loops attached to it, and mounted by a full-grown man, was brought on the central stage, above which Joignery hung suspended. Seizing the loops with his hands, the Frenchman, by sheer muscular strength, lifted horse and rider some inches off the stage; sustained their combined weight in the air for some seconds, and then let them down again as evenly and slowly as he had raised them.

Mr Stanley tells us that Simba, chief overseer of Amu bin Osman's caravan, standing six feet five inches barefooted, and measuring thirty-two inches from shoulder to shoulder, could toss an ordinary-sized man ten feet into the air, and catch him in his descent. He would take one of the large white Muscat donkeys by the ears, and with a sudden movement of his right foot, lay the surprised ass on its back; carry a three-year-old bullock on his back half-way round his master's plantation; and once actually bore twelve men on his back, shoulders, and chest, round Osman's house, to the intense wonder of a large crowd of applauding spectators.

Pete Pauquette, a slim-built but muscular-limbed half-breed, is still living to glory in his sobriquet of the Samson of Wisconsin. It was a favourite performance with him to take a handful of dry, hard hickory nuts, and crush them to pieces by merely closing his hand upon them. Senator Clark, who knew him well in his best days, said: 'His muscles were like iron. I have had him bare his arm to me, and I have taken a hammer and cracked hickory nuts upon the muscles; and it was like cracking them on a stone. One day,' relates the Senator, 'a party was proceeding by boat up the Fox, intending to go down the Wisconsin. When the portage came to be made, a yoke of oxen was procured to draw the boat across. It was very heavy; and before half

the distance had been made, one of the oxen gave out completely. Pauquette was along, and what do you suppose he did? Well, he took the end of the yoke vacated by the played-out ox, and pulled with the other one, and the novel team hauled the boat and traps across all right; and Pete did not seem to mind the strain half so much as the old ox did.'

Great commanders have not, as a rule, been notable for the possession of extraordinary physical powers. Washington was an exception, being a man of great strength. In his youth, he was once an onlooker at a wrestling contest, and growing weary of the sport, threw himself at the foot of a tree to enjoy his book. By-and-by, he was challenged to try a fall with the hero of the day. At first, he declined, until finding his refusal attributed to fear, he entered the arena, and without taking off his coat, grappled with his opponent, and, after a brief struggle, hurled him to the ground with such force, that the best wrestler in Virginia was in much the same predicament as the Duke's wrestler when he tried conclusions with Orlando. Later on in life, while watching some young fellows contending at throwing the bar, Washington asked to be allowed to try what he could do; and grasping the bar, sent it flying through the air, to land many feet beyond the limit attained by any of the competitors. And still later, when he might be said to be getting old, he showed that he had not lost his strength of arm. Taking a morning ride, he saw three of his workmen vainly endeavouring to raise a large stone. Jumping off his horse, Washington pushed the men aside, and without any apparent effort, lifted the stone to its proper place, and then remounting, rode on.

A man of great strength was William Joy, known in his day as 'the English Samson.' He was a native of Kent, having been born near Ramsgate in 1675. From an early period of his life he displayed remarkable strength and dexterity for his years; and when twenty-four years of age, he began publicly to exhibit his astonishing feats. Among other of Joy's performances, he is said to have been able to retain and keep in place a strong horse, urged by whip to escape his powerful rein, solely by the check of his pull, without any stay or support whatever. Aided by a strong leathern girdle or belt, and supporting himself by pressing his arms on a railing, he could lift from the ground a stone said to be a ton weight. He also broke asunder a rope fastened to a wall, which had previously borne more than a ton and a half weight without breaking. Notwithstanding his great strength, he was possessed of singularly agile and flexible joints, many wonderful stories being told of his feats in this respect, such as placing a glass of wine on the sole of his foot, which he could twist round with his hands, and conveying the glass in this way to his mouth without spilling.

But the rougher sex have not had a monopoly of such herculean qualities. In September 1818, there was shown at Bartholomew Fair, London, what was called in the advertisements 'the strongest woman in Europe, the celebrated French Female Hercules, Madame Gobert, who will lift with her teeth a table five feet long and three feet wide, with several persons seated upon it; also carry thirty-six weights, fifty-six pounds each,

equal to two thousand and sixteen pounds, and will disengage herself from them without any assistance.' She was also notified as able to bear an anvil of four hundred pounds-weight on her chest, while men forged on it with hammers; finishing up this branch of the performance by lifting the anvil with her hair, and 'suspending it in that position, to the astonishment of every beholder.' She was also to take up a chair by the hind stave with her teeth, and throw it over her head, ten feet from her body. One who went to see these performances, thought there was a good deal of trick in many of them. He describes the table she was to lift with her teeth as 'a slight rickety thing, made of deal, with a bar across the legs, which, upon her grasping it, is sustained against her thighs, and enables her more easily to swing it round several times, maintaining her hold only by her teeth.' The chair, he says, 'she makes nothing of, but canters it over her head like a plaything.' Upon the whole, this spectator was disappointed. 'That she is a strong woman,' he concludes, 'is evident; but that she can perform what is promised in her bills, is a notorious untruth.' Yet she is otherwise credited with possessing great strength; and it is told that on one occasion, on the road between Harwich and Leamington, when her caravan, 'which weighed two tons,' sunk in the mud nearly to the box of the wheels, the two horses being unable to extricate it, 'she descended, and with apparent ease, disengaged the caravan from its situation without any assistance whatever.' A contemporary writer describes this female Samson as 'short, but most beautifully and delicately formed, and of a most lovely countenance.'

William Hutton, the well-known Birmingham antiquary, met in with another 'strong woman' in the course of his wanderings in Derbyshire, and described her in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the period. He saw her at Matlock in July 1801, and thus writes of her: 'The greatest wonder I saw was Miss Phoebe Bown, in person five feet six, about thirty, well-proportioned, round-faced, and ruddy. Her step (pardon the Irishism) is more manly than a man's, and can easily cover forty miles a day. She can lift one hundredweight with each hand, and carry fourteen score.' Her chief avocation was breaking-in horses at a guinea a week; and he adds that she always rode without a saddle, and was the best judge not only of horses, but of cattle as well, in the whole countryside.

In 1794, a man named Sheppard, a sergeant in the Coventry Volunteers, was noted for his strength. He was then about five or six and twenty years of age. An eye-witness mentions, that on being requested to show a proof of his strength, Sheppard desired to have a few oysters sent for, the largest that could be procured, unopened. These being produced—'and large ones they were—he took six, and devoured them, shells and all, in a manner we generally see a person munch a biscuit.' The same writer states that he lifted a heavy mahogany table with his teeth; and that he also took two men, of moderate size, one in each hand, raised them from the ground, and held them at arms' length. This man is said to have acknowledged that his superior strength lay in his jaw and neck; and 'he has been known to take a pewter pint pot, and tear it into pieces

and shreds with his teeth.' Sheppard, probably with a view to exciting the superstitious credulity of his neighbours, was in the habit of professing that 'he felt a visible decay of strength upon any time having his hair cut.'

A FEW DROLIERIES.

A few years ago, a capital picture appeared in *Punch*, which was meant to represent not exactly the incident as there depicted, but the victim's sensations one moment later. A gentleman, naturally of a shy and nervous disposition in society, has been invited to a children's party. Like many quiet and retiring men, he is very fond of the youngsters, and is a great acquisition at their festivities, from his many ingenious resources for entertaining them. He generally contrived to come into a room in some novel and amusing manner, and it is in pursuit of this object that we see him in the picture. He has run up-stairs, and entered the drawing-room, unannounced, on all-fours. There he is, head down, coat-tails flying up over his shoulders, and revealing more waist-band and linen than are usually visible to the eye in that situation, prancing and scrambling round the room. But, unfortunately, his hospitable little friends live in a terrace where the houses are all alike, and he has gone to the wrong one by mistake. The children, who know him so well, all agog with expectation, are awaiting him *next door*. There happens to be an evening party at both houses, only this one is of the most severely 'grown-up' description. When he rises from his extraordinary gambols presently, this shy man will find himself in the midst of a roomful of strange ladies and gentlemen, whose surprise will certainly be more than equalled by his confusion.

It is even better than Leech's old drawing of the little stout gentleman who has undertaken for a wager to jump over a haycock. He accomplishes the feat, and is represented descending in mid-air, having just cleared the top gallantly. And it is at this exact moment—or rather fraction of a moment—that his observation grasps with lightning rapidity the fact that below him are a very loving couple, all unconscious of his advent, and picnicking sweetly together on a large veal-pie, into which he will drop like a meteor.

'Nothing would ever induce me to touch a reptile, of my own free-will: they disgust, they horrify me!' said a gentleman to his friend the doctor, with whom he occasionally dined, and who, while exhibiting his pet snakes and lizards, had been endeavouring to impress the fact that habit is everything, and that constant association with these creatures soon removes that loathing—quite distinct from fear—with which they are almost universally regarded.

'My dear fellow,' quoth the doctor, 'I will lay you a guinea that, within one month, you shall consent of your own free-will, not merely to touch, but even to *taste* a reptile!'

The challenge was at first resented as an absurdity, an insult to common-sense; but eventually the bet was accepted. There was much bantering on the subject for some days, and you may be sure the reptile-hater kept a sharp lookout, and carefully scrutinised any dish whose contents wore a 'froggy' aspect to his roused imagi-

nation, when eating in the doctor's company. The latter, however, knew the kind of man he had to deal with when he made the bet; and he attempted no practical jokes. The interest of the affair was beginning to die out, and it had ceased to be a theme of conversation between them, beyond an occasional passing reference, when one morning they met in the street, about three weeks after the wager was laid.

'You don't look well,' said the man of medicine—his professional compliment, with an eye to business. 'Liver out of order—eh? What did you do with yourself last night?'

'Oh, I'm all right!' was the ready response, in deprecation of the possible eight-ounce bottle and little circular pill-box looming in the foreground of the future. 'Never felt better; generally look pale in the morning.—Do last night? I dined at the Blanks' Hall;' mentioning a noted Livery Company, celebrated for its princely civic dinners.

'Dined with the Blanks, did you? Then depend upon it, my boy, your liver is out of order. Now, let us see. What did you eat?'

'Well, nothing to upset me, that I know of. I took some soup, and a little bit of'—

'Stop, stop a moment! What soup?' asked the doctor.

'Turtle.'

'I thought so. Trouble you for one pound one for taster's reptiles; and I'll write you a prescription for your liver on the strength of it.'

It required a good deal of explanation and looking up of authorities before the friend 'saw it'; but he was convinced at last. 'Take the guinea,' he said ruefully; 'but keep your prescriptions for those who don't mind being poisoned!'

A good story is told in the States of an agent who travelled on commission for a firm of tombstone manufacturers. Expressions of monumental grief in iron, in marble, in wood, even in vulcanite and paper, had he; urns, cherubs, wreaths, columns, willows, angels, pillars—cenotaphs in every style, from the florid mausoleum which tearless regret might raise to the golden memory of a self-made millionaire, to the small flat cake, devoid of cross or ornament, destined to map out the ashes of a Quaker's child. Not that he carried 'stock' with him; but he had elaborate drawings and designs, with prices specified underneath, from which the customers could make their selection, according to their taste, means, or depth of woe. Orders were scarce, however; customers were few, and disinclined to launch out boldly in their speculations in this peculiar form of art. Americans are a practical people, and a gravestone can hardly be looked upon as a good investment for capital, from a business point of view. Times were beginning to get hard with the poor agent; so that when he one day overheard somebody talking of a farmer in an outlying district who had recently lost his wife, he pricked up his ears, and lost no time in repairing to the vicinity indicated. A long journey it was, and a rough one; and when he had accomplished the eleven miles which he believed would have brought him to his destination, it was only to be told that he had been misinformed, and that his quarry resided seven miles off, in another direction. So he tramped the balance of his journey, eighteen solid

miles in all, over broken ground, half-made roads, and ploughed fields. When he arrived at the farmhouse, he found that the farmer was at work on another part of the estate—one mile more; so he decided that he must not wait for him at the house, or he would fail to reach the nearest town before nightfall. At length he ran the bereaved husbandman to earth—literally to earth, for he was discovered in a most secluded spot, in company with several labourers, all very busy with their spades. To the 'boss,' our agent made advances with all the speed his weary limbs would allow, commencing to explain the nature of his errand, while unfolding his prospectus, by saying that he regretted to hear the farmer had lately lost his wife, and offering a few well-chosen words of condolence thereon. The object of his sympathy thanked him civilly enough, though not without a slight manifestation of surprise and annoyance. Yes; it was quite true, he said; he had lost his wife—in fact, she had bolted with another man some six weeks before! Here followed sundry hearty expressions on the part of the bereaved husband respecting his wishes for the future welfare of 'the pair of 'em,' which the commission agent did not wait to hear in detail.

A cobbler, an idle, dissolute fellow, who plied his trade in a certain village near which passes the main line of the Great Western Railway—then lately constructed—used to spend a great part of his leisure time—which meant that portion of the twenty-four hours not actively employed in eating, sleeping, or tipping—in sitting on a fence, watching for the trains. When one iron monster had gone thundering by, he was content to sit there, doing nothing, thinking nothing, and wait listlessly the two or three hours which elapsed before the next was due; for, as we have said, the railway was a novelty in these parts then. One day, as he lounged there, idly turning over a fourpenny-piece in his pocket, the thought occurred to him to place it on the rail, and see what effect would be produced by allowing a train to pass over it. A man is proverbially careless of his last coin, especially when his prospects of getting another are somewhat hazy, so, without any further reflection, this son of Crispin put the money on the shining rail. The clank and roar of a luggage-train were already audible in the distance, and he awaited the result with some curiosity. On came the engine, slowly labouring, and puffing heavily with the immense weight behind it. The wagons rattled past, and were gone. Could that be his fourpenny-bit? Why, it was expanded to the size of a sixpence, and looked so much like an old and well-worn specimen of that coin, that—Yes; he resolved to try it—quietly, of course, not to incur unpleasant consequences. Wending his way to the village alehouse, he called for a pot of that refreshing fluid, and tendered in payment the metamorphosed fourpence, which in its value at par, so to speak, would have been the exact equivalent for the beer. Nothing felonious about that, as far as external appearances went, certainly; though, when twopence change was received and accepted, a vista opened before his mind's eye. It was no longer a dream engendered by luggage-trains and thirst in fortuitous combination with a solitary fourpenny-bit, but a *fait accompli*. Fifty per cent. on all available capital

for life, easily realised without risk, without fail. Here was a discovery! He went out of the beer-shop, feeling already like a moneyed man!

We have spoken of the fourpenny-piece as a solitary coin, and so it was, as far as his pockets were concerned; but the reader is not to assume that it expressed the sum-total of his worldly wealth. Mrs Crispin, who was rather a shrew, always laid violent hands on her husband's cash when she got the chance, which was not often, and so managed to keep a small reserve fund for household expenses, and for the purchase of leather and implements for the working thereof, when necessary. This little store he now contrived to extort from her by vague and magnificent assurances of an immediate increase to be effected through some mysterious agency, the nature of which nothing would induce him to reveal. For three whole days he kept comparatively sober; and having pawned such items of the furniture as he could contrive to smuggle out of the house when his wife's back was turned, he found himself possessed of nearly five pounds in ready-money. It was a sore temptation to pass by the red-curtained bar of the public-house with such an amount almost throbbing in his pockets; but he resisted manfully; and walked to a neighbouring town to change the larger coins, little by little, for those small pieces, which now appeared to him to be the embodiment of all that was desirable in the coinage of the realm. At last, the exchanges were negotiated in full, and charged with fourpenny pieces to the extent of several pounds, he was ready for the grand experiment.

That it must be performed at night was plain, since it would never do to be seen engaged in such a task by any of his acquaintance. There would be no difficulty about this, however, as the down express flashed by forty minutes after midnight. At the witching hour, therefore, when all the village slumbered, Crispin stole off to the scene of action with his bag of silver and a lantern; and having carefully arranged the coins in two rows, half on one rail and half on the other, clambered up to his accustomed perch on the fence, and awaited the arrival of the train with a beating heart. A whisper in the air—a tremor of the earth—a rumble, a roar, a shriek—a delirium of fiery eyes, thunder, lightning, and earthquake—a whirlwind of steam and dust—two red lights disappearing in the distance.

He dashes up the bank with his lantern to secure his newly minted sixpences, but—They were gone! Not a vestige of one remained! Whether the greater speed had anything to do with it—whether there was any greasy composition on the tires—or whether the enormous friction produced by the long and rapid journey had heated them till they were adhesive in themselves, was never explained; but certain it is that every groat of the cobbler's fortune had gone to silverplate the wheels of a railway engine!

A friend of the writer's some time ago joined an amateur fire-brigade which had just been organised in the country-town where he resided. Amateur fire-brigades, like most other amateur undertakings, are fine things—for the amateurs themselves; splendid exercise, conspicuous uniform, innocent enjoyment in every way; for if they don't do much for the community at large, at

least they don't harm themselves. To 'keep cool,' is every amateur fireman's private and personal motto, which he carries out religiously; and a very nice motto too. Our friend B— was perhaps the exception which proves the rule, and in his infraction of it, constituted himself an awful warning. There could be no doubt about it that he and his brigade went in for playing at fires with downright good-will. They had helmets and axes, and a Captain and an engine; and such was the fervour of the enthusiasm which burned within them, that at times they could control themselves no longer, but would arise, don their helmets, and taking their engine, would spout water about the streets, run madly backwards and forwards with a long tube, mount ladders, shout, and save each other out of first-floor windows, without obvious cause or provocation thereto. Their frenzy used to reach an especial pitch outside girls' schools; and such prodigies of valour were performed under the stimulus of those bright and admiring eyes, that every man almost persuaded himself that he was smoke-begrimed. Then they would adjourn for beer, after these violent demonstrations, and become more heroic than ever. They were also possessed of a fire-escape, with which they had defaced most of the corner buildings in the town, owing to a distressing tendency which it had to lower itself unexpectedly from an upright to a horizontal position when in motion.

How they longed for a real conflagration! That their zeal would have culminated in arson before long, is far from improbable, had not the news arrived one evening post-haste that there was a house on fire in the next town, about a mile off. Their joy and excitement on the receipt of this intelligence knew no bounds. They rang their bell—they had *such* a bell!—they blew whistles, and threw on their uniform, yelling 'Fire!' all the time. But B—, who suffered from the mania more acutely than any of them, could not brook the delay of waiting while the engine was got under-weight, but mounting a horse, galloped off headlong to the scene of the disaster, axe, helmet, and all! Arrived there, he lost not a moment in procuring a ladder; and ascending amid the cheers of the assembled spectators, he cut away the framework of a window, entered a smoky room, rushed up-stairs, and brought down two children, who were passed safely down the ladder, frightened, but unhurt; while B— was greeted with thunders of applause by the crowd on his reappearance. He entertained the brigade that night at a champagne supper, at which they all sat down in their war-paint; and before going to bed, made some notes for a treatise *On the Best Means of Saving Life at Fires*, which he intended to publish immediately. And now comes the dénouement.

The next morning he received a bill of thirty-seven shillings and sixpence from the owner of the house, for damage done to the window-frame. It was nothing but a chimney afire, said this vulgar man; and if it had not been for his unnecessary interference, the children would not have been disturbed in their sleep at all. If he wanted to come in, there was nothing whatever to prevent him from knocking at the front door, and entering in the usual manner.—And he had to pay it! He has given up amateur firemanship entirely now,

and goes in exclusively for botany; and the odds are against his going up a ladder again to prevent a holocaust of children.

I—the writer of this—am the victim of a small ‘sell’ just now, which I have unwittingly inflicted on myself. Some one showed me a loaded cigar the other day—one of those foolish and dangerous things which explode like a squib in the smoker’s mouth—which I begged, and put in my pocket, intending to let it off the same night for the amusement of some children. But I forgot all about it; and finding the cigar a day or two afterwards, I laid it amongst a number of others before I remembered its nature. Now, I cannot distinguish it from the rest, and in consequence, am afraid to smoke one or offer any to a friend. Does any one want to buy half a box of real Havanas, cheap?

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IN the various International Exhibitions which have been held of late years, the interest of the masses has been centred in those productions of art which are beautiful to look upon, and which appeal to that taste for decoration which is common to us all. These Exhibitions have had a great effect in influencing that taste, and educating us in the arts of Form and Colour; so much so, that the design and furniture of a modern mansion are in their beautiful appearance very different from those with which our forefathers were content. But there has been gradually dawning upon us the conviction that many of these gilded nuts contain within them a rotten kernel in the shape of faulty drainage. The Sanitary Exhibition recently opened at South Kensington has done a good work in taking up this question, and showing us how manufacturers have endeavoured to stop those unpleasant and often fatal evils to which we allude. This Exhibition, although containing many things which can only be of interest to the medical mind, also possesses others which have a far wider bearing. New and ingenious forms of ventilators may be reckoned among these latter. What we may call sanitary decoration, forms another very pleasing feature of the show. This decoration consists in the employment of non-poisonous paints, which can be used in lieu of ordinary wallpaper, and can be washed with soap and flannel without detriment. No fewer than three firms exhibit a white pigment which does not contain lead, and they claim for the compound that it is more reliable, and better in every way than the poison it is designed to supersede. The constant occurrence among workmen of what is politely called ‘painter’s colic,’ but which in reality is lead-poisoning, should urge all employers of labour to give these new pigments a trial. White-lead has hitherto been the basis of all the colours commonly used; and if it can be banished in favour of a harmless material, so much the better for all.

The Printing Exhibition at Islington has also lately drawn many sightseers to northern London. Two exhibits are specially worthy of notice. One shows a system of binding books and pamphlets by means of iron wire; and the machines for stamping the wire staples into position are really wonderful to behold. The other exhibit which struck us as a novelty is the ‘Kidder’ self-feeding, delivering, and ruling printing-machine, which will turn out copies of circulars &c., at the rate of six thousand per hour from one ‘form.’ At the time we saw it, it was working without any attendant, and was throwing out circulars ready trimmed at the rate we have mentioned.

From the severity of the last winter in high latitudes, it is conjectured that the Atlantic will during the autumn be much obstructed by floating icebergs. The employment of dynamite torpedoes is suggested as a means for breaking up the ice, in the case of a ship becoming imprisoned in a floe.

The work of the farmer used to be considered the type of everything peaceful and quiet. The advent of the steam-plough, the reaping-machine, and many other contrivances which by no means bear the stamp of rustic simplicity, have done much to dispel the pleasant illusion. But we must look to other countries to find the latest curiosities in the art of farming. The rearing of ostriches, so successful in Africa, is now to be commenced in Mauritius; and in America, they are about to farm alligators. It seems that the demand for alligator leather is so great, that an indiscriminate slaughter has gone on, until in some districts the reptile is very scarce; hence the efforts to gather these strange lambs into a fold.

An instance of the persistence of life in some of its lower forms is seen in the discovery of some curious worms in a mine at Nevada. They are covered with a silicious shell, and were found three hundred feet below ground, and at a distance of seven hundred feet from the shaft of the mine.

It is sometimes necessary, for statistical and other purposes, to count the number of documents passing through the General Post-office. That this would, without any mechanical aid, be a most tedious work, must be conceded, when it is remembered what an enormous number of letters pass daily through our postal system. Two kinds of stamps have just been patented which automatically record each document upon which they have been pressed. The first kind has in its handle an ordinary registering apparatus, such as is attached to steam-engines to record the number of revolutions made by the fly-wheel. At the end of a day’s stamping, the handle would be unscrewed, so that the register might be read off. By the other plan, electricity is employed; the act of stamping causing an electrical contact, which operates upon a series of dials like those attached to gas meters. It is possible that these stamps, although intended solely for post-office use, may be found of advantage in different offices where large numbers of documents have to be dealt with.

We have more than once referred to the diving apparatus invented by Mr. Fleuss, which, dispensing with pipes and air-pumps, will enable a

submarine worker to penetrate to places which could not be explored by a diver equipped in the ordinary manner. Mr Fleuss has applied the same invention to an apparatus which will enable a man to go unharmed into any poisonous atmosphere, and to remain there for several hours. This apparatus is intended for the use of firemen, and also for miners in the exploration of foul workings. A proof of its efficiency has just been afforded by the reopening of the Maudlin seam at the Seaham Colliery, which has remained closed since the terrible accident which occurred some months ago. It is probable that this apparatus, which consists of a knapsack and a mask for the face, will in future be kept in readiness at all fiery mines.

Three doctors in New York have recently given their opinions relative to Sea-sickness. One dismisses the matter with the simple advice, 'Stay on shore.' The second doctor described the malady as being a nervous affection of the brain and spinal cord, due to a series of small concussions caused by the movement of the vessel. The remedy he proposed was bromide of sodium, taken before and during the voyage, under the circumspection of a physician. The third doctor recommends a few drops of chloroform on lump-sugar, together with the use of bromide of potassium. All three doctors agree in believing that sea-sickness—in spite of the popular belief—is productive of no good effect upon its victim.

A vast quantity of good food in the shape of eggs is annually wasted, simply because no remedy is adopted to preserve eggs from decomposition. The *Scientific American* has lately called attention to the subject, and also publishes some recipes by which eggs may be preserved fresh for many months. The first plan consists in placing a dozen or so at a time in a willow-basket, and immersing them for five seconds in boiling water to which has been added five pounds to the gallon of brown sugar. They are then placed on a tray to dry. The heat causes the formation of a hard skin of albumen next the inner side of the shell, and the sugar closes the pores. The eggs are then packed in a mixture of dry bran two parts, and powdered charcoal one part. Another plan is to dip the eggs in melted paraffin wax, afterwards packing them in bran and charcoal. In Germany, water-glass (silicate of soda) is largely used for closing the pores of egg-shells; and it is said with the greatest success. We might suggest to some of our country readers who have sometimes more eggs in stock than they know what to do with, that they might experiment in the above direction, with a view to determining a simple and cheap method of egg-preservation. They would thus do a work not only profitable to themselves, but one which would be of benefit to others.

Dr J. W. Mallet, of the University of Virginia, will, under the direction of the National Board of Health, commence an inquiry into the Relation of Disease to Impure Drinking-water. With this view, he invites all persons who suspect that any particular case of illness may be traced to the use of such water, to communicate with him. Should the case seem to promise valuable information, the water will be subjected to chemical analysis, and all costs will be borne by the Board of Health.

The manufacture of fire-bricks from flints has been commenced by the Thames Flint Fire-brick Company at Charlton, Kent. The process is as

follows: The flints are calcined in specially constructed furnaces, after which they are ground with lime-water into a plastic condition. The material is then ready for the moulds; but is found to be better if kept to ripen for some hours. The bricks made of this material consist of almost pure silica, and they will stand an enormous amount of heat. The manufacture is interesting, as being the sole industry of the kind carried on in the Metropolitan district, and in using up from the neighbourhood of its adoption a material which is very plentiful, and for which hitherto no special use had been found.

An engineer, in writing to some of the daily papers, describes what he considers the only sure and safe method of ventilating sewers. He suggests that six or eight inch pipes be laid along the streets, having openings at various intervals to the crown of the sewers. These pipes should be connected with pumps which would exhaust the foul gases from the sewers, which gases would afterwards be passed through a furnace, and thus rendered innocuous. Dwellers in towns are too often reminded, especially in hot weather, of the presence of these gases, which assail the nostrils from many a gutter. The plan suggested would be costly, but it would save many a life.

A new metallic alloy, under the name of Phosphor Lead Bronze, has been introduced by Messrs Kuehne & Co. of Lobtau, near Dresden. It is said to have great strength and hardness, and to remain cool under excessive friction. It has been tried on the continent by engineers, shipbuilders, and others, and is said to give the greatest satisfaction.

Professor Taylor, in the examination under the microscope of some cotton seed, with a view to study the oil-cells, has hit upon a discovery which may prove to be of vast importance. He was anxious to find the effect upon the seed, of different agents which are usually destructive to organic life. Among these agents was sulphuric acid. This had the effect of freeing the seed from adherent cotton. The seed treated was then sown; when, curious to relate, it came up five days earlier than it would have done in the natural state. This discovery is important in more than one way. The stripped seed, freed from the cotton, can be sown by means of a drill; whereas, under the old conditions it was thrown broadcast on the ground. In the second place, an earlier crop can be secured, which, under general circumstances, is an obvious advantage. The experiment of treating other kinds of seed with the acid will doubtless be tried, and the result will be looked for by agriculturists with great interest. If the experiment prove successful, it will be a curious case of history repeating itself, as we know from the *Georgics* of Virgil that medicated seeds were in use among the ancients, and so recently as the seventeenth century, among farmers in the south of Scotland.

An instance of the way in which an injurious by-product can sometimes be turned to practical account, is afforded by the utilisation of waste hydrogen at the wire-works of Messrs Phelps at Trenton, New Jersey. It seems that at one stage of the work of wire-making, the metal rods are incrustated with a deposit of rough scale, which has to be removed by a bath of sulphuric and muriatic acid. The impure hydrogen escaping

from the acid vessels had a very marked influence upon the health of the workmen engaged. This gas is now collected, by covering the mouths of the vessels, and conveying the gas to a simple cleansing apparatus. It is then passed through a cheap hydro-carbon, which converts it into a gas of great illuminating power. Part of the gas is mixed with air, and conveyed to the furnace, so as to economise coal. Messrs Phelps's London agents are Messrs Clark, of 53 Chancery Lane, W.C.

Mr G. J. Symons, F.R.S., in a letter to the *Times*, points out the curious circumstance that the heat recorded in London on Friday, July 15, was greater by two and a half degrees than the hottest day experienced during the whole of the year 1860 near Gaboon, on the west coast of Africa, which is within a few miles of the equator. But it should be noticed that the heat in London is much more severely felt, because people will insist upon wearing that absurd badge of respectability, a black coat; whereas the natives of the Gaboon are quite free from anxiety as to what they shall put on.

By popular vote, the comet has been credited as the cause of the abnormally high temperature; indeed, there is a fast-rooted superstition among us to that effect. The celebrated French astronomer Arago once made an exhaustive inquiry into this alleged coincidence between comets and hot weather, with the result that, looking back to a series of years in which comets had been visible, he found they were as often accompanied by cold as by hot weather.

In the *Journal of Gas-Lighting* appears a very interesting Report by Major S. S. Jacob on the Jeypore Gas-works. It seems that the gas is principally obtained from castor-oil, and that the manager of the works combines with his other duties the occupation of growing his raw material. The castor-oil gives a gas of a very high illuminating power; but, produced in small quantities to meet a very immense demand, it is rather expensive, costing eight-and-sixpence per thousand feet. For houses situated at some distance from the works, the gas is supplied compressed into a wrought-iron receiver, which is attached to the gas-fittings when it reaches its destination. These works were established by the late Maharajah of Jeypore.

An interesting experiment was lately tried at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, by Mr D. T. Lawson, with a view to testing a certain theory as to the cause of boiler explosions; and for this purpose, a boiler of first-rate material and construction was erected. At the time of the experiment, the boiler was three parts full of water, and the dial indicated a pressure of about one half that which the metal was proved to sustain. When all was ready, a full head of steam was turned into the cylinder, with the result that the boiler and all its belongings were blown to fragments. It need hardly be said that the spectators and operators engaged in this curious experiment were safely ensconced in bomb-proof sheds. Mr Lawson claims that his hypothesis as to the cause of explosions is by this experiment proved to be correct. He argues that the only dangerous element contained within a boiler is superheated water. On a sudden reduction of pressure, such as that which must occur when steam is suddenly let off to the cylinder,

a certain quantity of this water is instantaneously converted into steam, taking up seventy-seven hundred times the space occupied by the water. This sudden expansion operates in precisely the same manner as fired gunpowder; and the boiler, however strong, is bound to give way. Mr Lawson suggests the construction of a boiler having a central partition to separate the water from the steam. This partition would be furnished with valves, somewhat smaller in the aggregate than the port for admittance of steam to the cylinder, and in this way the release of pressure would be gradual. A boiler built on this principle is shortly to be submitted to the same test as that which burst the one already experimented upon.

The Reserve Squadron lately dropped into the sea a machine known as Vanderberg's Sea Messenger. This contrivance is meant to answer the purpose of the bottle which, time out of mind, has been used for the purpose of preserving papers giving notice of shipwreck. The Sea Messenger consists of an iron box in three water-tight compartments. The middle one has a screw lid for the reception of documents, the two others merely serving as air receptacles to keep the thing afloat. It is crowned with a little flag, which is kept upright by the weight of a keel below. It will be curious to learn who picks up this Messenger, and where!

M. F. de Romilly has invented a new form of air-pump, of a very ingenious construction. It consists of a cylinder, which by a side-opening is attached to the receiver, to be exhausted of air. Projecting into the cylinder at its top and bottom are two pipes, with their openings opposite to one another. Through one of these pipes, water is forced at a considerable velocity, and is received into the slightly enlarged mouth of the other pipe. In its passage, it draws the air from the cylinder, and the receiver is gradually exhausted.

An invention interesting to builders, which has already been largely adopted in America, has just been introduced into England by the Anglo-American Roofing Company, Leadenhall Street, London. The invention simply consists in the use of specially shaped and prepared metallic sheets, in lieu of the common slates used for roofing purposes. The slates are made of iron; and the patent includes many methods for securing them against corrosion. One method is to use a metallic paint, and to dip the metal plates into it while hot; by which a better contact between paint and iron is secured than by the use of a brush. Another method consists in coating the iron with a metallic alloy; this is known as the Calamine Process, and is said to protect iron better than ordinary galvanising. The slates are by another method coated with a glass enamel, which is much more durable than ordinary enamel, and will not chip.

Whenever any kind of crime is committed in a railway carriage—and happily such offences are few and far between—there goes up a cry for the adoption of saloon carriages, like those in use on the American railways. We fancy that the majority of British travellers would not like the innovation. To begin with, they like a certain amount of privacy whilst travelling; and secondly, in our variable climate, a small snug travelling compartment becomes almost a necessity. It may also be taken for granted that a man on crime

intent will, if foiled in his purpose on a journey, sooner or later endeavour to accomplish his ends out of doors or in an ordinary dwelling-house; and we must all admit that plenty of crimes are perpetrated between four walls, yet no one suggests that our rooms should all open into the street.

Some years ago, Ex-Governor Stanford of California conceived the idea of obtaining the photograph of a horse in motion, for the purpose of determining the precise movements of the animal's limbs. After various experiments, a photographer succeeded in discovering a method by which this might be done, it being possible to get an accurate impression of the movements of a horse passing the camera, although the exposure of the photographic plate was estimated not to exceed one five-thousandth part of a minute. Every movement in the stride of a horse while running at full speed has been ascertained through the agency of this instantaneous process, with absolute accuracy. In order to demonstrate their correctness, views of the different movements are placed in a rotating instrument (called a zoogyroscope), similar to the amusing scientific toy known as the zoetrope; and when it is turned rapidly by a hand-crank, the various photographs, as seen through the slits in the revolving disk, look like perfect images in continuous natural motion, showing the various gaits of galloping, cantering, trotting, and walking. The invention has not only upset the theories of artists and others concerning the position of the limbs of moving animals, but has led to some important changes in the methods of horse-training.

An interesting discovery of relics of a bygone age has just been made in Oxford Street, London, during the demolition of some old houses there. The find consists of armour and weapons and some church utensils supposed to be of the fourteenth century.

'WHITE WATER.'

In connection with this curious phenomenon, an account of which appeared in our issue of June 11, another correspondent writes as follows:

I am not sure that the explanation of the 'white-water' phenomenon given by your correspondent, is the correct one. The phenomenon is most rare, and is difficult to account for. In Kingsley's *Letter from the Tropics*, which appeared in *Good Words* for March 1870, it is thus referred to: 'As the steamer stopped last night to "pack" her engines, and slipped along under sail at some three knots an hour, we made out clearly that the large diffused patches of phosphorescence were Medusæ, slowly opening and shutting, and rolling over and over now and then, giving out their light, as they rolled, seemingly from the thin limb alone, and not from the crown of their bell. And as we watched, a fellow-passenger told how, between Ceylon and Singapore, he had once witnessed that most rare and unexplained phenomenon of "milky sea," on which Dr Collingwood writes in his charming book, *A Naturalist's Rambles in the China Seas*. Our friend described the appearance as that of a sea of shining snow rather than of milk, heaving gently beneath a starlit but moonless sky. A bucket

of water when taken up, was filled with the same half-luminous whiteness, which stuck to its sides when the water was drained off. The captain of the Indiaman was well enough aware of the rarity of the sight, to call all the passengers on deck to see what they would never see again; and on asking our captain, he assured us that he had not only never seen, but never heard of the appearance in the West Indies.'

Though of rare occurrence even in the tropics, this phenomenon was observed on the coast of Northumberland in 1878. In the early part of the summer of that year, the fishermen from Shields observed this unusual appearance in the water, which they called the 'white sea.' It was first met with by the steamers leaving the Danish coast for the Tyne, and continued till off Shields, and northwards to the Coquet I land. The fishermen in setting their herring-nets in this 'white sea' found but few herrings. The nets were coloured as if dipped in a bath of lime. That year, the sea was unusually warm, the sea-thermometers registering the high temperature of fifty-eight to sixty-one degrees. This formation was supposed to be produced by an immense collection of floating crustaceans produced by the high sea-temperature. In 1816, a similar 'white sea' was observed between Berwick and St Abb's Head. In both years the herring-fishing was a failure.

[There being thus various *kinds* of 'white water,' it is evident that there must be more *causes* than one to account for the phenomenon. It is therefore reasonable enough to suppose that our former correspondent's theory of 'reflected light,' or a sea mirage, is one of the possible causes. Ed.]

BY THE SEA.

FIERCE on the white cliffs blows the August fan;
The fishing-vessels anchored in the bay
Scarce heave upon the water. The ripe ears
Of golden corn nod in the warm west breeze,
Dreamful of Harvest; while a gentle haze
Wraps land and sea in its soft silvery folds,
And throws a tender glory o'er the scene!

Smooth as a mirror, calm as Childhood's sleep,
The sea lies shimmering, a sheet of blue,
In the bright golden sunlight. Here and there,
In shadowy semblance, white and russet sails
Fleck the horizon.

On the yellow sand,
The murmuring wavelets beat, what time their crests
In tiny ripples break. With merry shout,
The fair-haired darlings of our hearts and homes
Their mimic castles build—a fruitless toil,
Since the advancing swift-destroying tide
Sweeps all before it.

Emblem of the schemes
Which we—but children of a later day—
Plan for ourselves, to find the fabric frail
As are those fragile castles of the sand!

A. H. B.

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UNIVERSITY ETIQUETTE.

THERE used to be a favourite tale extant in my college days, which I think will be unknown to many people, though possibly it may have been taken in the first place, like many such tales, from some printed source. It was something like this. The occupant of a boat, while attempting a too ambitious feat, was upset, and not being a swimmer, was in considerable danger. A townsman on the bank regarding his struggles, at last appealed in great excitement to an undergraduate near him, whose flannel dress seemed to point him out as no novice on the water, and who was also watching the issue in evident hesitation. 'For heaven's sake, sir, if you can swim, give him a hand,' he cried; 'he's only a few yards from the bank.' 'Oh, I can swim well enough,' was the slowly uttered reply; 'but you see, the fellow has never been introduced to me.'

I suppose that etiquette is generally the product of age and custom. Where could it have a better right to flourish than among the gray old quads, and oak-lined halls of Oxford and Cambridge? And as the above tale shows, it does flourish there, and has been in some respects raised to the position of a fetish. Undergraduates, more especially in their earlier days, when, suddenly released from the many restrictions of home and school, they welcome other ties, fall under the bondage of this new code, which hitherto has been unknown to them—the code of etiquette. Yet, as a matter of fact, a great many friendships arise from common pursuits, intellectual or athletic. The captain of a boat soon gets to know freshmen; and men rowing in the same boat become warm friends and companions, without the intervention of etiquette. Yet, in their own phrase, undergraduates are ever trying to be, and do, and seem 'the thing.' Of course, their code is not so extensive as that of the outer world, since many events which head the chapters of this latter, do not fall under its cognisance. Let me here guard my readers against supposing that I am about to write a treatise that may suffice for the guid-

ance of the undergraduate. My ambition rises to nothing of the kind. I would merely note a few points, some perhaps now obsolete, which I think may interest those whose sex or circumstances have not made them intimate with such usages.

The first thought of most youths entering college is probably, 'Who will call upon me? Whom shall I know? Shall I have many friends?' Hitherto, his friends have been hardly a matter of his own choice; they have been either those of his family, or schoolfellows to whom necessity has bound him. Now, he will begin his social life on his own account; and many at this point, just before making the plunge, feel a good deal of diffidence, and have a chilling dread of social failure, and the untried solitude which may await them. Behold the freshman established in his rooms, proudly scanning his household gods. He is ready to put the matter to the test, and soon learns in the most cheery manner that it will be his own fault if he do not enjoy a life which combines, as no after-life does, the pleasures of society and solitude. His rooms are his castle; but beyond his 'oak' lies a merry world, open to him from early chapel to the smallest hours. Various rules control the ceremony of first calling. It rests of course with the seniors—in residence, not age—to take the initiative; and unless they call, no steps towards acquaintance with them can be taken by the new-comers. These latter, however, among themselves may shake up without so much formality; and an invitation given at dinner or at lecture 'to come and look at my rooms,' will probably be cordially accepted and returned.

As to the overtures of the senior, different colleges have different rules. In the smaller ones, I believe all the oldsters call upon all the freshmen, and so everybody in these smaller colleges knows everybody else therein. But in huge colleges like Trinity at Cambridge, or Christ Church at Oxford even, this rule would be inconvenient, and in practice impossible. So at these places it is at the option of the oldsters upon which of the freshmen, if upon any, they will call. And it may

be said that sometimes there is a more or less strong feeling against promiscuous calling upon freshmen; it is held that some previous acquaintance, or family connection, or at least a common friend, should afford a pretext for such overtures. Thus, perhaps, young fellows of rank or wealth are saved from undesired advances from which they could only free themselves by some degree of rudeness. In Trinity, Cambridge, a senior man only calls on a freshman if he has some acquaintance with or knowledge of him—for example, if he comes from the same school. But if a freshman has rooms in college, the senior men on the same staircase call on him, as a rule. An invitation to breakfast, luncheon, or dinner frequently follows the call; and the senior men whom the freshman meets at such a meal often call on him afterwards.

Now for a curious and, in my opinion, very reasonable point of etiquette, which appears when these calls are returned. Our freshman when so doing must not leave a card, should his senior be out, as the latter may have done. No; he must call again and again until a meeting be obtained, and on each unsuccessful occasion he must leave no sign. I do not know whether it is rigidly carried out still, but it seems to have reason on its side, which cannot be said of all rules of this kind. I mean that in this way a genuine acquaintance is insured, and there is no fear of men who have exchanged calls being still personal strangers. Many profitable friendships are thus formed, which, under the ordinary rule, would have failed on the first threshold.

As to introductions: as a rule, they formerly only held good for the immediate occasion; now, however, if A and B get on well together on their first introduction at C's hospitable board of an evening, they are sure to nod and say good-morning to each other at the least, when they again meet. Some men never introduce their guests to one another, but allow them to 'shake together' in the course of the evening. It used to be customary at Cambridge, for a graduate only, to prefix 'Mr' to his name on visiting cards, and woe to the luckless freshman who, rejoicing in a new card-case, and ignorant of *'the thing'*, distributed his cognomen thus dignified. I wonder if this rule is still strictly adhered to! When calling on a man, you knock at his door and walk straight in. There are no bells, and the scout has something else to do when waiting on half-a-dozen masters; but the visitor will find in almost all cases the name painted up over the door, or on a plate at the foot of the staircase, to which the porter at the college lodge will direct him.

In regard to dress, the rules at different colleges are very various. Often there occurs a collision between the unwritten laws of custom and the statutes of the University, which may well perplex a freshman. At Cambridge, it is etiquette for all below the standing of M.A. not to carry an umbrella when in cap and gown, even in the rainiest weather. A walking-stick is never carried nor are gloves worn with the academical costume. It is the rule for undergraduates to take off their

cap or hat to their *tutor*, but to no one else amongst the Dons. The Oxford University statutes forbid undergraduates to appear after dark without cap and gown on pain of a fine of five shillings. But an old custom at Christ Church, more or less generally followed, forbids the wearing of academicals outside the gates save at lectures, or the like. The consequence is some small addition to the University chest, which the Housemen, as they proudly style themselves, cheerfully subscribe when detected, regarding the unlucky event as their kismet, and somewhat in the light of a praiseworthy sacrifice. And the Proctors, who are fully aware of this prejudice, levy the fine and ask no questions.

In Oxford, academicals are seldom worn—save at lectures, &c.—in the daytime; and I think I may say never outside the city. At Cambridge, a University regulation orders cap and gown to be worn every day after dark, and all day on Sunday. But, as a matter of fact, very few undergraduates would think of wearing them when out for a country walk on a Sunday. At Oxford, the academical costume is generally regarded in the same light as a military officer's uniform is by its wearer—to be thrown aside at every possible opportunity. Perhaps the ungraceful scantiness of the undergraduate's gown, which is simply a big pocket-handkerchief, black of course, with armholes and a couple of tapes attached, may have something to do with this feeling.

At Christ Church, all the men when attending Sunday chapel wear surplices; but in order to be distinguished from the choir—such at least is the reason I heard assigned for it—they do not button them, but wear them open in front; and so worn, they are very graceful garments. One of the odd sights of Oxford is Peckwater Quad. on a Sunday morning in the summer-term, immediately after chapel. It is then thickly studded with a hundred white-robed undergraduates, disporting themselves with their hands in their pockets, chattering and flitting to and fro like so many overgrown white rooks. Not a graceful simile, I am afraid, but a natural one. At Cambridge, every college has a different kind of gown for its undergraduates; in all cases, a more ample and dignified robe than the Oxford undergraduate's gown.

At Cambridge, what seems rather an incongruous costume is or was usual with certain Masters of Arts who were not Dons—that is, not part of the ruling body of a college, but were still in residence. With their gowns, they wear, not a 'mortar-board,' as do other men, but a chimney-pot hat. The effect strikes one as very odd at first, but it is quite an affair of use. It is the custom to shake hands with acquaintances and friends only when you meet them at the beginning of term; after that, until the beginning of next term, no sign of greeting, save perhaps a nod, is exchanged. Occasionally, when meeting some one whom you have known in the outer world, habit gets the better of one. I remember once talking to a home friend about home matters. As we parted, I grasped his hand in momentary forgetfulness, and hurried away without a backward glance, blushing at my want of observance. It was not thought below one in my time to give one's scout a hearty shake of the hand after the vacation, and I hope it is still not unknown.

To put that aside. Something of Arab hospi-

talities and equality still remains among the Jews, as is seen in some odd ways. Every man may be addressed without prefix, if he may be addressed at all. A prejudice against the intervention of sugar-tongs, and a preference for a common wassail-bowl, lingers yet. To the visitor is assigned the best-padded and deepest chair; and is accepted by him as a right. Long may it be so. But what about the friendships that, fostered and guarded by such courtesies, arise from this kind of life? Is there anything of Arab fidelity about them? Be sure there is; and many an example of it could I show around me at this moment. Such friendships linger on long after separation and new ties seem to have killed them. Many a gray-haired veteran shares his port, or toast-and-water, with some of those who with him pulled an oar or drained a pot, tooled a team to Abingdon, or walked a grind to the Gog-Magoggs who were as so many Jonathans in the days 'when we were boys together.'

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE OLD STORY.

Two days after the nocturnal adventure in Mervyn's Yard, Bertram, who had rambled forth beyond the boundaries of the town, and by almost unconscious habit, had traversed the well-known Avenue that forms its stateliest approach, found himself emerging upon the Common beyond. He had been walking slowly, deep in thought, how meditating on the craftily-laid snare he had so narrowly escaped, now weaving day-dreams for the future, when, as he passed the end of a deep and winding lane, where hollies and hawthorn grew thickly, and the banks were steep and high, he heard the sound of a female voice in accents of distress, and mixed with broken sobs. It seemed to Bertram that he knew the voice.

'Rose!' he exclaimed. 'Impossible!' Nevertheless, he hurried into the lane, and in a moment came in sight of Rose Denham, agitated and in tears, vainly endeavouring to pass by a man, whose back was turned towards Bertram as he came, but who stood in the middle of the road and barred the way. The man was dressed in a rough suit of sailor's blue, like a merchant seaman ashore; but Bertram fancied that he recognised his active, well-knit figure, and long dark hair, though his face was averted.

'Do not persecute me thus. I say, No—a thousand times, No! It is useless to'—sobbed out Rose, in supplicating accents. At that moment, the sound of Bertram's hasty tread reached the man's quick ears. He let go the girl's wrist, which he had held, as if to prevent her from passing by, and turned his face—the face which Bertram had expected to see—that of Nat Lee.

A dark scowl came over the adventurer's reckless visage as he saw and recognised Bertram; and, as he recoiled, his right hand slipped, as if by instinct, into an inner pocket of his rough monkey-jacket. Bertram, without hesitation, dashed forward to

secure him; but Nat Lee, with a sudden change of purpose, darted back, scrambled up the steep bank, which he scaled with the catlike agility of a sailor, and crashing through the tangled hedge that crested it, leaped into the meadow beyond. Bertram's first impulse was to pursue, although he had little doubt, from the significant gesture he had noticed, that the desperado was armed; but as he, too, was in the act of forcing his way through the hedge, he turned his head for a moment, and saw that Rose had sunk down fainting on the bank; and, abandoning his first intention, he sprang down, and made haste to raise her.

'Rose—dear Rose!' he said, as he lifted the girl in his strong arms. 'You are safe; you have nothing to fear now. Your persecutor is gone, and you are safe—safe!'

It was the first time that he had called her by her name without the ceremonious prefix of 'Miss,' which etiquette usually exacts when there is no tie of consanguinity or of love avowed. But men, as the sea-saying goes, do not pick their words in a gale of wind; and certainly Bertram's gave no offence to the slender, golden-haired girl. His arm supported her; her fair head leant upon his shoulder.

Presently, a faint tinge of colour came back into the girl's blanched cheek. 'It was not for myself—not for myself so much,' she said, trembling; 'but when I saw you follow'—And she shuddered.

Never had the sound of a human voice rung so sweetly in Bertram's ears. She cared for him, then! His fate was not indifferent to her. It was not the mere weakness of her sex, confronted by danger, but that other and even more womanly feeling which had made her shrink and shudder at the notion of another's peril.

'He is gone now,' said Bertram gently. 'In another place, another country, I trust he may become a better man. He will beset your path no more, believe me, dear Miss Rose. In Southampton, he cannot venture again to show himself. It augurs rare audacity in the man,' added Bertram, 'that he should have lingered on even in disguise, so near us all, a hunted fugitive as he is. But what did he dare to say?' demanded the young man, with heightening colour.

'It was the old story,' faltered out Rose. 'He urged, he insisted that I must marry him. He was my Fate, my Destiny, he said; and he added that evil to myself and to my sister, a long heart-sorrow, would be my reward, if I persisted in denial. He was fierce and rough, and swore that he would not have the best scheme of his life thwarted and blighted by the caprice of a silly girl. Nor would he let me pass, but drew out a pistol, and declared that he would sooner shoot me dead, and himself next, than be balked of the fortune that he said lay in my gift. Then I—I was so frightened—and'—

'Hush! my darling; the wretch only strove to terrify you into submission to his demand of

marriage,' said Bertram soothingly. 'But now he is gone, and I am here, and will see you safely home. Nor do I think that even the villain Lee spoke seriously—though my blood boils when I remember his insolent persecution of the only being I have ever loved. He is bad enough; but not capable of executing a wild threat such as that. But Rose, indeed I cannot keep silence longer. Tell me darling, if I talk of love—love for you of all women I have ever known, would you think me presumptuous, or?'—

'No—no! You are too kind—too good,' sobbed the girl, turning away her face, which flushed scarlet now.

'It is presumption,' exclaimed Bertram eagerly. 'Do you remember, Rose, the poor boy I was, when first your generous father brought me from St John's Hospital in Blackston to the shelter of his roof, a mere mill-hand, a waif of the beach, reared on the bounty of ragged, tender-hearted fisher-folk? Were not you and your sister Louisa as sisters to me—the friendless, homeless lad—from the first? Then came, just as I thought the sun shone out, clouds and gloom for us all. But I hope—I do hope that the clouds have broken now, and the sun shines again! What a home might I have made, glorious and happy by your love, my darling, if I could bring you to it as my wife!'

A shy glance, and then a word—the word, was all the answer to this impassioned appeal—an answer more effectual than volumes of direct assurance.

On the homeward road, Bertram assured Rose, again and again, that she had no cause to apprehend further annoyance from Nat Lee. Already, on account of the robbery in Mervyn's Yard, the man had been hunted for, high and low, among the Southampton hotels where it was his custom to sojourn. He had escaped arrest; but now the police of the town would be aided by the constabulary of the adjoining counties, and the adventurer would find, to use the words of Inspector Birch, 'the place too hot to hold him.' Of his vague menaces, Bertram made light. His irritation was probably due to the fact that he had some scheme in his head, for the execution of which it was necessary that he should marry one of Dr Denham's daughters. Now, no doubt, he would turn his wily brains to other objects.

Then Bertram told his fair companion of his own brightening prospects. His first patented invention was, according to Arthur Lynn's enthusiastic account, working wonders. It was described in scientific journals as capable of effecting a revolution, or, at anyrate, a saving of some thirty per cent. in steam-power for marine engines. Fresh evidence of the success poured in, in the shape of guardedly worded offers, per post, to buy the inventor's rights, for a moderate sum in cash, or for glittering royalties in the future. Meanwhile, another device had been sent up to the Patent Office; and a third was nearly perfected. Bertram's frugal habits enabled him to save half his salary. Mr Lynn, in his uncle's name, spoke of promotion yet in store.

'There is but one more subject—now that I am

happy, happier than I ever dreamed to be, in the prize I have won, in your love, dear Rose,' Bertram went on to say—'one more subject on which I feel restless and anxious, and that is the fate of my lost parents. That they were not drowned, when the emigrant ship was cast away, is with me an article of faith. But where are they now? In America, most probably, perhaps with other children around them, of course in a new home, but still, I suspect, poor. The United States are not an El Dorado for all. I wish I could find them.'

'Yes, Bertram,' whispered Rose, creeping a little closer to his side, as they walked along. In her loving eyes, the young lover was the very type of all that was noble and good and true. Had he not, in the very dawn of his nascent prosperity, sought her out—little Rose Denham; and was it not natural that he should be eager to track the subsequent fortunes of the parents to whom he owed so little?

'I am sure,' pursued Bertram, 'that I should be fond of my father, somehow, and that he would understand me. That box of tools—I have it still, treasured up, as when the Coastguard Lieutenant let me have it from among the collection of articles washed ashore from the shipwreck—how often have I handled the contents! They belonged, I should say, to no ordinary village mechanic, but to one who did fine, dainty work, such as ornamental wood-carving, or the like. The old Bible, too, which contains the entries of the marriage and of my birth, is such as may be found, I am told, in ancient granges and the farmhouses of substantial yeomen. Yet they must have been poor, to have taken a passage for America on board that rickety, ill-fated craft. Next month, I hope, through Messrs Mervyn's introduction, to set inquiries on foot in the States. It would never do that the son should be thriving here, and the parents poor and far away!'

There was no lack of sympathy in the reception, by Mr and Mrs Denham, of their pretty governess and of her rescuer, when the villa had been reached, and the requisite explanations given. The worthy couple were honestly indignant with Nat Lee, and honestly sorry for Rose. Had the Hue and Cry—once the terror of marauders, in a very different England from that which we see to-day, the England of moor and morass, of packhorses and bridle-tracks, of darksome forests, and red-deer ranging free—not been obsolete, Mr Theodore Denham would certainly have headed it on this occasion for the chase and capture of the runaway. As it was, he contented himself with a pledge to write urgently to the Chief Constables of Wilts and Hants, and an outspoken wish, as he glanced at where, above the book-shelves, his forensic wig slumbered in its japanned tin box, that 'the rascal were indicted at the Old Bailey, and I were for the Crown!'—in which case, it may be feared that the offender would not have had his sins brought home to him so very closely, after all. But the good master and mistress of Shirley Villa were more in their element when they congratulated Bertram on his recent escape, which was town-talk now, from the machinations of Crawley and his colleagues, and on the very high esteem in which he was held by his employers. And then it was time to say good-bye; and, in the porch, as Rose gave

Bertram her hand shyly, he bent his head and again touched her soft cheek with his lips, murmuring a lover's adieu.

A FEW HINTS REGARDING THE FOOT.

DEFORMITY is an ugly idea; emphatically so in connection with youth and general beauty. Violent exertion, constrained posture or weakness, may distort the spine or the limbs, or destroy the symmetry of the shoulders; hard work may cramp and deface the fingers; but the functions of the foot are so simple and so independent, that if it be left to do its work in its own way, it is not easily deformed, except by perverse treatment, and especially by being 'cribbled, cabined, and confined' in stiff unyielding fetters of leather, imposed upon it by Ignorance, or the tyrant Fashion and her devoted ally Vanity. Their despotism has decreed that our unfortunate toes shall suffer pain and actual deformity, as well as the loss of the beauty and vigour with which Nature has endowed them.

As the foot needs only freedom and exercise to become well shaped and vigorous, and as our climate and customs compel us to clothe it, we have to determine how these somewhat conflicting requirements may be fulfilled; how we may supply it with comfortable and becoming protection, so as not to hinder, if we do not help it in its work. It especially behoves those who have the care of the young to know something of its structure and functions; for it is during the growth of the foot that boots and shoes do most of their irremediable mischief. The soft, elastic, pliable foot of a baby naturally undergoes a succession of changes during its progress to maturity; and even when quite free—as among barefoot nations—must exchange some of its flexibility for the firmness and muscular power it needs, to become the body's porter.

Whoever is familiar with Indians, Arabs, or others whose feet have never been fettered in shoes, will admit that they move with an ease and 'grace beyond the reach of art.' The efforts of the drill or dancing master can hardly remedy what early mismanagement has induced. The African traveller Burckhardt, who so thoroughly mastered the languages and adopted the habits of the countries he explored as to pass for a native, was detected to be a European only by his feet; nothing could hide their contrast to those of the sandalled sons of the Desert.

Who is brave enough to tread with due firmness upon a painfully cramped foot? The suffering member turns in or out in search of ease, the knee bends inwards, a shoulder is raised, and one or both arms are thrown out to balance the ill-poised body: the whole figure sympathises with the shrinking timidity of the step; and even the face betrays the misery inflicted by a misfitting shoe. Thus too often do we mutilate the foot and derange its machinery, instead of enjoying the beauty and fitness which its normal state exhibits. But the last lesson man learns is to appreciate perfection. What a foot should be, and may be, is shown us in sculpture, if nowhere else. The Hercules, the Laocöon, the Apollo, show it as adapted to the strong and energetic action of a man; the Venus de Medici has the perfect foot of

woman supporting the body's weight; the Dancing Nymph its form in the act of springing; while its graceful *abandon*, as suspended in absolute rest, is exquisitely presented in Una reclining upon the lion.

The human foot contains twenty-six bones. The seven forming the heel and back are massive, and so shaped and arranged as to make the arch of the instep. In front of the instep are five more symmetrical bones, lying parallel to each other; the forepart of them resting on the ground, each forming the 'ball' of the toe to which it is joined. The highest bone of the instep, the keybone of the arch, is called the astragalus; the heelbone is the largest of all. The instep combines in exquisite perfection the resistance of the arch with as much elasticity as enables it to bear safely the prodigious strain to which it is subjected in leaping, carrying heavy weights, &c. There are fourteen bones in the toes; two only in the great toe, and three in each of the others. As these are in rows like soldiers, they are called phalanges. The middle five are called metatarsal; and the seven making the back of the foot are the tarsal bones.

This framework is kept in position and made capable of its proper range of movement, by means of muscles and tendons; the latter being strong fibrous bands, their fibres at one end interwoven with those of the muscles, and at the other attached to the bone. The tendon fixed to the heelbone is pulled up or relaxed by three muscles in the calf of the leg. The power of these muscles may be conceived from the fact, that by mere contraction they raise the heel, and with it the whole weight of the body. The tendon they act upon, which is at the back of the heel, is called the *tendo Achillis*, because Thetis is said to have held her infant son Achilles by the heel while she plunged him in the river Styx, to render him invulnerable. His dip accomplished this, except in that part which, being covered with her hand, the water did not touch; and accordingly it was there he received his death-wound. The two smaller muscles surround the ankle like ropes on pulleys, one being attached to the bone which lies in front of the keybone—called the scaphoid—the other is fixed to the fifth toe. Acting in antagonism with these are two other muscles, which keep the ankle steady, and turn the foot in any direction we choose.

As we sustain a feeble limb by bandages, so does Nature sheathe the bones with tendons and muscles. But Nature's bandage is living and sensitive, increasing or relaxing its pull or pressure in the most exact obedience to our will, whose mandates it receives through the mysterious agency of the nerves, which have been aptly termed the telegraphs of the brain. In a sound, free foot, each part of the machinery is in constant readiness to bring it into the required position, whether to lift up the body, to bound, or to sustain the shock of its whole weight in coming down again; to bear it upon alternate feet, as in running or walking; or to carry it through all the complications of agility and grace shown in 'the mazy dance,' 'the pretty of motion,' so perfectly is it fitted for its functions.

The weight of the body falls upon the astragalus, from which it is distributed over the other eleven bones which constitute the arch of the instep; the

heelbone and the balls of the toes being its pillars. As the single bone at the back of the foot is placed almost perpendicularly to the keybone, the shock caused by the descent of the body's weight upon the heel is far more severe than when this weight descends upon the forepart of the foot, where, as there are many bones jointed together by elastic tendons, and placed obliquely, the elasticity of that part softens the jar upon the bones of the leg, thigh, and above all upon the spine; in short, upon the whole column of the body. Hence the ease and safety of a high leap, if we alight upon the balls of the toes, as natural instinct directs, or the pain and danger, especially on hard ground, of a violent descent upon the heels.

How perfectly the foot is provided with all needful protection against injury in this way, is evinced by the fact, that such violent actions as leaping, either up or down, or being burdened with a weight twice or thrice that of the whole body, cause no uneasiness to a sound foot; the injury, if any, resulting from such exertions being usually felt elsewhere.

To prevent the grating or jarring which the contact of bone with bone would occasion, each is incased in elastic cartilage or gristle; and this, together with room for some movement among the bones, renders the foot more elastic. Strong bands of sinew, called ligaments, hold the heelbone and the forepart of the metatarsal bones just near enough together to arch the instep; another ligament holds the under-part of the scaphoid bone to the forepart of the heelbone; and thus not only are they held together, but when they are pressed down by the weight of the body, their elasticity allows the keybone to yield a little to the pressure, and when the weight is removed, brings it back to its original position.

Clearly, then, the arch of the instep, as admirable for its use as its graceful outline, depends upon the tension of the ligaments. When the foot is deprived of the free exercise from which its vigour grows, these ligaments are too weak to resist the pressure of the body's weight, and the instep is flattened. Indeed, the keybone is sometimes pressed down to the sole, so that instead of a hollow beneath the foot, this bone becomes a protuberance there. This deformity is called flat-foot, and is not uncommon among agricultural labourers who have worn tight stiff 'highlows' during their boyhood. But flat-foot may be caused by the mother's pride urging her darling to walk before his pliable feet are strong enough to bear the weight of his plump little body. Opera-dancers, acrobats, and others whose feet are unnaturally exercised during early childhood, occasionally have very low insteps. There is danger also at the time of adolescence, when the growth is often extremely rapid without corresponding vigour of constitution.

Until the ladies of our day resumed the antiquated fashion of high heels, these excrescences were shown up only in burlesque; and there is more than their ridiculous absurdity to be condemned in wearing them. The weight of the body is thrown upon the toes, which are thus unduly burdened, and thrown forward against the front of the shoe. But worse than this, the ankle has many a twist or wrick; the step is not firm or secure; and the further tendency of all this is

to give to the spine more curvature than even Fashion ordains in the 'Grecian Bend.' Add to these unlovely results the clatter of the heel-blocks, and we have a total not less disagreeable than that of the pattens of our grandmothers, which had at least the strong recommendation of utility.

It is true that high heels make the instep *seem* higher; but surely no proper-minded person would be guilty of a sham. And further, as the heel of the foot is kept up above its proper level, the muscles whose duty is to raise it are enfeebled by the loss of that exercise. These muscles are the calf of the leg, which will thus dwindle away to the leanness of decrepit age, and become a 'shrunk shank,' if this unseemly distortion be long persisted in. 'The animal machinery,' says Sir Charles Bell, 'can be seen in perfection only when it is kept in full activity. Exercise unfolds the muscular system, producing a full bold outline of the limbs, at the same time that the joints are knit small and clean. Look at the legs of a poor Irishman travelling to the harvest with bare feet; the thickness and roundness of the calf show that the foot and toes are free to permit the exercise of the muscles of the legs. Look, now, at the legs of an English peasant whose foot and ankle are tightly laced in a boot with an inflexible sole; and you will perceive, from the manner in which he lifts his legs, that the play of the ankle, foot, and toes is lost as much as if he went on stilts; and therefore are his legs small and shapeless. In short, the natural exercise of the parts, whether they be active or passive, is the stimulus to the circulation through them; exercise being as necessary to the perfect constitution of a bone as it is to the perfection of the muscular powers.'

The beautiful envelope in which this machinery is inclosed—the skin—very thin and delicate on the upper part of the foot, is on the sole thick and tough, though soft and pliable. Beneath this is a layer of fat, strengthened by strong fibres crossing it, and binding it to the muscles and ligaments, and preventing it from displacement by the weight of the body in its various movements. But although the sole can endure great pressure and even violent shocks, as in running, leaping, &c., yet it is curiously sensitive, especially to the touch. It is very easily tickled. But its ready response to the touch serves a very important, though less obvious purpose, in walking: the pressure upon the ground stimulates the muscles of the foot to their required activity, without any effort of the will; indeed, without our consciousness of their operations. This spontaneous alertness of the muscles on which the energy and grace of movement depend, can be secured only by their being kept uncramped, free, and well exercised. The value of this sensitiveness of the sole is best estimated, like many other benefits, from its occasional loss. For instance, when the foot is benumbed by cold or pressure, so as to be 'asleep,' what a laborious effort must be made to walk at all. The unconscious foot, an inert mass, must be lifted from the ground at each step, as if it were paralysed.

Happily, it is now becoming acknowledged—though not so generally as its importance demands—that the foot is more worth caring for than its covering, not *vice versa*, as in our parents' early days, when the foot was tortured into conformity

with the shoe. All honour to those who are striving to reform shoemaking, and to those who are not ashamed to avail themselves of their invaluable services. Till this reformation was begun, the shape of shoes had grown more and more unsuited to the feet; corns and bunions were all but universal; few feet escaped deformity. One of the fashionable perversions—a perversion which is still perilously persisted in by many young folks—was the *furor* for symmetry. This vitiated all arts: shoes could not escape it. The longest part of the shoe was the middle of the sole, not on the side where the great toe lies. And the poor toes suffered accordingly. Another mischievous falsity was that of representing hands and feet ridiculously small. The popular engravings represent women with hands and feet no larger than those of a half-grown child, the foot even smaller than the hand. The best antiques show the average foot to be about one-sixth of the whole height; in persons either above or below the ordinary stature, the feet are usually smaller.

To be properly shod, there must be perfect freedom of the toes. The following directions may help to bring the shoemaker and the wearer *en rapport*: (1) Have the breadth of the foot measured while you stand on it. (2) Allow fully half an inch more than the length of the foot. (3) Let there be space over the toes equal to their thickness. (4) Have no tightness anywhere; what pressure there is should be about the 'waist,' beneath the instep and on its sides. (5) Have the sole thinnest and narrowest at the waist, broad at the tread. Don't be ashamed of the size of your foot. A well-formed large one is a far pleasanter sight than the smallest one, distorted. And it is to be remembered that well-proportioned parts look smaller than they are. Is it worth the pain, the inevitable corns, the crooked, distorted toes, the graceless limping that come of wearing shoes one size too small?

THE TREASURE AT GRAN QUIVIRA.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the loneliest passes or cañons of New Mexico, was the hamlet of Blue Creek. A spur of the huge Rocky Mountains, starting from the main ridge, stretched for several miles into the plains, a confused mass of hills and ravines almost impenetrable, save that here and there passes, opened by some convulsion of a remote age, gave a road to the traveller, and usually a channel for the stream. The streams there were often called creeks in the upper part of their course, rivers in the lower; thus, fifty miles down, Blue Creek was called the Little Ute River. In places, this cañon spread to a great breadth; the huge rocks withdrew for perhaps a couple of miles on each side of the turbulent waters; while here and there they approached so closely, and the ledge between their base and the torrent became so narrow, that logs were fastened to the margin, to make the road at all practicable for vehicles.

Although the mountains through which the Blue Creek foamed were but tributary to the great chain of the Rocky Mountains themselves, the sides of the cañon often consisted of tremen-

dous precipices, with nearly a thousand feet in sheer straight descent; and the ravines which cleft the sullen mass at intervals were as gloomy and awe-inspiring as any on the continent.

Much of the country around was rich in gold, and, several times, reports of great deposits near Blue Creek had been spread; but the result was always disappointment, as the precious metal had never been found in remunerative quantities. The population was therefore very scanty; and for thirty miles along the Creek, no town or city—they were all towns and cities at starting—existed of importance equal to the settlement which bore the name of the stream itself; and this consisted of six or seven houses, built of *adobes* or the unbaked brick of the country. The plateau on which the hamlet was built was of considerable extent, and being easily irrigated by a couple of small mountain streams, which ran across it, and then fell into the creek, might have produced great quantities of vegetables; but there was no market for them, and the residents had no heart to cultivate them. The residents, indeed, were scarcely the men to delight in steady toil in field or garden; their antecedents had rarely qualified them for such a life. Fitful starts of exploring for gold, a bear or 'silver-lion' hunt—the puma is the silver lion in New Mexico—some felling of timber for the nearest towns: these were the pursuits by which the men lived. While the women—there were but three—made a little butter, which, with such eggs as they could spare, they sent for sale by any passing vehicle.

In the principal house—which was twice as large as any of the others, and was possibly intended for a store or an hotel by the sanguine builder, lived Josias Tate—Sy Tate, in ordinary parlance—with whom dwelt his grand-daughter Annie, a girl of some twenty years of age; Sy being a lean, hard-looking, weather-beaten fellow of something more than threescore, but as tough and resolute as the youngest man in the Creek. He lived a quiet enough life there. There were few to quarrel with him; but he was not a popular man in his little circle. Western society, especially when represented by such communities as Blue Creek, is not squeamish; and of the few who had their 'location' there, scarcely any would have found it salutary to reside where police-officers were known, or where the law took an uninterrupted course. Therefore trifling offences, peccadilloes which arose from a too sensitive nature, such as murder, or from too keen an appreciation of the beautiful, such as horse-stealing, were not considered to lower a man's character. But Sy Tate was morose and silent, holding himself aloof from those around, except in matters of business; was known to be a dangerous man to offend, and an unforgiving enemy. Yet even these things might have been pardoned; but there was a vague rumour—untraceable, perhaps, but in every man's mind, though none spoke of it in Sy's presence—that he had once been a renegade among the Indians, had lived many years in their villages, and had been concerned in some of the most appalling massacres which had ever occurred on the frontier.

This alone was enough to render him a marked and avoided man; and in a larger community, he would probably have been shot by some drunken avenger of his supposed crimes; but here there

were none who cared to risk their lives in purposeless quarrels, and Sy was useful in his way. He was fearless beyond even Rocky Mountain daring; and for hunting the bear or silver lion, no one for a hundred miles around could pretend to the experience and judgment of Sy Tate; while he was the best gold prospector in the country. So, even though he was hated, or at the least disliked, he was safe.

If there were one person in the little settlement who held Sy Tate in no apparent dread, it was Annie, his grand-daughter; indeed, by the consent—reluctant and sullen enough, no doubt—that he always yielded to her wishes, she seemed to have the ascendancy over him. Annie had no companions or friends. There were but two other women at the Creek, and these were much older, and of a coarser and rougher mould altogether. Annie had the robust strength and fearless activity of a dweller in the wilderness. She could shoot well, ride barebacked horses, drive a wagon, or scale a steep ravine with as cool a head as the oldest miner. She had also been to school in Santa Fe for some years, and could read and write, and embroider in a manner which not only excited the envy of occasional lady-visitors, but also the admiration of the stray Indians who came up the Creek, and who were especially clever at such work. She had a few books too, and occasionally bought others; Andy Macgregor, the regular freight teamster, whose ox-wagons toiled slowly through the cañon about once in three months, being her agent for the supply of these treasures, to purchase which she sent by him feathers from her fowls, and skins. Sy would probably have prohibited this wasteful luxury, had he dared; but it was plain he dared not forbid it; so Andy brought the novels, the illustrated papers, and the 'poetry-books' unchecked.

The days and years rolled on with a dreadful monotony, as judged by the standard of cities, or indeed of civilisation; but the days were neither long nor dull to those who dwelt in these mountain wilds. The bright exhilarating mornings of New Mexico, with the sun, that rose in unclouded splendour for months together, the sights and sounds of the wilderness, were enough for them; while lonely and exposed as their homes might have seemed, yet of all crimes in the West, teeming though the district was with utterly lawless characters, that of housebreaking was the least in vogue, as if detected, it meant death to those who attempted it.

It was in the spring-time of the year, when Annie was returning after a long ramble over the hills. She carried a light rifle; but no game had fallen to her weapon that day; nor was she much disappointed, as she had set out more to satisfy a restless desire for change, than in the hope of sport. Nevertheless, as she passed a certain hollow, where one of the mountain streams already mentioned formed a broad and deep pool, a resting-place before it rushed hurriedly down its steep channel to join the Blue Creek, she remembered that the best mountain trout of the district were to be found there, and determined to take some home. She carried the necessary lines, &c., in a pouch, and a wand could easily be cut from a bush to serve for a rod. So, slinging her rifle across her shoulder, she swiftly

descended the almost precipitous slope, which would have tried the nerves of a town-bred maiden, occasionally swinging herself to a lower ledge by the aid of a shrub, until she was by the side of the pool.

There were many bushes and trees such as love the neighbourhood of water, growing there, and she sought to find a suitable branch. An enormous block of stone, which at some distant date had fallen from a neighbouring rock, lay between her and a bush which seemed adapted for her purpose. She stepped quickly round the block, and seizing a slender bough, drew it towards her. She had opened her knife, when close at her feet—proceeding from the earth itself as she at first imagined—a voice suddenly said: 'Thank heaven! here is a human being at last.'

The girl's nerves were too firmly strung to be easily disturbed; yet she uttered a slight exclamation, and sprang back in alarm.

'Do not be alarmed,' continued the voice. 'I am so far from being able to harm you, that I sorely need help myself.'

She had recovered her coolness ere even this short speech was finished, and saw that the speaker was a young man, dressed plainly enough, but yet—as a woman would instantly determine—in a style which no miner or drover of that country ever affected; a pleasant-looking, handsome young fellow. He was seated, apparently at his ease, in a nook of the rock, while by his side was a rifle.

'How did you come here?' asked the girl; 'and what help do you want?'

'I really can hardly tell you how or why I came here,' returned the stranger. 'The immediate cause was that I slipped while coming down the hill just in front of us, and have hurt my foot, so that I cannot stand upon it. I began to think I should remain here until morning, or perhaps till doomsday, until I saw you come round the end of this rock. Do you happen to know where Blue Creek is?'

'Yes,' said Annie. 'I live there.'

'Thank fate!' exclaimed the stranger, 'for I may hope it is not very far. Do you think they can send a wagon for me? I was going there when I met with this unlucky tumble.'

'I don't know whether any one could come,' returned Annie thoughtfully. 'We have but few citizens there, and most of them were away to-day. Yet you shall not be left here. I will go across at once—it is not more than two miles—and will return with our light wagon.'

'It will be dark very soon—will it not?' pursued the stranger.

'No,' replied Annie, with a glance at the uplands, on which the rays of the descending sun still glowed. 'Yet it may be dark before I get back; but there will be a fine moon, early. Anyhow, stranger, if it were black midnight, I could drive through the pass. You will not mind my leaving you alone?'

'I am too glad to have seen you—to know that I am found, to care for anything now,' responded the young man. 'I may as well mention, perhaps, that I was directed to a Mr Sy Tate, by the landlord of the hotel—he called it an hotel, and he was, I believe, a Colonel—at Caroline Town. You may possibly know Mr Tate?'

'He is my grandfather,' replied the girl. There

was a moment's hesitation before she replied, which the stranger did not notice, while a deepening of the colour in her brown cheek was hidden by the gloom of the ravine in which she stood. 'I am Annie Tate.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed the other. 'Then I am really fortunate. Pray, do not wait any longer with me, as I should not like you to travel through such roads in the dark. I shall not feel the least uneasiness during your absence.'

The girl smiled assent; but without further speech turned away, and in another instant had disappeared.

'I will never despair again,' muttered the young man. 'Things looked as badly for me, I fancied, as it was possible; and I am sure I saw a bear cross yonder ridge. I had made up my mind to a single combat with him; perhaps it would not have been a single combat, by the way, for Mrs Bruin and the young ladies and gentlemen of the family might have made a free fight of it.—What an amazon!—I mean Miss Tate, of course. She carried a rifle, and I do believe a revolver also. It was a good job for me, no doubt, that she was such a resolute, adventurous young party. But if her grandpapa at all corresponds, I shall have struck a nice little family.'

The stranger had plenty of time to meditate; for the absence of Miss Tate was prolonged so greatly that the last golden tinge had disappeared from the highest hill-peak, the yellow glimmer of the moon had shown above the eastern range, and then the bright shield itself shone, nearly at its full, in the sky, making every crag, every tree, brilliantly visible; but the low-lying hollow where the traveller had fallen was in profound shade; and despite of his resolution, he began to grow nervously alive to real or imagined sounds, as of soft and stealthy footfalls, which seemed ever and anon to reach his ear. These might be the tread of bears, of mountain lions—another name for the puna—or of Indians, still more dangerous, abroad that night. He looked more than once at the lock of his rifle; and far oftener than once, strained his ear to listen for the roll of a wagon.

At last it came—the wagon, not the roll; for on that soft natural road, the wheels produced scarcely any sound; and coming in a somewhat different direction from that in which he had expected to see it, the vehicle turned the side of the huge block under which he was lying, and rolled out before him with a suddenness which startled him. Two persons were in the wagon. One was Miss Tate; the second was a man whose swarthy features, and afterwards his speech, declared him to be a Mexican. This latter bore a lantern, and being a stout, powerful fellow, was able to assist the injured man until he stood upright; then, almost carrying him on the one side, while his fair companion supported him on the other, the stranger managed to limp to the rear of the wagon, upon which the strong arm of the Mexican easily enabled him to take his seat.

'You will sit by the stranger, José,' said the girl, 'and steady him over the bad places. I will drive.'

With this they started off; and the young man soon found that the precaution in reference to 'bad places' was by no means an idle one.

During his rambles in the West, he had seen

and ridden over many bad roads; but this track had no right to call itself a road at all; and how any horse could face such dips, could climb such ascents, or how any vehicle made by mortal workmen failed to be knocked to pieces, our stranger was at a loss to conceive. His injured foot, however, claimed too much of his attention, to allow him to be very particular about the road. Having lain so long in one position, the first pain of his injury had been succeeded by a dull numbness, unpleasant to bear, but the exertion of moving to and getting into the wagon had partially restored the circulation, and now a pain set in which was almost sickening in its agony. He bore it as well as he could; but the Mexican, who was watching him closely, spoke, as they crossed an opening where the moonlight fell strongly upon his face: 'Say, boss! haven't you got no whisky in your flask? You've got a flask, I reckon?'

'I had a little when I fell,' returned the stranger; 'but I drank it.'

'Guess you'd better have some of mine,' continued José, drawing a bottle from his pocket, and extracting the cork—cup or glass he had none. 'You're looking pretty bad, I tell you.'

The stranger hesitated; but Annie, who had turned half round on the seat, and had listened to the dialogue, resumed her authority: 'Drink it, stranger. If José tells you to do so, it is right. He is the cutest Mexican in these parts; and you look like swooning—you do. Drink some.'

Thus commanded, the young man drank at several gulps—for the spirit was raw and fiery—such a quantity as José deemed requisite; and although the pain was not abated by this, he felt himself better able to endure it.

After a tedious ride over what might have been ten miles, rather than two, so toilsome was it, if not actually dangerous, they arrived at a broad level space, green and pleasant enough, skirted by precipitous hills, rising from one to two thousand feet; and here, irregularly scattered in the centre of the area, were a few small dwellings, looking very black in the moonlight which silvered the landscape. Three or four men were visible, as they leaned against a rude fence, smoking; and this was the settlement at Blue Creek, this was the bulk of its population.

A tall, harsh-featured man came forward as the wagon stopped, and intimated in tones well suited to such an exterior: 'I am Sy Tate. What did you want with me?'

'I was advised by Andy Macgregor to call upon you,' returned the stranger. 'He will be here to-morrow with my satchel, I expect. He thought you might be able to accommodate me for a day or two. I am sure I have reason now to hope you can.'

'And who mought you be?' was the inhospitable reply.

'My name, if you are asking that,' said the stranger, 'is Elkley—Gerald Elkley. I come from Boston. I am Boston born; but have lived most of my life in Europe. I am on a tour of pleasure in the West. I trust you can give me a few days' rest.'

'You say Andy Macgregor knew you were coming here?' returned Tate. It was curious to notice that immediately he had asked this ques-

tion, he glanced furtively at Annie, and seemed a little disconcerted by finding her eyes fixed searchingly on him.

The stranger answered in the affirmative.

'Wal, I don't know,' continued Tate. 'We have no fitting place here for cripples or sick men. You can't have a doctor here. Old Doc. Jemmis at Camp Water is the nearest medicine-man, and he is nigh on a hundred miles away, and is always drunk.'

'Never mind Doc. Jemmis,' said the clear decisive voice of the girl. 'José here can set a limb if needed; but I don't think this hurt is so bad as that.—We can take you in, stranger, till you are well. José shall be your doctor. If you are rich, you can pay Sy Tate for the trouble and expense. If you are poor, we will keep you until you are well, for nothing. That's the way out West.—Am I right?' These last words were addressed to the listening group, which now included a few more men, and two women—every one, in short, who lived at Blue Creek.

A low assenting murmur rose from the men; while one of the women spoke aloud: 'Ye're right, Annie Tate. No man, Sy Tate or any other, shall send a sick stranger from these roofs, to die on the mountains. If he would not take him in, we would—and shame him.'

Sy in his turn grumbled something which might have been meant in exculpation; it was evidently intended as a welcome as well, as he turned to the door, and signified to José to lift the stranger from the wagon. This, with the assistance of a couple of the bystanders, was soon done; and Gerald Elkley was placed on a couch in a rough, unpapered, unpainted, but by no means uncomfortable room, where José skilfully and tenderly bathed his foot with some potent lotion, and then bound it tightly in bandages.

When left to himself, he decided, as he recalled the interview with Mr Sy Tate, that all was not absolute peace and tranquillity even in so remote a spot as Blue Creek.

MONSIEUR LITTRÉ.

MAXIMILIEN-PAUL-EMILE LITTRÉ, whose name is so intimately associated with the great French Dictionary, and whose death was recently reported, was born in Paris, February 1, 1801. His father was somewhat remarkable. Brought up at Avanches, the son of a jeweller there, he found life dull and irksome, and enlisted in the Marine Artillery. Many years of his life were spent in the service in different parts of the globe, till at last his good character for honesty and probity obtained for him a Bureau in Nantes. Here he was able to give himself up to his love of learning; and he devoted all his spare hours to the study of Greek, and later on to that of Sanscrit, for the benefit of his son Max. Ten years afterwards, that distinguished son, and Barthélemy de St-Hilaire, that son's friend, both dedicated to his memory their first works. On the removal of the family to Paris, it was the delight of the elder Littré to gather round him in his garden, on half-holidays, his three children and their companions—Hachette, Burnouf,

Bascou, &c.—to discourse to them with enthusiasm on the delights of learning, to imbue them with his own love of letters, and to impart to them his opinions on the philosophy of the times.

Littré's mother was a quiet, believing woman, of a strong character, devoted to this son, who repaid her affection with a love almost amounting to worship.

At the Collège St-Louis he seemed to carry all before him, coming home, as a matter of course, 'burdened' with prizes. To great mental power was added extraordinary physical strength; in all athletic contests, such as swimming and wrestling, he was always the first. It was owing to an accident—putting out his shoulder while diving in a swimming-match—that he missed his chance of entering the Ecole Polytechnique, the goal of his ambition. Unable to get a medical certificate, he was compelled to accept a Secretaryship to Comte Daru; but finding the occupation most uncongenial to his tastes, he resigned it, and worked steadily at medicine and botany for the next eight years of his life, with the view of being a doctor. He increased at the same time his knowledge of languages, though he could already read easily and talk fluently in German, English, and Italian. With his old playmate Burnouf, he continued his studies in Sanscrit and Eastern languages, laying a foundation for his later philological researches.

Littré never took his degree of Doctor. His father died about this time, and though it is not quite clear why a future so promising was thus suddenly abandoned, it is to be feared want of means to establish himself suitably, robbed the Faculty of one who would surely have been one of its most brilliant ornaments.

The care and maintenance of his mother fell to his share; and for more than two years he supported the little household by giving lessons in Greek and the modern languages, and by writing occasional articles for the medical press and the *Journal des Savants*. The *National* appearing about this time, he was employed in the humble capacity of translator from the German press, till some chance contributions attracted the notice of the editor, from which time he became one of the regular staff, and was the means of raising the paper to the high position it held for so many years. He contributed numberless articles to the *Revue des deux Mondes* and all the leading periodicals. In 1839, he published the first volume of an edition of Hippocrates, with a version in French, the tenth and last volume of which work appeared in 1861. He also made a translation of Pliny's *Natural History*. Overwork soon told upon his naturally strong constitution, and he became a great sufferer from a gastric affection, which reduced his strength, and changed him into a hollow-checked, sombre being, recalling strongly in feature the ascetic Lamennais. In 1841, the idea of a great Dictionary was first broached; but owing to the gigantic scale of the undertaking and many other hindrances, it was not actually

begun till several years afterwards. Even when it was fairly in hand, it was nearly abandoned in despair. Madame Littré, *mère*, died; and her son was so much affected by the blow, that for months he was in a low, desponding state, incapable of work. At last, being roused from his torpor by the entreaties of Monsieur Hachette, the publisher of the Dictionary, he set to work at his stupendous task again; and in an interesting brochure called *Études et Glanures*, he gives some details as to the immense labour it entailed. 'Twenty-seven years in all,' he says, 'I worked at the Dictionary; ten years at the translation of Hippocrates; four years at the edition of Pliny; three years on the revising of Neysten's Dictionary.'

Sixteen hours was the daily allotted time for work, distributed as follows: nine to twelve; one to six; seven P.M. to three A.M. This, day after day, for years together. One month's annual holiday was the limit allowed for recreation. This respite was generally spent on the coast of Brittany, at out-of-the-way St-Quay.

M. Littré's colleagues were Messrs Beaujau, Jullien, Bandy, Soumer, Després, and André. Having applied for help in sorting books of reference, &c., M. Hachette appointed Madame Littré and her daughter to this labour; and for many years they worked with the lexicographer, till at last, in 1865, the revising of this Dictionary, which had been begun with such doubts and fears, was finished, though the work did not appear in print till much later. The *Life of Strauss*, translated from the German, had appeared in the meantime, and the edition of Comte. These doctrines were warmly defended by M. Littré; but it must be remembered he never followed the opinions contained in the later writings of A. Comte, and warmly defended the widow in an action she brought against the executors for publishing the later manuscripts. The writing of the *Life* was undertaken at great personal sacrifice, representing, as he himself tells us, three hours of night-work for a whole year, snatched from his other countless undertakings.

His tastes were most simple. In his unpretentious home in Paris, and his little country-house in the environs, he passed his time in great retirement, devoting what little leisure he could to practising amongst the poor gratuitously. 'In this nineteenth century,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'full of charlatanism of literature and all else, this original and unassuming character will stand out in bold relief; no crying up of worthless wares; but systematic hiding under the bushel,' &c. M. Littré was one of the most learned men of the age, and a perfectly dignified type of the advanced Liberal. Unable—wanting the power—to speak in public, he won his great influence chiefly through his energetic writings. His criticisms were deep and incisive.

In 1870 the war broke out; and M. Littré, already an old man, was forced to flee to Bordeaux. Here Gambetta offered him the Chair of History in the Ecole Polytechnique; but in 1871 he returned to Paris, and was named Deputy of the Seine in the National Assembly, and backed the policy of M. Thiers. On the 30th of December, he was for a second time a candidate for election to the vacant *fauteuil* of the Academy, on the death of M. Villemain; and this time succeeded.

M. Littré passes away from us, leaving many devoted friends; and behind him, a work which will remain a monument in French literature.

MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

TROUBLE THE FIRST.

I HAVE been travelling without intermission all night and the greater part of a day between Berlin and the Russian frontier, Verballen; and I hope to proceed 'without let or hindrance' to my destination, the university town of Dorpat. It is the month of August, and blazing hot. I am in a third-class carriage, full of trading Israelites, and the air is heavy with garlic. Moreover, I have been forming part of an interesting tableau for the last six hours with one of the chosen race, who has been falling asleep at intervals and letting his oily head slip on to my shoulder; which you may be sure I do not bear patiently. The combined result of all is that I am hot, dusty, weary, headachy, thirsty, and cross.

I am only eighteen, and trying my wings for the first time, and need scarcely add that I am a governess; for what English mother's child would be journeying alone towards the land of barbarians but one of my profession? Not that I would draw upon the reader's pity; for I have been very jolly and hopeful, and much amused nearly all the way; but really things have been a good deal against me those six hours. The train seems to crawl along; and the engine belches forth great volumes of stifling smoke, and makes more noise than a score of English engines. But we stop at last, and this is Verballen! I am out of the train in a trice, and surge upon the platform amidst a sea of tearing, struggling, excited people, each screaming at the top of his, or her, voice in a different language, and frantically dragging luggage about. I am carried hither and thither, powerless, at the mercy of this human tempest, until I drift at last into a large square hall, which is station, custom-house, money-exchange, refreshment, and other minor offices all in one.

I sight my boxes with their brand-new covers, and rush upon them breathless and relieved. Piles of luggage stand about, waiting to be examined by the custom-house officers, amongst which a number of wild, dishevelled females run riot. The men are quieter; they hold out their keys to the officers, and get served first. It is amazing the number of officials that are required for so simple a matter. There are numbers examining the boxes, numbers looking on, and numbers at a table in the centre of the hall, inclosed by counters, where passports are examined. I sit down on the top of the biggest of my boxes, and wait; my turn may come some time. Not that I feel calm. I am almost blinded with excitement, feeling sure the train will move on without me in the end; but as I cannot speak Russ, I resign myself to wait until such time as I shall fall under some one's notice.

I watch my Jewish friend—he who has slept

so peacefully on my shoulder—engaged in a haggling contest with officials. They splutter and hiss and scream at each other over some wares; but the Jew, of course, is worsted, and pays out some dirty paper roubles, one at a time, whilst his voice declines from a scream into a whine. I sit and watch from my perch with uneasy interest, taking in other scenes of like description with eyes which smart with being opened too wide, until the hubbub has almost subsided, and people are scalding their mouths with coffee and tea. Then, there being no one else, I am at length taken into consideration.

I give up my keys with trembling fingers, turn red and white and red again, and feel painfully conscious that I am looking as if I had quantities of smuggled goods concealed. Half-a-dozen officials have seized upon my boxes, and are tearing the strings off the covers. One, whose business it is to look on, asks me something in Russ, as the lids are raised. I look at him cringing, feeling that I am looking more like a culprit than ever, and mournfully shake my head. The men are beginning to searft; but on a sign from their superior, the lids are slammed, and I am once more in possession of my keys.

What next? I look around bewildered; but find myself unceremoniously pushed to the counter, where a Russian hand, white and bejewelled, is held out for my passport. I keep this precious talisman in a little leather bag attached to my belt; and after much nervous fumbling at the steel clasp, which is stiff and obstinate, it is produced. Then a period of awful suspense. I watch my passport travel round the table from hand to hand; then a consultation takes place over it, and—it is laid aside! I see one passport after another signed and returned to its owner, and the owner dash off to the refreshments, but mine still lies unheeded. Now I am absolutely the last at the counter, and my breath comes short and fast. What are they going to do with it and me? An official approaches me—evidently the chief—and puts a question. I shake my head dejectedly in token of my inability to understand; and at this moment his arm is touched by a clerk in uniform, who holds my passport out, and explains something. The lump in my throat, which has been gradually swelling, now almost chokes me as I watch the two faces. The handsomest and kindest—for it is both a handsome and a pleasant face—is turned to me again, and this time its owner addresses me in good English.

'I am sorry, Madam, to have detained you; but it would appear that there is some omission in your pass. You have not had it signed in Berlin!'

'No; they never told me; I did not know'—with a tearful quiver in my voice.

'Ah, it is a pity. This will occasion you a little delay; the pass must be returned to the German frontier.'

'But what am I to do? Shall I not be able to go on with this train?' I ask in gasps.

Alas! the two doors leading out to the platform are being unlocked, and already passengers are streaming forth to resume their seats. Burning tears rush to my eyes and obliterate my vision; I dash them away impatiently, so intent am I on reading the thoughtful, sympathetic face before me.

'I regret it much,' he continues; 'but you cannot even stay at Verballen, where I should have had pleasure in waiting on you, but must return again to Edkunen.'

My cup of woe is full. I lean heavily against the counter, in despair, and give myself up to dumb misery. My friend—for such he now is—lifts a leaf of the counter which divides us, and passes through to my side.

'No, no; do not be so distressed,' he says soothingly. 'It is nothing, I assure you—nothing at all—a mere form. You will have everything done for you; I will give special charge. You will be conducted to Edkunen, and escorted to an hotel which is comfortable, by this gentleman' [here I uncover one red and swollen eye, and behold another Russian official standing at a respectful distance, cap in hand, waiting to 'take me up']; 'and to-morrow, at three o'clock, he will come for you again, to conduct you back. It is nothing at all, I assure you.'

He says a great deal more which is very kind; and through it all I hear the engine shriek and puff away towards Plescow, leaving me behind.

When a hardship is inevitable, it becomes easier to bear; my tears already begin to stream less copiously, and at length cease altogether; and I look—still with deep dejection—away out of the window at the bright sky.

'But I am sure you have not eaten for many hours,' says my friend at length; 'you will take some refreshment before you set out on your little journey.'

I shake my head. ('To talk of eating to me!') But he leads the way to a small table, and orders two cups of tea and some cakes.

'Now, this warm tea will make you feel equal to anything; not that you have anything to trouble you,' he hastily adds. 'It is a mere form;—a little tedious, perhaps, but nothing.'

I have seated myself on the edge of a chair, and watch his busy fingers with side-long glances. He is peeling a lemon which was served with the tea, and drops a piece of the rind into my cup.

I take up my spoon and turn it over, as I say timidly: 'I cannot take tea with lemon rind in it.'

'Ah, it is delightful! Try it; you will see how well it accords with the tea.'

I sip a little with my teaspoon; and really it is not bad. The tea is excellent, and the flavouring, though strange to my palate, is by no means unpleasant.

He observes this at once, and smiles, well pleased. 'Did not I tell you?' he exclaims.

I find, when I begin to eat, that I am indeed faint with hunger, for I have fasted many hours. True, I had sandwiches in my bag; but how was one to think of eating whilst breathing an atmosphere rank with garlic, and with a Jew asleep on one's shoulder? So I eat slowly and mournfully, at first under protest, one cake and even two, whilst my friend chats away with his melodious voice. And after the tea and cakes, I too find my

tongue, and tell him, in reply to his polite, delicately worded questions, much about myself.

For some time past, my guard has stood waiting at the door leading to the platform; and towards it we now move.

'My boxes!' I suddenly recollect.

'They will be taken every care of until to-morrow.'

And we proceed; and I am handed with my 'escort' into an empty train—a whole long train all to ourselves!

'*Au revoir*, to-morrow,' says my Russian friend gaily with a graceful wave of the hand.

I nod, and even smile a wan smile—yes, I have arrived at that—and we creak and labour out of the station.

I record it here with pleasure—the gentleman who was courteous and kind to an English girl in distress, was a Russian official! A man of cultivation and refinement, he used his power well. Alas! that in a country swarming with officials, I should have to add that he was the only civil one I ever came in contact with.

TROUBLE THE SECOND.

I make myself as small as I can in the corner of the carriage, and my escort is in the other. The situation is awkward, and I feel embarrassed. Here I am in charge of a sort of policeman, and yet a person to whom I am indebted, who has kindly undertaken to do all he can for my comfort, and to save me all possible trouble. I should like to address a few civil words to him, but cannot speak his language. He is looking straight before him, and seems, like myself, to be aware of the awkwardness of the moment. Suddenly, he turns his gray eyes on me—eyes, sleepy and languid, with an undercurrent of cunning—and addresses me in German, feeling his way by the question: 'Fraulein is English?'

'Ja,' I answer.

'But she speaks German?'

'A little,' I again answer.

'Fraulein,' he continues, 'is much troubled to have to sit waiting in Edkunen for her pass; it is tedious for Fraulein. But I will do all; she need not be distressed. I know a good hotel; I will conduct Fraulein there; she has nothing to do but to wait, and all will be well.'

I thank my companion cordially. It is a relief to be able to speak to him; for what is more embarrassing than to find one's self *tête-à-tête* with a stranger whose language one does not speak? 'How kind and helpful, Russian officials are!' I think, and already begin to regard this one in the light of a friend. But we are at Edkunen, which is only a few minutes' journey; and we alight upon the deserted platform, and proceed to the hotel. It is close to the station, in what seems to be the only street—if it may be called such—in the town. It is interminably long and straight; is planted with rows of young poplars; and the houses at the high end, as it would appear, the German and respectable end, are clean, painted houses of wood, each standing in a little garden of its own. The hotel does not in any way differ from a private house, and looks cheerful and bright. 'After all,' I think, 'it is not so bad; and to-morrow will soon be here. Just twenty-four hours.' My escort leaves me

at the door with a military salute. I am met by a pleasant, plump, little German girl, with a complexion of dazzling red and white, who shows me my room; and I am alone.

After I have examined the German beauties on the walls, and gazed out of the window, until the opposite house in its trim angularity, the straight poplar trees, and the sandy side-walks have ceased to be novelties, the silence and tameness of my surroundings become intolerably oppressive, so I sally forth into the stillest, brightest evening. I wander up 'the street,' and see more wooden houses, more poplars, and more sand, with here and there a man or woman, who stare at me curiously. Only towards the termination, the scene gradually changes. The trees cease; the sand takes a dingier hue, which, as I proceed, deepens into dirty gray; and the houses become smaller, and lean their weather-stained shoulders one against another. I soon find that I am in a colony of Jews. My sudden appearance amongst them brings them out like a swarm of bees. It is Friday evening, and they are all unclean to a man. They will have to wait for the 'Shabbat,' and what would be the use of wasting soap? I pass tumble-down sheds or booths, giving forth scents that are not odiferous; but I am buoyed up by the hope of a glimpse of the green country beyond. My hopes prove futile; for when the last little crazy hovel is past, I find myself before a tract of sand, a veritable desert, with scarcely a blade of green grass to relieve its dreariness; so I turn suddenly on the band of little barefooted heathens who are following at my heels, and retrace my steps. I remark that the old women amongst the chosen people look like veritable hags, with their nut-cracker faces and yellow wrinkled skins; and that the children almost all bear a striking resemblance to those two angels at the foot of Raphael's Madonna della Sixtine, with their curly heads and bright, glorious eyes. It is still fair daylight as I turn into my room; and I know not how the long-drawn hours get away, until the hotel-keeper's daughter puts her blonde head into the door and asks if I require supper.

I jump at the suggestion, and order coffee and eggs. Supper over, I go back to my seat on the window niche, till the daylight at last begins to wane, and I can see the indistinct outline of the stars; and now it is bedtime!

Next morning, I have the same dreary waiting till one o'clock, when I have called for and paid my bill, which I am relieved to find so trifling; and at a little past two, am waiting at the station. The train does not arrive any sooner for my precipitation; it is a quarter of an hour overdue, when it comes puffing and panting up to the platform as if out of breath. There is my escort with a paper in his hand. I rush to meet him, and grasp the precious document. When we are seated in the carriage, he remarks: 'Fraulein has a trifle to pay.'

I get out my purse with alacrity, and ask: 'How much?'

'Only four roubles,' is the modest reply.

It does flash through my mind that nine shillings, or thereabouts, is a large sum to pay for so small a matter as getting a passport signed; but I make no comment. I find, however, that excepting a few silver coins, I have no change,

my total funds consisting of a note of twenty-five roubles. I explain. He is all complacency. 'Fräulein can change at Verballen; there is no hurry.'

Alighted on the platform at Verballen, my escort keeps close to me; but I think not of him, but of my Russian friend of yesterday. In vain do I scan each face of the uniformed group at the table in the centre; he is nowhere amongst them; his chair is filled by another.

I am one of the first served to-day; my passport is glanced over, signed, and returned to me without comment; and I turn to a 'Punch-and-Judy' box, wherein is a money-changer—a fact which he proclaims in several languages on a board above his head. He is a man of forbidding countenance—dark, sallow, gloomy-looking, with a morose, rolling eye. I hand him my note in fear and trembling, and ask, in German, to have it changed. He takes it from me, scrutinises it, raises his eyes, and looks sternly and steadily at me—I feel that I am looking as if I had stolen it—and asks: 'How much do you want for this?'

'It is a note of twenty-five roubles,' I say, clearing my throat, and trying to make myself heard.

He looks at me again, and smiles—a smile such as I could fancy Macbeth to have worn when he did a murder—and threw the note down. 'That is not worth twenty-five roubles' (scoffingly); 'it is torn!'

I literally quake in my shoes. This is all the money I have left to take me to Dorpat. What if I should run short! The idea is too appalling to be dwelt on, and my voice is a feeble quivering treble as I inquire: 'What is it worth?'

There is a lurid shade comes over his face and a light into his eyes, as he deliberates a moment. It cannot be knowledge of the world, born of observation, for I am just a fledgling, so it must be instinct which whispers, 'This man is going to rob you!'

'I will give you eighteen roubles for it—more than it is worth,' he adds, with assumed carelessness. He takes it up again as he speaks, but his eyes avoid my anxious ones.

It would be too little to take me to my journey's end, I fearfully think. Despair gives me courage; and before the man is aware, I have snatched the note from his greedy gripe, and turn breathlessly away. I dart across the hall to a lady who is standing at the counter. 'Do you speak German?' I ask.

'Yes; I am a German. Why?'

'Will you tell me the value of this note?' I hold it out to her as I speak.

'Twenty-five roubles,' she at once replies.

'But it is torn—the man says it is torn, and only worth eighteen!' I exclaim, betwixt hope and dread.

'What man? Where is he?' she asks indignantly.

'There!—I point across the hall to the culprit, who is sullenly eyeing us from his box—the money-changer.'

'He is telling you a lie; the number of the note is intact, and it is worth its full value.'

At this moment an official calls my informant's attention to her passport, and she is at once absorbed in her own affairs.

Where my escort has been all this time, I know

not; but he is now at my elbow. 'Has Fräulein got change?' he mildly inquires.

'No; I cannot get it,' I reply desperately, holding the note in my hand.

'Give it to me—I will get it for you.'

In a moment he has snatched the note from my fingers and is gone. It happens like a lightning flash; and I stand staring blankly at the door through which he has disappeared. The first bell is ringing, and the passengers are rushing on to the platform. I try to persuade myself that it is all right. I go over to the door and wait, cheating myself with a forced calm: It will be all right; he will return presently with the change; he dare not but return. One after another passes out; the refreshment tables are deserted; but still my gallant escort comes not. The second bell rings. My heart beats louder with every brazen stroke. The bell is rung three times with intervals of five minutes, so there is just five minutes left to get my ticket. I begin to feel rather giddy. A little matter would make me either laugh or cry immoderately; but I wait motionless and utter no sound; and still he comes not. The third bell is ringing! It is too late! Somehow, a mist—not tears, for my eyes are dry and burning, but something which debars vision—rises before my eyes as I creep slowly, very slowly, as if dragging a heavy weight after me, to a bench against the wall, sit down, and draw my feet in under me. I make no appeal to any one; I do nothing, and think nothing. I sit still, a gray bundle of dejection. I had once read a story called 'The Iron Shroud,' of a man who was shut up in an iron cell, with walls which ever from day to day closed in upon him, till at the last, when he could no longer stand upright, a bell was heard, and at each knell the ceiling descended lower and lower, till the victim knew and felt no more. I seem to know how that man felt as I listen to that other bell clanging forth my fate!

It has ceased, when a man rushes into the hall, looks wildly around, and discovers me. It is my escort! I spring to my feet, and rush upon him like a torrent.

'Quick, quick!' he cries. 'Here is your billet, and here your change. The train is moving!'

Everybody's head is out of the windows as we storm on to the platform; and I am lifted, pushed, buffeted into the slowly moving train.

I come to myself with a handful of paper, and an old gentleman—certainly a German pastor—looking curiously at me over his horn spectacles. When I have got back my breath, and am a little more composed, I smooth out my notes, and wonder what my ticket has cost. There are only ten roubles left! I look across at the pastor, and encouraged by his benign expression of face, I inquire the fare between Verballen and Plescow. I am told seven roubles. I count my change over again, and then I see how it is: my escort has kept eight roubles for his share, instead of four.

I tell my story to the pastor, and learn from him what it costs to cross the lake (Lake Peipus) to Dorpat. The sum he names is small, and I sigh a sigh of relief. I am saved!

As I jolt and rumble along—for Russian trains do jolt and rumble—and look down on the steaming marsh-land with its stunted shrubs, or up to the sun-bathed tops of the venerable pines into

whose shadow we ever and anon creep, I feel grateful—yes, humbly grateful, to my escort for his consideration in only having kept eight roubles!

(To be continued.)

RAT-CHARMING.

'I WAS never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I scarcely remember.' So said Rosalind in *As You Like It*, when she found what 'strange fruit,' in the shape of complimentary verses, grew upon the trees in the Forest of Arden. And in other writings of the same period, and later, we find allusions to the Irish practice of applying poetry to the destruction of rats. The practice, if not now quite extinct, is almost so. For the most part, means are now resorted to in which the connection between cause and effect can be more distinctly traced. Nevertheless, long years ago, and in a remote corner of the Green Isle, I once saw the poetic method adopted; and to the best of my observation, with singular success. Rosalind's merry jest lately brought it to my mind.

It was the Holiday House of our childhood—a country-place, where we were occasionally 'turned out on grass,' and where, together with our young cousins, we sometimes spent weeks at a time in a kind of perpetual picnic. I know not what domestic system obtains in that old house now, but I know that when Granny reigned, it was a children's paradise; discipline was unknown there, order was of little account, and compulsory work—at least for young people—a thing entirely unimagined. No school-books burdened Granny's shelves, and I rather think no birch-trees grew in her groves. The primroses that bloomed in spring in those tangled plantations, and in the borders of the damp meadows, were larger and more fragrant than any I have gathered since. How we used to twine them—together with the crab-tree blossoms—into festive garlands, where-with Granny was crowned at dinner-time, somewhat to the detriment of her muslin cap!—The meadows were greener there, I think, than any others I have seen, even in that greenest of all lands. Scarcely had the new-mown hay been raked into heaps, when the fields from which it had been cut were covered again with a tender verdure.

But there is no perfection in this world, and so it happened that once upon a time Holiday House—for so I call it in my fancy now—was troubled by strange visitants. Singular noises were heard at the witching hour of night, and bells were rung unaccountably, when all visible hands were in bed. Nora, Granny's favourite maid, began to grow pale, and to go about after dusk uneasily, and with scared looks. Nor was she much comforted when certain depredations upon Granny's stores, accompanied by other sufficient evidence, had convinced the household that rats were the cause of the disturbance. To Nora's mind, rats were scarcely less terrible than ghosts; indeed, I am sure her fancy invested them with some of the terrors of the supernatural. She had heard

many stories of their extraordinary sagacity, and she hinted that such contrivances argued more than rodent wisdom. Ordinary means, she concluded—open visible means—such as might be used by innocent people, would never rid the house of their presence. If they chose to make themselves a home in it, they would know how to hold their ground against traps and terriers; they would refuse to touch poison. She had heard, she hinted, of a person who knew how to banish them; but his art was a secret, and such as might not be practised by ordinary men. Fain would she seek out this man and bring him to the house; but the mistress did not approve.

One night, coming into our room with a candle when we were fast asleep, she espied a black spot on my sister Bessie's pillow, a spot which fled precipitately when the light appeared. With a scream that rang through the house, Nora fell on her knees, and was praying and crossing herself frantically when Granny hurried in. She turned her entreaties to her mistress then, and clinging to dear Granny, she wept before her, and implored that she might—that very hour—be allowed to go in search of a man (she had heard her mother speak of him) who was possessed of a charm fatal to rats. The lives of the innocent children, she said, might be sacrificed if the Mistress persisted in her refusal; for if Bessie's guardian angel had not sent her—Nora—into the room at that moment, the rat would surely have sucked the sweet child's blood! Granny did not like the rats certainly; yet she was very unwilling to lend her countenance to the practice of occult arts; but it was not in her long to resist tears and entreaties. Besides, the girl was half wild with terror; so there was nothing for it but to consent. Early the next day, Granny promised her she should be permitted to go in search of the man, whose name even she did not know, and who, she acknowledged, might have died long since, without having imparted his secret to another. Nora spent the rest of the night open-eyed in our room, sewing, to keep herself awake, and did not thereby improve her mental condition.

Next morning, when we knew that business was in hand, all of us who were old enough to feel interested in it were for escorting Nora on her way; and what could that best of Grannies do but pack us up a basket of provisions, and send us off in the green donkey-car that had done duty before, on many a summer's day ramble. George, the eldest of our party, was charioteer. He had lately been reading *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and gave us an enthusiastic account of William of Deloraine's visit to the tomb of Michael Scott. Our expedition, he considered, was very much of the same nature; and he horrified Nora by suggesting that if the 'knowledgeable man' had died since she had heard of him, we should search his grave, in the hope of finding out his secret. To all but Nora, the whole thing was a summer day's frolic; and I am afraid we ill requited her ready sympathy with all our childish fears and troubles, by making her anxiety on this occasion the subject of our thoughtless mockery. It was a day's journey to find out that old man and to bring him back with us. Persistent inquiries of various individuals at length brought us upon the right track, and late in the afternoon we came in sight of the man we wanted.

He was a small old man, somewhat past the years of labour—sitting at his cabin door smoking a pipe, his little grandchild at his feet stringing daisies. He had long white hair, and a cast of countenance that even then gave me the idea of a covetous and unscrupulous character. To our disappointment, he drew Nora apart, in order to learn why we had come in search of him, and the few words we heard them exchange were in Irish. They were not long, however, in coming to an understanding, for Nora soon came back to us, looking more contented than she had done for some days; and she told us that if we would let the old man have her place in the car, she would take a shorter way across the fields, and meet us near home.

It was growing dark when we arrived at Holiday House, and Granny was on the steps looking out for us. I remember she kissed us all as we came in, but was not quite gracious to Nora, whose action she still regarded with disfavour. We were all very tired; Bessie indeed was carried in fast asleep, so that we could give Granny no account of our doings until we had been refreshed with supper.

Meanwhile, in another part of the premises the 'charmer' was at work. When Nora came to prepare the younger children for bed, she told us that before he would partake of any refreshment, he had called for a pen, ink, and paper; and having torn the last into slips, he proceeded to write on each piece some mystic words, that no one should on any account presume to read or to try to read. This done, the papers were rolled up into pellets, and placed, with ceremonies that none were allowed to witness, in every rat's hole that had been discovered. If they were removed or touched, not only would the charm be broken, but probably worse things than rats would visit the house. The charmer was then rewarded in money by contributions raised among the servants; for they would not ask the mistress to pay for proceedings to which she had consented only under protest. They scrupled not, however, to feast him liberally upon her good things; and after enjoying this repast, he left the house.

We were too sleepy that night to think much about the mysterious inscriptions; but next day they were the subject of many surmises; and by the afternoon, curiosity so far overcame the slight awe with which we had at first regarded the prohibition, that we resolved on the bold step of examining the papers—inquisitive and irreverent little people that we were, encouraged some that, I am afraid, by Granny. Having first made sure that Nora was well out of the way, we shut ourselves up in the playroom, where the rats had a favourite hole. With the help of a knitting-needle, George succeeded in extracting one or two papers. On each there was written a rude couplet, containing some exhortation to the rats to depart from the house. This is the only one I fully remember:

Black rats and white! blue rats and gray!
Go down to Mr ——'s house, and never come back
this way.

More merciful than his forefathers, our charmer had not sought to compass the death of the vermin, but only to pass them on to the neighbours!

I suppose the rats had already accepted this rhythmical notice to quit; for notwithstanding our

interference with the proper working of the charm, my recollection is, that the house was troubled with them no more.

Whether in this instance the benefit was permanent, I know not, as at Granny's death Holiday House passed to other hands; and neither under that nor any other roof on earth shall Granny's young visitors all meet together again.

THE RUINED ABBEY.

Thou dumb interpreter of vanished time!
Long ling'ring relic of the buried yore!
'Neath misty years, whose quick-corroding rime
Hath sprinkled thee, thou hast grown frail and hoar.
But at this hour the moonlight o'er thee falls,
And, like pale genius in a withered face,
Brings back a transient glory to thy walls,
By which the meditative eye may trace
The greatness and the grandeur of thy prime;
For, in the majesty of thy decay,
Thou a mightier art than modern masonry.

Ere time and strife had marred thy lineaments,
O'er all this land reverèd was thy sway;
A crowd of ceremonious monks and priests
Kept tedious vigils, held their fasts and feasts
Within thy walls, and wore thy life away.
The incense from thy altars rose like mist;
The Virgin's ear was sued by many a prayer;
While, from thy vaulted halls and cloisters dim,
Awoke the sound of psalm and chanted hymn
A voice of peace upon the troubled air.
Thou wert the sure retreat of penitents;
Vassal and lord, from forage and from fray,
A refuge found within thy sacred porch,
Where, fresh from ruthless deeds, they might be
shriven:
Men deemed thy consecrated oil a torch
Whose flickering flame could light the way to heaven!

To-day, what art thou? Crownless, desolate!
No gathering-place for penitential souls;
A haunt of twilight shades and midnight owls!
No eye that looks upon thy ruin, grieves;
But Nature, who is still compassionate,
Regards thy crumbling form, and round it weaves
With noiseless art, a robe of ivy leaves.

The generations who through ages long
Besieged thy shrine, a benison to crave,
Are long since dead—not one of them is left,
To see thee of thy strength and glory left:
The lord lies undistinguished from his slave.
All are forgotten, save some hero's name
An unknown minstrel may have given to fame,
In the low breathings of a mournful song!

Thy shadow covers all thy kingdom now!
A kingdom of the dead—the long-past race
Who lie in mouldered graves around thy base:
No more they need thy ministrings, yet thou
To them giv'st all thou hast—thy aged form
Still shields their dust from winter and wild storm.

GEORGE DEANS.

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THE LIFE OF THE COLLIER.

THE circumstances which brought me into North Wales and have kept me there longer than I anticipated, need not be told. It is sufficient to say that they gave me many opportunities of making myself acquainted with the geological structure and condition of the small coal-field of which Wrexham may be regarded as the most important commercial centre; the system of working; and the lives, habits, prejudices, and general conditions of the collier, concerning whom I have a few words to say.

In times past, the working-life of a collier commonly began in his boyhood; for when he was only eight or nine years old, he was employed underground in opening and closing the doors which direct the ventilation; and in drawing the little wagons laden with coal, from the place where the coal was hewn, to the bottom, or as it is often called, the *eye* of the pit, whence it was raised to the surface. This hard and degrading work is now done by ponies, to the great relief of the weak and tired muscles of the collier-boys. This mode of haulage is now adopted in almost all collieries where mechanical arrangements are not applied. The labour of boys in coal-mines is therefore now confined to the opening and closing of doors in some situations, and the driving of the animals employed in traction. A growing improvement in the condition of boys working in mines has therefore been strongly marked during the last ten or twelve years; but whether the change has been the result of improved methods of management underground, or a more generous spirit on the part of the strong towards the weak, need not here be discussed.

The Coal-Mines Regulation Act, 1872, was no doubt forced on the government by the irregularity and severity of control underground, just as the Slave Emancipation Act was prompted by the cruelty of slave-drivers and their assistants. As soon as the protecting cords of infancy were broken, the collier-boy's life of hard work began, and the beginning was in darkness and danger, under

conditions not to be found in any other place than a coal-mine. Nor is this all that could be said about the sad history of boyhood spent underground, nor is it the worst. The fathers of the boys, though knowing by experience the suffering to be borne mentally and bodily, enforced the sacrifice, because 'it was time' that the boys were doing something to increase the amount of the weekly pay. So they took their children from their mothers' side to the pit to do the work of ponies in a heated, unhealthy, dust-laden atmosphere.

Still, the boys had been educated to their fate; and as soon as they could lift a loaded playbarrow, they talked about 'going down,' as if it were the necessity and preordination of their lives. The first words they spoke were those they most frequently heard—'pits and mines, carriers and screens;' and when they grew older, they talked with ignorant wonder of many contrivances for getting coal, and sending it away to be put into ships. They had created an ideal of their future workplaces and of the work they would have to do, for they had often heard descriptions of them from their companions; but the reality was more dismal than the conjecture, and fear came on them as they made their first descent into the pit, and took their first walk along unlighted galleries and roadways, long distances underground. The reluctance, however, with which they first stepped on the carrier, under the protection of their father or of some trusted neighbour, disappeared after a few days or weeks, when they ventured to crowd in among their young companions in the centre of the descending cage, pretending to a courage they did not possess, as the loaded carrier sank to the well-known last stage of their adventurous journey. Received there by the hooker-on, they were passed at once to the place of their work, and entered the dust-laden atmosphere, which they were destined to breathe for some hours every successive lawful day of their work-life.

Habit at last asserted its authority over the collier-boys. They found they had work to do;

and earnest in their determination, they did it, thoughtless of danger, waiting patiently every day for release after their toil, and a return to the sun-lighted bank and the green fields—to marbles and tops, and a pure atmosphere. They were the true slaves of the mine; but of their former condition little evidence remains, for they have been partly emancipated by the Coal-Mines Regulation Act, 1872, which forbade the employment of boys under twelve years of age for more than fifty-four hours in a week, or ten hours a day, and insisted on some attendance at the school-room. The effect of this relaxation of strain upon the young life of boys in collieries cannot be measured by any existing statistics; but without doubt, the reduction of the time of breathing an impure atmosphere has been no inconsiderable element in the relief that has been given.

Mention has been made of the excessive heat of coal-mines as one of the unhealthy conditions which the collier-boy must endure underground, for it must be understood that the deeper the mine, the higher the temperature. But the collier himself suffers not less severely in his daily work. Atmospheric air enters the mine at all the varied temperatures between frost and summer heat, and there receives the breath of men and horses, the heat radiated by lamps, and the gases evolved by the too frequent discharge of gunpowder. Together, these causes produce a considerable effect upon the atmosphere in deep mines, silently acknowledged by the collier when he strips for his work, to relieve himself as much as possible from the burden of an excessively high temperature. But with every precaution within the reach of workmen, the young, the least robust, and the hardest workers, suffer much in summer, as they must do when, for eight hours out of twenty-four, continuous hard work is done under such circumstances.

To reduce this unhealthy atmospheric temperature, a well-designed system of ventilation is necessary. By this is meant a circulation from the descending pit, through the workings, up the ascending pit, near which a furnace is sometimes built to increase the draught. Before the passing of the Coal-Mines Regulation Act, it was often said that one pit was sufficient for ventilation if that pit were well bratticed—that is, so divided as to form an up-and-down airway. But the Act says there shall be 'two shafts or outlets, separated by natural strata of not less than ten feet, in communication with every seam at work.' Supposing this order to be fully obeyed, the atmosphere is made more fit for breathing, and the temperature is reduced; but at the same time, in dry mines the atmosphere is loaded with coal-dust, which, besides being deleterious to the lungs, is, as we shall presently show, itself an inflammable and, under certain conditions, an explosive substance.

Boyhood ended, the first stage of a collier's life is complete. The boy becomes a man, and no longer does boy's work. Supposing him to have

skill and carefulness, he becomes a hewer of coal. What lessons have been taught him from the work of his past course of life? He has learned to be content, to work in darkness, to understand the prognostics of the approach of danger, to judge fairly the quality of coal, to know how to make the best of his work, and to believe he is not so strong as he would have been, had he never been in a coal-pit. He thinks his lungs are not quite right; and his friends are of the same opinion. He sees young men who had been his friends and companions, and went down with him in the same batch of men and boys, now thin, pale, and fatigued with comparatively little work. I do not mean to insinuate that all colliers have diseased lungs, or that old colliers are not to be found in the villages of North Wales; but I do assert that consumption is the most common and the most fatal disease among the workers in coal. And no wonder. They begin life with impaired constitutions; and their future, so far as health is concerned, chiefly depends upon the existence of a thorough ventilation in the workings where they may be employed.

Such are the ordinary conditions of life in a coal-pit, and they are all opposed to the conditions favourable to health. But to perceive fully the dangers of a collier's life, it is necessary to review the extraordinary conditions which threaten it. If workmen in collieries had no other reason for complaint than that of toiling in perpetual lamp-light, and in an overheated and impure atmosphere, they would have no more cause to regret their fate than have many other men who live by the labour of their hands. But although the ordinary conditions of a working-man's life are often oppressive and injurious, they are in almost every instance less violent and destructive than those to which colliers are exposed in their daily work. As soon as an opening is made in a bed of coal, chemical and mechanical changes of serious importance are commenced, and they are all more or less opposed to the permanence of the work. The oxygen of the atmosphere, aided by the force of gravity, lessens the barrier between the imprisoned gases and the opened places of the mine. Of these, the most abundant and dangerous are carbonic acid gas or choke-damp, and carburetted hydrogen or fire-damp.

Carbonic acid gas accumulates in disused workings, and not unfrequently escapes into the roads and workings. As it has a greater specific gravity than any other gas found in a coal-mine, it drops to the floor of the opening in which it happens to accumulate. For this reason, the upper part of a driving or a wicket may have a comparatively pure atmosphere; while the floor and parts immediately above it are occupied by a gas which, if breathed, would be destructive to animal life. When opening old works, or when approaching places partly opened, the collier must be cautious for his life's sake. He is meeting, without the power to resist, an invisible and insidious enemy—a life-threatening

agent, that strikes without warning. If a system of ventilation exist in the mine, there will be a means at hand of driving from its hiding-places a considerable accumulation of the deadly gas, if care be taken to watch the approach of the enemy. If there be no sufficiently comprehensive scheme of ventilation, the choke-damp must be diluted, or in other words the gas must be mixed with the overlying atmospheric air. This is often done, when the accumulation is locally inconsiderable, by the wafting of a miner's jacket backward and forward till the air can be safely breathed.

The other kind of gas just mentioned, is not less dangerous to the workmen. This gas is known as carburetted hydrogen, or fire-damp. As it is lighter than atmospheric air, it rises to the roof of the mine in which it is found, and is there mixed with the mine atmosphere, by occasional disturbances, or by the process of diffusion. Unmixed with other gas, carburetted hydrogen destroys animal life. But when the gas is largely diluted by atmospheric air—say thirty parts by volume of atmospheric air to one part of the gas—the presence of fire-damp is made known to the miner by a pale blue cap with a brownish tinge over the top of the lamp-flame. This gives a warning more and more imperative, until the proportion is only thirteen parts of air to one part of fire-damp, when the mixed gases become explosive. This quality continues until the proportion is one of fire-damp to four or five of atmospheric air, when the explosiveness of the mixture is lost, and the ordinary lights of the mine are extinguished.

The effects of gas explosions in mines are unfortunately too well known in this country to require detailed description. The orderly operations seen on the colliery bank—such as the rise of loaded wagons and descent of empty ones—are suddenly suspended, and a muffled noise underground is heard, not unlike the roar of thunder or the distant boom of ordnance. A flash of fire passes through the roads and into the openings wherever the gas has gathered strength, breaking down walls, ripping up rails, and setting fire to whatever can burn, and then filling the mine with suffocating and poisonous gas. But this is not all. The explosion may take place, and probably will, at a time of active labour, and then one man asks of another, on the surface, how many went down to work last turn. All else must be conjectural. How many victims—the scorched, burned, and slain—lie in the road, must remain unknown until the mine is purified, and search is made for the dead. Those who are unharmed by the fiery flood lie among the wounded and killed like withered leaves in the forest among the foliage blackened by the burning flashes of the storm. The fate of many is insensibility, and death if out of the reach of companions and fellow-workmen bringing relief from the surface. It must be so; for the explosion of carburetted hydrogen gas in a coal-mine, leaves nitrogen and, in a small proportion, carbonic acid gas; and if there be no access for pure air from above, the man who is

uninjured by the flame will die of suffocation, for the after-damp is unfit for respiration.

It would be strange if explosions were not dreaded in coal-mines. And yet the frequent presence of fire-damp in seams of bituminous coal, produces in the minds of men working in many collieries, a neglect of the indications of the safety-lamp, and an indifference to ordinary out-breaks of gas, instead of caution and watchfulness. It is not until the gas issues under pressure from a fall of coal in sufficient volumes to make its presence known by the sound peculiar to the passage of gas through fissures, that the collier seems conscious of danger—when what are termed 'blowers' are heard making noisy demonstrations. At other times, he forgets that quiet discharges into the mine make dangerous atmospheres, and is perhaps ignorant of the important fact, that changes in the barometric pressure of the external air govern the e-scape of gas from the workings underground.

But there are still other causes of fatal accidents. In addition to the dangers arising from the presence of one or both of these gases, another element of danger exists from the presence of coal-dust in the atmosphere of the pit. It is well known that flour-dust has on more than one occasion been the cause of fearful explosion, in those parts of flour-mills in which it accumulates; and in the same way it is found that coal-dust in the air of a pit renders the presence of fire-damp especially dangerous. While six or seven per cent. of fire-damp requires to be mixed with pure air to form an inflammable compound, one per cent. of fire-damp is enough if the air be likewise charged with coal-dust. The use of water in the shape of spray, and the application of water to the roadways of pits, might be the means of checking this danger. In the mine itself, many deaths are occasioned by the fall of the roof or side of the working-places, commonly occasioned by the want of sufficient supports, or 'sprags,' as the props are called. Explosion of gunpowder, irruption of water, collision of tubs and trains, especially on inclines, are also prolific sources of accident. In the shaft also, there is danger, for there may be overwinding of the rising load, breaking of chains and ropes, and falls from the carrier. Nor is the collier altogether free from a liability to injury from accidents on the surface, for machinery may break and boilers may burst.

That many of the accidents which do occur might be prevented by ordinary care and known precautions, admits of no doubt; yet, while present conditions remain, it may be correctly said that the collier holds his life upon a less secure tenure than other men.

Taking official Reports as guides, there must be on an average a thousand fatal accidents a year in the coal-mines of Great Britain; or, in other words, more than three in every working day of the year. A knowledge of this fact, aided to the daily perception of his own danger and the occasional sight of an accident, must have a strong influence upon the mind of the collier. He must either throw off the thought of danger and death as far distant and improbable events, or accept as a fact the more than usual uncertainty of life, and the necessity of preparatory acts, in the event of serious accident or sudden death. The oppressive influence of the latter condition of mind gives to

the man who possesses it a serious, waiting character, but withal hopeful and courageous. The other class of coal-miners, though indifferent to, and even thoughtless of what may happen in the work, are still self-possessed and brave, ready to act in time of danger, when that comes, and to do according to the necessity of the work, under the guidance of authority. Speaking of the North Wales colliers generally, they are quiet and courageous, and among them are many who have an abiding confidence in the constant guidance of Divine Providence.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XLIII.—BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

THE day had arrived on which, as the Southampton newspapers phrased it, Henry Crawley, Esq., confidential clerk to Messrs Mervyn, and Edward Blogg, were to make their second appearance in the police court. There had been a first appearance, of course, of the captured culprits in the same locality on the morning of the evening of the unsuccessful raid on Mervyn's Yard. But this had been, as sometimes happens, a mere formality, like the brief and dreary proceedings on the reassembling of parliament, and before Government and Opposition, and the Free Lances below the gangway, have tasted blood and warmed to their work. A remand had been asked for, and granted, on the usual grounds of time being necessary for the production of fresh evidence; and now the hearing of the case promised to be full of interest, and was regarded as certain to end in a committal.

The court was very full; there had been intriguing and importunity employed for the procuring of seats. The wedged-up public in the body of the building cheerfully endured rib-squeezing and semi-suffocation for the sake of the excitement that was to come. But presently a rumour pervaded the town-hall, a rumour that, as it travelled from lip to lip, gathered strength, and the drift of which was, that the expected excitement was not to come. The principal prisoner, the interesting criminal, was to be let off scot-free. The show was to be shorn of its chief attraction; and the British public, feeling itself defrauded of the spectacle for which it had come together, sulked and moped, like a theatrical audience that has gathered to see a star of the stage, and gets nothing but bland excuses from the management.

Three prisoners were placed at the bar. Crawley, first; then Chelsea Ned, the longshoreman; then old Isaac Bond from the marine store, were thrust into the narrow pen that was the centre of all eyes. The magistrates took their seats; the lawyers bustled in, and people whispered to one another that yonder was Mr Weston the Manager; that the florid, pleasant-looking young man beside him was a nephew of Mr Mervyn the shipbuilder, Arthur Lynn by name; and that the handsome, thoughtful face of their companion was that of

Bertram. Crawley himself had a sanctimonious look, and turned up the whites of his eyes, and turned down the corners of his mouth, in a manner that was possibly intended to express contrition. But if he looked hypocritically penitent, he did not look frightened, being probably reassured by the certainty that nothing very serious was about to happen to him. The longshoreman's foxlike countenance wore a weary, sullen aspect; while the old receiver of stolen goods coughed noisily in his corner, and made irrelevant remarks, which elicited reproof from ushers and policemen in waiting.

The case was called. The public craned forward numerous necks, and lent attentive eyes and ears to what was about to transpire. But the affair took a disappointing turn from the first. The lawyers, for the prisoners and against them, seemed for the time being a band of brethren, so complete was their unity of purpose. 'Your worshipships;' 'On the part of the prosecution;' 'No desire to press the case;' 'Charge withdrawn,' and so forth, came, in muttered tones, to the strained ears of an audience balked of its promised treat. There was some grumbling covertly. A compromise is never popular. There was a sad loss of dramatic effect when, instead of seathing censure and stern denunciation, nothing better was to be heard than smothered arguments between the attorneys and the Bench. The Bench, as represented by three unrobed men of justice, seemed a little ashamed of itself, and a little apprehensive of raps over the knuckles from the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Home Department, if the legal hounds were whipped off from the pursuit of their two-legged fox. But the lawyers for the prosecution ('I beg to submit,' and 'Ventured to affirm,' and the lawyer for the defence 'Made bold to a set,' and the clerk of the court was jocosely positive, as becomes an official who is so often the judicial dry-nurse of our unsalaried dispensers of justice; and Themis consented to tighten the bandage over her eyes, and to lay aside the sword, and hang up the scales, for once in a way.

'The case against Henry Crawley and Isaac Bond is dismissed,' said the chairman, with some reluctance.

'That will do. Mr Crawley need not stay.—Bond, you may go,' chimed in the glib clerk.

The chairman eyed Crawley as he made his meek bow, and his crab-like exit from the pen, very doubtfully. He had read of terse remarks which a judge, in the terrors of his ermine and wig, sometimes is moved to make when a prisoner is unexpectedly acquitted by some perverse verdict of a bemuddled jury, or eludes chastisement by slipping through some loophole of the law. And the magistrate did long to tell Mr Crawley, severely, that he had had a narrow escape, and that he hoped the escape would be a lesson to him, and to read him a moral homily, forcible, cutting, unanswerable. But he did not quite like to do it, having no scarlet and ermine and portentous wig to lend majesty to his reproof, and so the confidential clerk was allowed to steal off without being put in an extra-judicial pillory.

Then Isaac Bond, the marine storekeeper, imparted a comic element to the scene by calling on all 'gents and honest men' to observe that he, the

said Isaac, had been scandalously dragged from the shop where he, pre-eminently an honest man, if not a gent, and a martyr to the rheumatics, gained a blameless if precarious pittance, incarcerated 'in a vile dungeon,' and exhibited in public court, only to be released in consideration of his perfect innocence. Isaac was not too bashful to put in a plea for pecuniary compensation of a substantial sort, for loss of valuable time and defamation of character; and the general public, who knew that the old rascal had been released because it was impossible to forgive the thief and punish the receiver, recovered its corporate good-humour, and roared with laughter, as, after a half-jocular passage-of-arms between the aged dealer in stolen property and the officials of the court, during which the words, 'We know you, Bond; 'You've been before us often, you see,' frequently occurred, the guileless Isaac was hustled out of the town hall.

Then began a bit of real business. The magistrates brightened up as Chel-sea Ned, identified by witnesses expressly brought down from London to swear to the identity of an old acquaintance, was asked what he had to say. The long-horsemán bore that ordeal philosophically. Driven from the primitive plan of simple denial, he really had nothing particular to urge, beyond the fact that he was 'a pore man;' and was accordingly committed for transference to London, there to be charged, arraigned, and in due course sentenced, for his share in the plundering of the clipper ship *Gabber Gabe*.

Before the proceedings against the river pirate were quite concluded, Mr Weston, Arthur Lynn, and Bertram had left the court, the spectators eyeing them, as they did so, almost reproachfully, as persons who had been instrumental in defrauding their fellow-creatures of the pleasurable emotions which result from the righteous castigation of a knave. Even Inspector Birch, though liberally feed for what he had done, and certainly no loser through the clemency that had been extended to the chief offender, had been gloomy and taciturn.

At the door of the town-hall, Mr Crawley himself came sidling up. 'My humble, heartfelt thanks, gentlemen,' he began, 'for your great goodness to'—

'Enough, enough!' replied the Manager gruffly. 'Good-morning—that will do.'

'I am a good accountant, a useful servant,' went on Crawley, cringing, but unabashed. 'If, dear Mr Lynn, you, and noble Mr Mervyn, would'—

'For shame, sir! if you have any shame,' replied Arthur Lynn, manly indignation flaming in his honest eyes. 'Mercy is one thing, Mr Crawley, and you begged it on your knees, you may remember, abjectly enough. But to employ you again'—

'I do not ask for trust, only for salary,' pleaded Crawley—'I am so poor.'

'Your two accomplices,' answered Mr Weston wrathfully, 'have just urged the same plea for thrusting thievish fingers into their neighbours' pockets. Some of our sovereigns, Henry Crawley, if all truths were known, and a good many of them, must be in your hands yet.'

And Crawley crawled away, and for the present was seen no more.

'Bertram, you must come home and take luncheon with us to-day,' said Mr Weston cordially. 'The ladies expect us all, and we can take no denial.'

THE LOO-CHOO ISLANDS.

Nothing is more significant of the world's progress in civilisation than the changes which have recently taken place in Eastern Asia. This is especially the case with regard to Japan, where the barriers of exclusiveness have been broken down, and the country opened up to foreign intercourse. Not only has this been accomplished; but the Japanese reformed government have annexed the Loo-choo Islands, situated between their own isles and China, to both of which nations these islands were tributary. This circumstance has revived some of the interest taken in them more than sixty years ago, when Captain Basil Hall and Dr McLeod published their narratives of a visit to the principal island of the group, which was then but little known to navigators.

It was a fine spring morning of 1816, as Captain Hall describes it, when the men-of-war *Alceste* and *Lyra* lay off the western coast of Great Loo-choo. A rich extent of cultivated land was displayed to view, where a barren prospect only was expected. The vessels were anchored in front of a town, having a sort of line-wall along the water's edge, from which some boats soon put off. Without any symptoms of fear or hesitation, the boatmen came alongside the ships, kindly offering vegetables and fresh water, which were very acceptable. On being questioned by signs as to the proper anchorage, they pointed round the south-west end of the island. The vessels sailed in the direction indicated, carefully sounding and looking out as they advanced along shore, and at night anchored in deep water. Next day, they proceeded farther on their course, and about noon descried a considerable town, with a number of large junks at anchor in a commodious harbour. This was Napakiang, the principal seaport of the Loo-choo Islands, where the ships finally anchored. The astonished natives, who never had seen such large European vessels before, were perched in thousands on the surrounding rocks and heights, gazing with silent wonder on them as they entered the harbour; but not the slightest sign of displeasure or hostility was indicated by the multitude.

Immediately the *Alceste* was anchored, several boats came alongside containing officials, who wished to know what country the navigators belonged to, and the nature of their visit. By the assistance of the Chinese interpreter on board, satisfactory answers were made to these queries; including a statement that the frigate had encountered violent weather at sea, and had sprung a leak, obliging them to put in there to repair damages. Such, however, was not really the case; but to make the story feasible, the well was filled by turning the cock in the hold; and

the chain-pumps being set to work, threw out volumes of water on the main-deck, to the great amazement of the officials, who seemed to sympathise with their misfortunes. This ruse was considered necessary to prevent any serious alarm from the arrival of ships of such unusual appearance and force. Not only did the artifice succeed, but when the visitors returned on shore, they immediately put in requisition a number of carpenters, and people acquainted with the construction of their own vessels, in order to render what assistance they could in stopping the leak. When these men came on board with some rude tools, their services were civilly declined by the senior officer, on the ground that there were plenty of good carpenters on board; adding, that all they wanted was an asylum during the time of repair, with permission to take on board some fresh provisions and water, which they would most cheerfully pay for. An immediate supply was sent of bullocks, pigs, goats, fowls, eggs, and other articles, with abundance of sweet potatoes, fruits, vegetables, and even candles and firewood; those who brought them taking receipts to show they had been delivered; but the chief authorities who sent them, refused any payment whatever, even for repeated supplies during their stay in the island.

Unwilling to give cause for alarm or uneasiness to a people so well disposed, the Commodore gave orders for all to remain quietly on board until visited by some of the high officials. After a few days, a personage of apparently distinguished rank embarked in a barge surrounded by a large concourse of natives, and came on board in a dignified manner, when he was received with all due respect. He was a man about sixty years of age, with a venerable white beard, quite different in physiognomy from the Chinese, who have but scanty beards. His dress was a purple robe, with very loose sleeves, fastened round his waist by a sash of red silk, and white gaiters with sandals on his feet. His cap of dignity was twisted neatly into folds, and covered with a light purple-coloured silk. A numerous suite accompanied him; some were officials of inferior rank, and the others his personal attendants. After partaking of a handsome entertainment on board, he took leave, the Commodore promising to return the visit.

A friendly intercourse soon sprang up between the English naval officers and the Loo-choo chiefs, so that confidence took the place of timidity on the part of the officials. Instead of only a few officers and men from the ships being permitted to visit the shore at specified times, parties were allowed to land and look about the town and country as they chose, but always under the guidance of natives. Moreover, the garden of a temple was fitted up and placed at their disposal, as a sort of general arsenal for the warlike stores. The guns, shot, musketry, bayonets, and swords of the strangers were apparently objects of wonder to them. When, however, the chiefs observed

the effect of fowling-pieces in the hands of some officers in pursuit of game, they begged that the birds might not be killed, because the people were always delighted to see them flying about their houses and gardens; but if they wanted them to eat, an additional quantity of fowls would be sent on board.

While thus impressed with the happy political and social condition of the inhabitants, Captain Hall and Dr McLeod assure us that they were equally charmed with the situation of Great Loo-choo, as enjoying the most genial climate of the globe. Refreshed by the sea-breezes which, from its geographical position, blow over it at every period of the year, it is free from the extremes of heat and cold which oppress many other countries; whilst from the general configuration of the land being more adapted to the production of rivers and streamlets than of bogs or marshes, one source of disease in the warmer latitudes has no existence.

When the narratives of this visit were first published, they were thought to partake more of romance than reality. But as their truth was supported by the evidence of the officers and ships' crews of the two men-of-war, they could not be disputed. At the same time, several gentlemen, practically conversant with the history of China, in which Loo-choo is mentioned as a tributary state, doubted the flattering accounts of the apparently refined civilisation of the government and people. Moreover, although no weapons of war were seen by the English, a Chinese envoy named Chow-hwang, who was sent to report on Loo-choo, in the twenty-first year of the Emperor Kien loong, 1757 A.D., describes their military arms and other implements of war, also the mode of punishment.

Whatever may have been the previous condition of the people and their rulers, subsequent foreign visitors confirmed to a great extent the statements in the narratives of Hall and McLeod. The most important of these was a visit of the merchant ship *Morrison*, during the months of July and August 1837, with Mr S. W. Williams on board, an American missionary well versed in the Chinese language. He found that although the Loo-choo language differed entirely from the Chinese, yet many of the officials were sufficiently conversant with the written characters to be able to maintain communications.

Although the internal government and institutions of the islands are modelled after those of China, it was very evident that Japanese customs and influence obtain the supremacy. The common people around the principal towns and suburbs appeared to have a fair share of the comforts of life; and by their general devotion to agriculture were able to provide themselves with a good supply of necessaries, and to escape from those extremes of wealth and woe so strongly contrasted in China. Few or no beggars were seen; and when looking at a large crowd, the eye detected few diseased or crippled persons. Their stature seldom exceeded five feet, or five feet two inches; their limbs were small, and their whole frames indicated a people little used to hard work. Their general physiognomy, though possessing the

leading features of the Mongol race, differed from the Chinese and Japanese, and appeared more allied to the Coreans, especially in their having ample beards.

When the Americans on board the *Morrison* compared their observations with those of previous visitors to Loo-choo, they were led to infer that the novelty of foreign ships had worn off; and that the policy of the government was to depute officers for their reception, appointed for the business, to supply them with provisions, and induce them to depart as soon as possible. All attempts to remunerate them for supplies were declined; for it would be the same thing as buying and selling, and it was against the laws of the country to trade with foreigners. No doubt, this was a stipulation enforced by their Japanese masters, who held a monopoly of the external commerce.

Foreign vessels, both merchantmen and men-of-war, frequently visited the port of Napakiang after this, for the purpose of watering and taking in supplies of provisions, which proved a heavy tax upon so poor a country. In time, the authorities relinquished the custom of supplying them to traders gratuitously; while the captains of war-ships gave equivalent barter in the shape of presents. As no metallic currency was seen in circulation, visitors were at a loss to know how the people traded among themselves, unless through barter or some kind of paper currency. At length, Spanish and American dollars were exchanged for provisions, when it was ascertained that their value was well known. Among the foreigners who introduced these was a missionary named Bettelheim, a converted German Jew, who landed with his wife and family to form a Christian Mission, under the auspices of an English Association.

The next important visit of foreigners was that of Commodore Perry in 1854, with the United States' squadron, on its famous voyage to Japan. The members of this expedition saw more of Great Loo-choo and its inhabitants than any of those who preceded them. They verified the statements of the British officers as to the picture-like beauty of the shores, which recalled to mind the richest English scenery; but they did not altogether sustain the glowing accounts of the simplicity, friendliness, and contentment of the people, although these appeared to be naturally not unamiable. Either Captain Basil Hall was mistaken, or the national traits had changed since the time of his visit. 'He represents them,' says the Commodore, 'as without arms, ignorant even of money, docile, tractable, and honest, scrupulously obedient to their ruler; and their laws, and, in fact, as loving one another too well, willfully to harm or wrong each other. Many of the officers of the squadron went to the island, expecting to find these beautiful traits of character; but, gradually and painfully undeceived in many particulars, they were constrained to acknowledge that human nature in Loo-choo is very much the same as it is elsewhere. The system of government, of which secret espionage forms a distinguishing feature, must beget in the inferior classes cunning and falsehood; and these our officers certainly found. The Loo-chooans pretend ignorance of offensive weapons, and of such no open display is made by the people; but Dr Bettelheim says that he has seen firearms in their possession, though they seek to conceal

them from strangers, and they are doubtless by nature a pacific people. As to money, they know the value of gold and silver very well, and they traffic for the Chinese *cash*, of which from twelve to fourteen hundred are equivalent to the Spanish dollar. They are an eminently shrewd people, and proved themselves to be somewhat "smart" in the matter of exchange, when the disbursing officers of the squadron came to settle with them the value of the coins. They have, on the whole, many excellent natural traits; and their worst vices are probably the result, in a great measure, of the wretched system of government under which they live.'

As an industrial people, they have a limited external trade in merchandise for home consumption. Sugar forms the chief export; and grass-cloth is the common stuff for garments, though cotton fabrics are abundant, the materials being grown in the islands. Among the imports, tea and silk are the staple articles, but some of inferior kinds are of home produce. Two kinds of millet, sweet-potatoes, and rice, are the usual crops; besides which, the country affords all the common garden vegetables, melons, and many sorts of fruit. Seaweed is collected for manure, and agriculture is conducted on the same principles as in China, by hand-labour and irrigation. The fields are very small, separated from each other by foot-paths, and the seed is planted in rows. Indeed, the Lilliputian minuteness with which the country is subdivided is singular. Great Loo-choo contains about nine hundred square miles, being sixty long and fifteen broad, and contains thirty-five departments, with upwards of three hundred and fifty smaller districts; which makes the average size of a district about two and a half square miles. The estimated area of the whole group is about five thousand square miles; Mount Onnodake, rising ten hundred and eighty-eight feet, being the highest peak in the ranges that run through them, trending in a north-east direction. Various estimates have been made from time to time regarding the population, but the highest does not exceed one hundred thousand. When we consider that this number represents the inhabitants of but a small district among the multitudinous millions of China, or the lesser population of Japan, the insignificance of this Oriental kingdom will be apparent.

Loo-choo was annexed by the Japanese in April 1873, when a squadron of the newly formed Japanese navy was despatched from Yedo Bay, with a military detachment on board, and several high officials, commissioned by the Mikado's government to take possession of the isles, and annex them as a dependency of Japan. When the expedition arrived at Napakiang, and the members of the mission, with their military escort, proceeded to the royal residence at Shuey, and proclaimed the purport of their visit, the king and his functionaries were seized with consternation. Although an event of the kind had for some time threatened the destinies of their little island-state, yet they had all along been sanguine that it might be averted by diplomacy. Accordingly, a petition was drawn up, and forwarded by an Envoy and suite to the Japanese government, in which the petitioners pleaded their long service to the kingdoms of China and Japan conjointly as a reason why they should not now be constrained to serve

one of them only. 'It is not our wish,' said the petitioner, 'that we should serve two masters, but a sense of necessity compels us to do so. Our people are accustomed to say that as Great Japan is our father, and Great China our mother, we should reverently obey them both. Now, what the Japanese government commands is this, that we should serve only our father, and should forsake our mother. This causes us the deepest sorrow. When we were leaving the harbour of Napa, our king Shotai commanded us, saying that if we failed in our mission we would hope for no forgiveness from him, and must forfeit our lives. We are placed in such a strait that we can neither comply with the wishes of the Japanese government nor return home. There is but one road for us to travel, and that leads to death. When the bird is about to die, it sings a sorrowful note, and the stricken deer utters a plaintive sound. The sorrows of death are very near to us, and our prayer is but a mournful lamentation.'

Notwithstanding this pathetic appeal, and the consequences of offending the Peking government, the administration at Tokio resolved on deposing the king, and declaring Loo-choo no longer tributary to China; which resolution was at once carried into effect by the expeditionary force, without any resistance from the inhabitants of the islands. At the same time, no harsh measures were used towards them or the authorities; while the king was politely removed from his palace to one of the ships, and then conveyed to the capital of Japan, where he was invested with the rank of a Japanese Prince with a suitable income. His place at Shuey was filled by a governor, who has jurisdiction over all the islands, maintaining his dignity and power by a permanent military and naval force stationed in Great Loo-choo. After an examination into the effects institutions of the country, most of them were superseded by the reformed systems introduced into Japan after the European model. Among these was the new foreign calendar, which replaced the ancient Chinese system of calculating time.

After this, the whole of the islands scattered over the sea between the twentieth and thirtieth degrees of latitude were formally annexed. They number more than three hundred, and are divided into three groups, called Tshung-shan, Shan-nan, and Shan-pei, and these again into provinces, districts, and parishes. The governor and his establishment have their abode at Ewang, the former residence of the king at Shuey in the Tshung-shan group.

These changes were so well prepared and so expeditiously carried out, that they were known to the people in China and Japan only after they had been actually made. When the news reached Peking, great surprise, dejection, and dissatisfaction were shown among the supporters of the government. A few days earlier, a new Japanese ambassador had presented his credentials without taking advantage of the occasion to say anything about Loo-choo. The Chinese ambassador at Tokio questioned the Japanese government concerning the annexation; when the chief minister replied, that they were ready to prove at any time their right to the Loo-choo Islands, and that now having possession of them, they were determined not to give them up.

Japan is certain to retain possession until China

is able to drive her from the islands by force of arms, which at present she has neither the ships nor the means to accomplish. What may be the future of Loo-choo and its inhabitants, is matter of conjecture; but it is to be hoped the halcyon days of the Lilliputian kingdom and its people are not yet quite ended.

THE TREASURE AT GRAN QUIVIRA.

CHAPTER II.

SEVERAL days, a whole week, went by, and Gerald Elkley, although improving steadily, was still unable to bear his full weight upon the injured foot, and so limped slowly with the aid of a stick—'hobbled around,' José said. He had found the Mexican not only a skilful attendant, as had been predicted, but a very kind and attentive one; while José was quite won over by the young man's invariable courtesy and consideration when speaking to him. The Mexicans were unfairly dealt with, and harshly used, all through the Territory, faring as well, perhaps, in such remote and scanty settlements as Blue Creek, as anywhere; for at that place were no saloons, no quarrelling rowdies, no political disputes; and the Mexicans were there of great use. Nevertheless, Señorita Annie Tate was the only person who had ever been consistently kind to José, until Gerald came; and his manner had so delighted the Mexican, that he would doubtless have risked his life for him readily—for men did that with very slight incentive in New Mexico.

José was sometimes very confidential in his conversations, especially when speaking of the dwellers at Blue Creek; and at the close of one beautiful day, when he had taken Gerald's arm, and assisted him to a certain ledge, which, as it commanded a splendid panorama along the Creek, was a favourite spot with the young man, the Mexican began: 'Señor Elkley, don't you show them rolls of greenbacks that I saw to-day, to nobody here.'

'Well, I will not,' returned Gerald, 'if you advise me not to do so. But why do you say this now?'

'Because now is the right time,' said José, 'before you have done it. After that, it is too late.'

'He is right there,' muttered Gerald.

'Señor Sy Tate he very bad man,' continued José. 'You remember how he ask you if Scotch Andy know you had come on to Blue Creek? Well, if no one but the citizens had known of it, I think he kill you somehow that night—you have such a beautiful rifle.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed the other; 'he would not surely murder me for the sake of a gun?'

'Señor Sy Tate has killed men for less than that. You sabe, he white Indian once,' José dropped his voice here, and looked warily round. 'He no dare live near Denver and around there. I hear this from old Pablo, the half-breed Apachó who come here. But Señor Sy much afraid of Señorita Annie, and she will take care no harm come. So will José. Ugh! I not afraid of Señor Sy Tate! Old Juanna the witch tell me one of us kill the other some day, and I often think it will be me kill him; I have much good

mind to.—But Señor Elkley, for all that, you no let him see all your dollars. You say you send to Santa Fé for more money soon. Señor Sy Tate he go mad to get all them greenbacks, and accident soon happen.

Gerald thanked the friendly Mexican; and resolved to take his counsel, so long as he was compelled to remain at the Creek.

'But what an awful set to be thrown amongst!' he thought, as he returned to the house. 'The girl and this Mexican are, to a certainty, truthful and honest; but never in my life did I see such a scoundrelly gathering as are the remainder. I hope I shall be able to travel so as to meet the others at the rendezvous.'

On entering the house, he found that supper—as the six o'clock meal was called—was ready; that his special seat was duly placed for him, rendered soft, and even luxuriant, by buffalo robes and bearskins. Sy Tate was at the low stable-door, whence he had given a sullen nod of recognition, as he saw Elkley enter; while Annie was standing by the table within.

'I saw that you moved around first-rate, Mr Elkley,' she began; 'your foot seems better day by day.'

'Thanks to you and to José, it is. But I must give some credit to the healthful mountain air, I expect. This is indeed a lovely spot.'

'Yes; so strangers tell us,' returned the maiden; 'and they show how much they admire it by hurrying away at the first opportunity. You also seem anxious to do the same.'

'I have reason for wishing to leave soon,' replied Elkley; 'but I shall never forget Blue Creek, or the kindness I have met here. If I am spared, Miss Annie, I will infallibly come and see you again.'

The girl's colour rose a little at even this matter-of-course speech; for she was but little used to the conversation of handsome young men from down East.

'I should be ungrateful indeed, if I did not do so much,' continued Gerald; 'and you must give me a list of all the choice articles, especially books and engravings, that I shall bring up from Santa Fé.'

'Air you going Santy Fee way, then?' inquired Sy Tate, who just then entered the room.

'Yes; I have to meet some friends there shortly,' returned Elkley. 'They will let me know when they arrive at Kansas City; they intend to hunt across the plains from thence to Santa Fé.'

'Then I expect it's for you that a team has stopped below,' said Tate. 'I saw a man come this way with a packet; and here he is.'

As he finished, a man clad from head to foot in buckskin, with revolver on one hip, and a sheath-knife on the other, after the manner of New Mexicans, presented himself at the door, and stepped within, with the free-and-easy manner of his countrymen. 'Say!' he began; 'I guess this is Sy Tate's; and from what I have heard tell, you are Sy Tate.—And you, stranger, are Squire Elkley.'

'That is my name, certainly,' returned the young man.

'Then I have brought on this parcel for you from the mail-station,' continued the teamster. 'It was to have been given to Andy Macgregor;

but he had just taken a contract for freight to Denver, so he gave it to me.'

'Many thanks,' said Elkley, taking the offered packet. 'Will you tell me how much the charge is?—'

'It is paid for,' interrupted the teamster. 'Andy took a satchel up to the Ratons for my missis, so that's balanced.'

'But I should like to pay you for your trouble'—began Elkley; when the teamster cut him short: 'Keep your money, Squire, for them that wants it. I'm an American citizen and a Western man, that don't need no favours of you nor nobody. No offence, Squire. When I do work for you, you shall pay me for it; but this item I did for Scotch Andy, who has paid me. I ain't going to take your dollars, as if I was a loafer who wanted alms. No, sir-ree.—Good-evening;' and with that the independent teamster disappeared.

'It is as I expected,' said Gerald, addressing Annie, after glancing through his letters. 'My friends are now on their road to Santa Fé; and I must contrive to leave here in a day or two. I cannot walk through the cañon—that is evident. Do you think you could spare José and the wagon to take me as far as Three Waters City? I could buy a horse on reaching there.'

'Do you reckon on riding alone from Three Water to Santy Fee?' asked Tate, speaking in answer to the question, which had been directed to the girl.

'Yes,' replied Gerald. 'I have a good map, and find the stations lie pretty close to each other.'

'You will be robbed and murdered before you have travelled half your journey,' continued Tate. 'I know the road, and know the people who are on it. You must ride by the mail, if you want to ride with a sound skin. Maybe you won't be over-safe, even then.'

'I am sorry to hear you say so,' returned Gerald, 'as I had not believed that part of the road to be dangerous. We expected to find a look-out necessary after leaving Santa Fé. But we shall be a strong party.'

'Where air you going after you quit Santy Fee?' asked Sy. 'Do you mean to strike for Arizona, or Old Mexico, or air you going through the Indian Territory?'

'None of these,' said Elkley. 'We are going to explore Gran Quivira; we have valuable information'—

The sudden start of his three companions—for José sat at the table with them—startled him in turn, and he looked from one to the other in perplexity.

'Gran Quivira!' exclaimed Tate, in tones even harsher than usual; 'and what should you do at Gran Quivira?'

'What others have done, I suppose,' replied Gerald, who had recovered himself: 'scout for the buried treasure; but with a different result. We shall find it.'

'You air like most of the others have been,' said Tate, with a sneer he did not attempt to conceal; 'very certain you know all about it before you go; and like them, you will crawl home disappointed; if you don't lay your bones there, as many better men than you have done.'

'Mr Elkley!' exclaimed Annie, 'you surely do not propose to seek for the buried treasure at Gran Quivira? Do you not know that many parties

have set out to find them? None of them have had the least success; and many have been entirely cut off by Indian or Mexican skirmishers. I trust you will not go.'

'Gran Quivira's very dangerous place—there's no two ways about that,' said José. 'I have been there, and know every foot of ruin. Everywhere prospectors have dug, but never find gold; and no one know where to dig now. You might dig in one place just same as another.'

'José is right, so far as he goes,' resumed Tate. 'But there is another thing. The people in this Territory don't like strangers from the East rampaging and cavorting around to get their gold and silver fixins, and they are likely to show what they think.'

'That is so,' added José. 'There are others to be afraid of, Señor Elkley, beside Injuns and Mexicans. Don't you go, Señor.'

'At anyrate,' returned Gerald with a laugh, 'the treasures are as much mine, as they are the property of any citizen now living in New Mexico. I am much obliged for your warnings; but there will be nine good rifles in our party, besides the help we may hire; and I fancy that ten times our number of Indians would have had but a poor chance of storming our camp. Again; we shall arrange for fresh supplies of water, which has hitherto been the weak point of all prospecting parties. And then we have some special knowledge, which I think no other prospectors have possessed.'

'Indeed, Squire! And mought I ask what that is?' interposed Tate, who was evidently listening with the keenest interest.

'Certainly!' returned Elkley, as cheerfully as before; but glancing around, he saw the eyes of Annie and José bent upon him with no less interest than were Tate's—an interest which seemed almost breathless. A little surprised, and a little amused also, at this, he went on: 'We were in Texas a few months back; and while there, we rendered a slight service to an old fellow—a hundred years old, I should say he must have been, to judge from his looks—an Indian, or half-breed I should fancy. The service was slight enough on our part; but we happened to save the life of his only surviving great-grandchild, or something of the kind; and he took quite a liking to us in consequence. To make a short story of it, we told him we should travel in New Mexico, and had thought of going to Gran Quivira. He seemed a little disturbed on hearing this, as you, Mr Tate, also appear to be; but on the last night of our stay in his village, he told us a secret about the place.'

'And what was that?' interrupted Tate, who was listening with unabated interest.

'It was, that there was a smaller chapel, an outlying spot, attached to Gran Quivira, but lying a few miles off—that for fear of the troubles which actually came, the ornaments and plate had been removed there, and there buried. He gave us the landmarks necessary to identify the place.'

'Ay, and what may those landmarks be?' demanded Tate, in such ill-disguised calmness, that Gerald was again somewhat startled.

'I have not the chart with me,' he said, 'so doubt if I could tell you where the real position is; but

I must add in candour, Mr Tate, that I do not think I should feel at liberty to inform you, even if I had it.'

'If you had it!' echoed Tate. 'I calculate there's no doubt about that.'

'There is none, Mr Tate,' returned Gerald, with something of sternness in his own voice. 'I have it not, and have told you so.'

The conversation was kept up for some time, the subject apparently having the greatest attraction for both Tate and José.

As many of our readers have heard, doubtless, of Gran Quivira and its buried treasures, it will suffice to say briefly that at this place, which is situated in Socorro County, New Mexico, lying about ninety miles from Santa Fé, or one hundred and twenty from the border of Old Mexico, there was once a rich church and monastery. When the Spaniards left Mexico, the people rose in most districts, and slaughtered or drove out the monks, as fellow-countrymen with those from whom they had suffered so much. (New Mexico—Nueva Mejico—was a part of Mexico in those days, the reader will remember.) At Gran Quivira, the monks were not unpopular, as they had been kind to the people around them; and as they were charitable and skilful as doctors, the populace spared them; but, assembling in vast numbers, contented themselves with utterly destroying the buildings, allowing the brethren to escape to the city of Mexico. The monks left accordingly, as no better might be done; but as they were not permitted to take anything with them, they buried within the church the massive plate, of which they had an immense quantity, then repaired to Mexico, and there deposited a record, to be used in better times, which explained that they had concealed ten thousand pounds in weight, of gold and silver plate and ornaments.

The church was utterly destroyed and razed; the better times never came to allow the return of the monks; and in the lapse of time, the springs or streams which fertilised Gran Quivira found other channels, so that the district became arid, and unfit for the support of human beings, or even cattle. This feature had had great influence in checking the search for these treasures, the existence of which was as absolutely believed in as in the existence of Mexico itself.

Gerald was a resolute believer in this concealed wealth; and Tate, although he ridiculed and sneered at almost every proof the young man offered, was yet too acutely interested to hide his real feelings on the matter, sullen and guarded as he was on ordinary occasions. It was plain he believed in it also; and Gerald suspected him of a desire to pick a quarrel on the subject, so heated and insulting did he grow. Elkley, although a young man, was yet too old a campaigner to play his opponent's game when exposed in so glaring a manner, so became more guarded as Tate waxed loud or sarcastic. Whether he at last saw this, or of his own accord altered his tone, Gerald could not decide; but after a while, Tate half muttered some contemptuous rejoinder, and left the room abruptly, calling José to accompany him to the stable.

Directly he had gone, Annie, who had latterly

been silent, now spoke. 'Mr Elkley,' said the girl with great impressiveness, 'I think it will indeed be well for you to leave as soon as possible. I will arrange for José to drive you down the Creek to-morrow, and shall be glad to know you are at Three Waters City, and quite away from here.'

'It would be a hollow pretence, indeed, if I feigned to understand that I have in some way caused you—and Mr Tate also—great uneasiness by speaking of my plans to-night,' returned Gerald. 'You must surely see that I cannot guess why this is so, and should be glad to ask'—

'Do not ask,' interposed the girl decisively. 'I suppose that all over the world, in every home, there are some things which are better not inquired into; and this may be one of them. So long as you do not think me unkind in thus hurrying you away'—

'Think you unkind!' exclaimed Gerald. 'The only unkindness you could be guilty of would be to suspect me of such a feeling. Even if I could forget that you probably saved my life'—

'Oh, do not refer to that!' interrupted Annie, almost pettishly. 'I should have done such a trifling act as that for any one else, even'— Her heightened colour and her vexed tone made it difficult for Elkley to pursue the conversation. While he was thinking how to frame his words, the voices of José and Tate were heard without. 'Señor Elkley,' whispered the girl hurriedly—she, as did most of those around her, occasionally fell into the Spanish mode of address—'tell José you wish him to be with you early in the morning and that he had better not go to his shanty to-night.' The door here creaked on its hinges, and she ceased; but her back being towards those who entered, she laid her finger on her lip, with a warning glance to Elkley.

Tate appeared to have lost his ill-humour, and was now unusually cheerful, even facetious, after his manner; but the conversation of the evening, and above all the warning words of his fair hostess, had determined the guest to render his stay there as short as possible, and had caused him, indeed, to feel somewhat nervous and uneasy.

At once, then, he conveyed to the Mexican his wish that he should be with him early in the morning, as he intended to leave the Creek next day, and would like to get everything ready betimes. As he said this, Tate turned quickly upon him; and although he spoke not, the expression on his features told how instantly his suspicious mind had taken the alarm.

'Bueno, Señor,' assented José. 'I will sleep outside your room, as I did before, so I can call you at any time.'

'You propose leaving the Creek to-morrow, then?' said Tate; 'and how do you intend to travel?'

'Miss Annie has been good enough to promise me the wagon,' replied Elkley. 'José will drive me down.'

'Oh! I see you have settled it all among yourselves,' retorted Tate bitterly. 'A man ain't of no consequence in his own house. I have nothing to do with it, of course.'

'Nothing at all, Sy Tate,' said Annie, who had never addressed him in Gerald's hearing as 'grandfather' or by any family appellation. 'It is my

business, and I have settled it.' As she spoke thus, she drew herself up, and looked straight at the old man, with an air too defiant to be mistaken.

Sy could never return this glance, which Gerald had seen ere now; so grumbling moodily, he turned away. 'There's no need for José to sleep on the premises, anyhow,' he continued, after a pause. 'We don't want no more strangers than we've got; there's been one too many here for some time.'

'That is settled also,' returned the girl. 'I have laid the buffalo robes for José's bed outside Mr Elkley's room.'

It was only a momentary glance with which Tate ventured in reply to this, but it was the most vindictive the young man had ever encountered.

Something connected with this bitter look had so preyed on his mind, that he was not surprised to hear José whisper, as he bade the Mexican 'good-night' at his room door: 'Señor Elkley, it's a dog-garned good thing you thought of telling me sleep here *esta noche* [to-night]. Sy Tate he in pretty ugly temper just now; but he is much afraid of Señorita Annie; and he shall be more afraid of me before I finish with him. *Buenos noches* [good-night], Señor.'

PAPER-MAKING MATERIALS.

THAT 'the consumption of paper is the measure of a people's culture,' is now an admitted truism; it is therefore cause for much congratulation that the manufacture and consumption of this indispensable article are considerably increasing in this country. Statistics prove that the average quantity used per head of population in Great Britain is greater than in any other country; and it has always been so. The natural result of this is that the supply of raw material necessary to manufacture the increasing quantity of paper has become almost inadequate for present demand, and we cannot much longer rely on our old resources only. Indeed, the ancient staple material 'rags,' although still theoretically supposed to be the correct thing, actually enters very little, when at all, into the composition of modern paper; for the very simple reason that it would be impossible to obtain sufficient rags now to give the public the quantity of paper required—to say nothing of price. Rags have thus been, perforce, greatly superseded by raw fibres and waste materials; yet these huge supplementary supplies must soon fail to maintain consumption at necessary reasonable rates and quantity; for probably paper was never so cheap, or such good value, as at the present time. It is refreshing to know that the pressing requirements of the paper-trade are now almost universally recognised as of public importance, and numerous 'new' fibres, &c., are constantly being suggested from all sources. Considering, however, how often we read of 'new' materials introduced as suitable for the manufacture of paper, the fact remains that comparatively few articles are actually offered, or procurable in the market yet. For the manufacture of good white paper, the only raw fibres available by English paper-makers may be said to be esparto grass, straw, and wood; to these materials must be added rags, of course, and also the waste

products from the treatment of flax, jute, cotton, and other similar industries.

The object of these few remarks is to give some practical information on the subject of paper-making, sufficient to elucidate the qualifications necessary in a suitable raw material, and thus probably save much valuable time and misdirected energy, that might be wasted through ignorance of the treatment which all raw fibres must undergo in the process of paper-making. Before we come to the actual mechanical or chemical manipulation, it must be carefully considered whether the production of any proposed raw material can be made a commercial success agriculturally—a primary necessity. It must be noted that all raw fibres contain a large proportion of natural moisture, and the yield of pure fibre, or cellulose—the only substance useful and required for paper-making—is calculated on the dry weight of material. The yield of paper from known raw fibres varies from ten to sixty per cent. of the dry material—a very wide margin, to speculate on in the superficial choice of a 'new' fibre or plant suitable for making paper. The question of production is thus, first, seriously affected by the yield of dry material per acre; then by the cost of cultivation and collection; and again, by the packing and trans-shipment charges in and from, probably, a distant foreign country. These, on bulky materials such as raw fibres, are no insignificant items.

As a matter of fact, paper can be, and has been made from almost every likely and unlikely raw material and waste product in the civilised and uncivilised world. Of course, the quality of paper produced has varied; good, bad, or indifferent, according to the suitability of the article under treatment; also the first cost, waste, and expense of treatment have varied in like manner, if not in similar proportions. Assuming that from the producer's, or agricultural, point of view any supposed fibre can be delivered in this country so as to compete successfully with present supplies merely in regard to actual weight and price—then irrespective of any mere advantage of quantity, there is the all-important consideration of quality involved in the matter. It is imperative that the resulting absolute yield of pure fibre, or cellulose, should be worth the cost of its necessary future mechanical and chemical treatment. Most, if not all raw fibres or plants contain a variable proportion of gluten, silica, and colouring matter—that is, every raw fibre contains one or more of such imperfections. These ingredients in the raw material are not only useless but injurious to the paper-manufacturer, and, moreover, are only dissolved and separated at great expense. It is under this particular test that practical failure is the result of most of the before-named suggested 'new' fibrous materials, after valuation by some so-called 'experiment' conducted on theory alone; and, as already stated, the quantity of extraneous or useless matter varies from forty to ninety per cent. in known specimens of raw fibre.

The first process adopted in the manufacture of good white paper is the sorting of material; and it is desirable, therefore—to save expense, or in other words increase value—that the supply should be uniform in quality. The next process is to thoroughly clean, or dust, the fibres; and this may

not only be expensive, but almost impossible in some cases, when material has been known to be so sandy, muddy, or gritty as to defy all cleansing to fit it for clean, white paper. If the raw article is worth sorting and cleaning, it must then be submitted to a more or less severe and lengthened boiling in caustic soda or other suitable chemicals, to dissolve and loosen the silica and gluten, and thus also free and discharge all excess of colouring matter. It must then be thoroughly washed, and freed from all remaining impurities and from the soda or other chemicals. The next point is that it shall not require too severe bleaching—that is, that the strength, quality, and yield of fibre shall not be destroyed or injured in attaining the necessary white colour. It is a well-known fact that the chemical effect of bleaching, by chloride of lime or other means, is far more destructive than any boiling process. It is also found that some fibres actually become rotted before they can be bleached perfectly white by present known means. Jute may be given as an instance where excessive bleaching alone is effective in producing good colour.

Granted that the resulting quality and yield of paper are worth the cost, labour, and chemicals expended on it, it is yet absolutely desirable that sufficiently abundant quantity, of uniform quality, may be forthcoming on demand, and at reasonable price, in order to compete successfully with present supplies. For instance, the quantity of esparto grass alone now consumed by paper-makers in this country is more than two hundred thousand tons annually; and there are millions of acres still under cultivation to maintain supplies.

The conversion of bagasse into paper stock at home is said to be attracting considerable attention in Louisiana. The fibre produced from it by a new process, when tested in the north and west, was declared to be extremely promising. The bleaching process appears at present to be the chief difficulty; but this, it is thought, can easily be overcome, and the fibre brought to the necessary degree of whiteness. By converting the bagasse into fibre at the plantations, three-fourths of the transportation charges will be saved. We are told Louisiana produces two hundred thousand hogsheds of sugar a year; and the cane for each hogshed will yield one ton of paper fibre.

It is reported that from the palmetto of Florida and other Southern States has been manufactured a parchment said to be as strong and pliable as that made from skins, while possessing the merit of being smoother. The parchment can be washed, rubbed, and handled just like cloth; and the writing, we are assured, will not be effaced. It may be added, that as much as sixty per cent. of the weight of the palmetto can be utilised for that purpose.

Thus, it will be seen that, however necessary it is for suitable paper-making material to be soon largely augmented in supply, yet the requirements of the manufacture and market necessitate special qualifications, to be found in few plants or countries, so far as our present experience or knowledge goes. The constant fluctuations in the market prices of our present huge supplies of raw material, consequent on the variation of supply and demand, occasionally place their value too

high for profitable consumption. He will undoubtedly be a public benefactor who can lead the way to new materials, or processes, whereby paper may be cheapened and more abundantly used.

MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

TROUBLE THE THIRD.

BESIDES the German pastor, there are with me in the carriage, his wife and a German spinster; and we three become very friendly over the recital of my calamities. Many are the tales of fraudulent officials, of bribery and chicanery, which pass from mouth to mouth. The time passes so quickly and pleasantly, that I am surprised when we slacken speed, and my fellow-passengers collect their belongings. The pastor and his wife do not proceed to Dorpat; but the spinster, as she informs me, is going there to visit friends; so we unprotected females determine to keep together. We take a considerable time to gather up our scattered effects; for the spinster has handboxes, several baskets and bundles, which I hand to her out of the carriage. I wonder how she managed before she met me, for we are both laden breast-high as we enter the station-house. Here we are seen by the pastor, who is drinking tea at the refreshment counter. He leaves his cup, and comes hastily towards us. 'Ladies, I would advise you to hasten, or you will lose your chance of seats in the omnibus which runs between the station and the boat. If you do not succeed in catching it, I fear you cannot get on to Dorpat to-day; the boat waits for no one.'

The spinster at once drops several parcels, and loses the immediate possession of her mental faculties. 'Where!—Which!—What?' she gasps.

The pastor has picked up the scattered parcels, and strides to the door. 'This way!' he says. 'You may catch it yet. They have carried your luggage through; it will be outside.'

There stand our boxes, and also the omnibus, but crammed full of sweltering mortals; some standing with stooping heads, some sitting, huddled together, but all triumphant.

'I must go with this bus!' screams the spinster frantically, and rushing to the step.

The conductor waves her off. 'Cannot—too late—no room!' he cries. The driver cracks his whip, and the omnibus moves away in a cloud of choking white dust. The spinster looks wildly after it, and runs a few steps; then a bundle falls, and she is herself again, and relinquishes the pursuit. I stand looking on stonily, with a feeling almost of indifference. I am beginning to be hardened to misfortune and injured to waiting. My cheeks burn a little, but it is the heat of the sun.

The pastor speaks cheerily. 'Well, it is a pity you have lost it; but you must just make the best of it. You will get on to Dorpat on Monday. It only means a couple of nights at an hotel.'

'All Sunday! To spend all Sunday in a place like Plescow!' exclaims the spinster. 'And the expense too! Oh, to live in such a country!' She says a great deal more; and I agree to everything, but think of my ten roubles with considerable misgiving. The pastor, meanwhile, is looking about for a droschke for us, and is grumbling at the bad management which provides such scanty

means of locomotion to travellers. There is, at present, not one to be obtained, and the railway station is more than a mile from the town. Other passengers come from their tea-drinking and look anxiously down the long straight road; but they are inhabitants of Plescow, and seem to know what to expect. They saunter back into the waiting-room, or pile up their effects outside the station, to be in readiness.

'I should recommend you to have a cup of tea or coffee,' remarks the pastor. 'You have no hurry; and must just wait until some of those lazy dogs turn up with their droschkes. They will come in shoals when they see the omnibus enter the town.'

So we take his advice, and take our time over it, till we hear the sound of wheels on the gravel outside. The spinster of course becomes frantic again, for fear we may lose this chance also, and rushes to the door, followed, more sedately, by the pastor and myself.

'Do not excite yourself, my dear lady,' he says; 'there will be plenty of them, no fear.'

And sure enough, there they come in long file, driving furiously to outstrip each other, as they gesticulate and shout to their little rough, hardy horses. They are principally Jews, so haggling prevails for some minutes. Our share of it is kindly undertaken by the pastor; and at last we are mounted on two high-wheeled shaky vehicles, the spinster in the front, smothered in her *Handy-pack* (hand-luggage), to which she clings feverishly; and I—well, how that enterprising Jew driver managed to get to Plescow with my big box on his narrow perch beside him, will remain a mystery to me through life. I only know that extreme agitation prevents me from feeling that the skin is being slowly grated off my shins by the edge of my small box, which is wedged against them, and that we do eventually draw up before the door of the principal hotel, and that it—the big box—did *not* fall with a crash to the ground and burst, scattering my wardrobe to the four winds.

The hotel, kept by one Meyer, is over a baker's shop. We are shown into a large bare room, with yellow painted floor, and two high, shadowless windows looking on to the street. A narrow strip of the room is partitioned off by a screen, behind which are two very small musty-looking beds, two slop-basins and milk-jugs, which I afterwards discover to be intended for ablutionary purposes, and two chairs. An atmosphere of stale tobacco-smoke prevails, and the general effect is depressing. The spinster thinks otherwise; she observes on the size and airiness of the room, becomes quite chirpy and cheery over her toilet, and washes her face energetically in one of the slop-basins, which teaches me its use. After a time, I grow restless, and propose a walk about the town.

'Oh, my dear *Mädchen*,' she replies, 'who would think of walking in Plescow! There is nothing to see here.'

'But,' I entreat, 'I would like to go; it is all new to me.'

But she is not to be persuaded; so I go alone. She is right. Plescow possesses few beauties; yet the novelty of everything pleases me. I wander down the principal street, and stare up at the white-washed square houses, and into the small, scantily furnished shop-windows, where I see

nothing worth looking at. But a Russian priest who passes me, with his long waving hair, ample silk gown, and high cap, excites my interest. I stop in front of a Russian church, with light green roof and white walls, and wonder who was the architect. The massive, clumsy tower leans all to one side. The door is open, and I peep in. A gentleman, who is standing by, invites me by a sign to enter, and I do so. Here, at least, is attraction. I can scarcely see at first for the blaze of tinsel and colour; and long I gaze at the weird, brown faces of saints, which look out at me from their dazzling gilt haloes and gorgeous draperies. In front of me are golden folding-doors, closely shut; and a trellis through which I catch glimpses of greater splendour. Above me is a pale blue dome, studded with large gilt stars. It is all so strange and fantastic, that it is only when the woman who has been dusting the church touches my arm and says something, pointing to the door, that I awake to the fact that it is getting late, and she wants to lock up. So I go back to the hotel, still awed by what I have seen, and burst upon the spinster with many questions and exclamations.

Then we have supper, which is not bad. The bread is excellent, and made up into fanciful shapes, which please my youthful imagination. But my enjoyment is marred by the dense vapours of the apartment. Matters have not improved during my absence; tobacco has been coming up through the floor in clouds, and is still doing so. And oh, my readers, have you any knowledge of the properties of 'Karria Yaak'? Have you ever received one whiff of it into your nostrils? If you have not, you cannot sympathise, nor can I describe. It is a thing to be smelt, not described. There is, moreover, a scraping of fiddles, a shuffling of feet, and a confused din below, which grows and increases as the hours wear on. The waiter invites 'Fraulein'—meaning me—with a smile to join the ball, which he informs us is going on downstairs in the salon. The spinster throws up her hands; but she need be under no apprehension. 'Fraulein' feels no disposition to join the rabble rout, who would seem to dance with noxious tobacco-pipes in their mouths. At what appears to me an unreasonably early hour, the spinster proposes retiring to rest; and as she complains of fatigue and a desire to sleep, I have no alternative but to lay my unwilling head upon my dirty pillow, after first spreading a clean handkerchief over its sullied purity. Our candles are snuffed out; but, alas, 'jocund day' does not 'stand tip-toe on the misty mountain-top.' I wish she did! In vain I toss and turn, making the wooden bedstead creak and groan dimly. The spinster snores—happy spinster! The fiddles squeak; the tobacco-smoke rises around me; the din increases. I feel deeply melancholy. I cannot describe the miseries of that night and that bed. Before I have fallen asleep, I am glad to desert it—for, to my horror, I find it is being invaded! Putting on my clothes, I resolve to sit up—much to the annoyance of the spinster, who has not apparently the objections to a populated bed that I have. To have her night's rest disturbed in this way is hard. She is sure there is no vermin; it is all my own imagination. A strange thing that she is unmolested. She hopes I do not intend burning a light all night?

'No,' I sorrowfully reply; 'I will sit in the dark, and be quite still.'

I draw a chair to the table, blow out the candle, spread out my arms before me, and rest my aching head upon them. The leaden minutes creep on, and I listen in semi-stupefaction to the din below; then, I believe, from sheer exhaustion I fall into a doze, and dream many uncomfortable things, out of which I start at intervals. Suddenly, whether sleeping or waking, I become conscious of a renewed sensation. I raise my head, and my blood curdles. Something is slowly crawling over the back of my hand! I forget the spinster's anger. I lose all self-command, and shaking my hand wildly, I utter a scream of horror. I hear the complaining voice of the spinster again; but I am desperate. I grope for and grasp the match-box, strike a light, and look fearfully around me. There the thing is—and another, and another on the table and floor! The room is swarming with black beetles from the bakery down-stairs!

Now, if there is a living thing I abhor, it is a cockroach. I love mice, and could make pets of spiders; but at sight of a bloated, crawling cockroach my flesh quivers. And here are thousands! I shake myself convulsively and groan.

'I think, Fraulein, you might show some little consideration for others,' I hear the spinster say in a deeply injured tone.

'It's no use—I cannot bear it,' I cry. 'This is worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta. I would rather be in a vault with dead bodies all night' [borrowing the idea from the unparalleled sufferings of Sindbad the Sailor], 'or—or anything horrible, than be in this place!'

The spinster raves on, wobbling her night-cap frills at me; but I heed her not. I can bear no more, and lift up my voice and weep. After this, I obstinately refuse to put out the candle—the light scares away my foes—and retire to the far window-niche, gather myself together with my feet up, and wait, like a veritable Patience on a monument, for the dawn. I watch the flutter of her pearly skirts over the opposite chimneys, and catch her first rosy blush with fresh amazement at her mysterious beauty. The fiddles have stopped at last, the doors have ceased to slam, and a Sabbath calm reigns within and without. My weary head falls back, and I slumber sweetly in the face of the rising sun.

The spinster is stirring when I awake. Confused and dazzled with the full light, it is some moments before I can collect my scattered wits; but such is the elasticity of youth, that after wetting my hands and face in my slop-basin, and laughing at the wry face which the crazy-looking glass reflects back to me, I feel as fresh as a daisy and ready for anything. I have a burning desire to go to the service in the Russian church; but herein I meet with opposition. The spinster is scandalised at the suggestion; and after breakfast, I am walking sedately with the spinster at my side, to the Lutheran church. I find it a dreary business. The slow, drawn-out hymns, so unlike our more lively church music, seem to me to savour of funereal music. Of the long sermon, I understand nothing; and I am glad when we can go forth once more into the bright sunlight.

At dinner, the waiter informs us that the band will play to-day in the Tivoli Garden. My heart gives a bound; but my English prejudice quickly

repels the contemplation of such wickedness. To my surprise, however, when I have settled down at the window some time later to watch the people pass, the spinster herself suggests a walk in that direction; and, I blush to acknowledge it, I respond forthwith. So we go; and I hear a Russian provincial military band, to which I listen with bated breath as I try to follow the wraith of a tune which now and again struggles through the din of the big drum, to be speedily smothered by rebellious instruments. Yet withal, I enjoy myself under the lime-trees of that Tivoli Garden, though it looks more like a poor neglected demesne than a pleasure-ground. Flowers there are none, and the grass is trampled and patchy; but there are the officers with trailing swords; there are Russians, Poles, Letts, and Estonians in their characteristic dresses. I could sit and watch till darkness fell; but the spinster has had enough of dissipation, and in an hour or two we turn our steps hotel-wards.

Another night with the cockroaches; but I am prepared, and that is half the battle. I persistently decline to go to bed, and refuse to be a single instant without a light. The spinster may grumble; in all other matters I knock under, but here I am firm. I again mount the window-niche, in which spot alone I feel safe; and with a rug for my pillow, I doze and start and slip into painful attitudes, until my last night in Plescow is of the past. I am up with the lark in the morning, and am ready to start for the boat, hours too soon. When at last our luggage is packed and ready to be borne away, and our bill is paid, which is moderate beyond all expectation—the one relieving feature of the Plescow hotels—the spinster shows the practical greatness of her German nature; she opens the jaws of a carpet-bag and deliberately empties the contents of the sugar-basin into it; then she possesses herself of the candle-ends, and drops them also in amongst the sugar-lumps. 'It would be a shame to leave them,' she explains. 'We have paid for them. Will you take the half?'

I decline with thanks.

In another hour we are actually in the boat, Plescow is left behind, and we are on our way to Dorpat; my fare is paid, and I am the happy possessor of half a rouble!

UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

OF the wanderings and ways of the restless rovers known under the common title of 'tramps,' an interesting volume might be written. At the same time, it is clear that unless such a work were autobiographical, or by 'One of Them,' its value as a reliable record could not be considerable. An amateur attempting such a task, however largely endowed with the faculty of imagination, would have to encounter no end of difficulty; and in the result, his work would be full of flaws, when looked at with the eyes of the 'knowing ones.' It is so with all work requiring special knowledge. The writer of the present paper is reluctantly obliged to admit that he is no better off for information on the subject of tramps than the world at large—that is to say, so far as personal knowledge extends. However, through the kindness of a tramp of long profes-

sional experience and undoubted veracity, he is enabled to draw up an authentic general sketch of the daily life of one of the fraternity.

It would appear that the tramp army regularly draws its recruits from almost every class of society, and that on any day of the year may be found on the road as uncommercial travellers, decayed doctors, even clergymen who once wore the gown, attorneys, linguists, actors, verse-writers, printers, quacks, farriers, spotmen, pugilists, workers of witchcraft, fortune-tellers, and the various numerous nondescripts which go to complete the motley crew.

The typical tramp is undoubtedly a lazy, hulking fellow, who positively won't work, rejoices in the existence of the poorhouse, and does all in his power to diminish the national wealth. He is not above picking up a few fowls, when, to cover the theft, there is a fox-cover in the neighbourhood; and he is not unfrequently 'wanted' in connection with more ambitious spoils of brigandage. But then there is another well-marked specimen of the genus vagrant to be met with in men who, though once holding good and reputable positions, have yet, either from being consumed with the fire of unrest, or from a too obedient submission to their own passions, made the facile descent of the social ladder, to find themselves, when on the ground, almost as helpless as the day they were born. In order effectually to hide their heels from the past and its despair-compelling memories, these outcasts in many cases forthwith enlist into the army of tramps; and even when purged by suffering and privation, and oftentimes by sincere repentance, they rarely care to return to their earlier and happier haunts. Many of them despair, and mindless of 'the canon 'gainst self-slaughter,' eventually call in the knife or the rope to carry them to the bourne of unreturning travellers. Others, of sterner stuff, and possessing, so to speak, that staying power imparted by a cynical philosophy, adapt themselves to circumstances, and ultimately, strange as it will appear, become the very cream of vagabond society.

The tramp of this latter type can travel from Berwick-on-Tweed to Truro without paying a reckoning, save for the miscellaneous pots of liquor which he imbibes at the road-side inns. He is a thorough master of all the wiles of his craft, and can live well where a less resourceful man would indubitably starve. Aided by a good address and respectful though not obsequious manner, he can assume at will all the airs of a gentleman in distress; and as people's sympathies are more readily got at when they think it is fallen fortune that supplicates, our hero, as a rule, does not fare badly. He has invariably a melancholy tale of woe at the tip of his tongue, to soften the hearts of the credulous; and as his demeanour more than supports the presumption of gentility, he on the whole makes a good thing out of his representations. When he gains admittance to a household where there are children, he freely uses such expressions as 'What a beautiful baby!' 'What a magnificent boy!' 'What a sweet little girl!' and perhaps a tear wells up, and a faintly murmured, 'I had them myself once.' Such arts, if properly put in play, are never lost on loving mothers; and our hero is the very man who knows that.

It is in villages and peaceful hamlets, by meadows sweet, that the tramp most enjoys himself. In towns great or small, these troublesome officials the policemen, who are never to be seen in a real emergency, are constantly about, ready to pick up a poor fellow who asks for a crust, for the very good reason that he is hungry, and has not the wherewithal to satisfy the baker. But in pastoral little places far from the taint and turmoil of towns, where Order bears her constant reign, the houseless wanderer is asked few questions. Here, at least, he can count on the wholesome meal and the clean shake-down from the housewife, who bestows her charity with the purest intentions, and without much regard to the character of the recipient.

On entering the town, however, an entirely different set of circumstances prevail. The lynx-eyed custodian of the law looks upon the tramp as among the most legitimate of his victims. But the tramp is often one too many for our friend in the helmet. He has a confederate who gathers the coppers, the crusts, and the fragmentary beef, at the back-door, while the policeman is vainly hoping that the 'cove' he has his eye on may knock at the front. Monsieur Tramp will of course do nothing of the kind; and that is a piece of rectitude which a policeman finds it hard to forgive. But if the tramp is so hopelessly unprofessional as to allow himself to be caught offending against the laws appertaining to vagrancy, woe betide him! He is hauled before the justice, and charged with the heinous offence of having been found asking for a bit of bread. The irate gentleman on the bench probably begins as follows: 'Why did you ask for bread, sir?'

'Because I was hungry, sir.'

'And how came you to be hungry, sir? Answer me that at once.'

'Because I could not help it, sir.'

'You have the workhouse to go to.'

'I was going there when the officer arrested me, sir. I was fainting with hunger.'

How do I know you were going there, or that you were fainting from hunger?'—(To the clerk of the court)—'Is there anything known against him?'

Clerk. Nothing, Your Worship.

Magistrate. I fear you are a bad character.—Look at his hands, and see if he has been working lately.

Policeman. He has artificial blisters made on his hands by working through them a heavy stick, so as to make it appear he has been working.

Magistrate. Month—hard labour. Three, next time.

As a matter of fact, the hand-hardening process is a well-known ruse for blinding justice by the vagabond gentry. But it is, after all, on workhouse authorities that they bring their highest ingenuity to bear. A man who has more than twopence in his pocket, the law says, is not qualified for admittance to the casual ward. The 'cute' one knows by bitter experience, that if anything over the statutory twopence is found in his possession, he will be deposited in the nearest police station as a rogue and a vagabond. He accordingly, before presenting himself as a casual, proceeds to bury, at a spot which will bear his own private mark,

any surplus beyond the capital account of twopence which he may chance to have.

As a rule, tramps do not love soap and water; and therefore many of them regard the regulation bath which they receive on entering 'the house,' with much the same feelings that a child regards a dose of physic. The sleeping apartments provided for the vagabonds are not a credit to the country. One large shed independent of subdivisions, and almost entirely above considerations of decency, with raised shake-downs as near to one another as space will permit, is the casual ward of a large percentage of the workhouses of the country. In winter-time, there is always the fiercest competition for a good position at the fire; and not unfrequently, regular hand-to-hand fights take place for points of vantage. The personal exploits and experiences retailed round these same fires would in some instances appear to be readings from the pages of some thrilling fictionist, rather than recitals of what are, in the main, facts. It is with extreme difficulty that even the semblance of order is maintained in the casual ward, and the license of tongue permitted therein is something astonishing. So vigorously are conversation, jest, and rivalry kept up during the night, that sleep is all but out of the question; but towards morning, as the hour approaches when the tramp must do his allotted portion of manual labour before breakfast, there is a visible depression of spirits on all sides. More tramps come into the 'house' on Saturday than on any other day, for the simple reason, that there is no work on Sunday. If the tramp returns three consecutive nights to the same workhouse, he will be looked upon as legally a vagabond, and dealt with accordingly. But few save beginners in the profession drop into this pit, or into any similar ones, when the laws, statutes, and traditions of vagabondage come fully to their knowledge, and are practised by them with due regard to precedent and the rulings of authority.

D A Y D A W N.

Dawning and bright, from out the misty East
The Morn' comes, usher'd in by joy-bells pealed
From each sky-haunting lark, each woodland bird.
The happy Earth is clothed anew, afar
In garb so fair, so mystically woven
Of many-tinted grasses, 'brodered o'er
With flowers a-drooping 'neath the heavy dew.
Deep in the pinewood wakes a little wind,
Wooes from the primrose cups of perfumed gold
Their hidden breath—then dies away, to leave
A lingering wave of fragrance all around;
While new-blown violets trembling, ope their eyes
In wonder at the beauty of the world.
The glowing purple of a sun-kissed hill,
Uprising like a link 'twixt earth and sky,
A cascade flashing o'er a moss-clad stone,
Sunbeams and shadows mingling dreamily:
All, all combine to make one perfect Whole!

Ah, lonely heart, a-weary of thy care,
Some time will dawn for thee a cloudless Morn,
More bright because of shadows in the Past;
For Joy is born of Sorrow, even as Spring
Steals from the arms of Winter, and the Day
From darkest Night emerges, purified.

A. M. M.

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THE HUMAN PERIOD IN GEOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH we are apt to lose sight of the importance of our own species in the immensely wider study of the universe, as well as to undervalue the influence of man in comparison with those silent but mighty forces by whose agency our earth has been sculptured into its present form; yet all must agree with the Italian geologist Stoppani that man makes a distinct geological period, and that his creation is the introduction of a new force, previously unknown in nature. The power of intelligence in overcoming the influence of external circumstances is exemplified in the history of every nation; so that some historians have thought it necessary to preface the history of a people with a description of the geological features of the country in which it has sprung up. But when Cuvier said that the habits and even the thoughts of a people depend upon the nature of the soil which it inhabits, he scarcely made enough allowance for the power of mind to combat the external forces of matter, nor for that capability, which man alone of the higher animals possesses, of adaptation to the most diverse circumstances.

To one reading the recently published views, that 'from the Laurentian epoch down to the present day, all the physical events in the history of the earth have varied neither in kind nor in intensity from those of which we now have experience,' the question naturally suggests itself whether there is not some difference in the working of natural forces in an epoch which differs from all past periods in the world's history, by the presence of a new force, that of human intellect, capable of controlling Nature. On this account, it has seemed useful to consider briefly the geological importance of man, the influence, in this wide sense, of mind upon matter, and the efficiency of this new agent in modifying all existing forces of Nature.

It appears evident that the greater part of the earth's surface would, if left to itself, be covered with vegetation. Even the hardest and most barren rock, if left undisturbed, soon becomes

thickly covered with vegetable growth, which, by its yearly decay, contributes to increase the thickness of the soil. The agricultural history of every country, however, shows that, as civilisation advances, increasing areas of land are cleared for cultivation, or turned up by the plough, and exposed to the unimpeded action of atmospheric agencies. Between 1860 and 1870, it is estimated that sixteen million acres were cleared in America alone. The extent to which denudation has been increased by clearing land has been proved by direct experiment. A slope of forty-five degrees was divided into three belts, one luxuriantly wooded, one completely cleared, and one partially cleared. In the first or highest, the rain formed no ravines; in the second, three ravines; and in the third, four ravines, extending down to the belt of wood, where they narrowed and disappeared. It has long been noticed also that forest rivers seldom form large sedimentary deposits at their estuaries. This is well shown in the case of the two rivers Sestagone and Lima, which drain two great valleys of the Tuscan Apennines. The banks of the Sestagone are clothed with firs and beeches; but the Lima flows through cultivated fields. At the junction of the two rivers in rainy weather, the Lima is turbid and muddy; while the Sestagone remains limpid and drinkable.

According to Lombardini, the Po now transports three times as much sediment as formerly, the increase being chiefly due to the destruction of the forests, and the consequent increased denudation of the Alps. French engineers estimate that the delta of the Rhone has advanced at a rate far greater than it did previous to the cultivation of its valley. In the Eastern United States, wherever a mountain slope has been stripped, incipient ravines quickly form, and enlarge with such rapidity as to excite the attention of geologists. This is especially the case with the sandy soils of Maryland, Georgia, and Alabama, previously covered with pine forests. The Black Earth of Russia, one of the chief sources of the agricultural wealth of the empire, is quickly cut

up into huge ravines, and the finest soil in Europe is being rapidly carried away to increase the deltas of the Volga and the Don, and to silt up the Sea of Azov. During the great floods of 1866 and 1868 in France and Switzerland, the wooded soils alone escaped being washed away. The immunity of the provinces of Brescia and Bergamo from damage by the great floods of 1872, was chiefly due to forestal improvements. During ten years, the department of the Lower Alps lost sixty-one thousand acres of cultivated soil from the effects of torrents; and the clearing of the forests of the Ardèche has resulted in the covering up of seventy thousand acres of good land with barren sand and gravel.

It is thought by many that vegetation elevates the surface as much as water depresses it. This, however, can only be the case when natural vegetation is suffered to decay on the ground in which it grew. In the case of cultivated crops, which only partly return to the soil, this elevation of the surface cannot take place; and its compensating effect being lost, denudation is relatively greater from this cause alone.

Hence, it appears that one result of man's influence, by laying bare large tracts of land for cultivation, has been greatly to increase the erosion of the surface. In some instances, however, the action of man has been to check the natural transport of sediment. This especially has been done in the case of shifting sand-dunes and encroachments of the sea. Along that part of the French coast which extends from the Gironde to the Adour, the sea throws up annually one million two hundred and forty-five thousand cubic metres of sand, which the wind heaps up into hills, and carries inland, overwhelming villages, and converting streams into marshy pools. The annual progress of these sand-hills was so great that in many parts of Bretagne, the tops of chimneys, above a sea of sand, alone marked the site of buried villages. The amount of dune-land in Western Europe alone has been estimated to cover over a million acres; and still larger deposits exist in parts of Africa, Asia, and America. The destruction caused by these shifting sands has, from an early date, attracted the attention of governments; and the result has been to check their ravages by careful planting. Thus has man's ingenuity been successfully opposed to the action of the agencies which have caused those endless wastes of drifting sands in Poland, Peru, and the United States; and to the devastation which has resulted in the formation of the landes of Gascony, Sologne, and Brenne, and the Campine sands of Belgium.

Not only does the artificial protection of dunes prevent the overwhelming of inland tracts by deposits of sand, but it checks also the ravages of the sea itself. It is needless to dwell upon the numberless instances in which large areas of land are by this means saved from inundation and destruction, especially on the coasts of Denmark, France, and the Netherlands.

But besides these immense modifications in the results of denudation and transport of sediment by both wind and water, the result of hurrying the water from the surface of the land by agricultural draining, and its far more rapid transmission than formerly into the sea, must be to diminish per-

colation into the interior of the earth. Seeing the important part which water plays in the metamorphism of rocks, any diminution in the amount of water permeating rocks must diminish the amount of mineralogical change, and retard considerably the progress of metamorphism; so that it is possible that the operations of man upon the surface of the earth may affect the working of those chemical changes in the interior of the earth's crust, which would appear to be far removed from the influence of human action.

The agricultural history of the civilised world is full of instances in which great changes of climate have resulted from clearing and draining the land. Independently of the mechanical action of forests in resisting cold winds, and of their effect upon the humidity of the air, it cannot be supposed that so large an amount of wood can have been felled without affecting considerably the electrical and chemical condition of the atmosphere. Whether the progressive diminution of rainfall in England, shown by Glaisher's tables for the past fifty years, and the secular desiccation apparently going on in other countries, are due to agricultural operations, cannot be distinctly proved in the absence of sufficient rain measurements. These changes may be cosmical, or they may be due, as some physicists maintain, to the diminution of water which results from its entering into new inorganic combinations. But the researches of Ebermeyer and others seem to show beyond doubt that the extensive clearing of forests has caused great changes in the distribution of rainfall, although the total amount may be unchanged. The result of timber-felling appears to decrease the rainfall over the land, and consequently to diminish the action of those forces which depend upon the action of water.

By irrigation alone, great local changes are made in the humidity of the atmosphere. Thus, Egypt contains not less than seven thousand square miles of artificially watered soil; Lombardy, Sardinia, and France have three thousand square miles; in India it is estimated that not less than six million acres of land are under irrigation; while in Western America, thousands of miles of canals have been constructed. We have only to estimate the total surface of evaporation from these artificially watered parts, to gain some idea of the increase of moisture in the atmosphere by this means. On the other hand, evaporation has been materially diminished in some parts by extensive draining of cultivated land, as well as by the reclamation of lakes and marshes.

That this tendency of man to disturb the balance of physical forces, is not counteracted in Nature by compensating conditions, seems proved by the magnitude of the results which have been produced within a comparatively short time, and which have an undoubted connection with man's dominion over the earth; but even if those results had been small, it must be remembered that the time of man's action has been of limited extent, and that, in geology, it is by small changes, continuing for long periods of time, that the most striking results are produced.

But it is in the organic world, in the geographical distribution of animal and vegetable life, that man's influence is chiefly felt. The facilities which commerce and human intercourse afford for the dispersion of vegetable species, is un-

equalled by any other provision of Nature. Both by chance and by design, new species are introduced by man, at a rate which can never have occurred before his introduction upon the earth. Thus, when St Helena was first discovered, its flora consisted of sixty species; but now it has seven hundred. In fact, it is becoming a continually more perplexing question in botanical geography, how far certain species may be regarded as indigenous or exotic. Nor can it be said how long certain species of wild plants will be able to survive the inroads of cultivation, which is fast usurping the surface of the earth. Latham tells us that the indigenous flowering-plants of North-west America have been nearly extirpated by the inroads of half-wild vegetables, which have come over in the train of English emigrants.

Thus, partly by human design, partly by accident, resulting from human actions, is the extirpation of certain vegetable species hastened. Whether some plants have been totally extirpated, as some botanists think, in historic times, or not, it is without question that immense changes have been effected in local distribution, as also in the extirpation of species from certain localities where they previously abounded.

In the animal world, man can scarcely be said to have caused such changes in distribution as has been the case with vegetable life, since domestic animals alone would be introduced into new localities intentionally; but he has played a far greater part in the extirpation of animal species. It must be borne in mind, however, as Sir C. Lyell remarks, that the disappearance of certain animals must not be ascribed to human action alone, although their extinction was no doubt hastened by his agency. In every country, man wages war with destructive animals, which hence rapidly decrease in number, until finally they become extinct. Not even in the ocean are animals free from man's interference; for the wholesale destruction of many of its larger denizens has allowed an increase in the number of the smaller organisms on which they live.

But perhaps in no instance has this interference of man with the harmony of Nature been more noticed than in the case of birds. Agricultural history is replete with the alarming evils which have resulted from an ill-advised destruction of birds. The slaughter of small birds in France led to such a plague of beetles, that nearly every root was consumed in the fields; and, without doubt, any cause, which might lead to a diminution of owls in Italy, would tend to increase the number of inundations of the Po, which are most frequently traced to burrows in the embankments by mice and moles, upon which owls feed.

So mutually dependent is the natural condition of animal and vegetable life, that interference is more effective here than in inorganic nature. Preyer beautifully exemplifies this mutual relation of animal and vegetable species, when he says: 'The finest clovers and the most beautiful pansies are found near villages where cats and owls abound; for these destroy mice; and mice destroy the humble-bee, which alone fertilises the clover and the pansy.' The slaughter of animals which are of commercial value to man, has reached such a pitch that no natural means of reproduction can withstand the loss; nor can we possibly know the extent of the revolution in the whole

organic world, which has been produced by this means.

When we see, then, that by the work of man the rate of denudation is increased, and sediment more rapidly transported to increase the deltas of rivers; when we find the ingenuity of man combating with the power of the wind and waves, and effectually checking the removal of sand and the erosion of the sea; when, by his action, great local changes are made in climate and in the flora and fauna of a district; we can no longer deny to man an important place amongst geological agencies. Although powerless to destroy the forces of Nature, he can influence them to a degree unknown before, and, under the impulse of caprice, effect such changes in a few years as it would otherwise have taken long geological periods to accomplish. Compared with the length of a geological epoch, the almost ephemeral duration of human power on the earth has been marked by changes so great as to show that the influence of mind, though the last to be felt, is by no means the least of those agencies which modify the condition of our earth.

In the organic world, in which man plays the most havoc, so delicately balanced do all the parts appear to be, that the smallest interference affecting a single species is transmitted throughout, and is felt in quarters far removed from any apparent relation to the disturbing cause. If it were possible to view all the changes which have been wrought in the routine of Nature, greater evidence of geological change could scarcely be found in any epoch than that which has characterised the human period. To conclude with the words of Mr A. R. Wallace: 'The true grandeur and dignity of man is that he can control and regulate Nature, and keep himself in harmony with her, not by a change in body, but by an advance in mind. Not only has man escaped natural selection himself, but he is able to take away some of the power from Nature which before his appearance she universally exercised. We can anticipate the time when the earth will produce only cultivated plants and domestic animals, and when the ocean will be the only domain in which that power can be exerted which, for countless ages, ruled supreme over the earth.'

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE WESTONS.

BERTRAM OAKLEY, when he consented to be brought back to Portland Place, to the luncheon which, apparently, there was no escaping, found himself alone in the great empty drawing-room. Then there were the opening of a door, the rustle of silk, and the heiress it was who sailed in, Julia Carrington, not less beautiful, not less elaborate in her toilet, than on that other well-remembered day when she had tried all the spells that beauty and cleverness combined can muster for the enthrallment of men, to bring Bertram to her feet. Yet this time, the proud girl approached him with a shy, hesitating manner, that was wholly foreign to her usual bearing. 'Mr Oakley,' she said quickly, but in a voice that trembled, 'we ought to be friends, you and I. I will be, if you will. Here is my hand.' She held it out as she spoke, that white, soft hand, on the fingers of which

bright gems shone; and Bertram took it wonderingly. It pressed his frankly enough, and then dropped. 'I want us two to be friends,' pursued Julia—'real friends. Man and woman, people say, cannot be such. I hope it is not so. It would be a dreary look-out if your sex and mine could never be honest and true, and even care for each other, without having to choose between love or hate, or utter indifference. I, for one, wish to be your friend, and nothing more.'

She meant what she said. Bertram knew that the words he heard were sincerely spoken, that the haughty heiress had for the moment risen superior to the baser part of her nature, marred, but not ruined, by precocious prosperity. He was touched. He said something—he scarcely knew what—in reply to what she had said to him. It sounded in his own ears trite and lame. We cannot all be eloquent upon the spur of the moment, and Bertram had been taken by surprise.

'You have behaved nobly,' said Julia hurriedly. 'You have been like some of the knights we read of—they were very few, alas!—without fear and without reproach. I wish I had had a brother like you, Mr Oakley; and I wish us to be friends. I did not say so,' she added with a blush, 'the last time we talked together.'

'That is past and gone,' answered Bertram gently. 'Your friendship and your good opinion, Miss Carrington, do me much honour, and I prize them, I assure you, very much indeed. I may venture, perhaps, to hope that you will be a friend, too, to Miss Rose Denham, the daughter of my earliest benefactor, and who has just consented to be my wife. Our engagement will be no secret, soon; but this is the first time that I have spoken.'—

'I will,' responded Miss Carrington quickly, as the door opened, and in poured, like a tide, the well-meaning womankind (to quote the late lamented Jonathan Oldbuck) of the Weston family, all cordial welcome, genial smiles, and harmless platitudes. Mrs Weston was very glad. Margaret Weston was very glad. Matilda Weston was very glad. There was a sameness in their congratulations; but they were genuine and womanly and from the heart, and Bertram could not receive them unmoved. They would pet him, and prattle to him, and make a hero of him, as their kindly natures prompted, because of the foul wrong that had been done him, and because he had come spotless out of the cruel trap that had been laid for his undoing. Bertram, as he listened to their sympathy, or deprecated their encomiums, half-wondered how it fell to his lot to be so praised and so singled out for commendation and liking, as he was. But he was thankful for the friends he had found, and for the regard he had won, without considering that he bore about in his own loyal heart and bright spirit the talisman that wins love and respect from all but the vilest or the dullest. And then in came Arthur Lynn and Mr Weston, and the conversation became general, and, luncheon being announced, Mr Mervyn's nephew gave his arm to the heiress.

Luncheon, on that day, was a much more elaborate meal in the Weston household than was usually the case. The master of the house, who was never, save on Sundays, at home at that hour, had consented to grace the entertainment, which,

by tacit agreement, was supposed to be given in honour of Bertram Oakley. Bertram himself bore his triumph very modestly; and the men of the party, by some masculine instinct, kept the conversation from taking too personal and emotional a turn. Arthur Lynn was very attentive to Miss Carrington. Mr Weston was unusually talkative, and even raised a laugh by attempting an imitation of old Isaac Bond, the marine storekeeper, when, with the effrontery of a veteran sinner, he had demanded compensation for a night in custody and an appearance in the police court.

'If there were no receivers, there would be no thieves, as the saying is,' remarked Mr Weston in conclusion; 'but I doubt, in this instance, whether the old man's perverted conscience enables him to distinguish between light and darkness, between evil and good. His business is to buy; and his customers are rarely, I am afraid, strictly honest, from the cook that brings dripping, to the area-sneak that brings spoons.'

'And Crawley—what is the wretch to do?' asked Mrs Weston, who would have liked, as women do like, to see poetic justice executed in some modified degree, and who thought that the traitor, if he escaped guel, hair-cropping, oakum-picking, and the crank, ought at least, in the fitness of things, to sink to a broom and a street-crossing.

Mr Weston shook his head. 'I fear,' he said, 'that our interesting penitent of to-day, though I have not the smallest doubt of his ability to get his bread, will not earn it honestly. There are so many grooves, now, into which a sharp, plausible scoundrel can insert himself, that I suspect Henry Crawley will prefer the crooked path to the straight one.'

'It is a pity,' said Bertram. 'He spoke truly enough when he reminded us that he was a skilled accountant and a capital clerk. Perhaps, if he were to emigrate'—

'If he did,' interrupted Arthur Lynn, laughing, 'we might hear of him yet in half-a-dozen incongruous capacities: now as a Mormon missionary; now as the decoy-duck of a New York gambling-house; and presently, perhaps, as a road-agent in California or Colorado, as our American consins style the Captain Macheaths of the New World.'

'He had hardly courage for that,' answered Mr Weston; and then the subject dropped, and every one present felt assured that Mr Crawley, at any rate, had left but a memory of his misdeeds behind him.

THE LONDON GUILDS.

In the hope of turning their researches to profitable account some day, the Educational Endowments Committee of the London School Board have laboured hard in gathering information respecting the annual revenues of the various City guilds from charitable trusts—revenues ranging from the modest four pounds four shillings and ninepence of the Gold and Silver Wire Drawers, to the Mercers' Company's thirty-seven thousand two hundred and eighty-nine pounds twelve shillings and fivepence.

According to the Committee's Report, the fifty-nine Companies concerned are bound annually to disburse the following amounts. In gifts of money, one hundred and five thousand seven

hundred and ninety-two pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; for educational purposes, sixty-five thousand one hundred and thirty pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; for medical aid, four thousand and eighty-nine pounds and sevenpence; for sermons and lectures, three thousand and eighty-three pounds four shillings and tenpence; for apprenticeships, two thousand nine hundred and eight pounds sixteen shillings and tenpence; for clothing, eighteen hundred and seventy pounds one shilling and tenpence; for church expenses and impropriations, seven hundred and forty-eight pounds two shillings and fivepence; for food, five hundred and twenty-four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; for coals, three hundred and eleven pounds five shillings and tenpence; for repairing of highways, a hundred and twenty-nine pounds seven shillings; in loans free of interest, eighty-even pounds ten shillings; for candles used at sermons and lectures, nine pounds; for poor-rates, six pounds; for Bibles, three pounds; for providing wool and flax to afford means of employment, three pounds; for marriage portions, two pounds six shillings and eightpence; and for divers objects, so mixed together as to render it impossible to trace the proportions, eleven hundred and thirty-one pounds seven shillings and tenpence. Making altogether a hundred and eighty-five thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine pounds seventeen shillings and elevenpence, or something over three pounds ten shillings for every man, woman, and child actually dwelling in that world-famous business mart 'the City.'

Not a few of these trusts are only charitable ones in so far as that they exemplify the charity that begins and ends at home. It was for strictly selfish ends that John Ashton, four hundred years ago, gave certain premises to the Fishmongers' Company conditionally upon the anniversary of his 'obit' being solemnly celebrated with note and ringing of bells in the church of St Sepulchre; and that John Heron, a century later, conveyed some messuages and tenements to the same Company, to pay annually five marks of lawful money of England, for the augmentation of the benefice of the Blessed Lady of Little Ilford, providing the holder of that benefice remembered to make particular mention of his benefactor in his praises to Almighty God. So too, Richard Mervayle bequeathed property, now worth nine hundred pounds a year, to the Vintners' Company, with injunctions to expend the annual proceeds upon prayers for his soul. Trusts of this sort, coming under the ban as bequests for superstitious uses, have been long since diverted to other purposes.

Another method favoured by your ancient citizen desirous of keeping his memory green, was to leave money to insure the delivery of an appropriate discourse on the anniversary of his death. Our forefathers had great faith in the power of preaching, and were given to providing for the preaching of sermons upon particular saints' days, and the anniversaries of particular events, such as the destruction of the Armada, the Martyrdom of Charles I., and the discovery of the Powder Plot. William Lamb left funds to pay for the preaching of four sermons every year in the church of St James-in-the-Wall, at the rate of six shillings and eightpence per sermon. John Wood set a higher value upon pulpit eloquence, leaving certain lands

in trust to the Bowyers' Company, with injunctions that the Master, Wardens, and Livery of that guild should, every other year, upon the day appointed for swearing in their Master and Wardens, attend at St Nicholas's, Cole Alley, and hear a sermon. The parson was to be paid thirty shillings; his clerk and sexton, one shilling and sixpence a piece; the beadle of the Company, two shillings; while fifteen shillings was to be distributed, in twopences, to such poor folks as the Bowyers might meet on their way to and from the church. To meet the spiritual needs of Bromyard, where he was born, another well-to-do citizen left sufficient to pay for a weekly lecture there, to be 'preached' in the parish church on market-day, by one or other of the holy divines in the neighbourhood, who was to be paid ten shillings for his pains.

John Kendrick was evidently an advocate of early rising, since he directed that the two thousand four hundred pounds he bequeathed to the Drapers' Company should be devoted to paying the curate of the parish of St Christopher twenty pounds a year, to read divine service daily in the parish church, at six o'clock in the morning; rewarding the clerk and sexton with fifty shillings a year for attending such service, besides paying the costs of lighting in the winter. Robert Hunt instructed the Brewers' Company to invest two hundred pounds as they thought best, and apply the interest to paying ten pounds annually to the Vicar of St Giles's, Cripplegate, so long as the said Vicar exercised the catechising of youth within that church, every Sabbath-day, from one until two o'clock in the afternoon, between Michaelmas and Midsummer.

Among the numerous trusts for educational purposes, may be specially noted that of Sir William Boremans, Clerk of the Green Cloth to Charles II., by which the Drapers' Company was bound to apply certain rentals for the benefit of a score of Greenwich-born boys, sons of seamen, watermen, or fishermen resident in East Greenwich—preference to be given to the children of such loyal men as had served the king in his wars—who were to be boarded, lodged, and instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, navigation, the Catechism, and the doctrines of the Christian religion, until they reached the age of sixteen; when they were to be apprenticed or 'otherwise provided for.'

When, in 1540, Nicholas Gibson and Lady Ayrice, his wife, handed over a school they had built to the Coopers' Company, they covenanted that maintainances—at ten pounds a year and rooms—should be provided for a Master learned in grammatical science, to instruct the elder boys in the same; and teach the younger ones spelling and such things as were proper for them, until old enough to be initiated into the higher mysteries of 'grammatical science.' The Master of this school—still in existence—receives just thirty times the amount prescribed by its founders.

Many testators charged their trusts with annual allowances to university students, five pounds being the common amount of the gifts. Probably that was about the sum the Merchant Taylors' Company originally had to apply towards the amendment of the 'victuals and batteling' of five poor studious scholars of St John's College, Oxford, inclined to bend their studies to divinity,

out of the rent derived from a house in Cannon Street, devised by Walter Fish; but if the modern recipients of this gift get their strict due, they should enjoy an allowance equal at least to that of an ordinary exhibitioner.

Trust-creators with a kindly feeling for beginners in their own line of business, bequeathed funds for advancement to young tradesmen, sometimes altogether free of interest, but usually requiring some return for the accommodation, either in cash or in kind. For the use of twenty-five pounds, for example, the borrower had annually to distribute one thousand good Kentish billets among the alms-people of his fraternity. Eight loads of charcoal were to be divided among the 'poor bedsmen of Whittington College' and the poor of certain parishes, by the four young mercers indebted to dead Humphry Baskerfield for the loan of fifty pounds apiece; while the two yet luckier ones, who shared Alice Blundell's two hundred pounds between them, were bound to find thirteen penny loaves every week for as many poor people of St Lawrence, Jewry. Under the will of William Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, who died in 1690, the Fishmongers' Company became possessed of a hundred pounds for lending out in sums of twenty-five pounds, at three per cent.; the interest to be devoted to the following purposes: Thirteen shillings and fourpence to be paid for the preaching of a sermon in Croydon Church on the anniversary of the founding of Whitgift's Hospital; three shillings and fourpence to the Vicar of Croydon for announcing the sermon the preceding Sunday; thirteen and fourpence to be spent on a dinner to the poor of the said Hospital, and ten shillings put into its common box; thirteen and fourpence to be divided among poor freemen of the Fishmongers' Company; and the remaining six shillings and eightpence to be retained by the Company itself for seeing these things performed.

An ardent enemy of outside competition was Thomas Scrimshaw, from whom the Pattern-makers' Company derived the interest of a thousand pounds in the Three per Cents., half of which was to go towards defraying the costs of bringing unlawful workers to book; and if not wanted for that purpose, to be spent upon a march and dinner upon Lord Mayor's Day. Under another bequest, the churchwardens of St Clement's, Eastcheap, are entitled to claim ten shillings every Thursday before Easter, to provide two turkeys for the parishioners, to be eaten at their annual 'reconciling feast'. We find another jovial citizen bequeathing three pounds per annum to the Goldsmiths' Company to pay for a dinner; another leaving one pound six shillings and eightpence to pay for a dinner for the governors of the Mercers' Company, and the like amount for cake and wine to follow; while a third expected the Cutlers to make merry upon three shillings and fourpence; and fifteen shillings was held sufficient to provide a Christmas feast for the churchwardens, vestrymen, and overseers of a fourth donor's parish.

Just three centuries ago, Lady Mildred Burghly directed the Haberdashers' Company to expend annually four pounds six shillings and eightpence upon twenty 'messes' for twenty poor householders or widows; each mess to consist of two-pennyworth of beef, one pennyworth of wheaten

bread, and one penny in money. Later on, John Banks left the Barbers' Company twenty shillings a year for ever, that upon the eleventh of May, twelve poor members of the Company might each receive twopence in money, a twopenny loaf, a wooden platter, and his proportion of six stone of beef. A dole of bread was a very common benefaction when the penny loaf was a good deal bigger than it is at the present day. Notable among such gifts was that of Barbara Burnell, who bequeathed three hundred pounds to the Clothworkers' Company wherewith to buy land, and from the income thereof give seven pounds a year to the parson and churchwardens of the parish of Stannmore, to distribute a shillingworth of bread among the parish poor every Sunday, pay the clerk a couple of shillings for keeping her monument clean, and expend the residue in woollen cloth to make waistcoats and safeguards for six poor women. Another Burnell supplemented this gift with sufficient to provide the recipients of the bread with a due allowance of good Suffolk cheese.

Considerations of space forbid detailed mention of the many gifts of clothes, figots, coal, and charcoal, included among the charitable trusts of the City Companies; but we must note how Thomas Jordeyn, who, in 1163, left sufficient to furnish sixteen poor freemen and freewomen of the craft of Fishmongers with a winter's fuel, desired that the Lord Mayor might take the oversight of the distribution, and directed three shillings and fourpence to be paid to the common clerk to remind His Lordship to do so.

Most of the trusts are saddled with payments to official personages for assisting at their execution; but this usually efficacious method of insuring the fulfilment of the trust conditions did not suffice Dame Elizabeth Moryo, who bequeathed all her property in the parish of St Olyffe to the Armourers' Company for certain objects, very precisely specified. Her trust deed set forth that the wardens of the Bridge House were to search once a year whether the conditions of the trust were kept; and upon finding the Armourers failing in their duty, to take over the estate themselves. In case they too neglected to carry out the worthy Dame's injunctions, her executors were to sell the property, and distribute the proceeds among poor maidens on their marriage; and should the executors fail, then the rightful heir of the legator should step in and claim the estate.

MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

TROUBLE THE FOURTH.

It is four months since that broiling August afternoon when I sat on the deck of the little steamer which runs between Plescow and Dorpat, watching the spinster sitting stolidly in the blaze of the sun behind a wall of miscellaneous belongings. I remember observing how the sun beat on the exterior of that carpet-bag of hers, and wondering whether the sugar and the candle-ends were amalgamating. I tell my friends now, as a prime joke, what then I regarded as a decidedly practical one, how we ran aground at the mouth of the Embach, almost within sight of our destination; how uproarious the spinster became, and what a wait we had for the turn of the tide to carry

us over. But these are all things of the past, and I too am changed. I have grown, if not in grace, at least in experience. In my dealings with the Jew stall-keepers, I no longer give them what they ask for their wares, as I used to do in my innocent days, but have learned to haggle and bargain with tact and discretion, until I verily believe I procure my requirements at almost their legitimate value, though it is tough work.

Meanwhile, the scene too is changed. In place of dusty lime-trees, with drooping, listless leaves, and dazzling sunlight beating on the scorching white pavement, is the still more dazzling snow. The sun still shines, but with a cold, chilly splendour—brightness without warmth. The trees are draped in a new foliage, which glitters and flashes like myriads of diamonds. It is a rare day! It is twenty degrees (Reaumur) in the shade, and the air quivers and sparkles with countless crystals. They seem to remain stationary in mid-air, twinkling like tiny stars, and yet my muff is covered with them. There is not one exactly like another, so manifold is their beauty. I hurry along with shortcoming breath, for this kind of weather gives labour to the lungs, and on my arm I carry a small packet carefully sewn up in brown holland. My destination is the post-office.

Homo, like the monkey, is an imitative animal; and I am like the rest of my species. Everybody has been making Christmas presents for relations and friends at the approach of this festive time; why should not I do likewise? Why should not I surprise my loved ones at home with some little gifts made with my own hands? Delighted with the idea, I have carried it into execution, and am now on my way to the post-office, with my thoughts away over the sea, in a gray, dingy, manufacturing town, where the sun is not shining clear and bright, as here, but struggling tearfully through smoke and fog; and yet, smoky, dirty, northern town, to be with thee even in thought, is to be happy! The post-office is in the centre of the town; and I am soon climbing the high stone steps, and push open the swing-door leading into the Parcels Expedition Department. As I enter, a wave of heated air, laden with tobacco, leather, and the perspiration of many races, closes round about me, and almost stifles me. The office is crammed with people waiting their turn. There the Russian, the German, the Jew, the Lett, the Esthonian, are represented. They are packed like bees in a hive; and the stove, which covers half the side of one wall from floor to ceiling, is heated to splitting, as it always is. A dead silence prevails, except for the curt questions of the official, and the replies of the fortunate individual who is being attended to. I take my stand ruefully at the outside of the crowd, and relieve myself of as many wraps as I can. Meanwhile, the swing-door behind me is in constant motion until I am hemmed in on all sides by fellow-sufferers of both sexes. I can see nothing but the backs of those in front of me, and the staring white face of a clock which looks down on me from a corner. It affords me grim satisfaction to watch her spider fingers crawl from minute to minute with laggard pace, and feel that I am slowly nearing the goal; and oh, what comfort when the mass is parted, and one more makes for the door, and we surge

on one step nearer! But the heat is insupportable, coming from the sharp thin air into this thick, scorching atmosphere; and long before I have reached the counter, I feel as if I must give it up, and return whence I came with my business unaccomplished. My head is swimming, my senses dazed, and my feet aching with the prolonged stand. At length, when I can count those before me, I take courage, buoyed up with the hope of approaching release. Now the broad shoulders of the Lett who has been forming the last barrier between me and that mighty dispenser of favours, the post-office official, have sidled away, and I stand face to face with the official. I look up into his square-jawed, stolid face, with its bushy eyebrows, as I hand him my packet without a word. He receives it silently at first, and looks at it until gleams of malice shoot over his fleshy face.

'What is this?' he asks.

'It is for England,' I reply. 'I have put it on the address.'

He stuffs it roughly back into my hand. 'We do not accept such parcels,' he says. 'You must sew it in oilcloth.'

'But it is quite safe,' I remonstrate.

He cuts me short with a wave of his hand. 'It does not matter—such is the rule. Take it away, and sew it in oilcloth.'

I still hesitate. All this waiting and suffering in vain—all to go over again. It is too bad.

He glares down upon me: 'Now then, make room, will you?'

I quail, and move away, and my place is filled by another. I look up at the clock, which seems to mock me as she points to twelve. I have been two long weary hours in this place, and all for nothing! As I hurry homewards, I inwardly resolve that no power on earth shall induce me to sew my packet in oilcloth and return to meet that official's leer on the morrow. No; I would rather throw the thing into the Embach—though I should have to make a hole in the ice to do it. But calmer thoughts come with the morrow, and I am now retracing my steps to the post-office with a broken resolve in my heart, and a small packet neatly stitched in oilcloth in my hand. But I am not the woman I was yesterday. My step is less elastic and swift; and as I mount the stone steps and enter upon the scene of yesterday's humiliation, my spirits are chill and gloomy. I have a longer wait to-day than yesterday, for it is one day nearer Christmas, and as the great feast-day approaches, the crowd at the post-office intensifies.

It is a long lane that has no turning; and behold me once more handing my packet over the counter with averted eyes, which fear to look defiance. The big unclean hand closes upon it, and it is turned and twisted on all sides. 'Ah, there is no flaw this time!' I exultantly think. At length he holds out that other fleshy hand, and I look up, startled and inquiring.

'Your sealing-wax and seal!' he demands, whilst the gleams of malignity spread and deepen from the crow's feet in the corner of his eyes.

'What?' I ask confusedly.

'Your seal—your seal!'—this time with brutal impatience.

'I—I have none,' is my trembling rejoinder.

The parcel is thrust back into my hands. 'It is

no use coming here and troubling us with a packet like that; you ought to inform yourself of the regulations before you come here taking up people's time.'

'What is the matter? I have sewn it in oil-cloth, and done everything!' I reply desperately.

He turns from me insolently, and signs to the next comer to take my place.

This is more than human flesh and blood can bear in silence. I cast on my torturer a look which ought to have shrivelled him up like a leaf in the fire. 'What do you mean?' I say, choking with anger. 'Are you going to send this packet away or not?'

He has pulled a ledger towards him, and is writing something in it, or pretending to do so. But I know he is listening, for the hateful gleams spread thicker over his face. Presently he holds out his hand for the next packet. I turn round towards the sea of heated faces behind me, and inquire of the person nearest me: 'Is it possible that what that man says is true, and that after waiting here hours, for two days, I must again return home with my packet? It is a shame—a shame!'

It happens to be a gentleman whom I am addressing. I recognise him to be one of the German Professors at the University. As I finish, he pushes his way to the counter. 'Look you,' he says in a firm voice, 'I would advise you to send off this lady's parcel.' He takes it from my hand as he speaks. 'You know as well as I do that you can seal it with the government seal, if you choose.'

There is no reply. The man is doggedly examining the packet which he holds. The Professor waits a minute, his eyes fixed upon him. 'Good!' he says at length. Then turning to me, my champion continues in a clear voice, which may be heard all around: 'I regret, young lady, that I cannot compel this man to send off your packet; but I hope I shall be able to punish him; it will not be my fault if I don't.' He returns me my unfortunate packet; and as I take it, I cannot help stealing a sidelong glance at my foe. His face is crimson. I thank my champion, and am going, this time with a resolve which shall not be broken; when, to my surprise, the huge hand is held out once more. I can scarcely believe my eyes.

'Give it here!' he growls without raising his eyes.

I hand it back silently, and exchange glances with the Professor, who is smiling behind his hand. It is all the work of a minute: the government seal is stamped on the ends of the string with which my packet is tied; I pay an exorbitant sum for its transport to England, and my trouble is at an end—but not my story. Five years later, when I am back in that smoky English town where I love to be, I learn that my packet, for which I had so dearly paid, both in body and in hard cash, had arrived long after it was due, and that my roubles had found their way to the insatiable pockets of the Russian post-office official. The packet arrived at its destination—unpaid!

TROUBLE THE FIFTH.

Like Silas Wegg, I feel this morning as if I must even drop into poetry, in order to convey to the sober, English minds of my readers a faint idea of

the great wonder of this Russian Spring after the long protracted sway of Winter. I have watched him creep scowling away to the hills, dragging after him his trailing skirts of rattling ice. And now Spring is splitting her sides with mirth. She has it all her own way now. I see her sit on the margin of the stirring woods, weaving the sunbeams into her streaming tresses. She gaily tosses in the sun the vernal tassels of her robe, whilst, like that wondrous maiden in the fairy tale, she scatters jewels over the ground at every lifting of her gracious lips. And the lark, her *minne-singer*, is as mad as she. He showers his rapturous notes so full and fast that he is choking himself in his ecstasy. As I try to catch a glimpse of him up there in the dazzling void, I think of that emulous thrush who sang so long and so tenderly that he burst his little ambitious heart and fell dead. Take care of yourself, sweet heavenward messenger.

And I am off for a holiday! At this moment, I am toiling up a steep hill in the rear of the diligence which runs between Dorpat and Riga. I am bound for a 'station' midway between the two towns, where a carriage is to meet me, and convey me to my destination, a pretty, country estate in the interior of Livonia. I am in the humour to enjoy everything; even the clouds of dust in which we are enveloped are capital fun. A very little provocation would make me cut a caper in the faces of the solemn German baker who is trudging by my side, and the two Russian priests at our backs. They keep at a lofty distance from us, handling their long loose robes as women do their petticoats. They have their perfumed locks flatted, to preserve them from the dust. We have eight hours of it together; and seated cooped up in a stuffy diligence is not very amusing on a spring day. I make the best of it. I am delighted each time that we come to a hill, and there is an excuse to get out and walk. Oh, what I would give to sit on the box beside the driver; but decorum forbids! At mid-day, the sun beats fiercely—'it stings,' as the Germans say; and all through the afternoon, I have enough to do fanning myself with my straw hat, which I have taken off for the purpose, and wiping the dust and moisture from my heated face.

When we reach the place where my fellow-travellers and I put company, it is six o'clock, and the sun is sloping to the west. I spring to the ground like an india-rubber ball, and look round, like a second Cinderella, for my carriage. It must be in the rear of the building, for it certainly is not visible. The station-master appears on the scene.

'Is there a carriage come from Waimel?' I ask eagerly.

I am answered in the negative. This is the first damper to my spirits. But I instantaneously rise above it. Of course not! How could I expect it to be waiting! What a goose I am! I might have remembered what a long way it had to come. I may have to wait half an hour, or even an hour. But what does it matter! Meanwhile, my luggage has been placed on the veranda; fresh horses have been put to the diligence, and I watch it drive away, leaving me behind. The station-master is gone to his own part of the building, quite away from the waiting-room, and I am alone.

What a dead stillness lies about the place! I wander a few steps from the door; but it is an unlovable spot. Nothing but sand, and a dreary, treeless tract of common, with here and there a tumble-down, smoke-stained cabin. They, too, look still and lifeless. Not a human being, nor as much as a dog, to be seen; nor is there the faintest curl of smoke rising from the roofs, to break the motionless dreary calm. The mist is beginning to rise in the hollows; I can feel its chill breath parting the warm dry air which envelops me where I stand. I shiver, and retrace my steps to the office.

The waiting-room is like all such waiting-rooms here—a square, unsightly den, with bare, white-washed walls; bare, beer-stained, deal table; bare floor; bare, staring windows, two in number; two deal chairs and a settle. I look ruefully round as I enter. What shall I do with myself? How beguile the time till the carriage comes? I recollect that I have a few books in my box. I fish up the first I lay my hands upon, which proves to be a volume of Schiller; it will answer my purpose as well as another; so I draw a chair to the window, sit resolutely down, and open its pages at *The Robbers*.

I am just beginning to read, when the blaze of light on my book makes me look up. The sun is just dropping behind the distant fringe of firs; there is little of him left, save a tress or two of his yellow hair rippling along the horizon; but the rays of his departing glory shoot upwards, and bathe the earth, the heavens, and the solitary station-house in a flood of golden light. Even the cheerless room in which I sit is for a moment metamorphosed. He takes me, too, into his good-night embrace. Now he is gone, and the gray shades of evening creep slowly on.

Surely the carriage cannot be long now? My heart aches with the sense of loneliness. If a bird would sing, or even a dog bark, it would be relief. What is that? A stir in the vestibule or entrance room. It is not a human footfall; it is a dragging, shuffling sound, unlike anything I have ever heard before. I do not like it. I half rise to my feet with my eyes fixed on the half-open door, when the door is pushed open, and I fall back into my seat paralysed with terror. What I see is a man—but a man raving mad, with the foam clinging to his beard! He creeps slowly nearer, with arms outstretched; and his nails are long and sharp, like an eagle's talons. His hair, like the mane of a wild beast, is matted and lustreless; and he is clad in a coarse serge gown, held together at the waist by a piece of knotted rope. He drags himself nearer—nearer, and gurgling noises proceed from his throat as he approaches me. I feel his scorching breath upon my cheek, and cannot stir. He bends over me, and puts a claw upon my shoulder. The spell is broken. With a sudden bound—so sudden that he is taken unawares—I am away under his arm, and have gained the door. I slam it behind me. I fly with feet that scarcely touch the ground across the vestibule, through another door, into a passage, and find myself at length in a bedroom. Through the confusion of all my mental faculties, I am led by a vague idea of seeking the inhabited part of the building and the aid of fellow-men; but the room I have fled to is deserted. Yet it is a refuge, and I dare not leave it to seek a safer.

The door is between me and my terrible pursuer. For a wonder, it is furnished with a bolt. I draw it, and fall upon the available furniture, all panting and giddy, and pile it too against the door. Then my quivering, enervated body gives way, and I sink upon the floor.

I hear the shuffling feet in the passage, the heavy breathing, and the awful gurgle in the throat; I hear him rubbing his body against the door like a savage beast in the woods. Then the dragging footsteps retire. I lay my head down on the bare deal boards, and I suppose I must have fainted, for I know no more, until I seem to waken out of a sleep, confused and dismayed. It is pitch dark, and my hands and feet are numb with cold. I sit up, and recollection rushes upon me. I listen fearfully. All is still. I know I am safe, and that the coast is clear; but I dare not for my life issue forth to seek assistance. Meanwhile, my mind is tortured by surmises. Is the carriage waiting for me? Have they sought me, and not finding me, returned without me? This thought makes my bitter tears flow. I am utterly helpless and desolate; it is dark, and I am shivering with cold; and oh, how perfectly miserable I am! I weep, until I begin to wonder where all the tears come from. At last, I hear the sound of footsteps in the passage; they stop at the door, and someone knocks.

'Who is there?' I ask, in a snuffly, suffocated voice, which sounds as if it belonged to some one else, as I scramble to my feet and begin to drag away the furniture.

'It is Mina,' is the reply, in the soft Esthonian tongue. 'Does *Präuli* [Miss] want anything?'

'Oh, wait, wait, dear Mina!' I cry, breaking my nails over the removal of the toilet-table. I feel as if this unknown Esthonian maid is a much loved sister, or an angel from heaven, so overjoyed am I to hear a human voice. When I succeed in getting the door open, I astonish her by falling into her arms and shedding more tears on her shoulder. She cannot understand me; it would be strange if she could; but she is a good tender-hearted soul, and tries her best to soothe me. She leads me along the passage; and opening a door at the end, I stand in the cheerful blaze of the kitchen fire. Oh, how comforting it is, after all those terrible hours of fear, darkness, cold, and loneliness, to sit in the full blaze and spread out my numb fingers to the warmth! The cook—the only other inmate of the kitchen—is stooping over an immense pan, preparing milk-soup for supper. She looks round at me—I am a strange apparition, no doubt—with wide eyes of amaze.

'Has the carriage come to take me away?' is my first question.

'No; there has been no carriage,' is the response.

'Then I must stay here,' I said to myself, 'at this awful place, all night;' and a fresh wave of distress washes over my already very sorrowful heart.

Mina comforts me. 'I will make it all right for *Präuli*. She will have some nice warm soup, and go to bed; and to-morrow, when she awakens, the carriage will be there to take her away.'

Then I tell her of my fright. The cook puts her hands on her hips, and listens too. They exchange glances of comprehension as I describe the appearance of the maniac; and when I have

told all, Mina says: 'Yes; that was mad Yalm. He lives on the waste with his brother, the *Perri Mues* [small farmer]. But he would not have harmed *Präuli*.'

'Harmed me!' I exclaim. 'He is mad, stark mad, and would have torn me in pieces, if I had not escaped from his clutches. It is a shame to let such people go at large.'

'But where is he to go, poor demented man? He is one of God's creatures, as well as the best of us.'

'Why do they not send him to the mad asylum? He would be taken care of there, and would not be allowed to go about terrifying people out of their wits.'

But I cannot make Mina understand what I mean by a lunatic asylum; she has never heard of such a place. I explain it to her, and tell her how our government takes care of mad people in my own country. But she shakes her head doubtfully. It is better to let the 'unfortunates'—as she humanely calls them—roam at will in God's world; and she tells me how mad folks can see and converse with spirits, and how they understand the language of the animals.

But the soup is ready, and the lights—a pair of candles—to show me to the waiting-room.

'No, no,' I entreat; 'let me have my supper with you, Mina. I cannot go back to that awful place.'

So I sit down with those two Estonian maids, and feel warmed and comforted, and eat a hearty supper after all my sufferings. I do not know whether the station-master and his wife know where I am, and what I am doing, but they never appear; and I am lighted to bed by the kindly Mina. When she leaves me, I bolt my door; and so weary am I, that the madman does not even haunt my pillow, but I close my tired eyelids, and fall into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.*

A CIGAR-LIGHT SELLER.

ONE airless stifling night in August, I had taken a tramcar ride as far as Brixton, with the vain hope that I might find some exercise for lungs sorely tried all day with burning heat and absence of breeze; and, descending from the car at the end of its journey, I found myself in the midst of a party of holiday-makers returning to town, who had stopped at a wayside public-house to quench, and, unwittingly, to increase at the same time, the inordinate thirst which possessed them. The romps of the boys and girls of whom the party consisted were characterised more by vigour than by grace, and the adornments of their persons were more conspicuous for tawdriness than for taste. An impromptu jig played by an itinerant fiddler, accompanied by an execrating penny-whistler of about ten years of age, animated the party to such an extent, that they resembled nothing so much as a whole bunch of those dolls displayed in provincial marionette theatres, all huddled and entangled together, and all made to jump at once by the unseen string-puller.

While watching with surprise more than admiration the gyrations of this motley crew, I was

startled by a voice resembling the melancholy wheeze of an old-fashioned stand-up clock when it suddenly runs down, addressing me in these words: 'The Northeys of Northey Hall would think the mummers were come before their time. Mummers in August! Strange goings on, most strange!'

I looked round, and saw a little old woman, with a face which must have been singularly pretty years and years ago. Her hair, which was still very plentiful, was snow-white; her complexion was so clear, that many a Belgravian mother or grandmother would have given much of her income to possess it; her eyes, bright and piercing, were of a restless, changing gray-blue colour; her nose was small, straight, and delicate; and her teeth, as she showed them smiling at me in an interrogative manner, were as white and perfect as any turned out of Burlington Street or Saville Row; her hands, too, were white and delicate, and altogether she suggested to me a lady.

But her dress. Ah me, there was little of 'the lady' about that! Reckoning from the foundation—or rather from that portion of her costume which was nearest the pavement—she might be described as a rough pyramid or cone of rags, with an extensive base, apparently shaped by the lowest and last-remaining ring of a crinoline petticoat of ancient date, tapering upwards, and terminating above the snow-line of the beautiful white hair in a crushed, shapeless head-covering of greasy black-brown crape and wire. The general colour of the poor woman's costume was that of damp boots robbed of their brightness and defaced with stains.

Such was the person who in this whirligig crowd of beer-and-penny-life-distracted people suddenly informed me that the 'goings on' around us were 'strange, most strange!'

While, like Captain Cuttle, I was 'making a note' of this poor old wreck, she showed me that she had a vocation, or rather plied a trade, for she—dropping the Northeys of Northey Hall for a moment—asked me whether I 'liked them black or red, the round sort or the flammers.'

Her question referred to the boxes of vesuvians which she carried in her hand; and when I told her that I wanted none of either sort, she put her head on one side, loosened with one hand some of her hair, and drawing her fingers through it, asked: 'Did you know the Northeys of Northey Hall?'

I replied that I had not had that honour; whereupon the vendor of vesuvians went on, without any invitation on my part:

'Oh! the Northeys are a good old family, though there ain't many of them left now, for the matter of that. Why, if Miss Caroline had been in the world at this moment, do you think I should be here? No, sir; she would have seen to that. She was very good. And what wonderful eyes she had! Why, sir, when the Squire came down to the dining-room one day, and made a row about a favourite dog of hers that had kept them up half the previous night with his howling, she turned upon him with a look as positively frightened him. Her eyes made every one afraid of her—all except me. To me, she was all gentleness and goodness, and she always looked upon me as a friend. She was the last *proper* one of the family, sir; for the Squire himself was a nobody. I

* To be continued in this Journal from time to time.

was with poor Miss Carry from her cradle to her—well, grave, I was going to say, but I mean till the time when she was taken away, and shut up out of sight and out of her mind. I was her maid, sir. And when she disappeared, my real troubles began—troubles which have brought me at last to cigar-lights and the streets. But that is no fault of hers. If she recovered her senses—and it's my opinion that those who should love her best have no wish that she should ever recover them—she'd have me back at the old Hall, and I should once more be, as I was ever so long ago, a respectable woman.'

The crowd had ceased to jig, and was remounting its vans to be carried off to Bethnal Green; the heat seemed more oppressive than ever, and I left the old lady with a wheezy voice and an unfinished history, and returned to town.

A long while after that August night, I again met my cigar-light seller. It was on the topmost height of Pentonville Hill. I stopped her, and asked whether she had heard anything of the Northey family of late.

'No, sir,' she replied. 'I hardly ever hear of them now, and this grieves me much; for, you must know, sir, I was born on the estate. A fine place the house is, sir, but dull—one of those old houses all towers and corners, and ins and outs. Nothing straight about it; no good view to be got of it; no nice long stretch of building, but all broken up like; all broken up, just as the family is—just as I am.'

I noticed that the poor old woman looked ill and wan. Her naturally delicate complexion had become almost ghastly in its pallor, and her knees seemed to bend under the weight of her body, although that, to judge by her emaciated appearance, could not have been great.

She drew her poor thin black shawl tightly round her with a shiver, as an unkind blast of easterly wind came rushing round the corner, and held out her boxes of cigar-lights towards me, as she said: 'Do you want any of these to-night, sir?'

I bought some of her vesuvians, in order to ingratiate myself with the seller of them. Then I asked her to tell me her story, which, stripped of many sighings and ejaculations of woe, was as follows.

She was, as has been already said, born on the estate of the Northeys of Northey Hall, in one of the Eastern Counties. Her father, a small tenant-farmer, died suddenly when she was a mere child. Her mother, she could not remember at all; but she had been told that she ran away with a 'real gentleman,' and so broke her husband's heart. When her father died, she was taken up by the people of the Hall, and appointed to the position of child-companion and maid to 'Miss Caroline.' There was at that time an heir to the name and estate of Northey in the person of 'Master Ralph,' a high-spirited and spoilt boy, the idol of his parents, and the beloved tyrant of all the servants and people about the place. An accident on the lake in the park, when a tiny boat was upset, robbed the family of its hope; and the light of the place went out when little Ralph was brought home one dull October afternoon, 'nigh fifty years ago,' with his long curls dripping dirty water on the hall-stones, and 'death within his eyes.'

From that moment, all seemed to go wrong with

the Northeys. The Squire became harsh and difficult to deal with; My Lady—for she was a lady in her own right—grew 'peaky' and querulous; no company was kept. Year after year went on. The Squire died; My Lady did not long survive him, and Miss Caroline 'came into her own.' She, from injudicious and careless training, had grown into a capricious, albeit beautiful woman. She knew little of men, and she chose a husband most unwisely from the crowd of suitors who came round her seeking, at her expense, name and fortune. She married, and lived for twenty years the life of a dissatisfied and childless wife. Her husband took to ill-treating her. Her health broke down. The doctors were called in; and 'Miss Caroline'—as she was still called by her quondam maid—disappeared.

After the disappearance of the mistress, short work was soon made of the confidential servant. She was told to go about her business; and she went. Her own poor little family had not been without its share of troubles, and had melted away under them. Her efforts to keep herself in the country, failed; her efforts to sustain herself in London were, as I could see, only partially successful; and as a policeman came to move her on, and she shuffled away uncomplainingly, I could not help feeling that the contrast of the beginning of her life in the bright little farmhouse on the estate of the then great and happy family of the Northeys, with its evidently fast-closing chapters on the cruel kerb-stone of a London street, was wonderfully strange and sad.

I saw the cigar-light seller once more. It was in Great Tulton Street, Westminster—a most unholy place. It was very late at night. Her hair was hanging down on each side of her face; her eyes were raining tears; her hands were empty; and her clothing was more scanty than ever. I do not know what the immediate cause of her grief was; she would not tell me; but I stopped her, and asked her where she was going; and she, without recognising me, looked hard at me, brushed the tears from her cheeks with a hard savage rub of her poor withered white hands, set her teeth together, and, apparently without unclenching them, muttered: 'I am going home! Can't you see that? Miss Carry's gone years and years ago, and now my time's come. Don't bother me! What are you staring at? Pray go, and leave me alone!'

And, God help her! I left her alone.

THE TREASURE AT GRAN QUIVIRA.

CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning, Gerald duly set out in company with José, after a settlement with Tate, who had at first professed a contemptuous indifference as to whether he received any money or not; more than hinting that he was satisfied to have got rid of his inmate on any terms. Gerald, however, was not to be goaded into a quarrel; and he found, when the critical moment came, that Tate was quite as rapacious as any of the more regular hosts it had been his lot to encounter, whether East or West. After Mr Tate had received payment on a liberal scale, he bluntly asked Elkley to give him his rifle—a request promptly refused. Mr Tate then offered to buy

it. This the young man also declined, adding: 'You would not do it yourself, Mr Tate. You would not travel through the Territory without a rifle, I am sure.'

'Me! Guess I would not. But I reckon there's a difference between a man like me, and a boy that scarcely knows what a rifle is.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' said Elkley, allowing himself a solitary retort. 'I hope you will never, —nor any of your friends—presume too much on my ignorance in that way.'

The entrance of José to announce that the wagon was ready, stopped what might have been an angry rejoinder; and the parting moment having arrived, Gerald asked for Miss Annie. To his surprise, he learned she had just ridden off to a ranch some five miles distant, and was not expected home for several hours. Gerald was greatly vexed at this, as he was compelled to leave without saying 'farewell' to the girl, and without assuring her once more how deeply he felt all the kindness, and courage too, she had shown in his behalf.

The wagon started, José driving at a decidedly quicker rate than was customary on that difficult road. He was certainly an excellent Jehu; but Gerald gave him a hint that there was no need of so much hurry.

'I don't seem like feeling sure about that,' said the Mexican. 'Guess the sooner we are out of the cañon, the better for everybody.' So he kept up his speed, and they reached the open country without adventure.

Gerald decided upon remaining at Three Waters City—a collection of about forty houses—until the mail came through on the next day, when he would travel by it to Santa Fé. He did not forget Sy Tate's advice. At Santa Fé, he would meet his friends; and before his arrival there he hoped his foot would be nearly as strong as ever. José was dealt with as liberally as Tate had been, but in a far pleasanter manner. The Mexican, indeed, threw out some distinct intimations of his willingness to take service with the young man; but the latter, although he would have been pleased to secure so trustworthy a follower, thought of Annie Tate, and of the undoubted protection she must find in the Mexican's presence; so he did not encourage the idea.

He reached Santa Fé in safety, and found his friends already there, with the preparations for their excursion already well advanced. They had provided saddle-horses for themselves and their six assistants. We may not say servants, as three of them were United States' citizens, who reject the appellation; the others were Mexicans. In addition to these, two men had already started with a wagon fitted for the carriage of water-casks. These *avant-couriers* were to meet them with their load at Gran Quivira; and afterwards to keep travelling between the Gallinas Springs and the ruins, or such other spot as should be chosen for their operations. These springs were about twenty miles from Gran Quivira itself. They had also provided several wagons laden with blankets, buffalo robes, provisions, mining tools, and the like; and it need scarcely be said that every man was fully armed with rifle and revolver.

A great sensation was created in the city by the expedition. A few of the more adventurous spirits offered to join them on the condition that

their expenses were paid; but the majority ridiculed the idea. Not that they doubted the existence of the treasure—nobody doubted *that*; but they doubted the possibility of discovering it. Several of the residents had before joined in parties for the same purpose, and they were unanimous in opining that the absence of all signs and landmarks, with the extent and vagueness of the ruins, made the attempt hopeless. They and others had dug in every possible foot of ground in the ruins proper, unavailingly. No one knew how far the monastic gardens or fields might have extended, and therefore they saw no great hope of a favourable result.

In spite of all these sinister forebodings, the party started, Gerald now riding one of the horses, and suffering but little from the weakness of his foot. All went well. The weather was delightful, so that 'camping-out' was a treat, not a privation. The ruins were reached, and the water-bearers were there already. Great was the astonishment of these latter, and of the six hired assistants, to find the party push on for several hours after their supposed goal was reached. As mile after mile was traversed, the astonishment of the staff increased; and when about sundown, the cortege came to a halt in the shade of a *mesa*, or low flat hill, and it was announced that this was their destination, their surprise broke out in muttered sarcasms.

The bustle of getting supper, tethering the horses, and the like, soon occupied the assistants too much to admit of much discussion; and while they were so engaged, the principals sauntered, aimlessly enough, to all appearance, to a spot some third of a mile from the camp, where a ravine of no great length separated two *mesas*, and in which they were completely screened from observation. Their decision would of course become known to their assistants; but some of the latter were too quick-witted to be intrusted with all the information and details that led to a decision which might—most probably would—have to be changed. One of the party produced a rough sketch-map, with notes and landmarks, round which the others crowded.

'This is the place, I make no question,' said Gerald, after a while. 'This is what he meant by "a gulch;" for here are the two *mesas*, which are now, however, quite separated. Yonder is the hollow covered with bushes; and exactly in a line with the northern points of the *mesas*, we sight the peak of that distant mountain.'

'Right! Elkley,' said one of the party. 'Then fifty paces from the mouth of this ravine must have been the boundary-wall of the chapel. If so, and we can decide exactly where it was, we can easily fix on the centre, as we know the dimensions of the building, and so ought to be able to find the treasure with little trouble.'

Some more discussion, with a further examination of the maps, ended in a unanimous assent to these views; and there being still light enough for the purpose, three members of the party separately stepped the distance in the directions they respectively thought most in accordance with their instructions. Although, speaking broadly, they took the same course, yet they diverged a little; and the remainder, who had watched them, gathered round to decide which was most likely to be the correct point.

At last it was agreed that the centre of a small square bounded by *arroyos*—or water-courses which are dry, save in times of floods—must have been the site of the chapel. Floods soon cut for themselves the requisite channels in the soft soil of New Mexico; but, as a matter of course, if they find channels ready made, they will follow them; and there was a regularity in these *arroyos*, which seemed to mark their origin as from the hand of man, rather than from chance. They might have been used for irrigation, especially if—as was asserted—a stream had once existed in the vicinity. At anyrate, the decision was come to—a spadeful of earth thrown out to mark the spot; and then the party, in high glee at finding their information verified so far, returned to the camp, where a savoury odour of fried buffalo-meat and hot coffee intimated that supper was prepared. The men were equally glad to know that all was well, and that digging would commence in earnest on the next day; for, in addition to their liberal wages, each expected a bonus in the event of success; and master and man took glasses of whisky together in celebration of so auspicious a beginning.

As all were experienced 'campers,' their arrangements, even on this first night, were almost complete. Tents were fixed, the wagons drawn up as a fence, watches arranged, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise of the camp by any of the dangerous hangers-on to frontier society who abound in New Mexico. These were more to be feared than the Indians, who usually get the credit of such deeds.

The next day, operations were actively commenced, several holes being made at the same time. For any sign which appeared to the contrary, the earth there might have lain undisturbed from the day on which the sea, which must once have covered it, had rolled away on its upheaval. But the party were not to be daunted. They intended to dig, and deeply too, in fifty places if necessary, until they had thoroughly explored the whole of the area in which it seemed possible the treasures might be; so, although no trace of the prize was obtained on this first day, they were in excellent spirits.

The wagon had left for a fresh supply of water, and one of the hired men having climbed to the top of the *mesa*—for work was closed for the day—was watching the slow progress of the vehicle, as it grew more and more indistinct on the far-stretching plain, when, turning his glance in another direction, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, if not of alarm, which at once drew the attention of those beneath him.

'What is the matter, Bob?' cried one of them.

'Matter!' returned the man; 'why, here's a mule wagon right close on us, and we never saw it; and as I'm a living sinner, it's full of women!'

At this, every man sprang to his feet; for most of the party had been lolling on the dry grass, lazily waiting the call to supper, and looked eagerly in the direction indicated by the lookout. There, sure enough, was a wagon, within half a mile of them, and clearly making straight for their encampment. Sure enough too, if not quite filled with women, it contained two, with two men. One of the latter, the driver, made signals to the party when he saw they were

observed. The vehicle being forced to make a circuitous approach, owing to the deep *arroyos*, there was sufficient time for speculation in the camp as to the errand of the new-comers; and it was decided that the strangers must be interlopers, who were resolved to have a share in the at length discovered treasures of Gran Quivira. Yet why women? Such a thing was never heard of before.

Gerald had been as ready with his conjectures as any of the party, and was speaking at the moment when the wagon turned a curve of the last *arroyo*, and so could be driven straight in. As this happened, he abruptly ceased in his speech, and stared at the approaching visitors with an astonishment exceeding tenfold his previous surprise. The driver was his Mexican nurse José of Blue Creek! And José had seen and recognised him, and was waving his broad hat in recognition; while the women were now so close that he could see one of them was smiling, yet looking somewhat confused; close enough to recognise her dark, resolute eye, and the clear though bronzed cheek—close enough to see and know her to be Annie Tate!

His first feeling was one of embarrassment, instantly succeeded by a conviction that the visit heralded some serious revelation; and in this he was not entirely mistaken. As the wagon drew up to where the explorers were gathered, the utmost surprise was exhibited by the party at seeing first José, then Annie, leap from the vehicle, and shake hands with Gerald, as with an old friend. All looked at him for an explanation, of which, truth to say, he was as much in need as any of them. Pulling himself together, Gerald introduced Annie and José to his comrades; and then the former, like the fearless huntress she looked, and really was, in her turn unflinchingly introduced her companions, who were, she said, 'Mr Jonathan Sanny and lady from Blue Creek. Yes; Mr Sanny had concluded to leave his location; and hearing of their party as being on the prospect in Socorro County, had also concluded to join them. That is so.'

Mr Sanny at this left the wagon, as did his better-half, and each of them shook hands all round. With every desire to be friendly with those who were friends of Gerald Elkley—who was certainly looked upon as in some respects the leader of the expedition—and to give them welcome, it was nevertheless impossible not to feel that they were intruders, poachers in a sense, and that their arrival was anything but welcome. They might have tolerated Annie, who was young and handsome; but Mr Jonathan Sanny was a buckskin-clad, tobacco-chewing drover in appearance; while his lady, Mrs Sanny, was a hard-featured, camp-followerish sort of woman, in no degree attractive.

'I am afraid we have not arranged for a water-supply sufficient to include any strangers,' Mr Elkley, said one of the party, deeming this the most politic way of introducing an objection to their presence; 'you know we are on short allowance as it is.'

'That don't signify an item, Cannel,' said Mr Sanny. 'We have a full cask in the wagon; and I reckon we know how to provide ourselves in the wilderness, as well as any people in these diggin's.'

'Mr Elkley, and you gentlemen,' interposed Annie, 'I have travelled under the escort of Mr Sanny and his lady, on purpose to join you. I don't estimate you will find any gold or silver; but we may be of some help for all that, we—Mr Elkley!' she said, with an abrupt change of tone, 'you have known me, and I hope you can trust me. Believe me when I say that the treasures have not brought us here; and that my friends from Blue Creek are honest and true friends, who have come at my desire.'

There was something in the girl's earnestness which carried conviction to her listeners. They were all young men, and easily impressed by such a girl; so that the previous spokesman declared that they were welcome, and should be so, as long as they chose to stay.

The reply to this was practical, but prosaic. 'Then,' returned the girl, 'we had better see after our fixings for the night.'

An immediate offer of help was made; and supper being announced, an invitation to join in the meal was given and accepted; Annie being at once recognised as a kind of prairie belle, and every one being anxious to help, or at any rate to converse with her.

José, who smiled his approval at the turn events had taken, followed in silence until he found himself by the side of Gerald. 'Let me tell you something, Señor Elkley,' said he, in a hurried whisper. 'I suppose Señorita Annie not like to tell everybody. Come behind this wagon.'

Gerald obeyed, and stepped to a spot where the Mexican and he were hidden from the remainder of the party.

'Now you sabe very well,' continued José in the same hurried whisper ('you sabe' being commonly used in the Territory for 'you know'), 'Señorita Annie no good friend with Señor Sy Tate. He hate her, and much 'fraid of her. She hate him, but not 'fraid of him one bit. I think he let Injuns kill her mother and rob the ranch. He save Annie because she his son's papoose. Old Pablo tell her all about it when he get drunk; and so she hate Sy Tate. *Esta bastante*, that quite enough. After you gone, two three dog-garned desperadoes come in, so did them loafing Injuns; and all have secret talk with Sy Tate. Not in the shanty; not indoors—no! He been white Injun, and too cunning for that; but Annie guess, and me guess too, there mucho mischief going on. I bet my sweet life if you not have gone so early that day, and me not have drive so fast, you never get out of cañon at all. Some of these scallywags up at creek before I get back from Three Waters. Señorita Annie tell me all about them, and I see lot more come in day or two. Well, Señor, I know one desperado very well—Squinting Bill, of Deadman's Ranch, where the murders was—and I make him drunk. You never see one man drink so much whisky before him drunk, as Dick!—and then he not say much, and so 'cute, I not dare to ask him much; but he tell me something. But Señorita Annie!—she is the wonder! She have eyes and ears quicker than mountain lion; step as light as Injun; can hide like snake; and she go after Sy Tate and them scallywags. She overhear lot—everything! I think, when she tell me, what would happen if Sy Tate had find her! I think

she shoot him; for she is grand shot with pistol, and she hate him. But we learn quite enough. Old Sy Tate has been trying for this treasure for years, and has been digging at Gran Quivira every fall this long time. He think he know where the right place is, after all; and he almost crazy to think you and your pardners have made up mind to stop here till you get it. He die first, he swear. So he set off next morning, say he going for two weeks' hunt. We know where he going. So Señorita Annie go and tell old man Sanny and Señora Sanny. The Señora mucho good woman; you like her when you know her. Both of them love Señorita Annie, and die for her. Señorita Annie she declare she will ride all way to Gran Quivira by herself, to warn you of attack on your camp. It will be attacked, that sure, and every one murdered, by old Sy Tate and his desperadoes. She say so; and she do it, Señor Elkley. Señora Sanny she say directly, she go too; so does old man Sanny; and of course José fight like death for Señorita Annie. That's why we come, Señor; and you can tell Señorita Annie you know all about it, as she perhaps feel awkward. Have plenty good guard to-night. I bring Bodon my big dog with me, as I think you wouldn't have no dogs; he soon tell if any fellow loafing about near camp. But, Señor, don't tell your helps what you know; keep quiet with them.'

Elkley was completely dumfounded by this hurried revelation. He was convinced that every syllable was true; yet, appalling as it was, close and terrible as might be the danger, all other feeling was at first overwhelmed in admiration of and gratitude to Annie Tate, whose courage and energy had probably saved his life and the lives of all who were with him. He hastened to the headquarters, where his absence had already occasioned some wonder, and to which Annie and her friends had just returned, after, it is presumed, seeing to their 'fixings.'

She looked up as Elkley joined the group, and the expression of his eye told that he knew all. Annie's own lashes drooped, although her eyes were as fearless as any in that company, while her brown cheek glowed with a deeper hue. Gerald took a seat which placed him between the girl and Mrs Sanny; and before he spoke to the former, shook the good lady's hand warmly, and expressed his gratitude to her in a few words. It took him longer to convey his thanks to Annie, who was a good deal embarrassed at hearing them, exhibiting less self-possession than might have been expected from such a heroine.

In accordance with José's caution, Gerald spoke privately to each one of the party; who all regarded the intelligence as ominous, and who all sought Annie to thank her, adding greatly to the confusion of that young lady. The staff could of course see that something fresh and important was afoot; but from their inquiries, and from the remarks in which they indulged quite as freely as their employers, they evidently imagined that the new-comers had brought some information as to the true site of the chapel.

Fresh arrangements for watching seemed to grow naturally out of the increase in their numbers, and no suspicion was raised by the change. Yet, as Gerald was about to lie down in his tent for the night—he had taken his watch on the first

evening—José made his appearance, and in his previous mysterious manner, whispered: 'Señor Elkley, I not like your Mesicans'—that being his pronunciation of the word—'not all of them, anyway. That fellow with the yellow belt—you sabe which one I mean?—he is bad one. I think he know too much. You keep good eye on him to-morrow. If I see anything wrong with that Mesican, I set Bodon on him: he never play any more tricks then.'

RAMBLING HINTS.

BY AN OLD PEDESTRIAN.

To those persons who are content to renounce the showy splendours of Scarborough or Bournemouth for the healthy pleasure of a country walk, and who can be induced to believe that, even in late Autumn, there is plenty to be done and seen in Derbyshire or Cornwall, without going to Norway or Switzerland—to such, a few suggestions from an old Rambler among our English hills and valleys may not be unseasonable; for to walk is in nearly every one's power; but to walk with pleasure, and to the best advantage, is not an art which all possess.

The first preliminary to be insisted on is, not to start on an expedition without being thoroughly well shod; that is, both strongly and comfortably too; otherwise, one's walking will be short and painful; for if the feet are worn out with undue friction, it matters little how sound a man may be in every other point, he cannot walk. A light waterproof and a fairly strong stick are also desirable; the one to remove uneasiness about the state of the weather; and the other for a variety of purposes, offensive and defensive. It is very necessary, too, to provide a really good map; the best is the Reduced Ordnance Map in shilling squares on the scale of an inch to the mile. The full-sized Ordnance is too large to be spread out well in the open air, and the small one is as exact as can be needed.

A guide-book, too, is not a bad thing, though somewhat cumbersome to carry about; and it would be of much greater use than it is, were it not for the tendency of most guide-writers to magnify each charm absurdly, and speak with a misleading profusion of praise which renders a choice quite embarrassing. This is especially the case with small local treatises, whose descriptions have to be discounted largely, if we would avoid disappointment.

It is well before starting not to forget to fill one's purse, and that with metallic currency—not paper; and also to take some light food, unless the country is certain to be well supplied. The neglect of these two things has often led the writer into more or less trouble. People who don't know you, can't be expected to trust you; and as to cheques and notes, many country-people have a lurking suspicion of such things, a suspicion not altogether unreasonable. In Scotland, the one-pound bank-note is another matter, being in many places preferred to a sovereign! And with regard to food, a district often proves much more deserted than was expected; and though we all know that country hospitality is a hearty and an excellent thing, yet it will not do to trust too much to it; though I have often found that, like the prophetic powers of the gipsy race, it was wonderfully quick-

ened by the sight of silver. For instance, on one occasion two of us were wandering among some of the wildest of the Yorkshire hills. We had taken no provisions, supposing that it would of course be easy to purchase what we wanted, and now looked in vain for a dwelling of any kind. After becoming nearly faint for want of food, we descried at some distance a small farmhouse; and to it we made our way with energy, and in hope of a Yorkshire welcome. The 'Yorkshire' welcome consisted of a fierce dog, and after the dog a man hardly more inviting, who answered our knock, and in the language of the country, which I need not render, asked roughly what our business was; and being told, gave us cheerfully to understand that his house wasn't an inn. He was shutting his door in our faces, like Goldsmith's 'rude Carinthian boor,' when, rendered desperate, we exclaimed that something we must have, and added a word or two about payment. This last consideration seemed to make a difference, and to penetrate his stern and cloudy mind with success; and though it was certainly more inn-like to sell provisions than to give them, yet he rapidly thawed; and after regaling us with what he had, was pleased to consume a little of our tobacco in token of amity, ere he sped us on our way.

And now, after making such preparations as these with what care he can, our tourist may be allowed to start, with light heart and, if possible, light knapsack. In starting, however, it is wise to avoid the mistake of beginners—excess of eagerness and hurry to get forward. Old Alpine men always walk slowly at first; so much so, that one might fancy their powers of locomotion were small and would soon fail; but after twenty miles or so, matters look very different. One can easily keep up a good speed for a considerable time, if only it is attained gradually; and the same may be observed of a horse in a long drive. But if a walker attempts to begin at full swing at once, and tries to keep it up long, he is apt to tire himself prematurely, or strain some small muscle, which may practically lay him up till the morrow.

As a matter of fact, there need be no sort of hurry. The things which waste time are, not a moderate pace or a gradual start, but sauntering and wasting time on trifles, stopping often for rest, being drawn aside by unforeseen attractions, and above all, losing one's way. Of these, the habit mentioned first, of making fitful and desultory pauses without any solid cause at all, deserves to be condemned unconditionally. But the question of stopping for rest must depend on the walker's state of training. At first—that is, for two or three days—it may be advisable to pause for a few minutes every two miles or so; but afterwards this is not necessary. For meals, which of course involve necessary stoppages, I almost think the best way is to have a substantial breakfast, and then only to take light refreshment, though not at very distant intervals, until the day's work is done, when a solid tea, such as country inns generally understand better than dinner, is most enjoyable.

As to digressions, another source of delay, it is hard to avoid them altogether, if one is of a curious and enterprising turn; only, in undertaking them one should count the cost in time, distance, and energy, which is apt to be con-

siderable, and allow a corresponding margin beforehand. Above all, beware of a digression from the beaten track simply to save distance, for such attempts are generally failures, resulting from ignorance of the locality; and end by wasting a great deal of time. But the greatest loss of time and energy is caused by missing the way, for then it is often necessary to grudgingly retrace one's steps. The power of finding one's way easily and well is apparently a sort of instinct that some persons are almost destitute of; but to remedy the want, let the walker have recourse to his map, and look often at it, constantly comparing with it the landmarks of the surrounding country, the hills, watercourses, and even houses. By so doing, he need never allow himself to lose his place, and will know where he is as well as any one can tell him.

It will not in general be wise to reckon on doing the total distance for the day at an average pace of more than two or two and a half miles an hour, stoppages and all included; that is, if enjoyment is an object. To try to go too far in a day is a mistake, which springs sometimes from a wish to make the day's work sound well in the telling, and sometimes from a mistaken estimate of what is 'the correct thing.' The writer remembers acting on the opposite or more philosophical principle, in company with an entertaining but not very muscular friend; so much so indeed, that we laid ourselves open to the taunt, on recounting our exploits to my friend's sister, that it was 'more a *talking* than a *walking* tour.' This was severe; but perhaps we had run into the other extreme, and degenerated into mere laziness.

The perplexity caused by puffing guide-books we have already noticed; but even this is better than the utter bewilderment which results from relying on the accounts of the inhabitants themselves of a district. Strange to say, they are in but too many instances the last people to tell you what you want to know, even if they can understand what it is that you want. I remember dragging my good-natured cousin up a valley called Bishopdale, to explore a fine waterfall which I had heard was there, but which he, a resident of a few miles off, knew nothing of, and did not believe in at all. The only result of my inquiries at a village some three miles away was to strengthen his incredulity; and my own confidence was inwardly impaired. None of the rustics seemed to know even what I meant by the term 'waterfall,' and to be thinking about quite other things; until, upon my seizing the village pump-handle, and pouring out a torrent by way of illustration, a little girl pointed to what proved the right direction; and a very fine fall we discovered eventually, though after much open scepticism on the part of my companion, and not before I had been compelled, Columbus-like, to promise that if nothing was met with in the next ten minutes, we would turn back.

Nor are the inhabitants of a place more reliable in the matter of distances; there, again, you must trust to your map, adding some little to the apparent distance for deviations of the path. It has happened to me, on asking three separate wayfarers, at intervals of a few minutes, how far it was to the next village, to be told consecutively that the distance was three, four, and four and a

half miles; so that one might have felt inclined to turn round and walk the other way. This is bad enough. But when a man gravely tells one, as was the case lately in Scotland, that the place where you stand is 'about two miles fra *all* places'—as though we were at a kind of centre, with the rest of the world all round us—one begins to realise the hopelessness of further inquiry. Indeed, the rustic mind has a special aptitude for eluding all exact questioning of every kind. In the matter of distances, the aforesaid rustic fences with and evades the questioner by saying it is 'no that far,' or 'a guid bit,' or even occasionally by a direct untruth, prompted, it would seem, by no motive but the dislike of precision and exactness.

To get a really fine and comprehensive view of the country one visits, it is far the best course to make one's way along the tops of the hills. But there are great drawbacks: the walking is of course much slower and harder; the danger and delay arising from bogs and quagmires are annoying; and in dry seasons, the want of drinkable water, apparently but not really in contradiction to this last statement, is sometimes quite distressing, and makes one realise the condition of Addison's wanderer, who 'on the thirsty mountain pants.' But yet if you want really great scenery, as opposed to small and pretty views, go along the hill-tops; and carry with you a flask of cold unsugared tea, which will be found a most refreshing drink.

In concluding, I may remark that there is no possible chance of such walking as I have described proving attractive, except to a genuine lover of natural beauty. If the pedestrian only looks at natural objects as the American did, who exclaimed at sight of Niagara, 'What a deal of mill-power is wasted there,' then he might as well stay at home, and do his walking about his own doors.

A GIRL'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE links are golden, yet for ever fret
With keen if secret pain;
Nor does the metal they are fashioned of
Make them the less—a chain.

This bridal home, a splendid prison seems;
To me, its loveliness
Is but the bitter sign of servitude,
And mocks my heart's distress.

Ay! Gold is powerful in this world of ours;
What magic in its gleam!
'Tis well that there are things it cannot buy,
Else it had reigned supreme!

Sweet Sister mine, you think I have done well;
You love this pomp and pride:
Alas! I find it but a poor reward
For all I cast aside.

I dare not think of all the vanished Past.—
Hush! let the dead love rest:
But, Sister mine, remember all your life,
Remember, *Love is best.*

And I am not entirely comfortless;
One joy is mine the while:
My father smiles again, with free glad heart,
And I have bought that smile! E. K. W.

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POETICAL JUSTICE.

THERE has never been any question as to the importance of the enormous influence exercised on mankind by that most powerful moral agent Fiction. The expedient of teaching deep truths by means of simple stories, concealing grave lessons in the attractive interest of parables, or the thin disguise of fables, is a very ancient one, and was probably in full force in the world before Jotham intimated to the murderous citizens of Shechem his contemptuous disapproval of their choice of a ruler, under cloak of the parable of the trees seeking a king to reign over them. Its popularity since those days abundantly testifies to its efficacy.

The causes of this popularity may be variously assigned; but certain it is that all men, and still more all women, are more or less open to the influence which Fiction exerts; and never was it more strongly felt than in the rush and bustle of this crowded nineteenth century. Not only do the rich and idle find it agreeable to while away their leisure in the languid amusement of contemplating pains and pleasures that do not disturb their own easy lives, but the energetic and hard-working, the overworked and the despairing, find their best relaxation and their most wholesome tonic in that blessed forgetfulness of self, that temporary oblivion of the one engrossing and intrinsically subject, which a hearty interest in either a play or a novel gives. Travel, sport, society are most valuable as distractions from sordid cares and the pressure of business; but for the many to whom these are unavailable when most needed, a fair substitute is obtained in the books or the plays that enable them to accompany others in their voyages round the world or through life, to see with their eyes and feel with their hearts, and so cast off for a time the crushing burden of self and selfish cares.

The importance of the nature of the lessons conveyed by means so universally accepted can hardly be over-estimated, and Poetical Justice has much to answer for under this head. It may be

true that novels are generally read and plays witnessed for the sake of amusement only, that no one expects to learn from them, or desires anything beyond a pleasant mode of passing time. Nevertheless, the influence is there, working stealthily, and whether recognised or not. Not more surely does the hidden violet fill the air around its modest presence with perfume, than the spirit in which a book is written makes itself felt for good or for evil. A young man's mind and character are formed by the books he reads, even more than by the company he keeps; and of the books he reads, a large proportion will be works of fiction. This may be predicated with even greater certainty of the young woman. Children are nurtured on fiction from their earliest years, soothed and amused with 'stories,' and induced to swallow the pills of educational instruction by the silverying of romance with which they are now elaborately coated. The taste grows with their years; and for a man or woman of average experience to show no appreciation of Scott or Dickens, of Thackeray or George Eliot, would be to declare him or her either wanting in intelligence, or utterly and grossly self-absorbed.

The appreciation of fiction which we should look for with most confidence amongst the masses is independent of that discriminating admiration for the beauty of artistic work, as such, which is the special privilege of the intellectual connoisseur; it is the simpler and commoner interest in a well-told story, to which no sane head and sound heart can be quite insensible. The spurious delights of studying highly spiced records of immorality for the sake of the excitement they afford, may be left out of count here, as a disease of the mental organs; we are only concerned with their healthy and normal conditions.

The novelist's strength lies in his power of appeal to our sense of truth. In this, as in other arts, the highest art is the concealment of art. If he presents us with characters that we can recognise, we love or hate them as the case may be. We love the simple nobility of Colonel Newcome, loathe the monster Quilp, and

worship the sanctity of Dinah Morris ; we laugh with the witty, and fight with the brave, and mourn with the bereaved. But to touch us, the persons must be real ; we care little for the adventures of figures of wood, and are unmoved by tragedies enacted by bundles of straw. And this is the common failing of our minor novelists. They introduce us to beings we have never known, men and women who walk on stilts and speak a language we have never heard, who move with the jerky unaccountability of marionnettes, and smile with the vacant stare of a Saracen's Head. We feel no inclination to join their unfamiliar dance, and our answering smiles are chilled at birth by the grim stiffness of their stony lips. But this is the fault of the artist. Let the magic spark of truth be present, and the glow of sympathetic interest will be kindled in every breast. And it is generally in favour of the ogre Poetical Justice that delineation of character is so sacrificed to management of situation as to make this sympathy impossible. Some righting of the wrongs we have witnessed is of course demanded. We go through labyrinths of misery with our friend the persecuted heroine, and endure a lengthy and intimate acquaintance with the iniquitous plots of the villain, on the tacit understanding that Poetical Justice is at last to step in and put everything straight.

But the Poetical Justice we generally come to at the end of the third volume or the fifth act is, nevertheless for the most part untrue to our own convictions, and its arrival but too frequently alienates us more than all the previous eccentricities of the performers. It is not real justice, not the natural working out of that law of compensation which does in great measure restore the balance of the deranged affairs of this complicated world ; but an arbitrary arrangement of circumstances, which vexes us by its insufficiency, and offends us by its wild improbability. We know that in our experience of daily life the hypocrite and the impostor flourish on the fat of the land, humble virtue remains unrecognised, and no god steps out of the machine in the nick of time to convict the culprit and rescue the deserving. Such violent adjustments seldom happen ; but a quicker and much more true adjustment, in the full sense of the term, is daily taking place. The patient heroine does not invariably marry her lover after years of struggle, and the endurance of every possible and impossible hardship that can beset Love's course ; and if she did, his irritable temper and disappointment at her faded appearance, would render the event but a poor return for her courage. Her true reward is the elevation of her own moral nature, the development by this rough education of all the graces of her heart, and the purification of that fine gold of the spirit which we trust is to survive the existences of time and sense. In real life the cruel relative does not fall dead on the threshold of the home he has robbed from those who trusted

in him ; he lives and revels in it, widely respected for his liberal charities ; but retribution attends him not the less truly in the deterioration of his nature, the blunting of his sense of honour, that entire moral degradation unflinchingly induced by successful fraud. Again, he whom he has ousted accepts or does not accept the discipline of his fate, and becomes either the discontented trifler, or the strong and noble soul whom afflictions can but confirm.

Far from disparaging the ingenuity required for the dovetailing of incidents in a complicated plot, we heartily commend it ; but we would plead for an occasional change in the application of it. Let the lesson conveyed be that a man's condition can only be truly estimated by his moral nature ; that the Nemesis we all admit to be indispensable is carried about in his own breast, and is independent of accidents of circumstance and change ; that worldly prosperity is an inadequate reward, if he has lacked that true nobility of character which is implied by the words self-help. The varied and subtle effects of these outward accidental influences on the character he deals with, will afford large scope to the author both for the study and practice of the higher branches of his art ; and if they lead him from the composition of 'sensation novels,' to efforts after a refined and analytical portraiture of human nature, his readers will be gainers of truth and of pleasure in the exact ratio of his success.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XLV.—IN THE OLD COUNTING-HOUSE.

'MR MERVYN expects you, I know, Mr Oakley. If you will kindly wait'— And, without finishing the sentence, the young clerk stirred the steady fire into a brighter glow, and went out, leaving Bertram alone.

Bertram looked around him, every object on which his eyes fell serving to awaken a train of recollections. There were the books on their shelves. There were the models on their cases, as of yore. Again he stood within the walls of the old counting-house at Blackwall, where he had first entered in the humble character of a messenger from his then employers, Groby, Sleather, and Stodge. That blatant firm, that image of burnished brass, had toppled over from its feet of clay, long ago ; and here was Bertram again—summoned, this time, by special telegram from Mr Mervyn the principal. Arthur Lynn had dropped no hint concerning his uncle's motive in desiring to see Bertram at Blackwall.

It was winter now. Months had elapsed since the adventure in Mervyn's Yard at Southampton, and the tall trees of the Avenue were bare of leaves, and red berries were on the hedges, that in summer had been gay with the white wild-rose and the May-blossom, and early snow lay on the Surrey uplands past which Bertram had that day journeyed. The time had not been idly spent. Bertram had worked with a will in carrying out that extension of the business which had been designed

before his first promotion to a place of trust; and Arthur Lynn, who was very often at Southampton in these latter days, and who was thought to have found favour in the eyes of Mr Weston's beautiful ward, was eloquent in praise of the Assistant Manager. His very leisure was more profitably spent than are the hours of labour of those less gifted than himself. Two of his patented inventions already brought in a considerable income. For a third, he had refused the proffer of a large sum pressed on him by some wide-awake speculator, declining, at about the same time, a proposal to undertake the management of some works, on a great scale, in Russia.

Bertram, as his eyes ranged over the lettered backs of the volumes—old friends, many of them—on the shipbuilder's well-stored shelves, and as he glanced at the models, his interest in which had first of all attracted towards himself the notice of Mr Mervyn, smiled somewhat sadly as he remembered his own painful pilgrimage, on weary feet, worn by the churlish pavement of inhospitable London, past the Docks and Warehouses and Factories of the East End, before some happy inspiration had led him to turn his steps to Blackwall. He could recollect the bitter weather, the sinking of the heart, the physical exhaustion, and finally, how he had sunk down helpless, like some over-driven creature, at the gate of Mervyn's Yard. How had the world changed for him since then!

So deep was Bertram's reverie, that he was only aroused from it by the pressure of a friendly hand upon his shoulder; and he turned to find himself face to face with Mr Mervyn, as on that first day of our acquaintance with which his thoughts had been busy.

'You will consider me a sad dreamer, sir, I fear,' said Bertram, with his bright smile, as he took his patron's proffered hand. 'The sight of old friends—dumb ones though they be—sent my thoughts far back into the past. It was a turning-point in my life, Mr Mervyn, when first my good genius guided my steps to this place.'

'It was a piece of good fortune to us all,' replied the great shipbuilder cordially. 'But sit down, sit down,' he added, motioning Bertram to a chair near the fireside, and taking another himself. 'You wonder, do you not, Bertram, why I sent to ask you to come to me, without assigning a reason? Well, the reason lies in a nutshell. We contemplate making changes, great changes.'

'Indeed, sir,' said Bertram, turning his handsome, thoughtful face towards the speaker, and waiting to hear more. The manner in which this communication was made puzzled him. Mr Mervyn was not often oracular. When business was in question, and indeed, whatever was the topic, he usually spoke plainly and to the point. But now his kind old eyes twinkled, as though in enjoyment of the riddle he had propounded for Bertram to guess.

'Or rather, one great change,' Mr Mervyn went on to say, 'the idea of which is, as yet, a secret between my nephew and myself. Arthur did not drop any hint, did he, when you told him you were coming up Londonwards to-day?'

'No,' answered Bertram, looking more attentively at the principal than before. 'Mr Lynn said nothing worth repeating, when I told him of your wish to see me here.'

'Sly dog!' said Mr Mervyn, with a beaming smile. 'He did not say, either, that he should see you presently? But of course not. This, you must know, Bertram, is a little surprise of my own planning. I spoke of a change. We project one; but it cannot take place, of course, without your co-operation and consent.'

'Without my'—Bertram got thus far in his inquiry, and then broke down. His breath came quicker than before, and his anxious look moved his kind old friend to shorten the explanation.

'Yes,' said the shipbuilder; 'the firm, you see, which my own father founded, and which has grown and thriven these fifty years—about the time it takes to get a navy oak into condition—has been hitherto known as that of Mervyn & Co. We think it would sound better, in future, as Mervyn, Lynn, and Oakley. Here are the articles of partnership, or rather, the draft of them, ready for amendments,' said the old gentleman quickly, as he unlocked a safe; 'and here are the books—you had better look at them, and see the balances, and observe what we divided last year, and this—mustn't buy a pig in a poke, you know!' added Mr Mervyn, who seemed to continue talking to allow his auditor time to recover from the shock of the first surprise.

'Have I heard you rightly, sir? Is it possible that you would consent—would wish—to receive me as a partner in the House?' asked Bertram, pale, and almost incredulous. Such a thing seemed out of all probability. There are firms in which a clever subaltern may reasonably hope, after years of good service, to be taken up into the commercial Olympus. There are others in which it seems as unlikely as for a Sudra to receive the sacred thread and yellow paint streak of a Brahmin. And in Mervyn's—that grand old House—no such promotion had ever yet been granted. Yet Mr Mervyn stood smiling, and pointed to the Deed of Copartnership, whereon Bertram's name was inscribed.

'But, sir,' said Bertram, astonished—'surely the want of capital sufficient to—'

'You have it, my young friend,' interrupted the principal cheerily, as he tapped Bertram lightly on the forehead with an outstretched finger—'you have it there! You have not been long with us yet; but we have learned to regard you as the right hand of the firm. It is but fitting that you should be one of us, should share in our counsels and in our profits. You do not come to us empty-handed—far from it. Your first two patents, which, if you agree, will be joint property, represent much money; and for every ten thousand pounds you can invest, your portion of our gains, as you will see here, will increase in gradation. You have money now, I think!'

'I have laid by a considerable sum,' said Bertram, still bewildered; 'and more, I believe, may be expected in two months' time. Hitherto, I have not known what to do with the profits that my patents have brought in; but now—'

'Use them!' chimed in Mr Mervyn pleasantly. 'People make a great mistake, it seems to me, as to money. Money is a tool, an instrument, an engine—not a toy, as our young dandies think, to be played with and flung away—not a meal

to be greedily devoured, according to the creed of our poor, brawny shipwrights, children with mighty muscles, whose high wages do not last out the week. No, no; the Dutch were our masters in the art of productive saving—no cash in a stocking, but all out on the sea, or in tilling the land, or gathering rich crops in the Spice Islands of the East; or rolling over, like a golden snowball that agglomerates gold, as common snowballs grow heavy with gathered snow, on every mart and bourse in Europe. I know poor men with great territorial fortunes, and rich men whose revenue is small; for to live up to your income, is to lead, after all, a hand-to-mouth existence, as the savages do. Come; you must dine with me to-day, in Park Lane—you have never broken bread with me yet. Arthur will be there. He is coming up on purpose,' said the old man kindly; 'for we, of Mervyn's House, do not receive a new partner every day; and this, Bertram, will be a fresh start in life for you.'

'I have no words to thank you, sir,' was the simple but heartfelt reply.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

WHEN Charles Webb was starring it at the old Chatham Theatre in New York, he became acquainted with a fish-dealer named Thomas Shapleigh, who had in his boyish days belonged to a juvenile dramatic company, and felt very much inclined to tread the boards again, if a chance offered. It did offer. The actor cast for Polonius on Webb's benefit night was unable to play, and Shapleigh undertook to supply his place. The house was packed; and the beneficiare, and the friend who had, as the bill put it, 'magnanimously volunteered his valuable services,' were received with loud acclamations. The first act went off smoothly enough; but in the second, when on Polonius asking, 'Do you know me, my lord?' Hamlet replies, 'Excellent well; you are a fishmonger'—Mrs Shapleigh, sitting in a front box, exclaimed: 'Well, it ain't very pretty of you, Mr Webb, after Tom has been so good to you, to go showing him up in that way; I'd have you know that a fishmonger, as you call him, is as good as an actor any day!' When she ceased, a wondering silence fell upon the audience; and Shapleigh giving his wife an assuring nod, said: 'It's all right, Bessie; it's so in the book.' And then, understanding matters, the audience vociferously applauded.

It is not always 'so in the book.' It was not Shakespeare's Romeo that electrified a Western audience with:

Soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet has a son!

Nor was a dramatist responsible for the stage-lover telling the object of his affections: 'In the past, you have shared my adversity; and it is my sincere desire that you may in the future share my posterity.'

Much less germane to the matter was Jefferson's

first stage-speech. He played the infant in *Pizarro*, and when Cora said to Alonzo, 'Sweet child! he will speak soon,' she was not prepared for the instant fulfilment of her prophecy by the 'infant' toddling to the footlights and asking the leader of the orchestra why he did not play his fiddle!—Many years afterwards, the actor was playing his famous part of Rip van Winkle at Chicago, and one night went to the theatre tired out by a long day's fishing. When the curtain rose on the third act, it disclosed the white-haired Rip deep in his twenty years' nap. Five, ten minutes elapsed, but he did not waken. The audience grew impatient, and the prompter uneasy; he supposed the great actor knew what he was about; but this was carrying the realistic business a little too far. At length the gallery waxed uproarious, and yelled their delight at one of their number inquiring, 'if there was going to be nineteen years more of this snooze business.' At this point, Jefferson snored audibly. Opening a small trap beneath the stage, the prompter prodded Rip from below, only to see the sleepy comedian fumble in his pocket for an imaginary railway ticket, and hear him mutter, 'Going clear through, conductor.' This was too much for the prompter; he went at Rip with a big pin; and with a loud shriek, that worthy sat up, wide awake to the situation.

An actor of no great account, except in his own estimation, found his way upon the stage just after the final morning rehearsal of a pantomime, the first scene of which had been set again ready for the evening performance. Heavy with over-imbibing of beer, he tumbled into a friendly bunk, as he supposed, and was soon fast asleep. Night came. The curtain rose upon a tomb, to which, after a little while, the pantomime hero advanced for the purpose of breathing out his life. As he threw himself upon the tomb, it changed into a downy couch, and then he suddenly found himself struggling with a big man. The two rolled towards the footlights, kicking their hardest; but stopping in time, they disentangled themselves, and the half-sobered intruder on the scene, quoting from Shakespeare, at the top of his voice, 'Give me another horse! Bind up me wounds! Have mercy, heavens!' brought down the house as he had never done before, or was likely to do again.

A good story is told of Mr Raymond and the Lotos Club. The comedian persuaded a number of the members of the Club to appear on the stage for one night only as jurors in the trial scene in *A Gilded Age*, conditionally that their names should not be known. Prior to the commencement of the piece, it became known that the newspapers had been furnished with a full list of the amateurs, who, nevertheless, instead of withdrawing from their engagement, determined to punish Raymond in another way. The entire point of the last scene in the play depends upon the jury promptly delivering a verdict of 'Not guilty.' But when

the time came, Foreman Shaw solemnly answered 'Guilty.' There was a pause, dead silence, and then a roar of laughter from the audience. 'O Foreman,' gasped Raymond; 'you don't mean it—you mean just the other way!' 'Guilty!' repeated the Foreman, and the action of the play was completely stopped. Raymond saw it would be of no avail to poll the jury—they were evidently unanimous in sticking to their verdict. 'I move, your Honour,' cried he, 'that the jury be allowed to retire for consultation;' and then, in a whisper, entreated the jokers to 'let up.' The appeal was successful. The Foreman gravely informed the court that the jury desired to change their verdict to one of 'Not guilty;' the supers shouted, the heroine was vindicated, the audience applauded, and the curtain fell.

A practical joke of a different kind was once played by two mischievous scamps attached to the Bowery Theatre. A grand spectacular play was in preparation, in which two hundred supers arrayed as Chinamen were to be discovered on a slope, extending up to the painting-room, situated at the rear end of the building, at a height about level with the top of the proscenium arch. Rum-maging the painting-room, Johnny Williams the property-boy came upon an old wicker elephant; and confiding his discovery to another boy in the establishment, proposed to get some fun out of the supers by rolling the elephant down the slope upon them. Upon the first night of the grand spectacle, the young rascals crept into the painting-room. Presently, up went the curtain, discovering the whole of the stage, the mock-Chinamen covering the slope. Suddenly a monster elephant came sliding, rolling, and tumbling down the incline in a cloud of dust. Supers were crushed under its mighty weight; supers were knocked off their feet, and sent rolling to the stage; supers, scared out of their wits, fled the scene. The panic was over in a few minutes, but was terrible enough while it lasted; and although they hardly deserved such luck, its authors escaped unsuspected, the catastrophe being attributed to the breaking of the ropes by which, for years, the elephant had been suspended.

Perhaps there is no 'property' of which so many stories have been told as the skull passing for poor Yorick's. Here is one which may be new to our readers. When the elder Booth was to play Hamlet somewhere in Virginia, he found no skull had been provided. A little darkey, however, volunteered to get one, and kept his promise. When he was leaving the theatre after the performance, Booth felt some one tugging at his coat-tail. It was the little nigger. 'Please, sah,' said he, 'I want Daddy's skull.'—'Daddy's skull?' repeated the actor.—'Yes, sah. Dat used ter be do ole man's headpiece afore de mule kicked him; an' mammy 'll lick me rarely ef I lose it.'

At the beginning of his theatrical career, Mr W. J. Florence, the popular comedian, played 'general utility' at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, then under the management of Mr John Brougham. Among the new pieces produced by that gentle-

man was one that created no little sensation at its first representation. It was called *A Row at the Lyceum Theatre, or Greenroom Secrets*. Each member of the company appeared on the stage as himself or herself, wearing everyday costume, and the scene was the greenroom of the theatre. The performance was exceedingly realistic, and went off capitally until the entrance of Miss Buggins, a débutante who—as previously arranged—after looking over the part allotted to her, objected to the 'business,' and insisted upon having something more tragic. While she was making matters disagreeable on the stage, a stout, middle-aged man, dressed in Quaker garb, rose in the centre of the stalls, and exclaimed: 'That woman looks for all the world like Clementina! Her voice is very like; the form is the same!' After a pause, he added: 'It is my wife;' and rushed towards the footlights, shouting: 'Come off the stage, you miserable woman!' The audience, at first amused, grew angry, and cries of, 'Put him out!' 'Sit down!' 'Police!' rang through the house. Up in the third tier, visible to all, was a red-shirted fireman, who loudly threatened he would give 'Old Broadbrim' a sound thrashing, if he attempted to lay a hand on the young woman; and was presently seen rushing down-stairs to carry his threat into execution. The house was in an uproar; ladies tried to escape from the theatre, while gentlemen vainly endeavoured to restore order. At last the irate husband clambered over the orchestra, the fireman close behind him, to be seized by a couple of police-officers, and dragged upon the stage. When there, they were made to face the house; and immediately the regulation semicircle was formed, the rhymed 'tag' spoken, and the curtain dropped, almost before the bewildered audience had time to recognise in the indignant husband, Mr Brougham himself; in the recovered wife, Mrs Brougham; in the red-shirted defender of the young woman, Mr W. J. Florence; and to realise the fact that the whole scene had been previously rehearsed, and that they had been very cleverly hoaxed.

Mr H. E. Jarrett, whose 'Cinderella Company' was lately playing in Detroit, relates that he was one evening accosted by a small boy, who showed him fifteen cents, saying: 'Please, Mister, I would so like to see *Cinderella*; but that's all the money I've got.' The manager, unable to withstand the appeal, handed the urchin a quarter of a dollar. The boy's countenance beamed with delight, and moving towards the street, he said: 'You don't know how thankful I feel, sir; I am ever so much obliged to you; and I guess I'll go over to the Coliseum and see *Jack Sheppard*.' Mr Jarrett felt his generosity had been sadly misplaced. He might exchange condolences with our countryman Mr Archibald Forbes, who suffered in much the same way when on his lecturing tour in the States. Asking the darkey cabman who drove him to the hotel at West Chester, Pennsylvania, how much he was to pay him, the cabman replied: 'Well, sah, if you'd jes' gib me a ticket to de lectur', sah, I should be right glad.' Flattered by such a request, Mr Forbes not only gave Jehu a ticket, but added another for his 'missis.' He did not see his coloured friend among his audience that evening; and getting into the same cab next morning to go to the station, said to the driver:

'I didn't see you at the lecture last night?'—'No, sah; I were not dar,' was the unabashed reply. 'You see, sah, I jes' sold dem tickets for a dollar, sah, 'cause I don't know much 'bout lecturs, and tought I'd rader hab de cash, sah.'

The good folks of Macon in Georgia would seem to know as little about plays as the negro cabman knew about lectures, for when Mr McCallough played *Virgilius* there, not one of the audience moved upon the curtain falling on the last act; and it was not until the stage-manager explained that *Virgilius* being dead, *Virginia* dead, and *Appius Claudius* dead too, nothing remained to be done that evening, that they went grumbling away.

THE TREASURE AT GRAN QUIVIRA.

CHAPTER IV.

THE second night passed away as quietly as the first had done; the sun rose over the waterless plains and *mesas* as brilliantly as ever. Despite of the disagreeable tidings of the previous evening, the spirits of the party rose high with the bright morning and its balmy breeze. Gerald and another had ascended the highest *mesa*—no great height, it is true, as the low mound only rose some fifty feet above the surrounding plain—and from its summit had carefully swept the country around with powerful field-glasses, without discerning a living object; no, not even their water-wagon, which ought by this time to have been in sight upon its return journey. There was as yet no pressing want of water; but anything like a delay in this supply would be awkward, and if sustained, would be fatal to the enterprise.

Annie and her lady-friend made themselves very useful by preparing the meals in a more inviting manner than had hitherto been done; yet the Señorita found time to ascend more than once the *mesa*, on which the look-out was now constantly kept. Although Gerald was as hard at work as any one of the party, he asked Annie and her friend to take an hour's ride over the plains, in which he would accompany them; but the girl shudderingly refused, turning quite pale at the proposal; an unusual thing with her. 'No, Mr Elkley,' she said; 'I must not. You must not ride out to-day. No one should leave the camp singly; no one should leave it at all except with a fighting party.'

'But Annie!—Miss Tate'—Gerald corrected himself; but the slip brought a little colour back to the girl's face—'all is safe, all is quiet; no living thing is in sight.'

'In sight! I do not fear any living thing if it is in sight!' exclaimed the girl. 'But I am morally certain that near to us—perhaps within rifle-shot—there are those who would be only too ready to thin your numbers, did you venture near the ambush. I do not speak in fear of myself; yet I know that in revenge for what my presence here has told them, I should be their first victim. Be on your guard, Mr Elkley, against

treachery within, as well as against foes without. José has warned you.'

Yes; José had intimated suspicion, but it was suspicion only; and while Elkley resolved to use the utmost vigilance, he yet saw no reason for the alarm under which the whole of the party from Blue Creek evidently laboured. But no argument could induce any of them to leave the camp; and the day wore on unmarked by any feature of interest, beyond the sustained digging and probing, save that the water-wagon did not arrive. There was only enough water for another day's consumption; therefore it was decided that if the wagon were not in sight at sunrise, a party should at once set out for the springs, to procure a supply, as well as to learn what had become of the men.

Somewhat more of depression was visible in the camp this evening than before; and none of the party cared to take the stroll which would have been so refreshing, so pleasantly conducive to chatting, so enjoyable for smoking, after the labours of the day; but lounged about moodily, or gazed wistfully from the *mesa* top in the direction of the expected wagon. Darkness closed in; the sentinels were duly placed, and all was silence and gloom on the vast plain. Again the night passed without disturbance; and when the sun rose, every man arose also, and climbed the *mesa* to look for the expected water-supply. No wagon was in sight.

This was unaccountable, and, in addition, very serious; indeed, they could not hold out beyond that day without a supply. A council was called, at which, while some urged the carrying out the proposal of overnight, to set out at once, others argued that if any accident had detained the men, involving the repair of the wagon, they would be likely to start at sunrise also, and therefore it would be better to wait yet a few hours; and this view was adopted. It was finally decided that they should wait until noon; and then, if no trace of the wagon could be discovered, an expedition should start, which would reach the springs that night, and return in the morning. Even this involved the diminution of the usual allowance to one half. As there was reason to fear that the first wagon had been attacked, it was determined that a stronger party should now go out; so six men were picked for the duty—two of the prospectors, two 'white' helps, and two Mexicans. It was hoped that so strong a party, especially with no valuables in charge, would not be molested.

The digging proceeded with less spirit on this day, partly from the mysterious failure of the water, and partly because the greater part of the supposed chapel area had been tested without result. It was true that they could easily have been mistaken in their selection of the spot; but if so, it became disheartening to look round and see where they *might* have to dig. Just after noon, when Elkley was about to give orders for the mules to be put in the wagon, a welcome shout from the *mesa* top announced a wagon in sight, and every one felt that a weight was taken from his mind. All rushed to the summit, and saw, beyond all doubt, crawling slowly, just within the horizon, and barely visible, a wagon and team. The meal just prepared was discussed with greater appetite, while laughter and jesting

displaced the uneasiness which had been previously but too palpable.

The only exceptions to this uplifting of the spirits were in the party from Blue Creek. Annie seemed to grow more timid—*anxious* would probably be a better word to use in her case—and whenever at leisure, she repaired to the summit of the *mesa*, and gazed wistfully in the direction by which she had come. Mrs Sammy appeared to share this anxiety; while Jonathan, her husband, flatly refused to work, or to lay aside his rifle for a moment, and no sentinel could have patrolled the camp more regularly than did that worthy. It was in vain to remonstrate with him. 'If you calculate on getting out of this without using your shooters, you're off on the wrong foot, you bet,' was his reply to all argument; 'and no man ain't going to git the first draw on this here child, if he can any way git the first draw on *him*.'

Work had been resumed, when the look-out called to Gerald, who at once went up to him.

'Say!' began the man; 'that wagon gets no nearer, and it's crossing the plain to the north. I don't think it's our team, anyhow.'

Elkley watched for a time through the glass, and saw that the scout was right. The vehicle had travelled several miles without coming closer. For a while, it had seemed possible the driver might have been choosing the best track; but it had now passed beyond the line of the camp, and was evidently merely a chance team going northwards. A most unfortunate delay had arisen in consequence of this mistake, as the afternoon was now pretty well advanced. As soon as the intelligence spread, the whole of the prospectors assembled on the *mesa*, and a general feeling was expressed that the water expedition should set out at once. They were discussing who and how many should now be chosen to go, when José ran quickly up the *mesa* slope, and then, with an abruptness quite unusual with him, he thrust himself into the centre of the group. He wore a hard scowl on his determined features; but his voice was harsher as he said: 'My dog Bodon is murdered! Some traitor has stabbed him outside the camp. I'll shoot him if I find him. But what are *you* going to do about it, Señores?'

This news startled them all. It was instantly plain that whoever had killed their savage but invaluable four-footed guard, meant no good to the party; and for a moment even the want of water was forgotten in this alarming incident.

Many hurried opinions were given, most earnest among which was José's strenuous advice to lynch 'that Mexican,' to whom he gave credit for the death of his dog; when, during a moment's pause, the nasal tones of Mr Sammy were heard. 'I expect you air right about that Greaser, José,' he said. [Greaser is the regular name for a Mexican in the vulgate of New Mexico, and used without any intention to offend.] 'But if we lynch him, he can't tell us nothing afterwards; and what's more, we can't make use of him to spile the hands of them cursed white Injuns which are sneaking around, I bet my bottom dollar. I can see jest what the game is, and I can spile it, I can. Here's the idea, if you will listen.' The crafty old frontiersman then expounded his views; which were adopted immediately, as all were pleased to find anything like a definite plan offered in the crisis which seemed to be impending.

The work was carried on for the remainder of that day in unusual silence, announcement being first made that the wagon would start for the springs directly after dark, and that the force would be divided; eight would go with the team, while nine would keep the camp. The wagon would reach the springs in four or five hours, it was calculated; and so could return by noon the next day, giving the mules some rest. Annie was much distressed at hearing that the camp was to be left with so weak a garrison; but was too good a soldier to murmur. She was observed to be cleaning her light rifle, which had not previously been shown; while Mr Sammy's spouse openly, and without any compromise in the matter, buckled a revolver to her waist, in most approved Western fashion.

Supper passed almost in silence, which prevailed also during the short interval of twilight; then, as darkness gathered round them, the mules were quietly brought out, harnessed to the wagon, and the selected eight—four prospectors, two 'white' helps, and two Mexicans—started on their errand. The suspected Mexican was retained in the camp; so was José.

'Señor Elkley,' said the latter, as Gerald stood listening to the now faint sound of the departing team, 'that thar Greaser has been out of camp. I see him come sneaking round back of *mesa* just now. I think we better hang him at once.'

José's advice was not adopted; and a silence as profound as that of the wide prairies themselves settled down upon the camp.

It was a dark night; the moon was in its first quarter; and although in those cloudless skies the stars were shining, their light was only just sufficient to make all surrounding objects more confused and misleading than they would have been in absolute darkness. It was easy for any one on the watch—and all in the camp were painfully on the watch that night—to conjure up a succession of fresh shapes in the darkness, which moved and came and went; while in the oppressive silence it was equally easy to imagine a succession of mysterious sounds. In homely phrase, we may say that a night-watch on the prairie is calculated to make the boldest nervous. The hours wore on. José, armed to the teeth, had thrust himself into the company of the suspected Mexican, and wherever the latter went, José went also. No word of threat or suspicion was uttered; but the Mexicans are a jealous and suspicious race, and the man knew as well that José had fastened himself upon him for a purpose, as though the latter had openly proclaimed it.

The night crept on; the hour at which those not on guard had usually repaired to their tent beds, was past, but not a soul had thought of sleep; every light was extinguished in the camp; even the indispensable pipes were screened, lest their glow should betray their owners, and midnight was near, when a faint sound, which might have been the cry of a distant night-bird, was heard. Every man in the camp grasped his rifle, whilst José hissed in a fierce whisper to his unlucky countryman, with great English additions: 'You move a finger—only wink!—and I put a knife in your ribs.'

The cry was again repeated; and then a dozen flashes broke out of the darkness of the night, and what might have been a murderous volley was

fired, at close quarters, into the tents, while a hideous chorus of yells and shouts told that the long-dreaded assault had now begun in earnest.

A single flash from old Sanny's pistol, as he lay on the summit of the *mesa*, was for a moment the only reply; but then a bright blaze shot up, apparently from the earth, which instantly became a tall column of flame, brilliant and unwavering in the still air, and proceeding from a pyramid of rags, straw, wood, splinters, and all kinds of rubbish, collected by Sanny, and soaked in paraffin or kerosene oil. The shouts of the besiegers were returned by those in the camp; and as all disguise was now at an end, volley after volley was fired into the deep shadow of the *mesa*, while the pillar of light showed the assailants as they moved to and fro. Suddenly a harsh voice—it was recognised—was heard to shout: 'Now, boys, for the rush!'

A score of figures leapt from the earth at this, and came with headlong speed for the camp.

'Be ready!—meet them coolly,' shouted Elkley in return. He was hidden by the gloom; but a bullet struck him as he spoke, and he fell. The assailants were close to the camp, when, as they gave one final yell, preparatory to the hand-to-hand fight which seemed inevitable, some swift jets of fire flashed from an *arroyo* in their rear, the sharp crack of rifle-shots was heard, and at least half-a-dozen of their number were seen, by the light on the hill, to stumble and fall. A volley was then fired from the camp; while the shouts in front and rear told that the stormers themselves were to be attacked in both quarters.

They paused in their rush; several of them dropped on the prairie to seek cover. Their leader shouted in vain. 'Boys!' he screamed, 'the camp is your own! It is full of dollars! Darn ye! Don't give up.'

Ere he could utter another word, he and those with him were in the centre of a wild fight, where the flash of firearms, sweeping blows with rifle-butts, and the gleam of knives, all had their part. The assailants were beaten back; several of them had hurried away—leaving their comrades to their fate—when the first deadly volley was poured upon them from the rear. The leader himself was wounded, and had retreated for a moment behind a mound. 'Come, captain! it is of no use fighting any longer,' said one of those who had kept resolutely by his side; 'we're whipped!'

The leader turned as to fly; but as he did so, the now sinking light on the *mesa* showed the dresses of women, who were apparently standing in a wagon, watching the contest. 'If it's my last shot, she dies, for a traitress!' exclaimed the leader, throwing his rifle to his shoulder. As he spoke, a man who had been engaged with the last of the assailants who showed fight, sprang towards him and knocked the barrel on one side. 'Sy Tate, you're wrong! The bullet ain't cast that can hurt Señorita Annie. Give in, or you're a dead man.'

José—for it was the Mexican—had closed with Sy while speaking; but the old desperado managed to draw his pistol, and its flash, followed by an execration from José, told the latter was hit, just as he threw his arms around Tate, and they fell heavily together. The report of the pistol, with the noise of their struggle, drew

several of the camp party to the spot, for all was now quiet elsewhere. The band of stormers was disabled, or had fled.

'José!' cried the voice of Mr Sanny, 'let me get a shot at him, José! Are you on top or under?'

There was a momentary still fiercer dashing and writhing with the two men, neither of whom could be distinguished by those who stood around, then a terrific shriek followed, and then José rose on one knee, panting from the struggle, and sheathed his knife. 'I reckon he's dead,' said José quietly. 'Old Juanna was right. Now we will go and lynch that Mexican.'

'You can't,' said Mr Sanny; 'I reckon I've quieted him. I couldn't help it, pardner, I meant to leave him to you; but I see him shoot Señor Elkley in the back, and my feelings was too much for me.'

'Captain Elkley killed!' exclaimed those who heard this announcement; and a rush instantly took place to the camp, where, under the guidance of Mr Sanny, they found Gerald stretched upon his face, with the blood still oozing from a gunshot wound in the neck.

'He ain't dead!' said José, who had at once dropped on his knees by the side of the insensible man. 'Go and fetch Señorita Annie, and tell her to bring the bandages and fixings. I want some for my own thigh; that old Sy Tate nearly made me pass in my cheeks.' This was José's mode of explaining how nearly he had been killed; and it was accepted as being quite grave and serious enough for the occasion.

In a few minutes Annie, with Mrs Sanny, arrived; and the largest tent being converted into a hospital, the wounded men were brought in. These were numerous, as were also the slain. Besides Gerald, two of the prospectors were wounded, and another killed; one hired help and one Mexican killed, one hired help and José wounded. The attacking party had suffered far more, so that the boasted surgical skill of José was of great service, as were also the calmness and presence of mind of Annie and her companion. Gerald's wound was pronounced to be serious, yet not fatal; but he was insensible all night. When the morning dawned, one man was sent off with a team, for the springs; while another rode many miles to the next telegraph station to send for surgeons and to apprise the authorities of what had occurred.

The alarm spread in other ways; and many men rode into the camp from the springs and from lonely ranches, all ready to fight, if need were, and all heartily rejoiced to find that the killed and wounded of the desperadoes comprised some of the most notorious and dreaded ruffians of all who infested the frontier. Those among the latter who could speak were especially anxious to learn who were the men that attacked them in the rear; they knew from the Mexican who was shot by 'old man Sanny,' as he was always described, that the camp was to be left with only nine defenders including himself, and he had slaughtered poor Bodon, and had promised to do as much for at least one of his comrades; which diabolical pledge he had redeemed directly José had left him, to join in the fight.

Great was the astonishment of these men to learn that their designs had been forestalled, and

successfully discounted; that the water expedition had been but a feint, pulling up and tethering the horses under cover of the darkness, while the whole of the party crept silently back, and concealed themselves in an *arroyo* near the camp. Mr Sanny's judgment and advice had not been at fault—we shall speak of him respectfully, although his associates did not—and the determined repulse of the night attack had broken up the most threatening combination of outlaws in New Mexico.

The poor fellows who had first been sent for water were found dead a few miles from the springs, having been waylaid on their return journey; so taking all the incidents together, the zeal of the party in treasure-hunting was considerably abated. Some of those who came to their assistance seemed disposed to carry on the search; but a day or two satisfied them. Thus, by the time the wounded could be removed, there was a general feeling of disgust at the project.

Gerald, with others, was carried to Santa Fé, where he lay for a long time before he recovered strength; and Annie Tate, assisted of course by Mrs Sanny, was his nurse throughout. During his convalescence, he held many conversations with her relative to the death of Sy Tate; and as a natural consequence, they spoke of her plans for the future. On these, Annie was very reluctant to dwell, alluding vaguely to some scheme she had in view; and it was not until Gerald had also consulted Mrs Sanny and José that he found Annie intended to offer herself as governess and 'general help' on some remote ranch where there were children to be taken care of. Old Sy Tate was popularly supposed to be rich, and no doubt this belief was correct; but Annie knew nothing of the disposal of his riches. He owned the house at Blue Creek and some of the best land around; but beyond this she knew nothing.

These conversations awakened some very natural reflections in Gerald's mind. He was fairly wealthy; had seen enough, perhaps a little too much now, of adventure. Annie had grown indispensable to him; he owed his life twice—perhaps thrice—to her; in short, he found it impossible to reconcile the idea of parting with her. He thought he should be far happier with a wife, than without one. The reader is no doubt of the same opinion. Like a true Yankee, he had no absurd qualms about marrying out of his set, or for studying others in a matter which concerned only himself. He knew that Annie's brilliant beauty would shine in a Boston assembly brighter than in New Mexico; that she was so quick and intelligent, that no one would detect a trace of her Amazonian, frontier character; and, in short, when he grew well, he asked Annie to become his wife. To his surprise, she shed tears that were almost hysterical, and tried to say 'No'; but she could not, and as the only possible alternative, said 'Yes.'

The only business arrangement which they transacted before leaving the territory, was the assigning to Mr Sanny the house, ranch, furniture, stock, and, above all, the weapons formerly the property of Sy Tate; all of which, especially the last, had been the envy of 'old man Sanny' for many and many a day.

Gerald and Annie still live in one of the New

England States; and their children are always accompanied by a swarthy Mexican, who spoils them far more than do even their father and mother; he limps slightly, and is called José.

EXAGGERATIONS.

Nothing is more characteristic of the present age than the tendency to exaggeration of language which prevails among all classes. The equivalents for the adverb 'very,' in the form of 'awfully,' 'fearfully,' 'tremendously,' &c., have become so common in the course of ordinary conversation that they are scarcely looked upon as slang now, and are uttered freely, even by the educated of both sexes, without a moment's appreciation of their true depth of meaning. Sometimes this peculiar phase of expression takes another form, converse as to its application, but precisely the same in effect—that is, a ridiculous diminution or understatement of magnitude. Thus, we hear 'a few,' 'rather,' 'slightly,' 'somewhat,' &c., used to denote an amount for which the strongest terms would be appropriate. Many of these sayings are of transatlantic origin, the dry humour of our cousins abounding in like phrases. Although such extravagances of expression and idea are deliberately and palpably untrue, they are so obviously employed without any intention to deceive, that they may be considered blameless of the pernicious aspects of a commonplace falsehood. For instance, when Artemus Ward tells us that on his recovery from fever he was so thin that, standing edgewise, he could not be seen at all, and that you might have cleaned the stem of a tobacco-pipe with either of his legs, he certainly does not mean us to believe that his emaciation had actually reached that painful extent. So, too, Dickens, in his preface to *Barnaby Rudge*, describing one of the two living originals from which the raven Grip was drawn, can scarcely intend that we should accept literally the statement that the bird ate a staircase, consisting of six wooden steps and a landing, before succumbing to a pound of white-lead taken internally.

'You might have heard a pin drop,' is a tolerably strong expression in itself, frequently used in speaking of a sudden silence among a multitude of people; but the assertion that in a crowded hall at a critical moment the stillness was so perfect that 'the accidental dropping of a pin reverberated like thunder,' goes further. And the nigger must have been black indeed, upon whose skin charcoal made a white mark.

An American had been bragging for some time in a public bar-room of various marvellous feats of swimming which he had witnessed or performed; when an Englishman, who had listened in silent incredulity, bethought himself that he would defeat, or try to defeat, the boastful 'Colonel' with his own weapons. The old country, he considered, was able to beat the new at anything—even at fibs—if her sons tried; so he suddenly spoke up.

'Well, yes, Colonel,' struck in the Britisher, 'those were big swims, I admit, that you say you've seen; but I've known one that beats all yours hollow. Two years ago, I started from Liverpool for New York in one of the Cunard boats. There was a little commotion and excitement on the wharf at leaving, and a man dived

into the water; but we took no particular heed of it. Next morning, we remembered it, though, for, sure enough there was a man swimming abreast of us at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. We called out to him, and heaved him a rope, but he refused all assistance. At night of course, we lost sight of him; but when the sun rose, there he was again, striking out as lively as possible. And so he stood by us all the way across, sometimes diving under our keel, and coming up on the other side; sometimes playing round us like a dolphin, now on his back and now on his side; now turning head over heels, wheel-fashion. But about two hours before we reached New York, he began to forge ahead, and soon distanced us altogether; and when we got alongside, we found him standing on the quay, dressed to receive us.

The Yankee had eyed the speaker fixedly during his narration. 'That's a true yarn, I s'pose, stranger!' he said interrogatively.

'O yes, quite true; I saw it myself,' was the reply.

'You saw that man swim across from Liverpool to New York alongside yer steamer all the way?'

'Exactly.'

'Stranger, did yer know that man?'

'Well, no!' answered the Englishman cautiously; 'I didn't know him; but I saw him, nevertheless.'

'Stranger, I was that man!'

At the whist-table, one often hears exaggerated forms of expression, especially from the lips of experienced players, in sarcastic remonstrance with novices; witness the old aphorisms about the number of little children now running about shoeless and in rags, because their fathers neglected to lead from five of a suit, and the only two excuses for not returning trumps—when you haven't got one, and sudden death—and the like. 'What can one do against *three* such adversaries!' was the vicious exclamation, when the trick was lost, of an old devotee of the game, whose partner was certainly not all that Cavendish could have desired.

'Why did you not lead spades?' I once said, somewhat captiously, to a whist-player whose hand I had been overlooking, and who had played cautiously, when, as it seemed to me, after the event—the period at which it is so easy to give excellent advice—by leading differently he might possibly have scored more tricks. 'That's what I should have done.'

'Ah,' he replied, looking back over his shoulder at me through his spectacles calmly; 'you have the world before you, and none but yourself to consider. You have no wife and family dependent on you for bread, as I have. Had such been your case too, you would certainly have led spades.'

I should mention—to prevent misconception—that the stakes were sixpenny points. The same gentleman, when the conversation at the dinner-table touched on wife-beating, expressed his conviction that the man who could lead from a single card was equally capable of striking a woman.

Here is a fact which is not a 'stretcher,' though it might reasonably be taken for one. There is a railway in the Argentine Republic which has a great many small stations in the suburbs of Buenos Ayres. On this favoured line, the speed of the locomotives is so remarkable, that when people

miss a train at one station, they not unfrequently drive on to the next, and catch it there!

Sailors have a great many queer sayings which certainly overstep the bounds of exact truth; such, for example, as the assertion that a ship is going so fast as to make her keel red-hot. I once sailed with a captain who constantly made use of the quaintest, and at the same time most harmlessly undeceptive mis-statements of this character. He had bought, at the last moment before sailing, two packets of writing-paper, which turned out to be of very inferior quality.

'Coarse? I believe you. Why, my pen kept fetching up against lumps of stuff like oatmeal in it. I gave it up at last, and tried the other packet; but that was worse. If the first had oatmeal in it, this was full of Indian corn!'

Talking of the danger of cutting bread with the edge of the knife inclined towards one's hand, he declared he had twelve married sisters in England, all with large families, and much in the habit of cutting bread and butter; every one of them was a finger or two short, in consequence of this baneful practice.

One night at sea, meeting a large American steamer which displayed, in addition to her usual red and green side-lights and white mast-head light, several other coloured lamps as a night-signal, he exclaimed: 'Why, here's a druggist's shop coming!' And once, when he was fired on in Aspinwall by a drunken rowdy in mistake for somebody else, and had rushed into a store and hidden himself under the counter until matters were explained, he afterwards excused his apparent want of courage by the remark, that it was better to look a coward for five minutes, than to look a corpse for evermore!

We had a number of cats on board, of which he was very fond. A passenger who by no means shared this predilection for the feline race, made no secret of his views on the subject when the skipper's pets came purring around like little harmoniums at breakfast-time. 'I suppose, Captain,' said he, with infinite sarcasm in his tone, 'if provisions ran short, you would feed your crew on cats!'

'Not while there were any passengers left,' was the unexpected though well-deserved reply.

Spaniards are anything but renowned for the sanitary condition of their dwellings, a fact of which a traveller soon becomes aware as he walks through the streets of a Spanish city. Yet they become most fastidious on board ship, if they get an occasional whiff from the bilges or the cattle-pens forward; and it used to annoy our Captain exceedingly when they complained. 'Bilgewater!' he used to exclaim, more forcibly than politely; 'they'd be glad of it on their handkerchiefs at home!'

He had a story, too, which he told with the drollest exaggeration of detail, about an occasion when he was out shooting, and sitting down on a bank to rest, found that he had perched himself on a hornet's nest. The bank was tunnelled by them; and as luck would have it, he had seated himself upon, and thus closed the only exit available for the imprisoned insects. He dared not get up, lest they should swarm out in a body and sting him to death. There were millions of them, he said; for the earth for yards around hummed and vibrated with their subterranean raging, like

a high-pressure steamboat under way; but there was no other orifice. At night, several others came home to go to bed, to whom he had to 'explain.' I forget how long he sat there—a week, I think—much longer, at any rate, than one would sit on a bank under ordinary circumstances; but he could not raise the siege until the imprisoned hornets were all starved.

He would not have been flattered by an observation which I once overheard, and with which I had better conclude: 'When one seafaring man corroborates the statement of another, he stamps it unmistakably as a "stretcher."'

MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

TROUBLE THE SIXTH.

I AM up with—I had almost said the lark; but in the cause of truth, I must even descend to the level of the cocks and hens; for it is none other than a bevy of these unpoetical birds which have crowed and cackled me out of bed this morning. My bedroom window looks into a back court, where the stables are, and I behold a carriage. 'At last!' I say aloud, as I rush like a whirlwind through my toilet. As I am tying on my hat—for I must make quite ready to start—Mina knocks at my door.

'Come in,' I sing, too much elated to modify my voice into sobriety.

'Ah, *Prinzi* is clever; she is up and dressed!'

'Yes,' I say, cutting her short; 'and the carriage has come to take me away, Mina!'

'*Eh, eh, Prinzi*! [No, no, Miss!]; that is the great gentry's carriage who are at breakfast in the waiting-room,' she explains.

'Not the carriage from Waimel?' I exclaim, sinking wofully into a chair.

'It is early still. *Prinzi* must not expect too soon. It is only five o'clock, and the journey from Waimel is six hours; she must not expect before ten.'

There is reason in what Mina says; so I slowly untie my hat, and sigh as I mentally count the hours from five to ten. Five long hours, I think, before I need begin even to expect.

'I will serve *Prinzi's* breakfast in the waiting-room,' Mina says at the door; 'the kitchen is full of men.'

'I will wait until those people are gone,' I reply, as I take my stand at the window and watch them change the horses. The lumbering family chariot clatters out of the court, looking for all the world like an ill-favoured grasshopper on its high springs; and I listen until I hear the bell—without which the Russian coachman is loath to travel—ringing into the distance.

I take my solitary meal, solemnly and slowly; I stare vacantly out of the window; I go out and sit on my box in the veranda—but still no carriage.

A bell in the distance! I am in the middle of the road, shading my eyes with my hand. It is only a droschke, filled with students on their way to Dorpat. They are, as usual, noisy and idiotic; so I deem it best to retire to my bedroom until they are gone; but I leave the door ajar to listen. Of course they order beer. They must be Russians and Germans, for they are mixing up the two languages.

'Mees M. Estwood!' I hear drawled out. They are reading the address on my handbag. 'An English Mees,—I know her, Fritz; she has red hair and green spectacles.'

'And they call her Meary!' cackles another.

'No; hold your tongues! I remember the lady perfectly; she is an ancient friend of my family, and I love her! True, she has only one eye; but she lost the other in a noble cause. It was scratched out whilst its owner was defending my honour against calumny.' This witticism is received with a roar.

'Idiots! dolts!' I hiss between closed teeth, and shut my door with a bang. I hear another roar of laughter, in which I faintly join, for the eye business amuses me. They too rattle away, leaving cigar-ash and beer-dregs behind them; and I return to my box-lid and my anxious watch.

It is twelve o'clock at noon, and still no carriage! I can no longer sit still, but pace the veranda from side to side as I have seen a hyena do its cage. What am I to do! My letter must have miscarried.

At this moment, the station-master—oh, wonder to relate!—condescends to seek me. 'I fear there must be some mistake, Madam, about the carriage from Waimel,' he says. 'Of course you wrote!'

'Of course I did. And told my friends that I would leave Dorpat by diligence yesterday morning.'

'Ah well, then, the letter must have miscarried, and it is no use waiting.'

'But what shall I do?' I cry. 'I had better write again.'

'That would oblige you to send a messenger, and you would have to stay here another night. No; you had better travel post,' he suggests.

Post! Why have I never thought of this? Of course I will take a postchaise. I must be demented not to have thought of it before. The station-master retires to give the orders and get his bill; and in a few minutes I have turned my back—oh, how thankfully!—on that most dreary of stations.

My readers, are you acquainted with that instrument of torture, a Russian postchaise? If you do not, avoid it as you would a pestilence, if you value your bones. It is a short, wooden cart, higher at the back than the front; it jolts, and, where the roads are rough, jumps along on two high wheels. Your seat is a wisp of straw at the bottom, and your luggage forms a rasping support for your back behind. You can only sit with your legs stretched straight out before you, which position after the first hour is the rack. I have been in it an hour and more, and am holding my head with both hands, to prevent my brains jumbling together; for we are tearing up a hill—we always tear up hills in Russia—in that most lovely part of Livonia called the 'Livonian Switzerland.' My driver has a wild, unkempt look—ferocious, I think—as he shouts to his horses with upraised hand; but I am too much occupied with the care of my brains to trouble much about his appearance at present. Thank Providence, we are at the top of the hill, and at walking pace, the horses steaming with the exertion, and I can look about me, even with the cramp in my limbs, and admire the scenery. It is impressively wild and solitary. To my right, a steep hill rises, clad in dark-green firs, interspersed

with the graceful, feathery birch; to my left, a deep ravine, from which we are divided by a low wall. I can hear the water tumbling at its foot, though I cannot see it for trees. There is not so much as a peasant's hut to remind me of human existence. We are alone with Nature.

As I gaze—oh, woe is me!—my thoughts, I know not why, revert to an awful tale. I had heard of a murder which occurred last winter on the Neva. A gentleman had left St Petersburg for Cronstadt in a droschke, and was never afterwards seen or heard of. It was presumed that the unfortunate man had been murdered by the driver, his pockets plundered, and his body thrust into one of the many holes in the ice. These things were of frequent occurrence. For several minutes, I see no more of the scenery. I am alone with this man. It could all be done in a few moments. No one would be any the wiser. He could murder me, throw my body over the wall, and take possession of my belongings. People would wonder for a time what had become of the English girl. My friends at Dorpat and Waimel would perhaps exchange letters on the subject, and lose themselves in surmises; but they would never suspect my fate. And my own people would wonder, blame, and fret; would think perhaps that I had forgotten them, whilst my bones rotted in a Russian ravine. I look up at my driver. He is a powerful man, broad-shouldered, with long tawny hair flowing in the wind. At this moment, in my present state of mind, even a back-view suggests any number of murders! But it has evidently not occurred to him yet what a chance is here; for he sits quietly on his box with slackened reins and listless mien. By degrees, however, as I am still alive and nothing is being done, I grow more calm; one cannot be always in a panic; and I am inclined to laugh now at my foolish alarm. We have torn up more hills and walked along more levels, and I have almost dismissed the disagreeable subject from my mind, when the chaise suddenly stops.

The blood rushes to my heart. The driver is slowly descending. 'Farewell, earth! Farewell, mother! You will never know the fate of your poor child.' He has thrown the reins on to the horses' backs, and turns and looks me full in the face. I do not know how I look or what I do; but he looks away again, and begins slowly to unbutton his coat. He is feeling in his pockets. Seeking the wherewith to murder me! I think. Not yet. It is a flask of *vodki*. He will make himself mad drunk, and then!—He takes a long pull. My heart beats so violently, that I seem to feel the chaise give a jerk at every throb. He returns the flask to his pocket, and fumbles again. I watch as one might watch an adversary who holds the muzzle of a pistol to one's forehead. He brings out something—I cannot see distinctly from the over-straining of my eyes. It is—gracious powers!—a clasp-knife, and he clicks out a cruel glittering blade. I cover my eyes, and try to say my prayers. I am distractedly entreating for 'my daily bread,' poor wretched, half-crazed soul; and I am still not murdered, and there is perfect silence. So I take a peep at him through my fingers. He is searching his pockets again. This time, for a whetstone, to make the work more sure! I think. But I still watch with a grim, despairing curiosity. He produces a strange-look-

ing brown mass. What is it? I widen the breach between my fingers, and bring another eye to bear upon it. I cannot make it out. He is again groping in a pocket; and at length brings up a short stick, and I recognise it in a moment, and feel more steady—the gay china bowl of a pipe! He adjusts it to the stem, and—hurrah! begins solemnly to shove down the brown mass into it with his pocket-knife. It is 'Karria Yaak!' And he is not going to murder me.

He fills his pipe, good, honest fellow; lights it leisurely with a flint and steel, and leaning his mighty shoulder against a tree, surveys the country, as he dreamily draws in the smoke of his beloved weed. How could I have supposed that placid, sheepish face to belong to a murderer? I positively blush for very shame at myself for my cowardly fancies.

But now that this violent revulsion of feeling has come, an almost deadly languor overtakes me. I believe if he wanted to murder me now, I should scarcely struggle; my arms are like weights of lead. The chaise may jump over stones and do its worst. When we are again in motion, I fall into a heavy doze, and only regain consciousness when we are rattling over the round paving-stones of the little town of Verro. In a few minutes we are driving into the quiet grass-grown court of Waimel; and I am tumbling out of the straw at the bottom of the chaise, a jaded, dusty, creased, dishevelled, hysterical bundle, into the arms of my friend.

'Why have you come upon us this way? Why did you not write, as was arranged, and we would have sent the carriage to meet you?' are the breathless questions which greet me.

'I did write!' I cry; 'and I have been waiting at the office since yesterday afternoon.'

'And we have never got your letter!'

An hour later, when we are seated, a merry party, round the tea-table, and I am relating the story of my adventures, a servant brings in the postbag. The contents are turned out. There are business letters for the Baron, the Dorpat and Riga Gazettes, and last of all, my retarded letter, which has cost me so much suffering.

My story is done, though I have not told you one half of the troubles I have gone through. But before I take leave, I would give my readers a word of advice. If they love order, and would keep their heads cool and free from revolutionary principles, let them not make a lengthened stay in Russia!

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN ancient aqueduct, built by the Emperor Augustus to supply Bologna with water, has, after a lapse of eighteen hundred years, been restored to its original use. A great part of the masonry had been altogether destroyed; but that which had withstood the action of floods and other accidents was as hard as granite. The structure consisted of brick and stone cemented together with a mortar composed of volcanic sand and lime.

Some months ago, we heard a great deal about the increase of myopia or short-sightedness in our public schools. Professor Cohn has been led to

investigate the causes of the increase of the same disease in the German schools. He finds that in village schools the malady is almost unknown; but as the towns are approached, where it may be, he supposes, greater calls are made upon the pupils, the number of cases gradually increases. More than this, the number increases from the lowest to the highest class in all these institutions, the short-sighted pupils becoming more so as they attain the higher honours.

Professor Cohn attributes this lamentable state of things not to over-study so much as to badly constructed schools, furniture ill adapted for school-work, bad writing, and bad type. This last item he considers of special importance, and urges that a reform should be commenced without delay. He suggests that inspectors of schools should gauge the type of the books in use at each particular school, and that those printed in type below a standard size, should without hesitation be rejected.

According to an American paper, a fire lately occurred at the Etna Rubber Mills, Jamaica Plains, the cause of which was traced to a most unusual source. The solvent which is commonly used as a medium for the cement which fastens pieces of india-rubber cloth together, is naphtha, a highly inflammable liquid. It appears that in lifting a sheet of this cloth from a pile of the same material ready cut out for garments, enough electricity was evolved to cause a spark to pass between the sheet raised and the bulk of the cloth below. This spark set fire to the naphtha-cemented joints, or to the inflammable gas rising from them, and the whole room was soon in a blaze. Luckily, the fire was extinguished without any serious loss.

The fourth of July celebrations, which are generally accompanied by fireworks, guns, and any implement which will make a noise, have been followed this year, in many of the American towns and cities, by quite an epidemic of lockjaw, which in many cases has proved fatal. This is due to a toy pistol, which, on account of its cheapness and general efficiency, has become very popular among the boys. It possesses an iron barrel, and is loaded with a blank cartridge; but the trigger arrangements are not such as to recommend themselves to the advanced sportsman, inasmuch that, in the process of loading, the little weapon is apt to discharge itself without notice, severely injuring the hand of the operator. In the cases quoted, of which there were fifty in New York alone, the greater injury was generally caused by laceration, owing to small pieces of metal being blown into the flesh. The sale of those murderous weapons has been stopped; and it is hoped that the vendors will not try to find a market for them on this side of the Atlantic.

At the Bee Exhibition recently held at South Kensington, several novelties were shown, which were full of interest to all bee-keepers. Among these we select for notice a pair of gloves, or

rather a double pair, which are said to render the hands perfectly secure against stings. The inner pair are knitted, and the outer pair made of cotton, the combination forming a fabric which cannot be pierced by the most pertinacious of bees.

Some analogies between the sense of hearing and that of vision have recently been suggested by experiments instituted by Herr Urbantschitsch. He placed tubes in the ears of the person experimented upon, and then brought near one ear a loudly sounding tuning-fork. This fork was then touched so as to considerably diminish, but not to stop its vibration. Its sound could not now be detected by the same ear—which seemed to be fatigued by its previous experience—but was plainly audible by the other ear. This fatigue seems to last from two to five seconds, and only affects the ear if the sound repeated is of the same pitch. If a different note be sounded, it is heard equally well by both ears.

Such experiments as these are highly interesting and useful, as turning attention to a branch of science about which little is known. Diseases connected with the sense of hearing are unfortunately very common indeed, and doctors agree that the cases generally are of a very unsatisfactory nature, which means in plain words that they are not easy to cure. By careful experiment, it may be possible to throw some light upon many points which are at present obscure.

Many investigators have at different times endeavoured to test the action of extreme cold upon vegetation; but the seeds experimented upon have usually been those furnished with a thick skin. The effect of a temperature of *minus* one hundred and ten degrees upon seeds of a larger and softer kind, such as the Indian chestnut, has lately been determined by Herr Wartmann. The chestnuts were each protected by a covering of tinfoil, so that they might not be injured by the chemicals employed to reduce the temperature to the degree named. After being subjected to this intense cold for two hours, the chestnuts were planted—with the result that they germinated in the normal manner. It would be thus seen that this resistance to cold is not a peculiar property possessed by certain seeds, but is common to all. In the meantime, another scientist, Herr Howath, has been experimenting on the effects of extreme cold upon animals which are subject to the so-called winter sleep. He found that marmots, hedgehogs, &c., when subjected to great cold artificially, although not thrown into the hibernating state, recovered from a low temperature which must have killed most warm-blooded animals.

Dr John Butler of New York has recently invented a little machine for the application of an electric current to the human body without a battery, and without such elaborate apparatus as requires the attendance of a skilled operator. The instrument consists of a metal roller covered with chamois leather, which at first sight appears

to be identical with one of those rollers used by paper-hangers for smoothing down their work. But on nearer inspection, it is found to possess a permanent magnet, and an electro-magnet, the latter being set revolving when the roller is moved over the surface of the body. The instrument therefore acts as a rubber, as well as an electric generator; and is said to give great relief in cases of nervous exhaustion, neuralgia, and many other of the ills which human flesh is heir to.

Earnock Colliery—near Hamilton, Lanarkshire—has now been fitted with Swan (electric) lamps, and the experiment seems to give every satisfaction. This, however, is hardly a conclusive test as to the suitability of electric illumination for collieries generally, for the one in question is not a pit liable to gas-explosions. The drawback of electricity for this purpose is the possible passage of a spark at any portion of the conducting wires and their fittings, which would inevitably be sufficient to fire an inflammable atmosphere. Some of the lamps used at Earnock Colliery are suspended from the roof, and are protected by strong glass globes and wire-guards. Others are fitted with cables, so that they can be moved about from place to place as required. That the light given is sufficiently intense, may be proved by the fact that photographs were lately taken in the depths of the colliery.

We have until now regarded such monoliths as Cleopatra's Needle as huge curiosities, whose like it would be difficult to produce by any means at our disposal. That other nations have thought the same, may be proved by the presence of a sister obelisk at Paris; and another which has lately crossed the Atlantic. But our American friends have detached a monolith from a quarry at Westerly, Rhode Island, before which these others must sink into insignificance. It measures one hundred and fifty feet long, by eight feet thick, and is estimated to weigh one thousand tons. The owners offer to dress it to the shape of an obelisk, and to erect it in New York for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and they are open to contracts for the production of obelisks of any pattern or size.

With tunnels through mountains, tunnels beneath our streets, and a projected scheme for a tunnel beneath the Channel which separates us from our French neighbours, it is all-important that we should have some efficient means of ventilation, which will enable us to breathe in these subterranean passages without being half suffocated. This desirable end seems to have been practically accomplished in a certain tunnel which forms an approach to the bridge which crosses the Mississippi at St Louis. The ventilator there used consists of a high chimney made of boiler-plate, in which works a pneumatic screw, capable of discharging about four hundred thousand cubic feet per minute. The screw is worked by a hundred and twenty horse-power steam-engine, which also gives motion to a dynamo-electric machine which will furnish the tunnel with light.

A most wonderful and interesting discovery has, as our readers doubtless know, been recently made in a gorge about four miles from the Nile, near Thebes. In a gallery two hundred feet long, hewn out of the solid rock, were found no less than thirty-nine mummies of royal and priestly personages who lived about three thousand years ago. Among these are the remains of King Thutmes III. and of King Ramses II. The first-named ordered the construction of the so-called 'Cleopatra's Needle,' which now stands on the Thames Embankment; and the latter placed upon the same monument a list of his titles and honours, about two hundred and seventy years later. In addition to these mummies, there have been found numerous papyri, some of enormous length. When these are deciphered, we may hope that they may add much to the records of Egyptological discovery. It is believed that these remains were removed from their place of sepulture, and hidden in this spot at the time of foreign invasion. They are mostly in a wonderful state of preservation; the garlands of flowers which loving hands had placed round the bodies three thousand years ago, having the appearance of those which might have been gathered only a few months ago; while the exquisite paintings which adorn the mummy cases appear to be as fresh as if they had just come from the brush.

Practical geology on an extensive scale is now engaging the attention of the United States Census Bureau. At first sight, there seems little connection between what we understand by a census, and geological science. And we may suppose that it is only by the accident of convenience that the Bureau is charged with this special duty. Samples of every kind of stone, each measuring four cubic inches, are being collected from every part of America. These are being examined as to their durability in different localities, and their adaptability for different purposes. The result has already been that many stones which have hitherto been used only for rough underwork, are now found susceptible of receiving a high polish, and serving as corner-stones if required. In one case it was discovered by chemical analysis that a particular rock, a kind of sandstone, contained about sixteen per cent. of phosphoric acid, rendering it far more valuable as a fertiliser than as a stone for building purposes. Had we had such a collection to refer to at the time that the present Houses of Parliament were built, we should not have had now to deplore the rapid decay of architectural adornments which have been carved in a material non-resistant to atmospheric influences.

An application of the induction balance invented by Professor Hughes, was employed to determine the exact position of the bullet in President Garfield's body. Our readers will perhaps remember that the induction balance depends for its action upon a movable coil of wire sliding upon a wooden bar between two fixed coils, through which an electric current is passing. The induced current in the movable coil varies with its proximity to the fixed coils, and these variations are made evident to the operator by an attached telephone. In such a delicate instrument, the near presence of any mass of metal must affect its action more or less; and by working in this direction, and treating a hidden bullet as

the disturbing mass, its exact position can be calculated with accuracy.

The application of electricity to the purposes of surgery is in these days no new thing; but a machine lately invented by Dr Bonwill of Philadelphia is of such a startling character, that it may well be styled a novelty. The surgical engine invented by him, and generously placed at the disposal of his fellow-creatures without the protection of a patent, is intended for amputations, and operations generally where the removal of bone is required. It consists of a set of drills and circular saws, which, by suitable gearing, are revolved at a very high velocity. By the use of this apparatus, operations are performed very rapidly, and in a far neater manner than by the unaided hand. Already giving satisfaction in the United States, the novel contrivance may be said to be on its trial here, for the inventor has presented one of the engines to St Bartholomew's Hospital. We shall probably soon hear what our surgeons think of it.

Wool-sorters' disease, a mild form of the terrible Siberian Plague, has lately formed the subject of a Report by Professor Brown. Inferior sorts of wool clipped from animals which have died of Anthrax, represent the source of infection, the disease itself being due to a microscopic plant in the fluids of the body. Professor Brown suggests that the importation of mixed wools should be prohibited, and that suspected or inferior samples should be isolated, with a view to their disinfection at the port of arrival. It is to be feared that no law would prevent unscrupulous traders from mixing wools, were it to their profit to do so; and in any case it would require the services of experienced wool-sorters to detect such mixture. The whole subject is fraught with difficulties, which it would seem impossible to obviate.

Another projected ship-canal must be added to the long list of such ventures which are now occupying the attention of engineers in all parts of the civilised world. The new water-way is to connect the North Sea with the Baltic, by a cutting through the land from Glückstadt to Kiel, so as to save a journey of about six hundred miles round the peninsula of Denmark. The canal will be fifty miles long—less than half the length of the Suez Canal; and, as in the case of the latter, the engineers intend to utilise small lakes which lie in the way. It is said that an English Company are engaged in negotiations for the execution of the work. However this may be, it is certain that English ships would benefit by the enterprise; for the route from Yarmouth to St Petersburg could then be traced by a straight line.

We recently described the 'detective camera' invented by Mr Bolas for taking photographs of unsuspecting subjects. A more simple and portable piece of mechanism has lately been devised by M. Bonnard, and judging by the specimens which we have seen, it is certainly a most effective apparatus. It is nothing more or less than an opera-glass with the fittings of a camera. The larger end of one barrel is fitted with a ground glass screen, on which the image is focused. The other barrel holds a tiny gelatine plate, which only requires a momentary exposure to receive a photographic impression. In action, the contrivance is held against the chest, and the touch of a trigger

uncovers the lens. The pictures taken are circular, and about the size of a crown-piece, but so perfect in detail, that in the case of one before us, the number and letter on a policeman's collar can, with the aid of a lens, be easily read. These Tom Thumb cameras are not yet in the market; but it is with some reason anticipated, that they will be widely used. When these and similar contrivances become common, we shall indeed be surrounded by a cloud of witnesses to our actions, whose evidence it will be impossible to impeach.

M. C. Bombonnel has issued a manifesto addressed 'to the sportsmen of all countries,' inviting subscriptions to a vast lion-hunting preserve which he intends to found in the wilds of Algeria. A pavilion fitted with every appliance and luxury for the hunters' comfort, is to form the centre of this unique establishment. Lions and panthers are to be attracted to the surrounding forest by the presence of old and broken-down animals, such as horses, mules, goats, &c., which are to serve as bait. When the wild beasts find such food provided for them, they will soon learn to congregate in the neighbourhood, when the noble sportsmen (!) will, from a secure arbuscade, drop bullets into them. We sincerely hope that subscribers will be so few in number that this establishment will never get beyond the paper stage. Sport ceases to have any healthy life or nobleness about it, when projected in this cold-blooded manner. The cruel suggestion with reference to the poor dumb brutes worn out in the service of man, will be quite enough to turn British sportsmen from the scheme.

Under the name of *Pöndiger* or 'Tamer,' an Austrian chemist some time ago offered to sell to his government the secret of an anæsthetic which he had discovered. This compound had, he claimed, the property of rendering a human being utterly prostrate and defenceless in the space of a few seconds. The Austrian government not only refused to deal with the matter, but forbade the inventor, under pain of criminal proceedings, to divulge the secret to any one, or to continue his experiments in the same direction. Writers of sensational romance have thus lost a most useful auxiliary in carrying out their plots; they must therefore still continue to credit chloroform with the same attributes, in spite of the well-known fact that chloroform is far from instantaneous in its effects.

The Science and Art Department proposes to establish night-classes in rural parishes, in order to bring before those chiefly interested the scientific principles of farming. In West Somerset, a series of meetings is to be held, with a view of enlisting the help of the farmers in this meritorious scheme. We fear that there will be some difficulty in persuading farm-labourers that there is any science in operations to which they have been accustomed all their lives, and about which they consider they know more than anybody else. Still the scheme is worth a trial.

It is a remarkable fact that the death-rate of the French metropolis, compiled for the period comprehended between the 15th and the 21st of July 1881, gave an increase of fifty per cent. above the average of other years. We find it stated that the average number of deaths per day in Paris varies from one hundred and twelve to one hun-

dred and twenty-five; and that during the unusual heat of this exceptionally hot July, it actually rose to one hundred and ninety-two. A printed statement now before us gives us to understand that 'there has been no epidemic; but five hundred people died in Paris that week, who would have survived if the temperature had been normal.' Taking the foregoing in conjunction with the vast number of deaths from sunstroke known to have occurred in America, it will readily be seen how enormously the death-rate of any city becomes augmented during times of great climatic changes alone, and quite apart from the visitation of a specific disease.

It seems that for some time past there has been extensively employed throughout Germany a peculiar fluid substance, which has received the name of *Carbolineum*, and which being almost as fluid as water, is very readily applied not alone to wood-work, but to hempen goods generally. Its peculiar recommendation is due to the fact that it forms an excellent preservative agent for articles liable to contact with damp soil, or for such as are purposely destined for prolonged immersion in water; for example, wooden piles and the mesh-work of fishing-nets. The new preservative is an oil, apparently of the petroleum class, and has been found to contain, amongst other compounds, about ten per cent. of carbolic acid. One peculiar feature possessed by it is, that while it freely sinks into wood exposed to its action, and which it materially hardens, it does not close up the pores. Probably, *Carbolineum* will soon find its way into England.

Last month we noticed the fact that the Reserve Squadron, under the command of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, had dropped into the German Ocean a machine known as Vanderberg's Sea Messenger. This apparatus consists of a floating iron box, in three water-tight compartments; the middle one of which is for the reception of documents. The Sea Messenger dropped by the Squadron, as above mentioned, has since been found on the Norwegian coast. It had travelled between four and five hundred miles; and the documents it contained, one of which was signed by the Duke of Edinburgh, were quite uninjured. The invention is likely to supersede the time-honoured but more destructible bottle, as a medium of intelligence from ships at sea.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ANOTHER GREAT ALPINE TUNNEL PROPOSED.

In our number for Nov. 13, 1880, an account was given of the principal tunnels in the world, the nature of their construction, with the cost, &c. Hitherto, the greatest wonder in the world of tunnels has been that of St Gothard, which is forty-eight thousand nine hundred and fifty-two feet in length, or eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine feet longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel. And now it is under the consideration of the French government to construct another great Alpine tunnel, in order to bring Paris and the north of France into more direct communication with Italy. Two projects are on foot with this view. One is to strike a tunnel through the Simplon or the Great St Bernard, and the other is to cut the tunnel through Mont Blanc. The

tunnel under Mont Blanc would be forty-four thousand two hundred and ninety-two feet in length; while that under the Simplon would be sixty thousand seven hundred and nineteen feet, or eleven and a half miles. The latter would therefore be the longest tunnel yet constructed, though it would not be at so great an altitude as those above mentioned. It is not, however, expected that the Simplon tunnel will receive much encouragement, that through Mont Blanc being the more advantageous of the two proposed, shortening the distance between Paris and Brindisi by twenty-four miles, while affording great facilities for the interchange of commodities between France and Italy.

A HUMANE RABBIT TRAP.

A trap for the killing of rabbits, the invention of Mr Thomas Douglas, a gamekeeper, and called 'The Douglas Rabbit Trap,' has just been patented by Messrs Mortimer & Sons, 86 George Street, Edinburgh. Its specialties are, that it is more humane than the old traps, as the rabbit is killed outright, instead of having to suffer a lingering death with broken legs; and it will not capture anything but that for which it is set, dogs and other animals thus running no risk, as at present, of being maimed. It is fixed in rabbit holes, not in their runs; and the hands of the person setting it are not so likely to suffer damage or mutilation as they are from the toothed trap. The new trap has been shown in operation before gamekeepers, rabbit-trappers, and others well qualified to judge of its adaptability for the purpose intended, and these agree in recommending it as in every way greatly superior to the dangerous, pain-inflicting traps, hitherto used. Further particulars may be had from Messrs Mortimer, as above.

THE TWIN PLANTS.

Two ivy plants grow kindly on my wall—
One from the leafy nest by Riald Mere;
The other drank the dews of Greta Hall,
Where Derwent spreads its mirror, calm and clear.
And like the souls of their two Lords entwining,
Entwine these sister-plants through shade and sun,
Till, o'er my porch in glossy verdure shining,
Sprung from two stems, they seem to spring from one.
Southey and Wordsworth, who in thought may sever?
In fame and love they bloom in Brotherhood for ever.

F. A. K.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. To insure return in case of illegibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Poetical offerings should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE ESKIMO.

PROFESSOR BOYD-DAWKINS has recently endeavoured to show that the Eskimo of Greenland and Arctic America are the veritable descendants of those primitive Europeans of the so-called Drift period who inhabited this and other countries when these were haunted by animals like the reindeer, cave-bear, hairy elephant, and other huge beasts either now extinct or gone hence before history began. This he does on the basis of a certain artistic faculty which finds exercise in the ornamentation of implements and weapons of everyday use. Whoever their remote ancestors may have been, the Eskimo are undoubtedly an interesting people. They cannot be called savage, and yet they are scarcely civilised. That they have made some progress on the way to civilisation is, however, evident from what we know about their habits, dwellings, and social organisation; though that they would go much farther on the same road, if entirely left to themselves, is open to doubt.

To what an extent the social conscience—as we may call it—of the Eskimo has been developed, is well shown in a number of stories collected by Mr W. H. Dall, of the United States Survey, while sojourning for several years in Alaska, on the north-west coast of America. 'The personal experience of the writer,' he tells us, 'during several years in North-western Alaska, gave him now and then a glimpse of the social thought of the Eskimo by whom he was surrounded; and from these reminiscences may be gleaned a few items which, without trespassing on the realm of Cooperian fiction, may give a slight insight into the working of the human mind under savage conditions.' Mr Dall, however, warns us that any view of native characteristics which leaves out the element of love-romance, resembles a vine from which the trellis has been removed.

The Eskimo of Norton Sound, Alaska, resemble most of the northern savage peoples in a total want of reticence on all subjects, except before strangers. Once friendship is assured—a matter

often a long time postponed after first acquaintance—conversation may be freely indulged in on any subject, unless it be the Shamanic mysteries or superstitions. In this way Mr Dall learned that even Eskimo life has its touches of romance.

A middle-aged woman, employed as a seamstress by Mr Dall's party, told him the story of her life. Born at Shaktolik, her wanderings had been confined between the Indian territory inland, the mouth of the Yukon on the south, and the Polar Ocean. When of marriageable age, her parents, being old, and desiring to settle their daughter in life, took her with them to the Kavaiak country. They had heard of an old man there, who was very wealthy, according to their ideas, in deerskin dresses and supplies of food, and who, in addition to the two wives he had already, wished to acquire another, to be the youthful pet of his age. They arrived at his house in the depth of winter, were hospitably received, and opened negotiations. The wayward girl, either awed by the contemptuous glances of the elder wives, the absence of eyelashes and the presence of sundry wrinkles in her proposed partner, or by the fact that she would be wholly separated from her own people, fled in the night with a passing party of dog-sledges and natives, leaving her chagrined parents to settle as they might with the Kavaiak sage. At Shaktolik she knew a young Eskimo, tall, handsome, a good hunter, and unmarried. Friendly glances passed between them; in short, she loved him, and hoped to be his wife. To adorn his deerskins, to applaud him at the winter dances, to proudly receive the sinew and belly of the deer (a wife's perquisites), when, on his return from hunting, she met him with the smoking dishes of seal-meat and fish she knew so well how to prepare—these privileges she lovingly and proudly anticipated. Alas! 'his face was very good, but his heart was very bad.' After trifling with her affections for months, he left her for a more engaging damsel, who, to the vindictive joy of the abandoned one, also suffered in her turn.

For a long time she refused all proposals of marriage; the very thought was hateful to her.

Then came a misfortune. When she was off with a salmon-fishing party, preparing the winter store of dried fish, her parents and entire family went southward to another village, on their way to set their nets elsewhere. During the salmon-fishery, it is against Eskimo ethics to boil water inside the house—it is bad for the fishery. The soup-pot was set near the beach; and while the others were collecting bits of driftwood, the youngest child, a few years old, moved thereto by sorcery on the part of the Indians of the interior, threw grass and poisonous plants into the boiling pot. All ate, and died. Poor Atleuk—as the girl was named—was thus left an orphan, with no means of support, the inhabitants of the village where they died, claiming the property left by her family, and doubtless converting such of it as was not destroyed at the interment, to their own use long before the news reached Shaktolik. She immediately claimed the protection of an only and very distant relative by marriage, in whose house she worked, and by her neat sewing and constant industry kept herself supplied, through barter of work for skins, with clothing and other necessities which were not hers by the communal bond of the tribe. Shortly afterwards, winter set in, and she went northward with a party bound for Kotzebue Sound. It was a hard winter; the deer retreated to the most inaccessible valleys, and the supply of fish failed. Her party finding they could not rely on obtaining food at the various bivouacs, were obliged, through semi-starvation, to take a short cut to the Sound through the territory of the dreaded and hated Indians. Travelling as rapidly as possible, one day they came upon a little open spot by the bank of a stream where were two Indian houses. The few footprints in the snow were of women's feet, and curiosity tempted the boldest to peep into one of the houses. The inhabitants were dead or dying of starvation. The men were seeking the deer far away. The women had denied themselves to save little bits for a child some two years old, whose thin cheeks were rosy compared with the wasted ones of his dying relatives. Death was surely coming to them; and after that, what but death remained for the boy? The women begged the shrinking Eskimo to take him and keep him, that his life might be saved. But the race-hatred was too strong, and they had hardly food enough to keep their own party alive. One by one refused. At last, the girl who had lost her lover, who was an orphan (as she thought) through Indian sorcery, took pity on him, and said: 'I have no husband to work for; I will take the boy. He shall be my brother; and when I am old, I shall not be left alone.' So the Eskimo left the house of death, and took the boy.

From that time, to the time Mr Dall met her, her hands had been busy for him. He was then a lad of fifteen, bright, active, and promising, and knew only the Eskimo life and tongue. His deer-skin dresses were as handsome as any in the village, and his foster-sister's activity provided for

all his needs. She became indifferent to matrimony, since she had an object on which to expend her love; and it is to be hoped that when age enfeebles her steps, and bows her athletic form, her adopted child will not forget his obligations.

Let us give one other story from Mr Dall's collection, exhibiting a phase of life which one might expect almost anywhere than among the Eskimo.

A young woman, he tells us, really quite fine-looking, and of remarkably good physique and mental capacity, was observed to hold herself aloof from the young men of the tribe in an unusual manner. Inquiry, first of others, afterwards of herself, brought out the following reasons for the eccentricity. In effect she said she was as strong as any of the young men; not one of them had ever been able to conquer her in wrestling or other athletic exercises, though it had more than once been tried, sometimes by surprise and with odds against her. She could shoot and hunt deer as well as any of them, and make and set snares and nets. She had her own gun, bought from the proceeds of her trapping. She despised marriage, and did not desire to do the work of a wife; but preferred the work which custom among the Eskimo allots to the men. In short, she was a 'woman's-rights' female of the most advanced type. When winter came, having made a convert of a smaller and less athletic damsel, the two set to work with walrus-tusk picks, and dug the excavation in which they erected their own house, which was of the usual type of Eskimo houses—walled and roofed with driftwood covered with turf. It was, however, as an additional defence against unwished-for prowling males, divided into two rooms, with a very small and narrow door between them, next which lay some handy billets of wood, to crack the scone of a possible intruder. Here our two Amazons lived, traded, and carried on their affairs in defiance of communal bonds and public sentiment. The latter seemed to be composed half of disapprobation, and half of envious admiration; while all the young fellows in the village busied themselves in concocting plans against the enterprising pair. These were too fully on the alert to be surprised, and all efforts against their peace were fruitless. When the deer-hunting season came, the two set off to the mountains; and no sooner had they departed, than disappointed lovers, and 'outraged public sentiment' exemplified in a mob, reduced their winter-quarters to a shapeless ruin. So far as Mr Dall's information goes, the following year the ladies returned to the ordinary ways of the world, and gave up the unequal contest against a tyrannical public opinion.

A mother's love for her children is characteristic even of the lower animals, though with the latter it appears to cease with the maturity of the offspring. Among the Eskimo, however, in times of scarcity, if a child be born for whom food can hardly be provided, it is exposed to die of cold, with its mouth stuffed with a bunch of grass, to prevent it from crying. This is considered, not only as justifiable, but as the only course consistent with common-sense. The child must not cry, or its voice will be heard about the house afterwards. One of these children picked up and adopted by some one who can care

for it, owes lifelong service to the foster-parent. It has no property of its own except certain special articles; it must work for its foster-parent, and bring to him any wage received for labour. It cannot marry without his consent, and for its life long, is in one sense a slave. Yet the children reared by their mother are treated with devoted tenderness and care. They are never punished. They receive the last food when others are starving. Their dress glistens with beads and fringes, while the parents can barely cover themselves from the cold. The boy is eager to become proficient in manly exercises. He is not considered marriageable until he has killed a deer. All play together until ten or twelve years of age; then boys and maidens separate in their sports, except in the village dance-house, and even there, seldom take part until they are of mature age.

Mr Dall gives an interesting sketch of the daily round of an Eskimo housewife in early winter. Rising in the early hours, when the first faint glimmer through the parchment-cover of the smoke-hole indicates the peep of dawn, she removes the cover, and searches the hearth, where carefully covered embers should still be glowing; and if they are not extinguished, gathers them together, places some light dry sticks upon them, and going outside, arouses the sleepers by pitching down a quantity of fuel through the aperture in the roof. Before coming in, she arranges some bits of wood or boards, to aid the draught through the smoke-hole, and brings from some adjacent running spring a kettle of water for drinking and cooking purposes. Returning, the beds and mats are rolled up against the wall; and the inmates perform their very simple toilets, which consist chiefly in putting on their clothing, all of which, except a pair of deerskin socks, is usually removed at night. A few touches to the hair, a dry wash with a bit of cotton rubbed over the face, or at the most with a little fine snow in lieu of water; after which, bunches of dry grass are arranged in the boots to fit the foot, the boots are put on and tied, and they are ready for the day's work.

Meanwhile, the housewife has prepared the materials for a meal of boiled deer, or seal-flesh, or of boiled fish with oil. The morning meal, always hurried, is seldom delayed to roast meat or fish on sticks, as at the evening meal. The house-fellows make short work of their breakfast, and immediately disperse, to visit their traps or pursue the vocations of the day. The remnants of the meal fall to the share of the dogs; the wooden dishes are usually hastily cleaned, and the mistress of the house sits at her daily work. At this season, this usually consists in preparing deerskins for boots or clothing, or cutting and sewing the skins into garments. From time to time during the day, a morsel of deer-fat, a bit of dry salmon or some other fragment of food, is incidentally discussed, but without any regularity. Since most of the women are similarly engaged in the morning, there are usually few visitors till the middle of the day is passed, unless some girl, bringing her work with her, comes in to sew in company with others, if her own house be empty of female associates. Chit-chat, scandal, and small-talk, make up the bulk of the conversation, broken only by directions in regard to work

from the more experienced to the younger members of the family.

As the day draws into afternoon, some stranger from another village may present himself, when with few words he is directed to a sitting-place; one of the women removes his wet boots, and places them, and the straw pads they contain, in the smoke to dry; and something in the way of refreshment is at once offered to him. Silence reigns for a time; when slowly, bit by bit, and at long intervals, the stranger tells the story of his journey, the latest news in his own village, and any messages he may bring to the household.

As night comes on, the sewing is laid aside, the smouldering fire is built up to throw out a generous blaze, and one of the household goes to the roof to look for the returning hunters or trappers with their spoils. Fur animals are the property of the trapper; but he can only claim exclusive right to the skin, sinew, fat, tongue, head and belly pieces of the deer. The remainder is distributed to any who may need it, or reserved as the common property of the house-fellows, if there are no other applicants. The wife receives her husband in silence, removes his belt and guncase, puts his boots to dry, offers him a bit of meat and fish; and when he has taken his accustomed place, calls his attention to the stranger, while she prepares the evening meal, which is the event of the day. The oil-lamp is now trimmed and lighted; conversation becomes general; all eat together, served by the mistress of the house; and when the repast is over, tales have been told, and the fire burns low, the large embers are tossed out of the smoke-hole, the coals carefully covered, the parchment replaced, to keep in the warm air, beds are unrolled, and the inmates, laying themselves head to the fire, are soon sunk in slumber.

With a few trifling changes, might not this serve as a picture of the every-day life of many a humble family in our own country?

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE OLD FOLKS.

'TITRE are things'—Inspector Birch of the Southampton police, who, like most of those who had dealings with Bertram Oakley, had come to hold a high opinion of him, was the speaker—"things that our people can do better and truer than others, and things they can't. They haven't the time for it, Mr Oakley. I've been a detective for a goodish many years, and I should say, if you want a plain, straightforward inquiry into a hidden crime, or as to a lost person, go to Scotland Yard. Our people may be slow, but they're sure. Being under discipline, which is good for us all, sir, at least they work honestly, and don't pick your pocket, which is more than can be said of all those Private Inquiry Offices that advertise so coaxing in the newspapers. But if you wish for something delicate and crooked, and out of the rules—especially abroad—go to one of the Private Inquiry chaps, and pay by results. Allow reasonable, for expenses; but pay by results.' Thus it was that the Inspector wound up what was certainly well intentioned, and probably sound, advice.

To a Private Inquiry Office, then, in Northumberland Street, Strand, Bertram repaired, and found little difficulty in coming to terms with the Inquirer-in-chief, who might have been a note of interrogation in human shape, so bent of body and so inquisitive was he. Such as he was, he certainly exemplified the truth of the saying that some men are born for their vocation in life. Mr Pryor, had lynching and tar-and-feathers, instead of substantial reward, been the recompense of his exertions, could scarcely have prevented himself from poking that sharp nose of his into the affairs of his fellow-creatures. In a country of different political complexion from our own, he would probably have been a government spy, keen as a ferret on the track of conspirators. In England, he devoted his talents to the service of private patrons. Mr Pryor, after very slight demur, agreed with Bertram's proposal, founded on the detective's hint of payment by results, provided, of course, that all preliminary expenses were guaranteed.

'And these, I will not disguise from you, Mr Oakley, will be heavy—decidedly heavy,' said the Private Inquirer, very frankly. 'Exclusive information, if I may say so, constitutes a sort of fancy goods, not to be bought except at a high figure. When people are ill advised enough to grumble at our charges, they forget that there is a debit as well as a credit side to our ledgers. Advice, I have heard, is to be got gratis. It may be so; but I am sure that intelligence is sold, and very dear too, Mr Oakley. I am only the man at one end of the wire; and I must work through others, supplement their blunders, and pay, through the nose very often, for tidings which may prove irrelevant after all. Inquiries take time, and take treating, and— Well, sir, if there is no objection as to terms, I shall be happy to serve you to the best of my poor power.'

Mr Pryor listened patiently while Bertram explained his object.

'Bless me! bless me!' muttered the head of the Inquiry Office, as the short and simple explanation came to an end. 'I thought of course that there was something wrong,' he added, after a pause; 'and, excuse me, Mr Oakley, it would have been an easier business if there had been a screw loose somewhere. Innocent people are, of all others, the most difficult to trace. You have tried before, I think, and without success? May I ask, through what channel?'

Bertram mentioned Murphy's Office, in New York. It had been recommended to him by a correspondent of Mr Mervyn's; but no good had been effected in consequence of the researches then made.

'Murphy's—that is, Murphy's of Tammany Street, Fourth Block, I suppose—is a very respectable establishment, but has not the connection of others I could mention, in Chicago and elsewhere,' remarked Mr Pryor, whose acquaintance with the members of his own unrecognised profession, in the Old World and the New, was probably extensive; 'and I am not surprised that the matter did not succeed in their hands. Such a length of time has elapsed, you see. It is but a cold scent, Mr Oakley, that we have to hunt; and to find out immigrants after all these years, in so vast a country as the States, well—I won't discourage a new client.'

'But you have discouraged me, Mr Pryor,' said Bertram sadly; 'and yet I am convinced that you are right in what you tell me as to the uncertainties that beset so difficult a calling as yours. This search is one on which I set my heart years ago, when I was a poor boy, helping the sailors to get their smacks afloat on the Somersetshire coast; when I was a poor lad seeking employment among the woollen factories of Blackston. When I got rich, I used to say to myself, I will seek out my father and my mother far away, and make their old days, I trust, happier than their pinched, precarious life can yet have been. They will receive me, I am sure, as one risen from the dead, the son they mourned and lost so long ago, the baby-boy who perished in the shipwreck, and from my hand they can accept the means of comfort, which— But you are laughing at me!'

For Mr Pryor had buried his sharp face in his bony hands, and was snorting and puffing like a walrus. 'Laughing at you! Upon my soul, Mr Oakley, I was nearer to crying than to laughing!' exclaimed the Private Inquirer. 'We, in our business, see such a lot of the seamy side and the shady side of human nature, that— Never mind! I'll tell you in confidence, that few of our clients, though the law may be on their side, come into court with clean hands. We do see meanness, we do, and dirty tricks, and guess at motives unavowed, that sicken us too often. It's as if a breath of fresh country air had come blowing into Northumberland Street with no taint of the Thames mud in it, and— You just leave me the Family Bible, with the entries, Mr Oakley; and I'll do my best for you, sir, in America and in England. I'll find the old folks for you if they're yet above ground.'

CHAPTER XLVII.—NO TIME TO LOSE.

'A telegraph for you, sir,' said Bertram's landlady, in Bentinck Street, Southampton, as he alighted from the cab that had conveyed him from the station. These semi-educated females *will* say 'telegraph' still, as when the electric wire was a comparatively novel institution, and before—after a sharp newspaper controversy, in which Balliol scholars, Double Firsts, and blunt business men to whom Greek was as Hebrew, penned letters to the *Times*—'telegram' was definitively adopted as the name for the startling announcements that put a girdle round the world.

Bertram took the despatch and read it. It was from the house-surgeon of St Bartholomew's Hospital. It ran thus: 'Patient, Accident Ward, wishes to see you. Important communication. Bad case. Cannot last many hours. Name, Nat Lee. Fortune, he says, depends on it. No time to lose.'

So Bertram, instead of entering his lodgings, got into his cab again, drove back to the station, and reached London by the next up-train; and thence to St Bartholomew's Hospital as fast as a hansom-cab driver, well fed, and with a lean, well-bred horse to whirl his tall wheels along, could hurry him.—'Accident Ward? And you are the gentleman from Southampton?' said the house-surgeon. 'I'll walk round with you. He is alive still, No. 68.'

What a contrast it was between the feverish hurry and speed of Bertram's rapid journey back

to the Metropolis, and the hush and rest and calm vigilance, of which evidences met his eyes on every side as he walked through the great hospital, with its many trim white beds, its neat nurses gliding about on their errands of mercy, and the orderly aspect of the whole place! It might have seemed, to a fastidious taste, a trifle too mechanical, too severely ruled and measured, too much as if its Good Samaritanism went by clockwork; but it was manifestly a powerful engine working for the relief of some fractional part of the huge sum of human suffering. Bertram thought of himself at St John's, under the ancient roof of the Knights Hospitalers; but there, the sick were few, and he had been an individual, so to speak, not a mere item or cipher, to go into the tabulated Report at the year's end.

'Sensible, and stronger than I thought,' whispered the good-natured house-surgeon—one of those doctors who yet preserve the faculty of seeing the patient, when others see only the disease—as he felt the sufferer's pulse, and looked into the dim, bloodshot eyes. 'I will leave you with him, Mr Oakley. If you want me—What is it, nurse?'

And the house-surgeon was gone; and Bertram remained, bending over the bed. Its occupant had seen him, and knew him, but did not immediately speak, stirring uneasily from side to side on his pillow.

'Brought very low, sir,' said Nat Lee, after a minute or two of silence.

'I am afraid so, and I am sorry to see you thus,' rejoined Bertram kindly, as he stooped to smooth the pillow which the sick man's restless movements had disarranged. 'You have been hurt?'

'Hurt—killed!' answered the man, in a hoarse, grating voice. 'No use mincing matters, Mr Oakley. They did it with their sling-shot. I fired twice, and put a leaden bean into big Abiram Pell's left shoulder. It was he who gave me this—pointing to a deep cut over the right eyebrow—'with his brass knuckleduster; and then, when the table was knocked over in the scullie, and the candles, and the bottles, cards, knives, dollars, and gold, were all rolling about, then it was, with the sling-shot—I am dying, young chap—internal injuries—the doctor said so,' added Nat Lee, gasping, after a pause. 'I've as many lives as a cat; but this that happened to me, river-side way, in a house where queer customers, Yankee and Greek and Spanish, are plenty—this, I guess, has taken the ninth of 'em! I did not send for you, Mister, to hearken to this rambling talk,' pursued the adventurer, after another pause. 'Only, now I'm going—going away for ever—the memory of the good turn you did me long ago, and how scurvily I requited you, comes back to me. I'm sorry, sir, I ever was your enemy; and I want, before I lose the number of my mess, to prove it. I don't pretend,' he added ruefully, 'that if I'd lived, and could have seen my way to do it, I wouldn't have stepped in again between you and Miss Rose—a rich wife, you see, would be such a settledown in life to a rolling stone like myself!'

There was a long silence. Bertram was the first to speak. 'If you really know, as you have hinted before to-day, of some property to which Miss Denham and her sister are entitled, of some rights which are withheld from them, it should be,' said

Bertram, 'a relief to your conscience, if you are strong enough to speak, to reveal it.'

'My conscience!' sneered the ex-welsher, tossing his long black hair uneasily to and fro. 'But you're right, Mr Oakley. I've got one—the worse for wear, so it is; but it pricks me. I felt right-down mean, I did, when I leagued with that slimy snake, Judas Crawley, to blacken your good name—you who picked a worthless blackguard like myself out of the ditch where I might have died, and serve me right; for I was nigh as bad as this, but not quite! Now, if you want to get a fortune for the girl, and to see justice done, don't you waste time, but get a magistrate here, late as it is, and get my deposition taken down, signed, and sworn to, ship-shape, for I shall slip my cable before morning!'

And so earnest was Nat Lee in his purpose, that Bertram, though still half incredulous, resolved to comply with his request, and left the Hospital at once, promising his dubious acquaintance soon to return.

HINTS TO DYSPEPTICS.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to, few are more insidious or distressing than dyspepsia, a disease unhappily so common that it seldom attracts sympathy. It is like toothache in this respect. Because it does not kill exactly, we scarcely give it pity. Perhaps this is owing to the fact that the dyspeptic in nine cases out of ten is the author of his own miseries. Be this as it may, there is no question about the suffering entailed. Once dyspepsia takes hold of a person, it is not to be easily got rid of. The food-fiend, one might almost call it; for many are the men and women, both dead and living, the springs of whose life have been poisoned by this malady.

We have just met with a most valuable little book on the subject, *The Causes and Treatment of Imperfect Digestion* (J. & A. Churchill, New Burlington Street), from which we hope to gather a few useful hints that may help the dyspeptic. It is written by the late Dr Leared, an eminent physician, who had made the subject his study, and in giving us the result of his experience, has left us a legacy of no slight value. He starts with one important simile. He says that 'the digestive powers may be compared to the physical strength. Every individual can, without inconvenience carry a certain weight, while any addition to it is accompanied by a proportionate sense of oppression. In the same way, what is called indigestion is often simply a result of excess. The amount of food which each man is capable of digesting with ease, has always a limit. The limit bears relation to his age, constitution, state of health, and habits.'

The particular causes of dyspepsia are many and various in different subjects. Food is necessary to supply the waste of life; and the more rapid the waste, the greater need for replenishing; thus young people require more food than old. But each person should study what suits his constitution individually; as one person may be able to take an amount of food which would be fatal to

another. One fault, however, the author points out with regard to the 'relative amount and distribution of meals' in our country, which we can verify, as we have seen the disastrous results which have followed upon taking a light breakfast of coffee or tea and bread-and-butter, and allowing the stomach to go all day on this light meal—with a still lighter luncheon only—until late dinner in the evening, when solid food has been taken for the first time in the twenty-four hours. Where a light breakfast is eaten, a solid meal is requisite in the middle of the day. When the organs are left too long unemployed, they secrete an excess of mucus, which greatly interferes with digestion. One meal has a direct influence on the next; and a poor breakfast leaves the stomach over-active for dinner. This is the secret of much excess in eating, and arises from the insufficient quantity and bad quality of the gastric juice. The point to bear in mind therefore, is, that not to eat a sufficiency at one meal makes you too hungry for the next; and that when you are too hungry, you are apt to overload the stomach, and give the gastric juices more to do than they have the power to perform.

To eat too often and to eat irregularly, is another source of indigestion. People who dine at uncertain hours, and eat one meal too quickly on the last, must expect the stomach to retaliate in the long-run. Another very fruitful source of dyspepsia is imperfect mastication. We remember one old gentleman who used always to warn young people on this point by saying: 'Remember you have no teeth in your stomach.' Nervous people nearly always eat fast, and as nearly always are the victims of nervous irritability, produced by dyspepsia. We believe that one reason why dinner-parties are not so dangerous—digestively speaking—as they ought to be, is, that people are compelled, through courtesy, to consume their food slowly and in small quantities each mouthful; thus the quantity consumed is counteracted by the long time used in consumption, which does less violence to the stomach than one plateful of meat flung down unmasticated.

Snuff-taking and smoking produce dyspepsia when the result is waste of saliva. On the other hand, some people find smoking assists digestion if taken in moderation. To sit much in a stooping posture interferes with the stomach's action. Dr Leared says he has traced 'well-marked dyspepsia to sitting immediately after dinner in a low arm-chair, so that the body was curved forward, and the stomach compressed; and that in some trades, the pressure of certain implements upon the pit of the stomach, as in the case of curriers, bootmakers, and weavers, produces severe dyspepsia.'

These are a few of the many sources of dyspepsia. Let us now look at some of the symptoms. First among these is flatulency, which is an exaggeration of the naturally gaseous condition of the stomach. Allied to this is fermentation. To show the discomfort produced by this form, it has been proved by experiment that during fermentation an apple will evolve a volume of gas six hundred times its own size!

To follow closely all the varied symptoms of dyspepsia, would here be out of place. It is worth while to notice a few that are curious, and often borne with unconscious of the cause, which may now be referred distinctly to indigestion. One of

these is what is known as the 'fidgets,' a restless state of body, which comes on frequently after dinner, from which there is no relief except by going entirely to rest; and even then it pursues the victim. Another queer symptom is the fancied unnatural size of the limbs or hand. Many can testify to this experience, fancying their hand or leg has grown to a colossal size. All indigestion this. Who would have thought it!

But the most painful form of dyspepsia is that which reacts on the mind, and produces what is so sadly frequent—mental depression. People of nervous temperaments are peculiarly susceptible to this form, which arises in them from the imperfect and distorted impression produced by impure blood upon the delicate organ of the brain. This impurity is owing to indigestion, which poisons the blood that feeds the brain, and gives rise to all manner of gloomy fancies, and the greater evil of hypochondriasis, which, as the author shows, is only dyspepsia in another form, the details of which might fill volumes. Among the many perverted fancies, some believe themselves slighted by their friends and the world. Extreme sensitiveness makes others voluntary exiles. Groundless suspicions, irritability, irresolution, are also common symptoms. So are morbid apprehensions and fixed ideas. One curious case in point is quoted of a gentleman whose life was rendered miserable by the constant recurrence in his mind of a particular number, which he believed had some connection with his fate in this world and the next. The fear of lightning was so strong in another gentleman, that it made him ill to mention the subject of electricity.

Surely to escape from such torments were worth a sacrifice, as the monster which sows these evils is to be crushed by those who have courage and self-denial equal to the task. The chief essential is diet; but in attacking this, we attack the one formidable difficulty. Who is equal to continued restraint! or being equal, knows to a nicety what, in his particular case, to eat, drink, and avoid; as, above all, the rule holds good in dyspepsia, that one man's meat may be another man's poison, both as regards quantity and quality. General rules are laid down, to be followed as their assimilation with the constitution indicates. The evil of not supplying the stomach at breakfast with substantial food has been already noticed, and the author is emphatic in pointing out that it is one which needs correction. Good black tea is recommended as a suitable beverage for breakfast, unless coffee is found preferable. But chocolate should not be taken. Cocoa, properly prepared, may be used by those it suits; and in the case where the nervous system is excitable, barley-water or thin gruel may be taken with advantage, where they do not give rise to acidity. Bread eaten by dyspeptics should be of the purest kind, and never new. Brown bread should be avoided by those of delicate mucous membrane. Muffins, hot buttered toast, and all greasy preparations, are fatal to dyspeptics. Butter should always be eaten cold and sparingly. The underdone yolk of an egg agrees with most digestions; the white is indigestible.

But to go through the category of what should and should not be eaten, would be tiresome. There are certain cardinal rules to go by, which we give as worth remembering; though unfortu-

nately the majority prefer their pains to privation. How often have we heard it said: 'I would rather live a few years less, than give up everything worth living for;' that is, eating! But for those who are in earnest in preferring a happy mind to the pleasures of the table, we would give, through our author, the following hints.

To strive in diet to combine always the greatest nutriment with the least bulk, so that the body may be nourished without giving the digestion too great a weight to carry, as 'we live by what we digest, not by what we eat.' To attend particularly to mastication. A faulty state of the teeth is one sure source of dyspepsia, and will produce the complaint where it did not exist in the first instance. Artificial teeth should be employed where the natural ones have failed, or the food minced where these cannot be used.

Regularity in the hours of meals cannot be too strongly insisted on. The stomach should not be disappointed when it expects to be replenished. If disappointed, even a diminished amount of food will be taken without appetite, which causes the secretions to injure the stomach, or else impair its muscular action. Any changes in the time of meals should be made gradually.

Of food itself, bear in mind that hot meat is more digestible than cold. The flesh of young animals is less easy of digestion than that of full-grown. The flesh of wild animals is more digestible than that of domestic animals. Land-birds are more digestible than water-fowl. And in game, long-killed birds are less digestible than those newly killed. With the exception of sweetbread, the visceral parts of the animal, such as liver, heart, and kidneys, are indigestible. White-fleshed fish is easier of digestion than red; and fish containing much oil, as the eel and mackerel, are difficult to digest. Shell-fish are out of court altogether.

Dyspeptics should never eat fried food. Broiled, or roast, or boiled, is all that is admissible for them. Hashes, stews, and made dishes produce what is called foul dyspepsia, and are to be eschewed by those who suffer from that form of the malady.

The skin, core, and kernels of fruit should be avoided. The author gives a case of dyspepsia that was greatly aggravated by eating pears. The fruit in its ripest state, he says, contains an abundance of gritty material, which, as it cannot be separated in the mouth, on being swallowed irritates the mucous membrane internally.

We are gradually closing up all the pleasant avenues to the enjoyment of the palate, when we say that other prohibited articles are pastry, sweetmeats of all kinds, and sugar. The courage of resistance has broken down before this last demand, and to rob a poor man of his sugar, is a crime little short of robbing him of his beer. But to fight a foe with his own weapons, one must be as relentless as one's enemy.

The subject of dyspepsia is an inexhaustible one. Look at it as we may, we feel that it is only to be skimmed, or rather hinted at, in these short limits. Still a signpost can indicate the right road to the traveller. If in the present instance we have served in that worthy capacity, by pointing out to dyspeptics the right road to recovery, we shall be glad for their sakes, as well as for that of the late author to whom

we have made reference, whose extremely useful work deserves to become a handbook to every one possessing a digestion.

CAPTAIN DESMOND'S DAUGHTER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

LARCH COTTAGE, MARDON-LE-WILLOWS,

April 6, 18—.

MY DEAR MARGARET—The envelope in which this letter will be inclosed will have prepared you in some measure for the melancholy tidings which it is my painful duty to convey. Your poor dear father died suddenly on Monday evening, or, to speak more accurately, about a quarter past one o'clock on Tuesday morning. In him I have lost the best of husbands, and you the most loving of parents. I have been so heart-broken and bewildered, that I have been quite unable to write before now, and I really forgot even the existence of the telegraph. You will come here as quickly as you can, I feel sure. Your presence at such a time will be my only comfort.

That the blow will be a terrible one to you, I cannot doubt—as it has been to me; but we must try not to forget that we are always in the hands of One who ordains all these afflictions for our ultimate good.

Your poor papa had only arrived here by the five o'clock train on Monday afternoon. He was seized at the dinner-table, without a moment's warning, and never spoke afterwards. It was indeed terribly, mysteriously sudden. Even now, I can scarcely realise the dreadful fact.

Further details, dear Margaret, I reserve till I see you. I only add that the funeral will take place on Saturday. There is a lovely little rural churchyard here—such a sweet quiet spot—just the place my dear Marriaduke would have chosen, had the opportunity been granted him of doing so. The sea breaks within a quarter of a mile of it—a continuous soothing murmur. I hope to find a resting-place there myself some day.

Do not fret, dear child, more than is absolutely necessary. Not all our tears will suffice to bring our lost ones back again.—Now and always, most affectionately yours,
HONORIA DESMOND.

P.S.—This is such a dreadfully out-of-the-way place, that you had better bring your mourning with you. They will fit you out in a couple of hours at Jay's. I have been compelled to order mine from there.

H. D.

MISS DESMOND,
No. — Kensington Palace Gardens,
LONDON.

As she finished its perusal, the letter dropped from Margaret Desmond's nerveless fingers. She sat down on a sofa and shut her eyes, and tried to realise the full force of what she had just read. Her father dead! and without one last word—one last look even—for her who loved him so dearly! It was like some hideous dream; only there on the carpet lay the missive which forbade her to think of it otherwise than as a most solemn truth. She had not wept hitherto—the suddenness of the shock had stunned her too much; but now her tears came with a great blinding rush. She buried her face in the soft cushions of the sofa, and wept till she could weep no more.

The children—over whose interests Margaret presided as governess—were abed, and Lady Thorn-dale would not be home till ten o'clock. By that hour, Margaret's grief had in some measure calmed itself down. She rose, went to her own room, and having bathed her face and smoothed her hair, she went in search of her Ladyship.

Lady Thorndale, in the languid way which she had made a second nature with her, expressed her sorrow at hearing of Miss Desmond's loss, and at once granted her the requisite leave of absence from her duties. Howard and Irene must have a few days' holiday from their lessons; that was all. No doubt, the children would be delighted.

By ten o'clock next day, Margaret found herself in the train, and on her way to Mardon-le-Willows. After the first half-dozen miles, she had the compartment to herself, and could weep in silence and unseen. All the incidents of her past life in which her father had had a part—and how few they were in which he had not had a part!—rose up again in her memory. First of all, there was her life as a child while her mother was still alive; and what a scrambling, Bohemian sort of existence it was! As far as she could remember, they never seemed to stay at one place for any length of time; it was a life of perpetual change. Sometimes there were days together when there was hardly enough food in the cupboard to satisfy their hunger, and she had a child's quick instinctive knowledge that many a time her mother pretended to be too ill to eat, in order that she and her father might have enough to sit down to. Other times there had been—glorious times they had seemed to her, only somehow they never lasted very long—when the wolf that had howled at their door was apparently banished into infinite space—times when her father would drink wine and smoke big cigars, and wear an embroidered waistcoat, with a heavy gold chain festooned across it; when she herself would have beautiful clothes to wear; when there would be long drives into the country, and dinners at hotels with windows overlooking gardens full of flowers, and rivers shining in the sunlight. Only, somehow, she could not remember that her mother was often there to share her happiness. Then there came recollections of occasions when her father would bring gentlemen home with him, who drank and played cards, and sometimes quarrelled amongst themselves; whilst she and her mother sat together in another room, almost afraid to stir, and longing for their unwelcome visitors to go. Then, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, they would be poor again, and all her father's finery would vanish, and instead of long-necked bottles of sparkling wine, there would be tankards of beer fetched from the nearest tavern.

By-and-by came the first great trouble of her life—the death of her mother. It was a trouble so sharp, and left behind it a wound so lasting, that even after all these years, her heart ached as of old whenever she thought of it. After that, her Aunt Charlotte came and took the motherless girl away with her; and for many years she only saw her father on rare occasions. What a kind, good-hearted woman, in her rigid, methodical way, was her aunt; only, it was not kind of her, whenever she mentioned poor papa—which was not often—to speak of him as a charlatan and an adventurer.

So, in the quiet seclusion of a little country-town, the years sped peacefully by, and Margaret grew up to womanhood. Then came the news of her father's second marriage; and following closely on that, the death of her dear old aunt. On hearing of the latter event, her father at once wrote her to join him in London; which she did in the course of a week or two. 'For the future, your home will be with us,' he said, as he presented her to her step-mother. But after a fortnight's trial of it, Margaret decided that her home must be anywhere rather than there—that she and her step-mother could not exist long under the same roof, and that the one thing for her to do was to go out into the world and earn her own living. Her father, scandalised at first by the notion of such a thing, had at length given way, and a situation had been found for her as governess to Lady Thorndale's two children.

Of late, Margaret had scarcely seen more of her father than when a girl at her aunt's. His epistles to her, brief and few in number, were generally dated from Brighton or Harrogate, or some other fashionable watering-place. As to how he lived, or whence his income was derived, she knew no more than the man in the moon. Nowadays, Captain Desmond was always fashionably dressed, and never seemed to be without gold in his purse. For anything Margaret knew to the contrary, the widow whom he had taken for his second wife might have brought him a handsome dowry.

But all these were matters of bygone days, and now, alas! her father himself belonged only to the past. In spite of all his shortcomings—or, it may be, partly by reason of them—she had cherished him with devoted love. She remembered how, when a child, she had thought him the handsomest, the cleverest, and the best of men. Handsome he always was; but later years had taught her to doubt whether he was either very good or very clever. But whatever might have been his failings or shortcomings, her love for him had known no change; and that he had loved her in return, after such fashion as it was in him to love any one, she did not doubt. Just at present, it seemed hard to believe that she should never hear his voice, never see his pleasant smile again; that the only lips in the world she cared to kiss were dumb and cold for ever!

She had read Mrs Desmond's letter several times since her first receipt of it; and each time she read it, the less she liked the style in which it was written. Her father had died on Monday night; and yet it was not till late on Wednesday evening that the news of his death had reached her. From what Margaret had seen of Mrs Desmond, that lady did not seem at all like a person who would be overwhelmed with grief for the loss of any one. Had she had some purpose in withholding the information from Margaret as long as she could decently do so? Margaret made up her mind that her step-mother should not long be troubled with her presence. As soon as the funeral should be over, she would bid her farewell, probably for ever, and go back to the duties by which she earned her bread. But with what a sense of loneliness would she go back!

Till the receipt of her step-mother's letter, Margaret had never heard of such a place as Mardon-le-Willows. On consulting a gazetteer,

she found that it was a little out-of-the-way hamlet on the Lincolnshire coast, with a population of some three or four hundred souls, chiefly engaged in the fishing-trade. What could have possessed her father, a man addicted by nature and habit to change, excitement, and the perpetual flutter of life in one or other of its busy centres, to take up his quarters, even for a time, in such an out-of-the-world spot, was more than she could imagine. Even in the worst of times, when Captain Desmond had found it necessary to economise, he had economised in the town, never in the country. He was wont to say that he had not a rural mind, and that he was never really happy unless he was surrounded by bricks and mortar. A strange place, Mardon-le-Willows, for such a man to locate himself in.

The afternoon was beginning to fade when Margaret found herself at her journey's end. On inquiring for Larch Cottage, she found that it was nearly half a mile from the station. She took a road that for part of the way kept within sight of the beach, but that afterwards trended sharply inland, and so by-and-by brought her to the house she was in search of. While she was still some distance away, she recognised it: the white blinds were drawn down at every window; and again her eyes overbrimmed with tears.

The cottage—or rather house, for it was a substantial red-brick building, and could not have contained fewer than ten or a dozen good-sized rooms—stood back a little distance from the main road in its own grounds, and was partly overshadowed by some noble trees. With a heart that was beating fast with varied emotions, Margaret opened the gate, walked up the gravelled pathway, and knocked a low faltering knock at the front door. The summons was responded to by a middle-aged, smug-faced woman, to whom Margaret took an intuitive dislike at the first glance.

'You are Miss Desmond?' said the woman. 'My mistress has been expecting you. Will you please walk in?'

When she had ushered Margaret into a room, she said: 'Mrs Desmond has a bad headache, and has gone to lie down for a little while; but I don't suppose she will be very long.'

'Pray, don't disturb her on my account,' said Margaret hastily. But at this moment Mrs Desmond entered the room.

'My dear Margaret, I am so very glad you are come!' she said, and then Margaret was embraced. 'This is a truly sorrowful occasion on which to meet; but we must resign ourselves to the will of Providence. I cannot tell you how I have been longing to see you. I was so very, very lonely!'

For a few moments, Margaret could not speak. When she had wiped away her tears, and could look at Mrs Desmond, she saw that that lady's naturally fair complexion had been made to look fairer still by a liberal use of powder. But the dark circles under her eyes seemed to speak of sleepless nights and many tears, and Margaret's conscience pricked her when she remembered her uncharitable thoughts towards Mrs Desmond during her journey. Margaret was not to know, or even to suspect, that the dark circles under her step-mother's eyes were produced by artificial means, in which that lady was an adept. Mrs

Desmond was a tall, fair woman, with large, cold, blue eyes, and a profusion of blonde silky hair. She was very vain both of her eyes and her hair. She was about five-and-thirty years old; but she flattered herself that when dressed for the day no one could possibly take her to be more than seven-and-twenty, and it is very likely that many people did not believe her to be more than that age. In any case, she was the junior of her late husband by some fifteen or sixteen years.

'I have ordered a cup of tea to be got ready for you at once; so refreshing, you know, after a long journey,' said Mrs Desmond. 'Dinner will be served at half-past six—though, indeed, it is quite a farce for me to sit down to table. I have scarcely been able to touch a mouthful since the shock of Monday night. I will ring for Elspeth, to show you to your room. She shall take your tea up-stair.'

'I should like to see papa, if I may do so,' said Margaret with a faltering voice.

'My dear child!' cried Mrs Desmond, 'I am so grieved that you are too late! The coffin was closed last evening!'

Poor Margaret sank into a chair, feeling more heart-broken than ever.

JOINT-STOCK ENTERPRISE.

If variety could make a Blue-book charming, the lately issued Return of Joint-stock Companies formed and registered between the first of June 1878 and the last day of May 1880, should be delightful reading; but we must confess to having derived but little pleasure from its perusal.

Glancing down the seemingly interminable catalogue of Companies, one is impressed with the fact that there is no such Jack-of-all-trades as your 'promoter.' Nothing comes amiss to him, from banking to bill-posting, from insuring life to burying the dead. He is equally ready to build mansions for millionaires or homes for artisans; to popularise art or wash dirty linen; to brew good ale or concoct medicinal waters; to work a colliery, publish a newspaper, open a theatre, found a college, establish a race-meeting, light a city, or cut hair. Limited liability is his philosopher's stone; and let pessimists preach as dolefully as they may, he will neither let art nor commerce, laws nor learning, die, while he can float a Joint-stock Company.

With all their audacity, the gentlemen who live by contriving outlets for other people's money are rather imitative than original, strong in the faith that the public cannot have too much of a good thing. Not long since, they were all for building gigantic hotels; by-and-by they discovered that a tramway was the only road to fortune; just now, the Indian gold-field is their Tiddler's ground, in which they have already persuaded the speculating public to sink three millions of money, a large proportion of which has gone into the pockets of the vendors of the mines.

Her Majesty's Civil Servants having demonstrated the profitableness of combining to supply their domestic wants, a 'Stores' mania set in with great severity. Naval and military officers, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, every section of the public, were invited to join with their peers and become their own purveyors, through the medium of the Army and Navy Co-operative Association; the

Clergy Co-operative Association; the Legal, Medical, and General Stores; the Warehousemen and Clerks' Direct Supply Association; the Nonconformists' C.O. Association; the Working-men's C.O. Stores Company; and divers other takingly named Companies of like character. War with private traders thus declared, an assault all along the line was soon organised. Associations for supplying dairy produce, fish, meat, bread, and beer, without the intervention of the ordinary dealers, sprang into existence. Tailors and hosiers were threatened with extinction by a Gentlemen's Dress and General Outfitting Association; and lest the ladies should complain of being ignored, their needs were provided for by a Mutual Dress Supply Association, a Paris Bonnet and Millinery Supply Association, and a Mutual Jewellery Association. Altogether, sixty-eight co-operative, or assumedly co-operative Companies were registered in two years; seventeen of which were wound up in that period; while of the aggregate capital of three million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand pounds, not a tenth part was actually raised.

The 'Stores' craze exhausting itself, somebody discovered that the want of the age was the institution of beerless public-houses, wherein British working-men could hob and nob over the non-incubriating cup, and cheer their hearts with aerated draughts. Straightway, philanthropic promoters came to the front, anxious to fill the land with Coffee Palaces, Cocoa Taverns, Workmen's Institutes, and Temperance Cafés; and to meet the views of more advanced dietetic reformers, the Food Reform Restaurant Company offered to provide establishments for supplying 'refreshments in the preparation of which no fish, fowl, flesh, or intoxicating liquors shall be used.' By the end of May 1880, a hundred and forty-seven Coffeetavern Companies had been formed in England, seventeen in Scotland, and three in Ireland, having together a nominal capital of £1,900,615, and a real one of £130,031—figures contrasting somewhat oddly with the return of the Burton brewers, Messrs Bass, Ratcliff, and Grettton, a Company counting but eleven shareholders, yet registering a nominal capital of over three millions, and a subscribed capital of £2,720,000.

The objects of some of the Companies are so remarkably out of the common way, as to claim special notice. The Livingstonia Central Africa Company proposes to navigate the rivers and develop the trade of that interesting country; the Philological Society, to investigate the study and knowledge of the structure, the affinities, and the history of languages; and the Guild of St George, 'to determine, and institute in practice, the wholesome laws of labourers' (especially agricultural) life and economy; and to instruct, first the agricultural, and as opportunity may serve, other labourers and craftsmen, in such science, art, and literature as are conducive to good husbandry and craftsmanship.' Another Company devotes its energies to opening up new employments for women, and will, it is to be hoped, prove more successful than the Ladies' Philanthropic Society, which sought the same end by 'making cigarettes by machinery, and otherwise generally carrying on the business of tobaccoists,' and got wound up in the effort; a fate that, we fear, has ere this overtaken 'Miss Lila Clay's Company of Lady Minstrels,' for 'organising a select company of

lady artistes, professing great musical, vocal, and histrionic talent.' A hundred and ninety-four believers set up the British Israel Identity Corporation, 'for the sale of works bearing on the identity of the British nation with lost Israel, and the buying up of existing copyrights of identity works;' and fifteen bold men identified themselves with a Company 'for becoming surety or security for any borrower of money or compounding debtor, and guaranteeing the repayment of borrowed money;' but they have cautiously abstained from paying anything on their shares, having apparently no such confidence in the result as that displayed by the seven speculators who put down two thousand five hundred and twenty pounds to 'establish a business similar to that carried on by Hermann Loog, at 128 London Wall, and elsewhere.'

Half a million of English money has gone to give Moscow gas, three hundred and fifty thousand pounds to supply Monte Video with water, and a hundred and twenty-five thousand to improve Egyptian lands. The mines of Italy, Bavaria, Spain, Portugal, Hungary, California, Utah, Nevada, Nicaragua, and French Guiana, have extracted vast sums from English pockets; but we rejoice to learn that British investors refused to find one hundred thousand pounds for a floating dock for the Barcelonense; to spend fifty thousand pounds in constructing drains for the extraction of waste water and sewage matter from the city of Valparaiso; or pay five millions for the pleasure of presenting the United States of Colombia with a railway.

In the space of two years, no fewer than two thousand and ninety-three Joint-stock Companies were registered; twelve being mutual Companies, and sixty-two limited by guarantee, tabulated as without nominal capital; while the remaining two thousand and nineteen Companies had, or should have had, together a capital of over two hundred and seven millions. Of these, fifteen were unlimited Companies, with a nominal capital of £4,595,664; and the rest limited Companies, with a nominal capital of £1,166,931,555; the number of this class being swelled by the transformation into limited associations of two insurance Companies, and ten banks—a curious commentary upon the dictum of a great banker, that joint-stock banks were deficient in everything requisite for the conduct of banking business, save extended responsibility. Of the newly formed limited Companies, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine were registered in London, thirty-seven in the provinces, a hundred and thirty-nine in Scotland, and sixty-seven in Ireland; making in all two thousand and thirty-two; of which a hundred and twenty-three were, within two years of registration, either wound up, or undergoing that conclusive process; and six hundred and forty-five were only supposed, not known, to be still in operation.

The statement that the defunct Companies represented a nominal capital of more than eleven millions, is calculated to conjure up a picture of widespread ruin; but the actual amount lost in these ill-fated enterprises was comparatively small. Eighteen of the moribund Companies, with an aggregate capital of a million and a quarter, never possessed a farthing of capital. Doubtless, the major portion of the forty-eight that give no

returns were in the same predicament, of having no shareholders save the original seven who signed the memorandum of association; and so we get rid of L.5,419,500, of which sum the London and Universal Bank is set down for two millions, the Traders' Banking and Supply Company for one million, and the Eagle Insurance Company for half a million. With the above eliminations, the capital jeopardised shrinks to L.4,345,700, of which only L.613,378 appears as 'paid up,' and some of that is fictitious. Of L.39,952 debited to the Liberia Coffee Company, thirty thousand pounds was represented by vendors' shares 'taken as paid up;' and in another case, the entire capital of thirty thousand pounds consisted of sellers' shares, upon which nothing had been paid. Taking all things into consideration, the total loss in connection with the wound-up Companies may be put down at less than half a million; a loss divided among three thousand five hundred and eighty-four investors.

The discrepancy between nominal and subscribed capital is often something ludicrous. A Company promising to provide Lytham with a pavilion, covered promenade, and garden, could only raise thirty-five pounds out of fifteen thousand. Tynemouth had to forego its aquarium because but sixty sovereigns, instead of five hundred times that number, were forthcoming. Wanting fifty thousand, the Expenditure Reimbursement Assurance Stores received fourteen; and the Paris Hansom Company obtained but two hundred and nineteen pounds towards its required hundred thousand. These examples, however, are quite thrown in the shade by a Company registered in 1869 with a nominal capital of two hundred millions, and a paid-up capital of two hundred pounds!

There are some notable instances of heavy individual loss. One Company losing exactly half its proposed capital, consisted of but twenty-eight shareholders, who had found amongst them one hundred thousand pounds. One Colliery Company cost nine investors three thousand pounds each; and another swallowed up forty thousand pounds, belonging to seven speculators; while eight men threw away forty-eight thousand pounds in turning an old private firm into a new Joint-stock Company. *Per contra*, the seven hundred and one pounds lost over the Bristol and Clifton Co-operative Company was contributed by two hundred and twenty people; and when a Cocoa-room Company came to grief, there were twenty-two temperance advocates to exchange condolences on the disappearance of two hundred and sixty-nine pounds.

At the date of the Return, a hundred and ten Companies were in operation, which must have been carrying on business at their creditors' expense, since none of them had received a penny of the L.22,297,505 due, or supposed to be due, from their shareholders; among them figuring one Company with a nominal capital of five millions, another with one of four millions, a third with two millions, and three professing to have funds to the extent of a million.

Since October 1862 to the end of May 1880, fifteen thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven Companies have been registered in the United Kingdom. In England, 14,141 Companies, with a nominal capital of L.1,737,619,466. In Scotland,

847 Companies, with L.77,324,544. In Ireland, 507 Companies, with L.30,114,288. In the Stanaries, 402 Companies with L.10,719,350. The total nominal capital reaching the enormous sum of L.1,855,777,667—showing that speculators have not been idle during the last twenty years. The moral of all this is, beware of promoters and joint-stock companies generally.

CLARE.

A PRACTICAL LESSON.

'GEORGIE! I fear you must put off going to Brighton for the present, unless you will go with the children without me. After all, why should you not do that, and take the governess with you?'

Mrs Sanderson raised her large handsome eyes to her husband's face, and stopped in the act of filling the breakfast cups. 'What can you mean, Walter?' she said slowly. 'I do not quite understand. Why must I go to Brighton without you?'

'Because, my dear, I must run down to Scotland instead. My mother wants me.'

'Oh, your mother!' and a slight cloud came over her usually calm face. She had not met with many disappointments in her married life as yet, and she had been looking forward for some time to this visit to Brighton.

'Yes; she writes that she would like me to go down as soon as I can.'

'Is she ill, or what? Does she give no reason?'

'Well, no; I can't say she does; but I imagine somehow it is something about Clare.'

'Clare! I dare say it is. What is she doing now? Of course, you know, Walter, that I never interfere in your private family concerns; but in my opinion, you should strongly advise your mother just to give her her own way. A very short time of nursing in an infirmary would completely cure her of that whim. She is not at all the kind of girl for that sort of thing, brought up as she has been, every one yielding to her, and running wild all over your father's estate followed by half-a-dozen dogs, and getting her own way in everything. I believe it would do her a great deal of good to go as a nurse to an infirmary.'

'I have no doubt you are right; but I am certain my mother would never agree to it. Let me see. This is Thursday. I could go down on Saturday, and be back again by Wednesday morning early. That would give me three clear days there, and bring me home in time to take you to Brighton on the Thursday. That was the day you intended going, at any rate.'

And so it was arranged. Mr Sanderson travelled down to Scotland the following Saturday, in obedience to his mother's summons. He had already decided that some new freak of his sister was at the bottom of the whole thing, and therefore, though annoying to his mother, not likely to be at all difficult to manage.

'It all comes from girls being brought up at home. If they could go to public schools like boys, and get all the nonsense taken out of them,

it would be a thousand times better. A girl like Clare, living constantly at home with her mother and governess, is sure to take the bit into her own keeping, and rule over everybody. I have half a mind to bring her back with me, and keep her until she falls in love with some one. That would be the best tonic for her restlessness.'

When his long railway journey was ended, he found himself standing on the platform of the dreary little side station, being hugged and embraced in the most affectionate and open manner by his sister, a tall handsome girl, who utterly disregarded the presence of a country woman, who, setting down the largest of her many parcels and bundles, stood looking on with undisguised curiosity at this manifestation of affection amongst the 'quality.'

'You darling old boy! I'm so awfully glad to see you,' said Clare. 'It is too nice of you to run down and see us in this way. Come along. Mamma will be in a fever until we get back again; for I am driving Frisky and Boltar to-day. We'll be at home in no time. Mamma wished to send the carriage; but I would not hear of it. Is your luggage all right? Oh, have you a sixpence for the boy who has been holding their heels? Frightened little animal he looks, doesn't he?—O yes; we are all well. How are you all, Georgie and the children? You should have brought them with you. Why didn't you? However, it is too delicious to have you all to ourselves.'

An unceasing flow of light-hearted, affectionate talk convinced Mr Sanderson that he had been doing his sister a great wrong in looking upon her as the cause of his hurried journey; and as he regarded her sitting beside him so bright and happy, driving her mad little ponies with reckless speed up hill and down dale, over stones and round corners, making the bleak moor ring with her pealing laughter whenever they encountered a severer 'bump' than usual, he almost felt as if he must apologise to her for having allowed such a thought to enter his mind.

'Walter! I do believe you are not listening to me. You are thinking of Georgie and the children. I don't believe you heard what I said. I was saying we must have long rides every day while you are here. Shan't we?'

'I fear, Clare, there cannot be many days of it. I must be in London again early on Wednesday morning.'

'On Wednesday! I never heard of such an idea! What in the world brought you down, if you cannot stay longer than that?'

What in the world brought him down?—that was just the question he was asking himself. There was nothing wrong with Clare—that was perfectly evident; not a hidden corner or thought, even in her chameleon nature—all was open as the day. If it was only about expired leases and back rents, &c., it would have been as well if his mother had written frankly, and allowed him to judge if such a journey and loss of time were necessary. But he was careful to keep these thoughts to himself, judicial training having successfully overcome the natural frankness of his character. He was saved the necessity of making any reply to her last speech by the sudden pulling-up of the ponies at the hall door.

'Take care!' laughed Clare as she saw him almost overbalanced by the extreme sharpness of the jerk. 'Ah! there's mother.—Have I not brought him home in good time, mother? Just twenty-five minutes from the station, and the ponies going like lambs.—No, Walter; I am not coming in at present; I always drive them round to the stables myself;' and off she drove, leaving her brother folded in the arms of his mother.

'I am so glad to see you, dear Walter. I was so thankful to get your letter this morning. It will be all right, now you are come.' And she led the way across the hall into the small room generally used by her and Clare when they were alone.

'Has Clare said anything to you? Dear boy! I am so anxious, that I can think of nothing else. Did Clare tell you anything?'

'Clare?' replied he. 'Then it is Clare, after all! Wait until I get this glass of sherry swallowed, and then tell me what it all is. Is it some new whim?'

'O Walter, worse than any of her other whims. She says she is going to marry—to marry a horrid man, a vulgar, low kind of person!'

'Whew! This is a new whim with a vengeance! I thought she had sworn matrimony.'

'Oh, don't make fun, Walter; it is too serious, and I am so anxious. The more I say to her about it, the firmer she seems to be. I do not know what we are to do.'

'Who is the man? Tell me all about it; and do not look so tragic, you dear old mater. At all events, it is a step in the right direction. A married life is more in her line than a Sisterhood would have been. But who is the man?'

'He is a cousin of Mrs Monkton, and a missionary in some mining village. Clare met him there last year, when those revival meetings were going on. I find out now that it was he who put that nonsense into her head about joining a Sisterhood, and devoting her life to nursing, &c. He was down here lately; and I noticed that a great many letters passed between them after he left; but I never for a moment thought of anything further. And then, a few nights ago, she told me she had quite given up all idea of infirmary-work; for a much more useful and extended life had been offered to her. And then it turned out that when Mr Moffat was down here, he had got her to enter into a half-engagement with him.'

'Oh, only a half-engagement! We can easily settle a half-engagement. I'm thankful it is no worse.'

'But it is worse! That was only at first. She told me he had given her a fortnight to make up her mind. Of course, he is marrying her for her money.'

'We will let him know that she is almost entirely dependent on you, and that you won't give her a farthing, beyond the sum my father left her, if she marries without your consent. That will bring him to reason, I've little doubt.'

'Yes; but the difficulty will be with her; she will not give him up. The worse and more unsuitable such a marriage would be, the greater, I verily believe, will be its attraction for her. When will you speak to her about this?'

'I would rather that Clare should open the subject of her own accord to me. I will get her

to come with me when I smoke my cigar after dinner, and see what I can make of her.'

On finding himself, after dinner, alone with his sister in the smoking-room, Walter began to realise the difficulty of beginning a subject which she seemed to have no intention of introducing.

'Clare,' he suddenly began, 'do you know you have improved very much of late? You are rather a good-looking young person now. I am inclined to be proud of you.'

'Thank you, Walter. Was I so very plain before?' she retorted saucily, with a light laugh.

'No; I do not mean that. You were always handsome enough; but somehow, you strike me as being different this time. It may be your style of dressing, or the way you wear your hair; but there is a difference, I'm certain. You had better come back with me for a little. London is the place for a girl like you, and Georgie would enjoy taking you about. Poor girl! she is lonely enough at times, now that I am no longer a briefless barrister. Will you come?'

'You are a good old fellow, Walter, and I love you dearly; but I will not go to London with you. A London life would not suit me. But I believe you when you tell me I have improved. I must have improved, at anyrate since you saw me in autumn; for I was unhappy and unsettled then.'

'About what, dear?' he asked in his gentlest tone.

'Well, you know I wished to become a nurse; and mamma would not hear of it, and I was tired of the life I lead here.'

'Yes; I don't wonder at that—it is altogether too dull.'

'O no, not that! But it is so utterly useless, and there is so much to be done, and so much that ladies can do better than any one else.'

'But you are not useless here. You have your Sunday class, and the choir to train, and your poor folks to look after. I think you are wonderfully useful for so young a girl.'

'Yes; that is just it; I am too young. I require guidance, Walter, and I cannot get it from mamma.'

'Clare!'

'I mean, that although mamma is as kind as possible to the poor, and gives them food and wine and clothes too, yet personally, she takes very little interest in them, and I cannot get her to come with me on my rounds. It would be so much better if she would, because, you see, some of the people do not pay so much attention to me when I give them advice, just because I am so young, and have no one to support me.'

'I can imagine that it is difficult for you, certainly. But is there no one else you could get to join with you?'

'Yes, Walter'—and a faint blush spread over her face—'and that is why I am so much improved, as you say I am. My mind is quite at ease; for, now I see my duty quite clearly. I thought mamma would tell you all about it to-morrow; but I should like to speak to you first, for she is very much against it, and I count upon your help to bring her round. I think it providential that you have come down here at this time, of your own accord too! I am engaged to a gentleman

who will be able to help me, and who will take me to a place where there is far more need of me than there is here; for do you know, Walter, though I have been working hard with all my heart all these months, I do not see one bit of improvement amongst the people.'

'Engaged to be married, Clare! Who is the gentleman? You sly puss! And so it is "first-love" which has improved you?'

'O no, Walter. I am not "in love," as you suppose; and neither is he; but we esteem and like each other; and we can do more for those poor people if we are married than if we were single. He says he needs a lady to help him.'

'But who is he, dear? You have not told me that.'

'He is a cousin of Mrs Monkton's, and is a very hard-working clergyman in a large and neglected mining village. His name is Moffat. He was here a good deal last year at the time of the revival meetings, and I got to know him then, but without any idea of marrying him; that has only been arranged a few days ago.'

'You take away my breath, Clare. That is the very last kind of marriage I should have expected a girl like you to make.'

'Ah, because you thought me vain and frivolous. But, dear Walter, promise me that you will talk to my mother, and make her see what a noble and useful life is waiting for me.'

'A noble and useful enough life, Clare. But before I can make any promises, I must think it over. I am not prepared to give my sister up to the first man who asks her. Tell me about Mr Moffat. What is he like? Is he young? And has he private means, that he thinks of a wife like you?'

'I do not know whether he is very rich or not; I never thought of asking him. But we should not want to be very rich; because, in the life we have planned, we should have no time for visiting or going much into society; and you know, Walter, I have never been so fond of going to balls and parties, as some girls are.'

'Well, Clare, I'll sleep on it, as the saying goes; and to-morrow I will have a talk with you again. Be sure that I will do my best for your happiness. And now, let us say good-night.'

Next morning, Clare came early into the breakfast-room; but her brother evinced no corresponding activity, and when he did make his appearance, the presence of her mother prevented all renewal of their last night's conversation. Nor was any private interview possible until far on in the afternoon.

'I thought mamma was never going to leave us alone to-day, Walter. And yet, how bad of me to talk in that way; for of course she is as glad to be with you as I am. Poor mother!'

'Yes, Clare—poor mother! You are preparing a bitter pill for her to swallow. How do you think she will like your burying yourself alive in a dirty, smoky, mining village?'

'Oh, then, dearest of old boys, you have come round to my way of thinking! I felt sure you would! You lead such a busy, useful life yourself, that I knew you would understand my feelings!'

'Stop a little, Clare. Not quite so fast. I certainly desire to see you happy, and I truly

believe a well-assorted marriage is the happiest state on earth; but'—

'Oh, no "buts," Walter!'

'You must hear me out. Before I can speak to my mother with any effect, I must see Mr Moffat. How can I urge the advantages of your marriage with a man I have never even seen? Everything in a case like this depends on the individual himself. In a worldly point of view, it is a wretched marriage for you; but there may be qualities and gifts in the man himself which out-balance all that, and make him more than your equal. Do you understand?'

Clare murmured 'Yes;' and her brother went on—

'Now, I think it would never do to write and ask him to come here for my inspection. I have been studying my *Bradshaw* this morning, and I discover that I can leave this by the eight o'clock train to-morrow, and be at his place, Reekton, about mid-day, spend an hour or two with him, and be back here by the evening train in time for dinner. What do you say to that? Then I can talk with some reason to my mother; or perhaps, if I am greatly impressed, I may even bring him back with me. Or stay! Suppose you come with me? Why not? I think that a splendid idea! You would introduce me, and smooth away any little awkwardness there might be in my going all alone, and having to introduce myself. It would be a delightful surprise to him. What do you say? Will you go?'

'How good you are, Walter! Of course I'll go. It will be simply delightful. But how about mamma?'

'Oh, leave my mother to me; I'll make it all right with her.'

Clare gave her brother's arm a grateful and affectionate squeeze. 'And Walter, we must send off a telegram from the station to-morrow, and then he will be waiting at the station there for us.'

'No; we will not telegraph, dear. In the first place, I don't want every one here to know where we are going; and then Mr Moffat would be making all sorts of elaborate preparations for us; and neither you nor I would like to give him any trouble by our visit—would we?'

'No; of course not. But he would like to give us lunch, you know. However, as you say, the people here would talk; and we can make up our minds just to take whatever his housekeeper can give us on short notice.'

And so the visit was thus arranged and carried out. The morning train took them off; and in due time, after some changes and delays, landed them at Reekton; a singularly well-named place, Walter thought, but refrained from saying; for he did not wish to prejudice his sister in any degree. The fine bright morning had been gradually becoming more and more overcast, and had now fairly settled into one of those still wet days which are to some temperaments peculiarly depressing. Except the station-master and a boy, not a soul was to be seen; any loungers that might otherwise have been there, being kept away by the double event of a steady rain, and of its being the general dinner-hour. A great many trucks filled with coal and coke, and others waiting to be filled; a long line, which in reality seemed to have 'no turning'; a wet, black, sooty road, stretching out

dull and cheerless between very high, straggling bare thorn-hedges; and a lowering mist hanging over a large irregular village, completed a scene which filled both the spectators with silent dismay.

'Ask if this is Reekton, Walter; perhaps we have made a mistake.'

Walter obeyed; and came back saying: 'That village there at the end of that lane is Reekton. It is unfortunate that it has turned out such a wet day. Shall I send the boy down to the inn, and see if we can get a cab or conveyance of some sort?'

'Yes, do, Walter, while I remain under the shed here.'

In a minute or two her brother came back with the intelligence that there was no cab or conveyance to be had. There had been a wedding in the village a few nights before, and the only chaise it possessed had been nearly broken to pieces in the course of the festivities. There was nothing for it but to walk; and the station-master directed them how to find Mr Moffat's house, which was right in the middle of the village, two doors beyond the *King's Arms*.

'What a wretched day,' exclaimed the girl, with a shiver as she spoke.

'Yes; we do not see Reekton for the first time under favourable circumstances. Who could have foreseen a day like this after so bright a morning! Are you cold?'

'Yes; no—a little, I think.'

'Shall I go into the inn as we pass, and tell them to have a chop or something ready for us, in case Mr Moffat may be from home?'

'That would be the finishing stroke to our bad luck! Very likely we shall find he is away.'

However, it seemed as if Fate meant to be kind after all; for on knocking at the door of the house pointed out to them, a stout, severe-looking person informed them that Mr Moffat was at home. 'I'm no sure if he is down yet; but just step in here,' said she, opening, as she spoke, a door on the left side of the little square passage; 'he's mostly late on the Mondays'—and ushered them into a room where breakfast was laid for one person.

On a side-table was lying a strange mixture of books and pamphlets, pipes in great variety, tins of tobacco, match-boxes, and a dirty-looking smoking-cap; and on the floor a japanned spittoon. The window had evidently not been opened that day, and an effluvia from last night's tobacco still pervaded every corner. A greasy arm-chair stood on one side of the fireplace, and near it a pair of walking-boots ready for their owner; under the chair, a pair of very much worn green-and-white Berlin-work slippers. The servant never thought of asking their names, an omission which secretly pleased Walter very much, and she had left the door of the room in which they were, open, so they had the gratification of hearing her go across the passage and up the narrow stairs, and knock at a door apparently right over them.

'You're wanted in the parlour,' said the severe-looking person.—'Who is it?' came from a man's voice.—'I dinna ken them,' she replied, more than half-way down-stairs, evidently.

Walter carefully avoided looking at his sister,

as a certain muffled thumping, announced the approach of some one who evidently had no shoes on his feet; but he furtively glanced at his watch, and saw that it was almost one o'clock. And then the door was pushed open, and he saw a short, thick-set man, with a high and shining forehead, and general air of untidiness, enter, and suddenly stand as if petrified. A few desperately awkward seconds passed.

At length Walter came forward. 'We must apologise for invading your premises in this manner, Mr Moffat.—Clare, introduce me.'

Clare contrived to mutter a few words; and Walter held out his hand, which, he felt, was by no means cordially grasped by his host; but he continued: 'My sister and I only thought of this little visit late last night, and so we couldn't let you know of it.'

Clare and Mr Moffat had silently got through the ceremony of shaking hands by this time; and the girl, nearly upset by the whole morning's experience, was glad to take the nearest chair, which happened to be the arm-chair under which Mr Moffat's slippers were lying, so that that unfortunate man—as if to put and keep him at a still greater disadvantage—was forced to entertain his unexpected guests with no other covering to his large and badly shaped feet than that afforded by coarse homespun stockings.

In vain Walter essayed his most genial manner; nothing could make the visit other than a wretchedly awkward one. Clare seemed unable to utter a syllable, and averted her eyes carefully from the man's unslippered feet and unshaven face. At length, seeing that her powers of endurance were being tried to the uttermost by various unhappy attempts on Mr Moffat's part to assume the tone of an accepted lover, Walter suggested that they should leave Mr Moffat to eat his breakfast in peace, while they would go back to the inn for the lunch which must be awaiting them, and invited Mr Moffat to join them there as soon as was convenient for him, and spend the rest of the time with them until the train was due by which they were to return.

On getting out into the street, Clare convulsively clasped her brother's arm. 'Walter, could we not get a train sooner than three o'clock?'

'I am afraid not. But do you know it is almost two o'clock, now!—the time will soon pass. It is this wretched weather that makes everything look so miserable.'

Clare shivered, and wished she were away.

On reaching the inn, they found their lunch waiting for them; but the chops were tough, and had been burned in the process of cooking, and Clare at least found it impossible to eat. A large party of convivial miners were in the next room, which was only separated from theirs by a thin wooden partition, and they had the benefit of the jokes, oaths, and squabbles that passed among them. Mr Moffat was some time in making his appearance; but when he did, he was much more presentable, more like the man Clare had seen and believed in, at her own home. But his shaven face and correct clerical costume came too late, and he was sensible enough to see the matter in its true light. Nothing could re-establish him again on the pinnacle to which Clare, in her uncurbed imagination and secret love of excitement under any form, had raised him.

On getting home, Walter explained to his mother that she had no longer anything to fear; and next day wrote to Mr Moffat, by his sister's desire, breaking off all further connection; and then telegraphed to his wife to expect him and his mother and sister the following day.

Georgie remained under the impression that her mother-in-law's state of health required a change. Not even to her did Walter ever divulge the severe practical lesson to which he had subjected his sister; not even, when he had the gratification of seeing her make a suitable and happy marriage within a year or two from the time when her self-will and self-ignorance had so nearly wrecked her life.

BRIGAND NOTES.

A BLUE-BOOK about brigandage is a novelty; but it is not at all exciting reading. The Return, lately presented to parliament, of British subjects who have been taken captive by brigands in foreign countries, is a very business-like production, proving that if there was ever any romance attached to the lawless calling, it has long since vanished; the only difference between the brigand and the common thief being, that the latter is contented with divesting his victim of his portable belongings, while the former holds him a prisoner until ransom is paid.

Since 1860, there have been fourteen cases of brigandage in which subjects of Her Majesty were concerned, Spain being discredited with four, Mexico three, Italy three, and Greece and Turkey two each. On the 21st of May 1870, Messrs John and Anthony Bonell were captured in Spanish territory, near Gibraltar; obtaining their release, after a short detention, by paying down twenty-seven thousand dollars, obtained from the governor of Gibraltar, who was afterwards repaid by the Spanish government. On the 18th of March 1871, Mr and Mrs Ranken, and Mrs Taylor, fell into the clutches of some brigands near Denia, but were fortunately able to part company at once; the adventure costing them two hundred pounds. In July 1874, Mr Haseldin met with like ill-fortune near the Rio Grande Mines, in the Sierra Morena; but did not get off quite so easily. His captors demanded four millions of reals, or something like forty thousand pounds; but softened by their prisoner's expostulations, offered to set him at liberty for a quarter of that amount. He still considered the price too high, and remained in durance for nine days; when finding they could do no better, they accepted six thousand pounds, and bade Mr Haseldin good speed. Mr Rouse, who was taken near Hienclencina, on the 3d of May 1875, was yet luckier, being only detained a few hours, while his servant fetched a hundred thousand reals—about a thousand pounds—which he was well content to pay for freedom.

Mexican brigands would seem to be satisfied with a lower rate of ransom. It is true that they kept Mr Rabling a prisoner for three weeks, in November 1863, in the vain hope of extracting six thousand dollars out of his friends' pockets; but finding so much was not forthcoming, they eventually accepted three thousand four hundred dollars and twelve muskets. In the same month, two years later, Mr Mirillies was seized by an

armed band, near Irapuato. He was told he was a prisoner to the army of the Liberal General Antillon; but Mexican soldiers and Mexican brigands are hardly to be distinguished, and it mattered very little which they were, since they would not let him take his leave under less than two thousand dollars; a sum he was fain to raise, after four days' experience of their society. Four days' grace was not allowed to Mr Furber, who was captured near Guanaxato, on the 19th of December 1869; for the day after his capture the body of the unfortunate man was found, having a paper attached to it, informing all whom it might concern that he had been put to death for refusing to purchase his life for five thousand dollars.

A traveller would naturally think himself safe from such gentry when within hail of a city of renown like Florence. Mr Deale was taught otherwise sixteen years ago, when he found himself in the hands of a band, and his liberty valued at twelve thousand scudi. He lived, however, to laugh at them; for in twenty-four hours his guards let him depart in peace, thanks to an erroneous notion that their comrades had received the money. The captors of the Rev. J. C. M. Ansley, Mr Moens, and their respective better-halves, made a more profitable haul. Setting the ladies at liberty at once, they allowed the clergyman to leave the camp the following day, detaining Mr Moens as hostage for the ransom of eight thousand five hundred pounds. Mr Ansley sought the assistance of our consul at Naples, and after a deal of negotiation, obtained his friend's release on payment of five thousand one hundred pounds. Mr Forester Rose found his Palermitan captors more reasonable. At first, they asked five thousand pounds; seeing this sum was unattainable, they came down to two thousand, and eventually accepted sixteen hundred pounds; but as the firm to which he belonged spent eight hundred pounds in expenses attending the affair, and had to suspend business till the matter was settled, they considered they paid dearly enough for their partner's visit to Lecara.

In 1865, Mr Corre was a nine days' involuntary guest of a band of Greek brigands, waiting for his companions in misfortune, Lord John Hervey and the Hon. H. Strutt, to send the three thousand pounds they had agreed to pay for their lives. When, in April 1870, Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr Vyner, Mr Herbert, Mr and Mrs Lloyd, and their child were captured some twelve miles from Athens, the brigands demanded no less than fifty thousand pounds as the price of the little party's release; but afterwards reduced the terms to twenty-five thousand pounds and a free pardon. In the end, they got nothing. Suffering the ladies to return to Athens with the child within a few hours of the capture, they released Lord Muncaster two days afterwards, in order that he might arrange about the payment of the ransom. The sum demanded was out of the question; and a correspondence ensued between the brigands and the British and Italian ministers, whose efforts to bring about an arrangement were aided by those of a member of the Greek government. They failed to come to terms; and growing impatient, on the 25th of April the brigands cruelly murdered Mr Herbert, Mr Vyner, and Mr Lloyd. The widow of the last-named received a thousand pounds from the king of Greece to supply her

immediate wants; and the Greek government ultimately paid an indemnity of ten thousand pounds—the only instance of the kind recorded in the Return, which ends with mentioning the two cases of brigandage in Turkey, wherein Colonel Syngé and Mr and Mrs Suter figured, with the remark that they are 'not concluded'; the British government hoping, we suppose, to induce the Porte to repay the ransom money—nearly twenty-five thousand pounds—which it advanced, rather than leave the issue in the hands of the brigands. Such help will not be forthcoming again, the Foreign Secretary having notified Her Majesty's representatives abroad of the determination of the government henceforth to advance no money for the release of any save official personages from captivity among brigands.

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery:
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gleaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fisherman's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

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THE ORIGIN OF SOME SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of our lives is regulated by certain rules of behaviour, which at first sight appear to be merely arbitrary conventions consciously chosen as symbols of respect and goodwill. Mr Spencer, in his book on *Ceremonial Institutions*, shows that these formal observances—ceremonies of state, religion, and social life—are not thus deliberately chosen, but have their origin in spontaneous manifestations of emotion, from which they gradually evolve, as a natural product of social life. The manners and customs of mankind in all parts of the world, concerning which Mr Spencer gives a vast amount of interesting information, illustrate the various phases through which many of the 'conventions' of modern life have passed in this process of evolution.

A good example of the gradual evolution of an apparently arbitrary convention, is afforded by Mr Spencer's explanation of the simplest form of salute—the familiar nod. An Englishman passing a friend in the street greets him with a slight nod. Why? Because it is the custom. But why has custom adopted this particular form of salute? Let us follow Mr Spencer as he traces it from its origin. A dog afraid of being beaten, crouches before his master. A small dog alarmed at the approach of a big one, sometimes throws itself down, and rolls over on its back. Both these actions are signs of submission—spontaneous expressions of a desire to conciliate the more powerful. That this is their true interpretation, there can be little doubt, on comparing them with the parallel behaviour of some uncivilised tribes. In an African tribe visited by Livingstone, by way of salute 'they throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and rolling from side to side, slap the outside of their thighs, as expressions of thankfulness and welcome.' Here we have the spontaneous expression of two elements of propitiatory behaviour—submission to a superior, and joy at his presence. In other tribes, this complete form of obeisance is abridged, and various modifications of it are found. Prostration on

the face is common. A slight further abridgment of this gives us the attitude of kneeling while the head rests on the ground. 'In past ages, when the Emperor of Russia was crowned, the nobility did homage by bending down their heads, and knocking them at his feet to the very ground.' A further modification is produced by the desire to do homage while approaching a superior. In Dahomey, they 'crawl like snakes, or shuffle forward on their knees.' This brings us to the attitude of going on all-fours; and a still further modification gives the attitude of kneeling. Slightly less abject is kneeling on one knee; and the next step is merely bending the knee. The Japanese 'salute a superior by kneeling; but in the street, merely make a motion as if they were going to kneel.' This action survives among ourselves as the courtesy. Next, omitting the bend of the knee, all that remains is the bend of the body which accompanied the more complete salutes: hence we get the bow, indicating respect; and this passes by insensible transitions from the humble salaam of the Hindn to the familiar nod of an intimate friend. The transition is so gradual, and the intermediate phases so abundantly exemplified, that it is impossible to doubt that such is the true derivation of this trivial act of modern etiquette.

Similar in origin is the raising of the hat as a respectful salute. In primitive states, the conquered man surrenders himself, his weapons, and whatever of his clothing is worth having; hence, stripping becomes a mark of submission. Cook, for instance, relates of some Tahitians, 'they took off a great part of their clothes, and put them on us.' In another tribe, this ceremony is abridged to the presentation of the girdle only. In Abyssinia, inferiors strip to the girdle before superiors. A further abridgment is found among the natives of the Gold Coast, who salute Europeans by slightly removing their robe from the left shoulder; but even there, special respect is shown by completely uncovering the shoulder. In other tribes, they also doff the cap. Hence, it seems that 'the removal of the hat among European

peoples, often reduced among ourselves to touching the hat, is a remnant of that process of undressing himself, by which in early times the captive expressed the yielding up of all he had.

Not less interesting is Mr Spencer's explanation of the origin of shaking hands. From kissing as a natural sign of affection, to kissing the hand as a compliment, the transition is easy, and requires no further explanation; for a simulation of affection, no less than submission, is an essential part of propitiatory ceremony. 'If, of two persons, each wishes to make an obeisance to the other by kissing his hand, and each, out of compliment, refuses to have his own hand kissed, what will happen? Just as, when leaving a room, each of two persons, proposing to give the other precedence, will refuse to go first, and there will result at the doorway some conflict of movements, preventing either from advancing; so, if each of two tries to kiss the other's hand, and refuses to have his own kissed, there will result a raising of the hand of each by the other towards his own lips; and by the other, a drawing of it down again; and so on alternately. Clearly, the difference between the simple squeeze, to which this salute is now often abridged, and the old-fashioned hearty shake, exceeds the difference between the hearty shake and the movement that would result from the effort of each to kiss the hand of the other.'

Kissing, we have said, is a natural expression of affection; and it is curious to note the analogous manifestations among animals and some of the lower tribes of men. A dog displays his affection for his master by licking his hand. A ewe distinguishes her lamb by the olfactory sense, and apparently derives pleasure from its exercise. The same sense is used among men not only to distinguish, as in the case of Jacob and Isaac, but also as a mark of affection. Among the Mongols, for instance, it is found as 'a mark of paternal affection, instead of embracing;' while the Burmese 'do not kiss each other in the Western fashion, but apply the lip and nose to the cheek, and make a strong inhalation.'

Among ceremonies connected with marriage, the following deserve notice: 'In China, during a wedding visit, each visitor prostrated himself at the feet of the bride, and knocked his head on the ground, saying: "I congratulate you—I congratulate you!" whilst the bride, also on her knees, and knocking her head upon the ground, replied: "I thank you—I thank you!"'

The following ceremony is scarcely what we usually associate with ceremonious treatment, though in certain fishing villages in Scotland a somewhat similar practice is still observed: 'At Arab marriages there is much feasting, and the unfortunate bridegroom undergoes the ordeal of whipping by the relations of his bride.' This is usually explained as a test of courage; but Mr Spencer looks upon it as a survival from more barbarous times, when brides were frequently carried off by force; and the rough treatment which the bridegroom receives is a lingering modification of the resistance of the bride's friends. This explanation suggests a question about one of our own well-known customs, namely, that of pelting the bridegroom with shoes and rice. Are these harmless missiles representatives of the

weapons used to repel the invading bridegroom in earlier times?

The inconsistency between the Chinese custom of wearing white clothing as mourning and the customary black of European nations, seems at first sight to indicate a clear case of an arbitrary convention; but it is fully accounted for on the evolution principle. A mourning dress would naturally be of coarse texture, and, among pastoral peoples, hair would be the most available material for the purpose; the hair used being commonly dingy, darkness of colour became the conspicuous feature of mourning. In a crowded agricultural population, on the other hand, where animals available for the purpose are comparatively rare, and hair consequently costly, cotton was the material that naturally established itself as the mourning colour.

Mr Spencer's book abounds in interesting information about the ceremonies of people in all parts of the world; but the foregoing examples will suffice to illustrate the method by which many of the so-called 'conventions' of civilised life are shown to be 'natural products of social life.' In these days, there is a tendency to disregard ceremonial observances; but it is well to remember that, as a check to 'rudeness of behaviour, and consequent discord,' ceremonial restraints exercise a control which cannot well be spared, until 'mutual forbearance and kindness in society,' which form the true principle of social behaviour, are sufficiently extended to supersede them.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE CONFESSION.

'Now, Mr Oakley, and you, Squine, or Right Worshipful, or whatever it is—I've lived so long under a foreign sky, and got into scrapes in so many places—I may own to it now—What am I prating about? No; I'm not light-headed!' added Nat Lee sharply, as if he divined the thoughts of those who stood by his bedside. 'Mind' as clear as a bell; the doctor can tell you that.'

'It is true; he is not delirious,' whispered the house-surgeon, who had been invited to be present at the taking of the dying man's deposition.

Bertram had been fortunate enough to find a magistrate, a friend of Mr Mervyn's, and to whom he was himself personally known, at home; and this gentleman, hearing that the case was urgent, had willingly accompanied him to the Accident Ward of St Bartholomew's. Writing materials were ready; and nothing but the increasing weakness of the patient, and his propensity to ramble in his talk, retarded the business of the hour.

'When I was a youngster at Dulchester, my native place, and where you'll see in the churchyard head-stones with the name of Lee, thickish yet,' said the adventurer huskily, 'I was a clerk in the Old Bank. The banker was Mr Denham, a rich man, with two sons. One of them, the doctor, I scarcely knew when I met him in the High Street. The other was Walter Denham; and perhaps, if I had known no more of him than I did of his honest elder brother, I might not have been lying here to-day, the victim of a gambling brawl, for a dog's death, and a pauper's burial. But that's neither here nor there. To my sorrow, I did know Mr Walter, who was older than myself,

and a dandy—a swell, as they say now—and better supplied with pocket-money. He was a young man of fashion, we thought; and I, an ambitious lad, who courted pleasure. He it was who egged me on to bet my money on races, to play cards, to ruin myself, in the hope of winning; and when I found myself with empty pockets, he lent me small sums on my IOU, which he was always careful to keep me in remembrance of—very careful!

‘I did not understand at the time that Mr Walter Denham wished to get me, by his encouragement of my extravagance and by his loans, entirely into his power, seeing in me, no doubt, a tool that would be useful for the work he had in hand. Another instrument he secured too. This was a former school-fellow and fellow-clerk of mine, Henry Crawley—Judas was his nickname in the playground—a sly, sneaking fellow, that would have robbed his father; he did rob his old grandmother, who brought him up, him and his sisters—and boasted of it! Yes; I was bad enough; but Crawley was of a blacker feather than even myself. I was no thief then, only a scamp; mind you; but Crawley was more advanced; and that was how Mr Walter had a hold upon him. He had altered the figures of a cheque, and Mr Walter had found it out—by accident, I believe—and held the knowledge of it over him like a rod in pickle. One word to the old banker, who was a stern man, and it would have been cropped hair and gyves and the convict-ship for Crawley.

‘Well, to cut a long story short, this is what Mr Walter wanted. He wanted to supplant his brother the doctor—whom the old man, our master, had always declared to be his future heir—and to get the property for himself. His brother, the story went, had been kind to him—saved him from drowning once—got him reconciled to his father more than once. But Gold was the god Walter Denham worshipped; and when his father’s last illness came on, and the proud old gentleman would not admit how ill he was, but tried to go about as usual, and sent no message to summon his eldest son, Mr Walter, the plotter, resolved to act. He knew where his father’s will—giving the bulk of the large property to his first-born son—was kept. It was in an iron safe, too strong to be forced. The key was a patent one—thought also to defy imitation. Now it was that Mr Walter made use of his tools, of the two unscrupulous young clerks he had under his thumb. I—I may say so now—was a dab at mechanics, learned a trade as a chicken learns to peck; the joiner’s work, or the smith’s, was as child’s play to me. At locks, I was especially clever, and vain of my knowledge.

‘Crawley, on the other hand, was a beautiful penman. Engrossing, as the lawyers call it, is not an easy task for those who don’t get their bread by it; but Judas could do it as well as you could have the job performed by any law-stationer in London. And the signatures too! He had practised old Mr Denham’s a hundred and a thousand times, until it was perfect. But all Crawley’s skill was of no good unless we could get the true will out of its hiding-place in the safe, and copy it, with the names of the witnesses, and the exact date, and only such alterations as were necessary to make Walter, instead of William,

the residuary legatee. And I toiled and filed and snipped at the picklock, while still the old banker tottered about, with death in his face, but uncomplaining, and resolute not to take to his bed, till he was forced to give way.

‘At last I succeeded. The heavy iron door of the safe swung back, at the touch of the skeleton-key of my making; and Crawley sat up all night to write the false will. It was a marvel of patient dexterity. The witnesses’ signatures—those of the testator—were marvellously imitated. And, after all, we were only just in time. Forty-eight hours after the ink was dry, old Mr Denham was stricken by the hand of death. The fraud was complete, and remained un-disputed.

‘Dr Denham, without a doubt, relinquished the property—it was a large one—to his knees of a brother; and Walter Denham was rich—but—but—’ He paused, gasping. It was not until cordials had been administered, and a short interval for repose, at the surgeon’s suggestion, allowed, that the dying man was able to speak on. And when he did speak, it was in a thin, reedy voice, far feebler than before.

‘Where was I?’ he said faintly.—‘Ah, yes; I remember now. Well, Mr Walter was rich; and we, who had helped him, thought that we had built up our own fortunes in building his. We didn’t quite trust him, though, and we kept back the original will, the true one, instead of giving it up to him, as he wanted, to be burned. Crawley’s notion that was. He swore to Mr Walter that he had destroyed the will, in a panic, he said, and for fear the thing should ever come to light. I don’t think Walter Denham ever believed in the truth of that story; but he spoke us fair; it was his interest to do that; and we had money from him at the first, but not much—not much.

‘The Fiend, they say—it was among Spaniards, in Cuba, I heard that—a superstition set, the Dons, you know—has a habit of taking human shape to buy men’s souls, and an ugly knack, too, of cheating them out of the purchase-money. I could almost believe, looking back on a wretched life, that Walter Denham, with his smooth tongue, had bought mine for a song. It was but dog’s wages I got from him—a little cash, and many excuses, and then another dribble, and then grave looks and the cold-shoulder. He used to protest that he was straitened for money. I believe it was partly true. The old man, his father, had invested much capital in mining property and foreign securities that could not be at once realised; and then Walter Denham, for all his fits of extravagance, was a miser at heart.

‘Well, he was rid of me, cheaply—only too cheaply; for I went abroad, knocked about the world, always hunting the Will-of-the-Wisp Fortune; and through much mire and many changes did the jade lead me, till I came back, a middle-aged man, to England. Then I tried my old employer—accomplice, if you like—Mr Walter; and he all but snapped his fingers in my face. When I grew desperate, he loosed his purse-strings a bit; but at best it was a drop in the ocean, a crust flung to a dog. Crawley, sly hunk as he was, fared little better; but then Judas was a coward, and traded, too, on his varnish of respectability. Mr Walter always pleaded poverty—misers are sure to do it—had lost by specula-

tions, he said. It may have been so. My belief is that he doesn't quite know, from habit, when he tells the truth and when not. I feel a warning—time short, and nearly up'— He ceased to speak, and even the wine they gave him revived his failing strength but partially. 'Write down my address,' he made shift to say, after a pause—'Number nine Chapel Street, Hoxton Road—decent crib enough—the last place in which the police—the landlady will let you have my traps, when you prove to her where, and how, I was struck off the roster—and I have got'—

'The will?' suggested Bertram, stooping over the bed.

'No; not the will. Judas—I mean Crawley—was a deal too close-fisted a customer to part with that, and he has got it with him still, I know. No; but the key is there—and—and the rough draft of the will, in Crawley's hand, and notes from him and Mr Walter both—kept against a rainy day. I am going fast!' And he really did seem to be going, as a foundering ship, low in the water, and settling by the head, prepares for the last dread plunge.

'But Crawley—his address—you have not told us that?' said the magistrate.

The sick man's energy revived a little. 'Notting Hill,' he said weakly—'one of those poky little streets, that all look alike, round the church; Melbourne Street, number four. He does not pass for Crawley there. They call him'— It took stimulants, it took time before Nat Lee, brought very low now, was able to whisper the words—'Richardson is the name he goes by. A rare trick to play to old Judas!'

His deposition, or the substance of it, had been written down with patient care; and now it was read over to him, and, with much trouble, he was enabled, with feeble fingers, to affix a shaky signature to the paper, and to make formal affirmation of the truth of its contents. That exertion over, he sank back exhausted, muttering, and stirring from side to side, and then fell into a heavy slumber.

'He will never awake,' whispered the house-surgeon.

'If he does,' said Bertram gently, 'I will take care of him; and if he dies, at my cost shall the poor wretch be laid among his kindred at Dulchester.'

THE INSECTARIUM AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

It has long been a matter for regret that in the large and varied zoological collection which finds a home in the far-famed Gardens in Regent's Park, the insect world should have hitherto not met with the consideration it undoubtedly deserves. A few moments' reflection will remind us that the well-being of man is both ministered to and impeded by friends and foes to be found in the humble ranks of insect life. As instances it will suffice to mention the silkworm, 'that spins a queen's most costly robe,' and the industrious bee, which supplies us with honey and wax. As enemies to man may be named the mosquito and centipede, and the destructive caterpillars of many of our moths and butterflies.

The Zoological Society have, however, taken a preliminary step towards the wider diffusion of

knowledge respecting insects by the establishment of what is termed an 'Insectarium,' wherein are shown various species of insects, both living and preserved specimens in their different stages of existence, and, to the small extent that present circumstances allow, under natural conditions. Thus, one is now able to trace an insect such as a moth through its transformation-stages of egg, larva or caterpillar, pupa or chrysalis, and imago or perfect insect.

The building which has been set apart for the purpose is situated at the north side of the Gardens, near the foot of Primrose Hill, and is a simple hot-house, somewhat less than fifty feet long and about half the width. In the centre and at the ends of the house are placed some bananas and tree-ferns; and by means of heating apparatus a temperature of from seventy to seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit is maintained. The insects are kept in cases of wood and zinc, with glass sides and perforated zinc tops, the average size of these receptacles being about two and a half feet in height, one foot and a half wide, and one foot deep. The bottom of each cage is filled with moss and sand, thus allowing the pupæ or chrysalides of such species as enter the ground to undergo their natural transformations. In some cases the caterpillars—or larvae, as they are scientifically termed—are to be seen feeding, the food-plants being kept in small phials or tubes of water, or sometimes placed in the moist sand. The collection at present is but a small one; but the specimens are well chosen, including representatives of many of the most interesting and beautiful species from different parts of the globe.

Immediately on entering the glass-house, the visitor finds to the right and left of him cases appropriated to the various descriptions of silk-producing moths. Here, for instance, is the magnificent Atlas Moth, of a rich chocolate hue, with paler markings, and silvery transparent spots. This species, we are informed by the descriptive label, is an inhabitant of India, and one of the largest moths known, some specimens measuring as much as eight inches from tip to tip of the fore-wings. Some of its cocoons, in which the insects wrap themselves while becoming chrysalides, are likewise to be seen, manufactured of silk and dead leaves. Near this is the Ailanthus Moth, from China, a specimen of which has just emerged from the chrysalis, and is of a tawny colour, with delicate pink and silvery markings and beautiful eye-like spots. In another case are feeding a number of larvae of the Cecropian Silk Moth. The colours of the caterpillars are most brilliant, the ground tint being a bright green, with little fleshy tufts of red, blue, and yellow, each surmounted by six black hairs. There are many other species of silk moths exhibited, of which may be mentioned the Japanese Oak Silk Moth, whose bright green caterpillars are to be seen eagerly devouring oak-leaves; and Perny's Silk Moth, the larvae of which are similarly engaged. The chrysalides and cocoons of most of these species, together with samples of the raw silk they produce, are shown in the cases side by side with the perfect insects. We miss, however, our old and more sombre-tinted friend, the Common Silkworm Moth (*Bombyx mori*), who certainly deserves a place in the series, as the silk he produces is superior in many

respects to that furnished by his larger and more handsome relatives. The pale-green Moon Moths, from India and North America, of which specimens are shown in cases to the left of the entrance, deserve mention for the loveliness and delicacy of their tints. These, however, soon fade, as may be seen by comparing the newly emerged insect with the preserved specimens above it.

In one of the cases is to be seen a common foe of moths and butterflies, in the shape of the Ichneumon Fly, the female of which is furnished with a curious apparatus for depositing her eggs beneath the skin of certain caterpillars; these eggs quickly hatch, and the resulting larvae, carefully avoiding the vital parts, feed upon the body of their host. The larva thus preyed upon is frequently able to change to the chrysalis state, but from this it never emerges as a perfect insect, the ichneumon grubs finally making a meal of all but its skin, within which they in turn become pupæ, and at length appear as ill-favoured-looking flies. These parasites are of great service in checking the too rapid multiplication of destructive kinds of insects, the caterpillars selected for their attacks being usually the brightly coloured and smooth-skinned sorts.

Perhaps the most lovely specimens in the Insectarium are the Morpho Butterflies, shown in a glass case on the centre table. They are large insects, measuring about four or five inches across the wings, which are of an exquisite blue satin appearance, with pearly bands of white. Three different species are exhibited, all being inhabitants of South America.

Although our British insects cannot vie with the gorgeous colouring of their tropical congeners, they are nevertheless many of them of great beauty. Here, for instance, in a cage much too small for a winged being of air, are some freshly disclosed examples of the Swallowtail Butterfly, the largest British species, found principally in the fens of Cambridgeshire. They are noble insects on the wing, and have great powers of flight. But the most graceful of our English butterflies in its aerial evolutions is the White Admiral, of which, as we write, a living specimen is to be seen in a neighbouring case. This species is chiefly met with in the New Forest; it seems to float gently but rapidly through the air, every now and then settling high up on the trees, or descending to the bramble bushes, for which it has a great partiality. The caterpillar feeds on the honeysuckle, and the perfect insect, though not rare in its own particular haunts, is greatly prized by entomologists. The colours of the upper wings are simply black and white, beautifully diversified; while beneath there are delicate pencillings of light brown and silvery blue. Close to the White Admirals are specimens of the handsome Purple Emperor Butterfly, a still greater prize, and an insect with similar silvan propensities. It frequents the tops of oak-trees, but can be tempted to descend from this exalted position by a bait of decaying animal matter, such as a dead dog or rat. Here are some specimens of the different sorts of Tiger Moths in their various stages, and among them our old black hairy friends the 'woolly bears,' or in scientific parlance the larvae of *Chelonia carya*, the Garden Tiger Moth. These caterpillars are very abundant upon white nettles, docks, and other low-

growing plants, and the resulting moths are among the most handsome of our native species.

A closely allied species to the Tiger Moths is the pretty Gold-tailed Moth, whose wings are pure white, with a tuft of yellow hair at the end of the creature's body, which gives it its name. The caterpillars, of which living specimens are shown feeding, are black and hairy, with bright scarlet markings, rendering them very conspicuous objects upon the whitethorn and wild-rose bushes in our hedgerows during the early summer. The reader must be cautioned, however, should he meet with these caterpillars in his rambles, against handling them, if his skin be at all tender; for they possess what are called 'artichating' properties, causing great irritation of the skin in some persons, accompanied even with a swelling of the parts affected, which is by no means easily got rid of. In his excellent little book on *The Common Objects of the Country*, the Rev. J. G. Wood relates his experience with the Gold-tailed larva, which appears to have been particularly painful and unpleasant. The insect is a common one, and frequents the neighbourhood of London.

Whilst writing of London, we may mention two moths, also included in the collection under review, which are abundant even in the heart of the Metropolis itself. The first is the Brindled Beauty, a somewhat dingy brown insect, with semi-transparent wings, which inhabits most of the London squares, and can be found on the trunks of the trees in the month of April. The caterpillar of this species is very destructive to the lilacs and limes, and is of a dark-brown, stick-like appearance, and belongs to the family of Geometers or 'loopers,' so called from their peculiar mode of progression. The second moth alluded to is the Vapourer, of a rich chestnut-brown colour, with a white spot on each fore-wing. It may be seen flying in the streets and squares, in its own peculiar and characteristic manner, all through the summer, during the hottest part of the day. Curiously enough, however, the female is wingless, and more resembles a spider than a moth. The larva of this species, like that of the Brindled Beauty, is a great pest on account of its partiality for young foliage.

We must not omit to notice the caterpillar of the Goat Moth (*Proctos. Ligusticæ*), whose evil odour proclaims its proximity to us. This is one of the 'zylophagous' or wood-eating larvae, so destructive—as the name *Ligusticæ* implies—to our forest trees, especially oak, willow, and poplar, within whose trunks it feeds for a term of three years. The jaws of this caterpillar are very powerful, and it has been known to eat through a piece of sheet-lead. It is a repulsive-looking creature, reddish-brown above, and flesh-coloured beneath; and we cannot envy the ancient Roman epicures with whom it is generally believed this larva was a favourite dish.

An interesting feature in the Insectarium is the exhibition of several examples of what is called 'protective mimicry'; that is, the power possessed by many species of assimilating themselves, either in form or colour, or both, to their surroundings, in such a manner as to enable them to elude the vigilance of enemies. Let us select one or two typical instances. In one of the cases are living specimens of the Lappet Moth (*Bombix quercifolia*), which has a peculiar method of folding its

wings. These are of a brown hue, with various markings, and when at rest upon dead leaves, the shape and colour of the insect render it scarcely distinguishable from the leaves, except to a practised eye. The specific name *quercifolia* may possibly have been bestowed in allusion to this peculiarity.

A noteworthy instance of the protection secured to caterpillars by their similarity to their food-plants, is afforded in the case of the larvæ of the Emperor Moth, a species closely allied to the silk-producing moths mentioned at the beginning of this paper. These larvæ are of a bright green colour, with raised pink dots, surrounded by black rings, a colouring which would naturally be considered most conspicuous; and if we are to judge from the caterpillars in the collection feeding on plum-leaves, it is difficult to understand how the food-plant can possibly guard them from observation. Their natural food, however, is the heather, and its prevailing colours being pink and green, the Emperor caterpillars of similar tints may easily be overlooked.

This subject of mimetic analogy is an exceedingly interesting phase of insect life, and one which has engaged the attention of many eminent naturalists, notably Mr A. G. Wallace, to whose published writings the reader is referred for further information on the matter.

One of the glass cases on the centre table appears to contain nothing but sand, within which are to be seen funnel-shaped depressions; but beneath these lie concealed the larvæ of that curious insect the Ant Lion. Every now and then, these cunning creatures cast up a quantity of sand, the object of which is to overwhelm the ants, and so cause them to fall down one of the holes, when they become an easy prey. A marvel of skillful industry is the Trap-door Spider's nest, composed of earth and silk in alternate layers, of which there are sometimes as many as forty. There is a hinged lid to the nest, which fits tightly, even requiring some little force to open; and the colour of his tenement secures to the spider immunity from observation, whilst he can open the door to obtain his prey, and close it on the approach of enemies.

Before bidding adieu to the Insectarium, of whose varied contents we have afforded but an outline sketch, we must not forget to mention the aquatic insects exhibited in their native element, among which the handsome yet voracious *Dytiscus* beetle, and his more sombre and harmless brother the *Hydrous piceus*, deserve notice, as also the larvæ of the Dragon-fly, and the curious Caddis cases with their worm-like tenants.

From the foregoing remarks it will be evident that the collection of insects at the Zoological Gardens is one of no common interest; and though at present it can only be regarded as the nucleus of a larger and more comprehensive undertaking, it has already met with a favourable reception, and well deserves a visit from all who are interested in natural history.

It is to be hoped that the eminent Society under whose auspices the Insectarium has been formed, will see their way to make it of use to the farmer and horticulturist, by bringing together the various insect foes with which they have to contend, and by exemplifying the methods which have been found efficacious in preventing the

attacks of insects upon our forest and fruit trees, and garden plants, &c. Such collections have already been successfully established in a few places, among which may be specially named those of the Free Library and Museum at Exeter, and the Exhibition of Economic Entomology at Bethnal Green; but the facilities at the disposal of the Zoological Society will doubtless enable them, should they make the attempt, to effect such an addition to their already famous collection, as shall render it one of paramount excellence and utility.

CAPTAIN DESMOND'S DAUGHTER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

DINNER was over, to which, notwithstanding the loss of her appetite, Mrs Desmond contrived to do tolerable justice; and Margaret and her step-mother were seated in the drawing-room. The saffrons and yellows of an April sunset still lingered in the west; but the lamp had been lighted, and in the grate a log cracked and blazed, for the spring evenings had still a touch of winter in them. Mrs Desmond sat in a low chair, with her fan in her hand, sometimes shading her face from the light of the lamp, sometimes from the blaze of the burning log. She would sit for hours at a time with her fan in her hand, doing absolutely nothing.

Margaret had been writing two or three notes; but the last envelope was directed, and she now sat with the pen between her fingers, wondering how the evening was to be got through, and longing for the hour to come when she could go to her own room and be alone.

'I suppose you wondered what in the world brought your father and me to this out-of-the-world place?' queried Mrs Desmond presently.

'No; I don't think I wondered,' said Margaret. 'I presumed that my father had some good and sufficient reason for coming here.'

'The state of my health was the main reason. I had lost my appetite; I had become low and languid. The doctors said I wanted bracing, and that somewhere on the east coast would suit me best. Marmaduke saw an advertisement respecting this place in *The Times*, and at once made inquiries about it. The owner was ordered to a warm climate for his health—just the reverse of my case—and wanted to leave his house for the next five or six months in charge of some one whom he could trust to take proper care of it. Of course, in a neighbourhood like this, with no scenery, no society, and no large town within a distance of twenty miles, Mr Earle could not expect to let his house in the ordinary way. He was content to secure a trustworthy tenant who would see that his property did not deteriorate during his absence. That tenant he found in my poor Marmaduke.' Mrs Desmond paused for a moment to use her vinaigrette; then she resumed: 'We have been here just six weeks—or rather, I have. Your father was away on business a great deal, and I found it rather lonely at first; but I was gradually getting to like the place. Such a contrast, you know, from Brighton or Scarborough. Then again, my poor Marmaduke had been very much harassed of late; many of his speculations had turned out unfortunately; and people were importuning him

for money on every side. All he needed was time to recover himself. Meanwhile, it was a great relief to him to be able, whenever he chose, to come down to Mardon for a few days of perfect quiet. No importunate creditor ever dreamed of looking for him here; in fact, his address was a secret.

It never entered Margaret's mind to inquire as to the nature of the speculations in which her father was said to have been so unfortunate. Perhaps she had not forgotten the kind of speculations to which he had been addicted when she was a child and her mother was still alive—speculations which always seemed to have some connection either with horses or cars. But to whatever class Captain Desmond's commercial ventures of a later date may have pertained, his widow did not seem to think it needful to allude to them further.

'Did my father never complain of being ill?' asked Margaret. 'Had you no idea that his health was failing?'

'Of late, as I have said, he had been somewhat harassed in his mind; but his bodily health had never seemed better than during the last six months. He came home last Monday evening, rather unexpectedly, after an absence of five days. He was in excellent spirits, having had what he termed "a slice of luck." He was as buoyant and full of nonsense as a boy of twenty, and would insist upon having champagne at table—you know, dear, that he always had a little weakness for champagne—although I wanted him to be content with Saunterne. Well, dinner was over, and he had just poured out the last glass of wine, when all at once he complained of feeling faint. Looking across at him, I saw a sudden change in his face, that frightened me. I was by his side in a moment. My arms were round him, and he let his head rest on my shoulder. He tried to speak; but I could not tell what he said. Then his eyes closed, and he seemed to know nothing more. I screamed for help; and Elspeth and the girl came running in. We lifted him, and laid him on the sofa—he knew nothing of it, poor darling!—and then the girl ran off for the doctor. Fortunately, he was at home—there is not another medical man within half-a-dozen miles—and he came at once. His grave face when he saw your father only served to confirm my own fears. Everything was done that his skill could suggest; but to no avail. My darling husband never opened his eyes—never spoke again. But so peaceful and quiet was his end, that we scarcely knew the moment when he left us.' Mrs Desmond pressed her perfumed handkerchief to her eyes as she finished her narrative. Margaret turned away her head, and let her tears flow in silence.

Presently, Elspeth came in, and closed the shutters and lighted another lamp.

'An invaluable creature that,' remarked Mrs Desmond as the serving-woman left the room. 'I should have been lost without her at a time like this.'

'Has she been with you long?' asked Margaret.

'She came with us when we came to this place. She was out of a situation at the time, and having known her several years previously, I at once engaged her. She has the highest of recommendations from her previous employers.'

Again Margaret's conscience pricked her. Because there was something in Elspeth's looks

that she did not like, she had felt her dislike extend to the woman herself. What childish, unreasonable prejudices were these!

'Do you think of remaining at Larch Cottage for the remainder of your term?' asked Mrs Desmond by-and-by.

'Good gracious, no, my dear! I could not bear to stay in the place after what has happened here. So lonely, too! I shall get away from it as quickly as possible. I have several friends here and there, and shall spend two or three months among them, while my affairs are being settled. Ultimately, I shall probably go abroad, and reside there *en permanence*. The English climate is too trying for me; and I have a brother settled in France, as no doubt you are aware.'

Margaret had not been aware of anything of the kind; but there was nothing in that. Mrs Desmond was not in the habit of talking about either her relatives or her antecedents, and might have half-a-dozen brothers, for anything Margaret knew to the contrary.

The babies separated early. Miss Desmond was tired with her journey, and was glad to be alone. She had many things to think about. Sleep was long in visiting her eyes; but it came at length. In a half-dreaming state she heard, or fancied that she heard, a clock in some other part of the house begin to strike the hour. 'Surely that must be midnight,' she said to herself; and she began to count the strokes; but before the clock had ceased to strike, she was fast asleep, and knew nothing more. How long she had slept, she did not know; but she awoke suddenly from a dream about her father. It was still quite dark, and for a moment or two she could not call to mind where she was. Then, as with a flash, everything came back to her. Wide awake she lay, feeling that sleep had fled far from her, and longing for the first gleam of daylight. She would rise and dress, and go out before any one else in the house was astir. She would go down to the room where her father lay in his coffin, and kneel for a little while by his side. Then she would quit the house, and find her way to the shore, and wander about alone, drinking in the solitary beauty of the morning. Meanwhile, darkness and silence brooded everywhere.

All at once she heard a sound—the sound of a footfall in the room immediately over her own. Could it be Elspeth or the girl who was stirring thus early? Then she remembered how Mrs Desmond had told her that the whole of the rooms on the upper floor had been locked up, and the keys taken away by Mr Earle. This thought was still in her mind, when she heard the footsteps again clearly and unmistakably. Of a surety, there was some one in the room over her own. Whoever that some one might be, he or she walked slowly across the room, and then paused for a few moments, as it might be to peer out of the window, and then walked slowly back again. There was no other sound anywhere.

By this time, Margaret was sitting up in bed and listening, as she seemed never to have listened before. Her heart was beating quickly; vague horrors thrilled her nerves; there was upon her that dread of the unknown, which is far removed from ordinary fear. Suppose the footsteps should come down-stairs!—suppose they should pause at her door—suppose they should enter her room! She remembered, not without a little

thrill of terror, that there was no key in the lock of the door. Any one might come in who chose to do so.

But next moment she laughed at herself for her foolish fears. What a fuss to make, because she happened to hear some footsteps in the dark for which she could not account! Had she heard them by daylight, she should have thought nothing of them. And yet the question would recur: Whose footsteps could they be? She heard them again and again—three or four times in all—at intervals of a few minutes. After that, she heard them no more, although she lay listening upwards of an hour. By-and-by she fell asleep again, and did not awake till broad daylight.

As she lay listening in the dark, she had determined to make mention of the footsteps to Mrs Desmond, and ask her for a solution of the mystery. But, as it happened, Mrs Desmond breakfasted in her own room that morning, and Margaret saw nothing of her till later in the day, and then she had other and more serious matters to occupy her thoughts.

Margaret went out in the course of the morning, and found her way to the little church on the hill where her father's grave was already dug; and as she made her way slowly back through the lanes, she gathered a few will-flowers to strew on her father's coffin.

On Saturday, the funeral took place. It had been Margaret's intention to start back for London the same evening; but she found there was no train by which she could do so, and that she must perforce stay where she was till Monday morning. Mrs Desmond was evidently pleased that she should do so.

As they sat together on their return from church on Sunday afternoon, Mrs Desmond said: 'I have no doubt, dear, that you naturally feel a little anxious to know the contents of your father's will.'

'My father's will!' exclaimed Margaret. 'I did not know that there was any such document in existence.'

'Did you not know that your father had insured his life for a very considerable amount, immediately after his marriage with me?'

'No. This is the first time I have heard of such a thing.'

'You surprise me. Such, however, is the fact. Captain Desmond said he did not choose that in case of his death I should be left without resources. The insurance he effected was for ten thousand pounds, divided among various offices. It was so noble and good of him.' Mrs Desmond paused for a moment to press her handkerchief to her eyes. 'As it happened, I had a small annuity left me by my first husband,' resumed Mrs Desmond. 'This annuity was just sufficient in amount to cover the premium on the insurance, and was to be set aside for that purpose. The will is in the hands of Mr Benson, a solicitor, and an old friend of your father. I shall have to administer it; but I suppose some months will have to elapse before the insurance people finally settle with me. I shall find it a tiresome affair, I do not doubt.'

Again there was a pause, which Margaret had no inclination to break. Mrs Desmond looked at her, and thought she had never seen a young person so devoid of natural or even laudable curiosity. 'You

will find that your father has not forgotten you in his will,' resumed the elder lady.

Margaret started. 'Not forgotten me! I do not understand you,' she said.

'And yet my words are plain enough. Captain Desmond by his will bequeaths to you, his only child, a legacy of one thousand pounds.'

Margaret was astounded, and knew not what to say.

'Beyond the legacy in question, everything is left to me,' pursued Mrs Desmond, with an air of pious resignation. 'I must seek out some safe investment. I ought to be able to get five per cent. interest for my money, at the very least.'

The Sunday evening passed. Margaret bade Mrs Desmond good-night, and retired to her room, glad that Monday morning was so close at hand. There would be time for one last visit to the churchyard after breakfast. The train by which she intended to travel started at eleven o'clock. Before getting into bed she left a night-light burning on the chimney-piece. She had found a box of lights in her room, the morning after she heard the footsteps, and, actuated she hardly knew by what feeling, she had burnt one each night since. Although she had lain awake for a long time each night, she had not heard the footsteps again. She was wakeful and restless; but after a time she fell asleep. She had been asleep for some hours, when she suddenly opened her eyes, impressed with the strange sensation which sometimes makes itself felt even in profound slumber, that some one was looking intently at her. She opened her eyes, and saw that another pair of eyes were gazing fixedly at her no great distance away. She had scarcely time to wonder why this should be so, before she recognised, with a thrill of unpeakable joy, which changed an instant later into one of immeasurable awe, not unmingled with horror, that he who was looking so earnestly at her was none other than her father!

The light that burned in the room was dim; but it was impossible that she should mistake the features of that well-loved face for those of any one else. His body was partly hidden by the curtains at the head of the bed, and at the moment she opened her eyes he was leaning over towards her, as if to see her more clearly. A low cry broke from her lips, and she started up in bed. As she did so, her father's figure vanished behind the curtains. She rubbed her eyes, and looked again; but he was certainly no longer there. Bewildered, awe-struck, and still feeling only half-awake, she slipped out of bed, and putting forth a timid hand, drew the curtains aside, as though half-expecting, half-dreading to find him hidden behind them. But no one was there.

Then she went to the door, which was on the same side of the room as the bed, and opened it. She was under the impression that she had shut it, on entering her room for the night; but that was a point on which she could not be quite positive, and in any case, it was not shut now. There was nothing to prevent any one from entering her room when she was asleep. She now opened the door wide, and ventured out a few steps into the corridor. It was a clear night, and the stars shone brightly through the window at the opposite end. She could see the entire length of the passage, and make out the positions of the

different doors that opened into it. There was certainly no one there but herself.

The door of Mrs Desmond's room was exactly opposite her own. This door Margaret now ventured to try with her hand. It yielded to her touch and opened. She advanced a step or two and looked into the room. All was dark within, far darker than in the corridor, curtains being drawn across the windows. The only sound that broke the intense silence was Mrs Desmond's low quiet breathing as she slept.

Margaret withdrew as softly as she had entered, and went back to her own room and shut the door. She had still the same awe-struck feeling at her heart, she was still as utterly bewildered as at first. She lighted her candle at the little night-light, and drew a thick shawl round her shoulders, and sat down to think. That she had in very truth seen her father, she should never doubt, to the last day of her life. She had heard and read of cases where, for some mysterious purpose, the dead had been allowed for a few brief moments to revisit the living. Could this be such a case? Could her father's intense longing to see her have been powerful enough to enable him to carry out his wish? Or had she, after all, only been the victim of a by no means uncommon form of hallucination? She was very loath to believe the latter. But it was all a mystery, and one which, in all probability, she would never be enabled to unravel, as long as she lived.

LIFE IN CANADA.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS A RESIDENT THERE.

THOUGH we have already upon more than one occasion offered hints to intending emigrants, the importance of the subject and the interest it seems to evoke, encourage us in publishing the following supplementary observations from a Canadian resident.

Some years ago, says our correspondent, it was my privilege to contribute a few pages to one of the leading periodicals on the subject of Canada and the emigrant's prospects there; and now, after more than twenty years' residence, a further narrative of my experiences, especially of the rural and out-of-the-way districts, may prove interesting to some who think of emigrating, or who have friends here.

During the past twenty years, manifold and portentous changes have taken place in this country. Tracts of it almost unknown before, are now intersected by railways, conveniently connected together, and dotted over with thriving villages; while smiling homesteads and well-cultivated farms replace the dense bush and swamps that formerly prevailed. Those acquainted only with the old-world cities and towns, have little idea of the gourd-like rapidity with which villages spring up in this country. Simple board or lath-and-plaster houses of from five to six rooms, can be built and rendered habitable within a week. The former are sometimes occupied before the walls are plastered inside. A tavern is generally the nucleus of a village. Then come a general store and post-office, followed by the inevitable black-

smith's and shoemaker's shops; and the village is established. In a year or two afterwards, there will most likely be several streets. The houses, isolated at first, gradually approximate towards each other. Brick takes the place of stone as the buildings increase; and the first small tenements are moved away on rollers to some back street, where they suit the means and convenience of the less wealthy inhabitants.

Among the first buildings of any size are churches of Protestant denominations—for Canadians are pre-eminently a church-going people. Thus it follows that, as every year brings out its thousands of immigrants, almost all of them in the prime of life, they push on to cheap lands, which still lie unclaimed; make a purchase of fifty or a hundred acres, pay a small sum down, and obtaining a long day in which to pay up the balance, settle themselves in the primeval forest. Some are fortunate enough to get the shelter of a fellow-settler's shanty, generally an edifice of most primitive structure, about sixteen feet by twelve, put up in a few hours. It is built of rough logs, notched at the corners, so as to fit into each other firmly; the roof being of bark or slabs. The openings between the logs are filled up with mortar or moss, and one window and door suffice. In such a dwelling, some dozen or more people will sleep comfortably and healthily, while perhaps the snow still lingers in the late spring, and drifts through the chinks of their rustic shanty. Of both air and heat they have abundance, for the great cooking-stoves of modern days have quite superseded the wide fire-places of old times. The latter are now seldom seen; while the former sending forth an equable and all-pervading heat, are greatly preferable to the hearth and its cold wide chimney.

Those immigrants who are not so favoured as to have such friendly shelter, try to avoid taking their families into the bush while snow continues to fall, as it sometimes does until April. At times, a large family 'go in,' and camp out; some in the wagon, some under it, thus managing till the shanty or house be ready. Should the weather prove favourable—and we have no long-continued rain here—they will generally have enough of ground cleared to give them plenty of potatoes for the first year, and perhaps some grain. Thus a farm is commenced which may in the course of ten years have a good house and barns on it, a bearing or hard, and good fences all round and through it.

Now, in the foregoing I have just given a slight sketch of what has been going on in newly opened sections of this country since I first came to it. But this old state of things as regards hardship and difficulty has in these days of numerous railways and other convenient means of travelling, all but passed away. In fact, the almost overpowering difficulties and obstacles which used to beset the settler's path twenty or thirty years ago, have been greatly meliorated. Many of the conveniences of modern life, formerly not to be had here, or at best confined to a favoured few, are now within the easy grasp of all. Added to which is the fact, that money is more plentiful, because of the general prosperity of the country.

It is usual with immigrants to choose locations that are most easy of access; hence the best lots are seized upon first; yet, says the *Atlas of Ontario*,

'vast tracts of uncleared land are still in the hands of the government of Ontario, awaiting the advent of the settler. There are large quantities of wild land inviting the labour of the backwoodsman, which, when cleared and improved, will be equal to not a few of the older and improved settlements. There are in the province of Ontario the following number of acres: In total area, 77,606,400; total surveyed, 25,297,480; total granted and sold, 21,879,048. These are the figures of some two or three years since; but allowing for the work of these years, there are still some three million and a half acres of surveyed government lands not yet taken up, and more than fifty millions of acres not yet surveyed. The free-grant lands in Ontario are worthy the attention alike of the immigrant, and of parties already resident in the country who are desirous of possessing freehold farms, but whose means are limited. The provincial government have thrown open, upon the most liberal terms, a number of townships, into any of which parties may go and select for themselves the site of a future home. Thus over three million acres are before them; and every head of a family can obtain, *gratis*, two hundred acres of land; and any person arrived at the age of eighteen may obtain one hundred acres in the free-grant districts. This offer is made by the government to all persons without distinction of sex; so that a large family having several members of it at or past eighteen years of age, may take up a large tract, and become in a few years, when the land is cleared and improved, joint possessors of a valuable estate. The settlement duties are: to have fifteen acres, on each grant of one hundred acres, cleared and under crop, of which at least two acres are to be cleared and cultivated annually for five years; to build a habitable house, at least sixteen by twenty feet in size; and to reside on the land at least six months in each year. In the older settled townships, farmers possessing moderate means can readily purchase or lease suitable farms of from one to two hundred acres, more or less cleared and improved.'

I know of one farmer who, some ten or twelve years ago, got a free grant of a thousand-acre island among the lovely lakes of Muskoka. He had a large family of sons and daughters; and now the same island is divided among them in fine farms, and they have made their own roads, &c., in it.

The generality of people in the old country have no idea of the vast extent of Canada. Ontario, for instance, is larger than the United Kingdom. Yet it is only a small part of the Dominion of Canada, which is nearly as large as Europe. When I first came here, I hated the country, and pined for home, as I still call it. I love my native land, and think there is nowhere in this wide world to compare with it as a place of residence, if one could only afford to live there. I brought my family to this country when, in point of years, they were all helpless; and we had to contend with many disadvantages, and with very heavy trials and bereavements; yet it has pleased Providence to bring us out of them all. As to whether I or my family should all have been so well provided for, had we remained in the mother-country, one cannot tell; but speaking as I know, I think we should not.

The principal objection I have ever had to this country is the severe winter. It is now the beginning of April, and snow well frozen lies round in piles. The sun is warm and bright, but the frost-king still reigns. Cold is never felt within doors, because of the stoves and other appliances for comfort. The summers are delightful, and they last about six months. The other six are not much else than winter, so far as cold goes.

Since I left my native land, I have visited it some two or three times; and on each occasion was most unwillingly convinced, that for those whose means of subsistence are precarious in the old country, Canada is in most cases the better place. It is a land of peace and plenty. In rural districts, the people may leave out their stock night after night without fear of their being taken or injured. They can also omit barring and bolting doors during the night, and can travel about at all hours without heed of six-shooters or loaded sticks. If they fail to succeed in one thing, they can take up another, not being fettered by laws and customs of class.

I also noticed another item when at home, namely, that Canadians are far ahead of the mother-country in possessing handy, easily managed farming implements. Consequently, they can cultivate large farms with fewer hands and fewer horses than is the custom in the United Kingdom. Very few farmers here are without reaping and mowing machines, seedling-machines, cultivators, &c. Labourers, or, as they style them, 'hired men,' are well paid. No one need be idle who is willing and able to work; and if they have assiduity and good character, they will do well. Though only a few may rise to opulence, all may be independent.

I know one kindly honest fellow who borrowed his passage-money to come here. He engaged with a wealthy farmer at eight dollars per month, with board and lodging, for the first six months. So well did he fulfil his duties, that at the end of three years he had twenty dollars per month with board. Meantime, he sent home money enough to bring out his father and four other members of his family. All these at once obtained employment in farmers' houses; some of them also learned to read and write with their employers' children; and they are all independent now, while their elder brother and forerunner has a good farm of his own, well stocked. All this took place in the course of ten years.

A large proportion of our doctors, lawyers, and clergymen are the sons of farmers - I mean *working* farmers - for the public schools here are on such a basis and principle, that any young men who wish can fit themselves for entering college. The fine libraries, such as the Mechanics' Institute, where works by the best authors can be had for a trifling subscription, are most advantageous in raising the moral and mental standard; and when a town can claim some two thousand inhabitants, the government, on application, will give a yearly grant, paid annually towards the library. Daily and weekly papers of all kinds are also very cheap and numerous. The natural consequence of all this is, that the people are generally more intelligent and better informed than the same class would be in the mother-country; and that conscious of their own power and their many re-

sources, they are thoroughly self-reliant and independent.

Some writers are prone to represent even the well-settled districts as far behind in civilisation. I cannot say so, and I wish to give a truthful account. Where I now reside, there is a smart village, containing churches of nearly all denominations, with some fine hotels and private residences. In the smooth lawns of these residences, during summer evenings, the click of the croquet mallet and the gaiety of the lawn-tennis players may be heard. When I take a drive into the country, I meet well-dressed men and women in comfortable vehicles; and if I pay a visit at any of their houses, I find modern furniture, pianos, organs, &c. Yet this district, twelve or fifteen years ago, was almost a mass of solid bush.

Riding on horseback is a favourite amusement, and as a general rule, the people here are well mounted in every way; and though the girls do not ride to the meet, as in England, yet I have seen some well mounted and equipped, from saddle to elegant silver-tipped riding-whip, riding alone on the quiet roads.

Wolves and bears always retire to uninhabited districts. The echo of the chopper's axe is not agreeable to their ears. I could never find any one who was molested by these animals, except those who came to this country thirty or forty years ago. If I be not mistaken, five dollars per head are allowed by government for these marauders; so that for this reason, if for no other, their numbers must decrease.

The Colorado beetle, or potato-bug, is troublesome and destructive; but since the use of Paris Green has become general, they are not much dreaded. A small proportion of this poison sprinkled on the plants when the insects first appear, will kill the first crop of them; and a second application in the course of some weeks, will almost exterminate them; all that remain will do no harm in one season. They burrow in the earth, and reappear to lay their eggs next summer. At first, people used to pick them off the plants; but that is seldom done now. The midge used to be fatal to the wheat; but since the introduction of what is called the midge-proof wheat, that scourge has almost disappeared.

As to the price of land, the advertisements show that improved farms, with house, barns, &c., can be had in good districts at from fifty to eighty dollars per acre, according to locality. For instance, near a city the prices would be higher. Outside this village—which is about seventy miles north of Toronto—two hundred acres of uncleared land, covered with beech and maple, without house or fences, were sold for thirty-five dollars per acre—about seven pounds sterling.

And now about the Indians. I remember my own ideas on the subject, culled from hearsay, or from the writings of various authors. I imagined them as painted, beaded, and befathered; and in this as well as other things respecting them, I soon found my mistake. Two or three years ago, a number of them encamped within half a mile of my residence. They travel about from place to place, and pitch their tents where there are plenty of elm-trees, of which they make all kinds of baskets, from the flat butcher's basket to the large round basket that holds a bushel; besides all kinds of ornamental satchels and

articles suitable for carrying in the hand. Winter is the time they choose for this employment, generally coming to the camping-place in October, and remaining till March or April.

I went into the bush to see them. It was a sheltered spot, a short distance from the road. Snow covered the ground; and the blue smoke curled from the tops of their tents through the tall trees overhead. Very pretty and romantic, some of my readers will say. Well, yes; in a painting; but not at all so when seen in reality. There were about a dozen tents. The first day I went to see them was Sunday, and the tents were closed up. They pitch these generally by chopping down posts of about six feet high, with crutches on the top, to hold horizontal pieces or straight limbs of trees. This frame they cover with boards—if they can get them—quilts, or sheets, perhaps tacked out with an old garment or two; altogether a patched, shabby-looking arrangement. A large square opening is left in the peak of the roof, to let out the smoke, for they keep up large fires day and night in their tents. I went into two or three of them. In one which was about twelve feet square, I saw about eight or ten people of all ages, from the baby, which swung from the roof in a small birch-bark cradle or cot just its own size, to the hideous old crone who may have been its great-grandmother. A great wood-fire blazed in the centre, round the ashes of which crouched the children; one of them perfectly white, with red hair, supposed to have been kidnapped. Benches covered with soft pine branches and mats lined the sides of the tent. By night they served for beds, by day for seats. I was invited to sit down, but declined, as the Indians do not practically believe that cleanliness is next to godliness. They are naturally indolent, and in most cases will only work when impelled by hunger. They will never hire out and earn, or bind themselves to work like white men; and would not barter their freedom for money.

In another tent, I saw a comely woman, who had her small dwelling neat and clean. She spoke good English, and was tidy in her person. She belonged to their 'upper ten,' being the wife or daughter of one of their chiefs. I went to see them again on a week-day, and found them all at work, making baskets and mats. They split the wood of the elm while green into long pieces, then score it with *pronged* knives, and beat it out till it can be nicely divided into strips, to suit the manufacture of baskets.

The Indians whom I have seen are not by any means handsome or 'noble in bearing.' They are quite the reverse. They have no distinguishing garb, except a blanket, alias a common cloth shawl or rug, pinned on the square round their shoulders and heads. This is worn by the women winter and summer. The men sometimes use it, but not on their heads. The village people and farmers are generous to them, and they pick up plenty of old clothes. I have been sometimes amused to see young Indian girls in a new rig of bright calico made with an attempt at fashion. The men always wear shoes or moccasins; the women are seldom so well off. A very old squaw came to my door one day with baskets to sell, made by herself. From curiosity, I asked her inside. I could gather from her that a man was reckoned well off among them according to the

quantity he had to eat. She said: 'Oh, such a one is well off; he has plenty to eat; he can eat twice a day. Not many of us can do that. I seldom get more than one meal a day, and am very glad to get that.' Poor old creature! She must have been very tall and gaunt in her young days; but at the time I saw her, she was bent over on her staff.

While the Indians were in this neighbourhood, they must have made over a thousand baskets. I used to see large loads of them as they passed to the railway station. The government have provided lands for the Indians, called 'Indian Reserves.' There they are helped in various ways, and are encouraged to be industrious, also to send their children to the schools, where they are taught in their native language, as among themselves they speak no other. But many of them prefer a nomadic life; hence their occasional visits here. In my judgment, their life is a hard one, that is, as regards those of them who have no settled homes. They are half their time hungry, and must suffer greatly from cold, with such wretched tents and scant bed-covering.

A pleasing halo of romance hangs over Canada in the eyes of those at a distance. The grand primeval forests, the rarely-clouded skies, the deer, the wolves and bears, lend a glow of enchantment to the mind's vision. Then the idea of so much to be got for so little; the free life too, away from old-world cares and ceremonies; even the smallest shanty, in the midst of all this, with a peculiar radiance of its own. I remember having such romantic ideas about it myself; but like many another distant land of verdure, when I actually came to it, its beauty vanished. I stepped behind the magic veil, and found a land of stern realities, where people have to toil when the thermometer is at eighty degrees in the shade, and where they must do the same when it is far below zero.

Look at it as one may, there is no romance for those who must earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. It is all very well for those who come to the beautiful Muskoka lakes, or such-like, in summer to camp out and fish, with 'lots of cash' to spend, and who have charming homes in England, or elsewhere, to which they may return when they grow tired. To them, indeed, the halo never dims. But with those who are attracted by the glowing descriptions given by such happy people, or, as is sometimes the case, by parties who have lands to dispose of, it is a different matter. They often break up moderately comfortable homes in the United Kingdom to come to a strange land, where at first all is so different. Many such remain but a year, or a few months. Nay, I have known them to stay but a few days, when they went back homeless, though perhaps not friendless. I confess I would have done the same myself, if I could have done it with prudence. Therefore, let all who are doing fairly well in dear Old England, think twice before leaving it.

A merciful Providence has opened up this great country for such as there is no room for at home. There is room and to spare for them all here, and a welcome also; but let people beware of throwing up a means of livelihood and a quiet fireside at home, for a shanty out here.

My home in the old country was in one of its most beautiful localities. I think I see it now,

with the sunlight glinting on the purple heather of the mountains and upon the open sea beneath! In all my wanderings, I have never yet seen its equal in any way. No Canadian scenery, however vaunted, could compare with what I left behind. Yet Canada has been, so to speak, a good step-mother to me, if even I had some hard times with her in early days. And I say to all who are crowded out in the United Kingdom: 'Come out, and get under the wing of this same good step-mother. She may be rough and strange to you at first; but she will not starve you, unless it be your own fault. She will insist, however, on your being industrious and temperate. Late and early you must work, if you would win her favour; and if she find you obedient and good, she will provide for you out of her great abundance, and you shall have ease in your old age.'

FISHERMEN'S GRIEVANCES.

CHRONIC grumblers, who would complain of nothing so much as the removal of a pet grievance, are everywhere to be found; and there are classes of men, such as the British farmer, who are, rightly or wrongly, accredited by tradition with a fancy for always keeping a grievance in stock. This is a charge that cannot, however, as a rule be brought against the salt-water fishermen, poor fellows, who, though not exempt from faults, and some of these not insignificant, are at the same time not given to fault-finding without some very special reason. The fishermen of the east coast of England have laid before government an array of grievances so formidable, that an International Conference has been called to consider them. At one period, it may be remembered, our friends entertained an unreasonable jealousy of the Scotch fishermen, who, as they had a perfect right to do, came into their waters, and, by their sensible method of fishing, and more careful style of living, seemed to do better than their English brethren. This was an unworthy feeling, of which the better class of fishermen were ashamed. Vastly different is the intolerable condition of things at which they have protested and appealed. The present is a real, not a fancy grievance.

The bountiful seas that inwrap the British Islands with their white-fringed garments have never withheld their finny harvest in due season; now, as ever, they supply lavish and wholesome food to the peoples of many lands. But the tens of thousands of hardy men who gain a livelihood by gathering in the harvest, minister to our needs through hard-lips and danger. For nine months in the year, in all weathers, their little craft toss and drift, or work with the trawl at heel, far from home. While land-folk slumber in ease and safety, they keep patient watch, now rewarded by splendid success, now toiling almost in vain. In the cold blasts of the Northern seas, the hardy fisherman remains for weeks together, fortunate if, by-and-by, the smack or dandy does not return to shore with one or more of its crew missing. The natural difficulties of the occupation are surely enough and to spare. There can be no need for added strife and passion; and to remove these grievances, and, if needs be, to protect these men against themselves, is a work which well

befits the deliberations, as it indeed demands the prompt action of a conference amongst the representatives of such countries as England, France, Belgium, and Holland. Let us glance at the grievances which thus call aloud for remedy.

The herring and mackerel fishermen are first in their list of complaints. As many of our readers are aware, the small vessels engaged in this occupation use the drift-net, which may be roughly described as a continuous wall of net, averaging more than a mile and a half in length, and six feet in depth. The wall consists of a series of nets carefully fastened by long seizings to a warp at the lower edge, sunk below the surface, and kept in position afloat by bladders and corks. On the fishing-ground, sometimes thirty or forty miles from shore, the sails are reduced to a small mizzen, the mainmast is lowered upon a crutch, and the craft rides head to wind. The wall of net is paid out, until the boat remains fastened to it by the strong warp, as to a buoy. By this time, evening should be drawing near. During the night, vessel and nets drift whithersoever the tide listeth; and at daybreak, the shout of 'Haul-ho!' summons up the slumbering crew to drag in the net, and shake out the silvery shoals that have been caught in the meshes. This is the operation with herrings, and it is the main business of the fleet.

The allegation is, that foreign trawlers deliberately run across the nets, with the express purpose of destroying them; and the evidence given before a Royal Commission during the autumn and winter of 1889, reveals even a worse state of things than was at first supposed to exist. It is a serious charge to bring against the foreign fishermen; but the proof is unfortunately too clear. They have not even the plea of ignorance to advance. In the nature of things, it cannot be avoided that, in dark and stormy weather, the nets should occasionally be destroyed by accident. The writer of these lines once indulged in an expedition on board a Yarmouth herring-boat; and during one night, three brigs, a French smack, and a barque passed through the line of nets. But the fishing-ground selected was nearer shore than usual, and the damage done was trifling. It was one of the chances of the business always reckoned upon. Yet there are certain well-established rules known to all fishermen, and they are generally observed by the English and French, though criminally disregarded by Belgian and Dutch. The fishing-craft, according to these regulations, should carry two lights on the mizzen stay, not less than three feet apart, while the nets are out; while the ordinary red and green signals indicate that the course is clear. Add to this the regulation that *trawl-boats* shall not come within three miles of boats which have shot their nets, and a simple code is apparent.

Trawling, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, is a method of catching fish by means of a heavily weighted net that drags along the bottom of the sea. To overcome the resistance of so ponderous an affair, either steam-vessels or large sailing-craft are necessary; and for these, certain regulations have very properly been made, one of which we have just cited. It may be added that great jealousy usually exists between trawlers and other fishing-craft. Notwithstanding the foregoing rules, thousands of pounds

of damage are annually inflicted upon the herring-fishers by the wilful disregard of these provisions by foreign trawlers; so that in the morning, when the prospect of a fortunate haul lends energy to every man, it is discovered that the warp, which is the backbone of the frail structure of network, has been severed, that probably one half has been completely lost, and much of the rest spoiled. The discovery is hard to bear; but still harder is the certainty that it is the result of analise aforethought. The passage of an ordinary ship across the nets would tear the meshes, but leave the warp intact. The warp is cut, however, as clean as if done by a knife; and this is known to be the work of an infamous machine called 'the devil.'

This machine is a heavy four-fluked grapnel, with the upper part of each fluke purposely sharpened. It is sunk a fathom or so over the bows of the marauder, and has no other use than the destruction of nets. It so happened that while the Royal Commission of 1889 was sitting, a boat returned from the fishing-grounds off Lowestoft with a specimen accidentally left by a Belgian trawler in her nets. The chain by which it had been suspended had broken, and 'the devil' was taken in the very act of crime. It had cut away forty-five nets, damaged twenty-five others, and cut the warp; and its flukes were not unlike the curved blades of a large scythe. The build and rig of the trawler proclaimed her an Ostender; but the darkness and stormy sea prevented further recognition. She crept away, as she had approached, a thief in the night; and the Englishman had to come in to refit and write off a loss of twenty-five pounds. It is only fair to add with regard to this 'devil,' that twenty or thirty years ago it was known also to be in use by a few evil-minded English fishermen; but this was in the old time, when Barking was the centre of the trade.

The motives actuating the foreign fishermen are as black as the deed itself. Professional jealousy is probably one not inconsiderable motive-power. Theft is another. Meanness so contemptible would seem to be incredible, did not fact upon fact establish it. An Ostend trawler, three seasons ago, was detected seizing the nets of a Lowestoft boat, which sailed round him, and threatened to run into him unless he released the gear. Already the decks of the foreigner were piled up with stolen nets, and compelled at last to make sail, the dastardly crew tore the relinquished spoil to pieces. The lost nets are often traced to Ostend, where they are freely offered for sale, or kept, in the hope of extorting salvage from the rightful owners; but as the cost and vexation of establishing a claim in a foreign country would more than outweigh the value of the recovery, the thieves escape with impunity. The English fisherman thus loses his nets with the fish entangled in them, besides losing the time spent in repairing the remnants.

The Ostend fishermen, not content with habitual destruction of other men's goods, add insult to injury. How far the Englishmen take the law into their own hands, does not appear; and perhaps the story told by the other side would reveal something in the nature of reprisals. The indignities offered are often sufficient to justify the armed resistance which some of the English

fishermen hint at, if something is not speedily done to put an end to the nefarious practices which have been accumulating for years, and which were never worse than during the season of 1880. In the previous year, the master of a Suffolk smack observed an Ostend boat—identified afterwards as *Les Trois Amis*—trawling towards the nets; and at once manned a boat to warn the intruder off. When within forty feet of the trawler, the Englishmen were fired upon, and in apprehension of a second shot, were compelled to lie down in the bottom of the boat. *Les Trois Amis*, at her leisure, then sailed through the nets; came about, and tore through them again, cutting adrift eighty nets the first, and eighteen the second time. It is a common occurrence for the foreigners to salute a boat's crew, arriving from a smack to claim explanation and compensation, with the stones brought up by the trawler, with lumps of coal, and invariably with certain forms of derision and contumely, which are particularly hard for a Britisher to bear. Sometimes the foreigner appears to drive through the nets with the express object of laughing at the anger of the English crews. In December, a French crew pelted *The Star of the East* with coal and dog fish. Dutch fishermen have been known to hack an Englishman's nets to pieces with knives, in a spirit of sheer mischief.

These buccaneers of the North Sea display much cunning in escaping detection. They hide the name and number of the vessel, and for the time remove any other distinguishing feature; and as they, contrary to all maritime custom, habitually sail without lights, they are able to get away scot-free. Emboldened by the absence of any police of the sea, they flout the hated 'devil' in the eyes of any crew they may casually pass on the sea; and in a thousand ways defy and annoy them.

There yet remains a grievance, as to which the Englishmen are themselves partly to blame—namely, the Dutch *cooper*, bumboat or floating grog-shop, by which the men are demoralised and crime encouraged. It is a villainous traffic; and to their shame be it said, two or three Englishmen, scurvily sailing under foreign flags, are known to be engaged in it. The business is probably remunerative; but what shall it profit a man if he assist in producing 'gross breaches of trust, assaults, violence, robbery, obscenity, smuggling, and in not a few cases violent deaths?' That is the catalogue of results attributed by the Royal Commission to the presence of bumboats amongst the North Sea fishermen.

The Dutchman is the chief offender under this head. He is licensed by his government to sail the seas in a craft resembling the ordinary trawler, and to sell dutiable goods of various kinds, including, of course, spirits and tobacco. Under wholesome regulations, this accommodation might be welcome; but the abuse of the system is so terrible, that the majority of English fishermen clamour for its abolition as a public nuisance. So keenly do they feel upon the subject, that they prevailed upon the Royal Commissioner to take evidence upon it, albeit it was outside his instructions. And the list of horrors was truly appalling. The fishermen recognise the *cooper* by a basket hung from the stay as a sign. They go on board,

intending perhaps only to replenish their exhausted stock of tobacco; then they are tempted to drink; and the mischief is done, for the stuff is a treacherous and poisonous compound of white spirits and vitriol, which speedily produces a maddening effect.

Time would fail to tell of the actual deaths that have been directly traced to this stuff. Thomas Long bartered his fish for it, drank largely, returned to his boat, and died in three hours. A man named Sergent offered his clothes, drank the proceeds, became mad, and jumped overboard. Another named Sinclair did the same, was twice rescued, but was drowned at the third attempt. There is a fishing-village in Holland where it is possible to fit out herring-boat or trawler complete with British nets, ropes, warps, trawls, sails, anchors, and cables, that have been obtained from English fishing-boats in exchange for drink. A Dutch bumboat-man boasted that in eight weeks, in the North Sea, he made nine hundred pounds out of the English, French, Dutch, and Belgian fishermen. About two years since, one of these Dutch bumboats was stranded on the Norfolk coast; and her stores—confiscated by the Customs—were found to be two hundred and forty-four pounds of tobacco and cigars; fifty-six gallons of so-called gin, twenty-five per cent. underproof; and half a gallon of perfumed spirits.

The troubles into which the drink demon drives the fishermen may be imagined when the temptation is known to be ever present. The owner's gear is exchanged for drink. The peaceful fishing-smack becomes a pandemonium. Bashed by hushel, the fish caught are unlawfully disposed of, and the men rendered incapable of catching more. The foreign trader first gets all the money he can; but as the fishermen are not in the habit of taking much to sea with them, there is a scarcity of ready coin. Then the masters' fish go, next the nets and gear. Let one instance be given, as a concluding illustration of the evils of the system. The smack *Clara*—not more than two years ago joined a fishing-fleet in the German Ocean, and for a while gratifying cargoes from her regularly reached the owner by the steam-carrier. But the *Clara* fell in with a *cooper*, and thence forth the honest fishing was over. Her crew drank and quarrelled for the space of two months. Such fish as they intermittently caught, they exchanged for poison. By-and-by, the provisions being exhausted, the *Clara* was taken to Heligoland, and her stores sold, to fill the empty lockers. Returning to the fleet, the captain and crew resumed their old practices, until, at the end of thirteen weeks—five weeks overdue—she returned to port in a disgraceful condition. The master and mate were imprisoned. But next year the *Clara* again fell into crooked courses under a fresh master and crew. The *cooper* who now did the mischief was owned by a Hull man, hailing from Bremerhafen; and he contrived to clean the *Clara* out in a fortnight, which ended in a two days' free-fight, and a repetition of the above described dishonesty with the stores at Heligoland. The owners on this one voyage lost seven weeks' fishing; equivalent to an estimated profit of one hundred pounds.

The remedies for these grievances suggest themselves. There must be an international convention to begin with. There was a convention of many years' standing between France and England,

applying to the English Channel, and to the fisheries surrounding the British Isles outside the three-mile zone; but it was not ratified, though there is still an international law operative in the Channel only. The Report of the Royal Commission laid before Parliament during the session of 1881, declares that an international law between England, France, Belgium, and Holland is *urgently* required, and that, until it is devised, the outrages in the North Sea will continue, and cannot be stopped. The fishermen are unanimous in requesting that four swift-ailing cruisers, empowered to enforce the law, one from each nationality, shall be stationed on the fishing-grounds; that the *croppers* shall be swept off the face of the sea; and that the fishing-boats of each nation shall be compelled to carry lights, and be marked with big letters and figures on the bows and mainsails. Before the fishing season of 1882 begins, may these provisions, or others in a similar direction, be put in force, in the true interests of a class who may rest assured in the adapted sentiment of the old proverb, that though they be out of sight, they are not out of mind.

EPISTOLARY CURIOSITIES.

VERY curious specimens of the epistolary art are daily consigned to the editorial basket; now and again one escapes into print. An unflattering notice of a musical performance in a London paper elicited a long letter from the offended violinist, in which he asserted that the critic was not present at the entertainment, and announced his desire to have it generally known 'that I look upon all critics who praise me, as men of intelligence, and worthy of the greatest respect; and I look upon those rare ones who dispraise me as having a screw loose in their cerebral development. In conclusion, I consider that if the person who wrote the notice was present at the performance, he is only worthy to be an inmate of a home for idiots; and if he was not present, he is a mean humanly cur, and should get seven years' hard labour. However, I have not the least doubt but that I will be gaining the applause of admiring thousands when the poor fellow is getting worm-eaten in an unknown and contemptible grave.—Yours obliged, PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.'

A thief thus wrote to the editor of the *New York Tribune*: 'SIR—Please advise your readers always to leave their names and addresses in their pocket-books. It frequently happens in our business that we come into possession of portemonnaies containing private papers and photographs, which we would gladly return; but we have no means of doing so. It is dangerous to carry them about, so we are forced to destroy them. I remember an instance when I met with serious trouble because I could not make up my mind to destroy a picture of a baby, which I had found in the pocket-book of a gentleman, which came into my hands in the way of business in the Third Avenue Road. I had lost a baby myself the year before, of the same age as this

one, and would have given all I had for such a picture. There was no name in the pocket-book, and no way of finding out who was the owner; so, like a fool, I advertised it, and got shadowed by the police. Tell your readers to give us a fair show to be decent, and always leave their addresses in their pocket-books. We want to live and let live.—Yours truly,
A PICKPOCKET.'

There was some reason in the light-fingered one's request, which is more than can be said for that of the autograph-hunter begging a well-known journalist's autograph for his album, with: 'If you deem the request unwarranted on my part, pray pardon me; but at the same time, send the refusal in your own handwriting, and with your own signature, that I may know the refusal is authentic.' His impudence deserved as scant courtesy as that yielded by Dickens to an Oxford undergraduate, whose communication running: 'SIR—Understanding that you insert Rhymes in your serial, I send you some;' was answered: 'SIR—We do not insert Rhymes without Reason.'

The world has been reproached with knowing nothing of its greatest benefactors. The charge is too widely drawn; but we must in part admit it, feeling assured that not one of our readers could tell the name of the inventive genius who wrote to a London editor:

'SIR—The subject is a motive-power, regulated by a law of nature, capable of putting into motion the most cumbersome machinery, unintermitting in its action day and night, and free from any cost from one year's end to another, its power unlimited. It is estimated to save the government two hundred thousand pounds per annum in fuel alone, and to reduce the price of coals a hundred per cent., cheapening all manufacturing produce also.'

Getting our coals for nothing would be a consummation devoutly to be wished, indeed; but we fear our inventive genius credits himself with an impossible achievement; like the actress who signed herself, 'Respectfully yours, Miss St George Hussey, *née* Mrs Hussey.'

Ladies looking for sons-in-law, rarely make their approaches so openly as the Canadian dame who wrote to a newly settled eligible: 'DEAR MR B—, I, Mrs Wigton, wish you would call on my daughter Amelia; she is very amusing, and is a regular young flirt. She can sing like a humming-bird; and her papa can play on the fiddle nicely; and we might have a rare old ho-down; and then we will have an oister supper. Amelia is highly educated; she can dance like a grass-hopper looking for grubs, and she can make beautiful bread; it just tastes like hunny bees' bread; and for pumpkin pies she can't be beat. In fact, she is head of all the F— girls, and will make a good wife for any man.—Yours truly, Mrs WIGTON. —Bring your brother.'

In cases where it is quite unnecessary that mothers should trouble themselves in urging things forward, the expression of devotion and undying love is not unfrequently half-comic in its

exaggeration. Here is the outburst of a Californian lover. 'If,' wrote the latter to the object of his affections—'If one atom of the deep, deep love I feel for you is scattered throughout the world, I could stake my life it will fill, if allowed to do so, the entire human race, and thence will derive the word commonly used as love. Good-bye, my dearest dear. Yours till death, and beyond it and eternity.' By-and-by he was sued for breach of promise; and asked what he meant by such language, replied: 'Oh, I couldn't reasonably be expected to explain such stuff.' No explanation was needed in the case of the faithless swain, who abruptly ended a ten years' courtship with: 'DEAR MISS—I write these few lines to say that I don't think you and me should agree if we was to come together. I am generally inclined, and you are the other way, so I beg to be excused.' She would not excuse him; and he had to pay for his default; a fate that befell another fickle gentleman, who took his leave after a tiff, complaining that the lady had put him down so that he could not come up again, and pathetically concluding:

So from you I must part;
I make the sacrifice from my heart.
So farewell, Miss Bell;
Alone I'll dwell.

An Englishman of note wrote to a Mohammedan official for some statistics of the city in which he lived, and was thus politely rebuked for his inquisitiveness: 'MY ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND AND JOY OF MY LIVER—The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses, nor have I inquired into the number of inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, this is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, heaven only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the Infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. O my soul! O my lamb! seek not after things which concern thee not. Thou comest unto us, and we welcome thee; go in peace!'

A very different style was adopted by the manager of one of the great Indian railways in addressing a European subordinate given to indulge in needlessly strong language. 'DEAR SIR,' wrote he, 'it is with extreme regret that I have to bring to your notice that I observed very unprofessional conduct on your part this morning when making a trial trip. I allude to the abusive language you used to the drivers and others. This I consider an unwarrantable assumption of my duties and functions, and I may say rights and privileges. Should you wish to abuse any of our employes, I think it will be best in future to do so in regular form, and I beg to point out what I consider this to be. You will please submit to me in writing the form of oath you wish to use; when, if it meets my approval, I shall at once sanction it; but if not, I shall refer the same to the Directors; and in the course of a few weeks, their decision will be known. Perhaps, to save time, it might be as well for you to submit a list of expletives generally in use by you, and I can then at once refer those to which I object to the Directors for their decision. But,

pending that, you will please to understand that all cursing and swearing at drivers and others engaged on the traffic arrangements in which you may wish to indulge must be done in writing, and through me. By adopting this course you will perceive how much responsibility you will save yourself, and how very much the business of the Company will be expedited, and its interests promoted.'

Prominent members of the theatrical profession are too accustomed to receive extraordinary epistles from utter strangers, to take much note of them; but we doubt if any actor ever had a funnier offer made to him than was once made to the elder Booth. Here it is: 'WEST HOUSE SCHOOL, PROSPECT, N.Y., December the eighth, 1818.—MR EDWARD BOOTH.—DEAR SIR AND FRIEND: Hearing that you was going to come to Utica to perform in a play called *Hamlet*, I would like to say that us boys is gitting up a Exhibition for the benefit of the diseased soldiers and their widows and orphans, and would like to engage you too take the leading part. I have talked it up with the boys, and we will do the squire thing with you, and I am arterised to make you the following offer. We will come down after you with a good conveyance, and will give you at the rate of Ten Dollars per day and board, and shall want you about one week. If you think it nessary, you can have one or to of our best wimmen actors come up with you; but we can't pay them over three dollars a day and feed. You know how that is yourself, this kind of business is awful uncertain. You can have some fun out of it a hunting deer and foxes around Flamsburgs and Ed. Wilksuns. Please let me know as soon as you can. Yours truly, JAMES SWEET. P. Script.—If you come calling to hunt, get Frank Meyer's hound. She is a good one.'

Our last example of epistolary curiosities came to its astonished recipient in a barrel of American apples bought in the Birmingham market, and ran thus: 'To the Reader—Just for fun I thought I would write this note to tell you these apples were raised in Chester, New Hampshire, U.S.A. They were taken from our place two miles to the depot, and sold for one dollar per barrel. I can only wonder who may read this; whether it be in America or Europe this may go to, some palace, or perhaps some place far inferior. They may be destroyed by fire or water, or perhaps stolen. However, seeing I have wondered so much, I would like to have you write me. I am a young school-teacher, ago about twenty. I live in the country. I have graduated from the High School. I should like a good position as teacher, writer for magazine, or a chance to attend some school, so as I could pay my way.—Wishing you happiness, I am, HARRY M. WARREN.'

The surprised recipient of the simple letter learned one thing from it that interested him—namely, that the barrel of apples for which he paid fifteen shillings, cost the importers, freightage and all, just seven shillings and twopence; so that there must be more unprofitable things to trade in than apples.

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SOME HUMOROUS CHAP-BOOKS.

'WHAT are chap-books?' is a question that may well be asked without any loss of dignity, and without the sensation that you are 'exposing your ignorance.' Dearly loved as these little books are by collectors, they are scarce—consequently, somewhat high in price—and very rarely come within the ken of ordinary readers. What has become of the hundreds of thousands of these books that were sold during the last century, is a problem hard to solve. The greater number have become worn, torn, scattered, lost; the few, has claimed some; the butterman utilised others; and the devouring maws of the paper-mills have accounted for the extinction of more. Their price was so low—usually a penny—that there was no incentive to preserve them; whilst, being in the form of unsewn tracts, they were exposed to all the accidents of tearing and soiling.

We who in these latter days are so abundantly supplied with cheap and good literature, can hardly refrain from a smile at the mental food that was supplied to the generations who read chap-books. But we must not forget that in cottage-homes and among the labouring classes, money was scarcer than now, and that the very defective means of intercommunication rendered the visit of the pedler or chapman, who carried these tracts—whence the name—an event to be looked forward to. He certainly carried an assortment of literature to suit all tastes; and his price was so moderate, that any one, almost, could make a purchase from the 'flying stationer,' as he was called in later times. Did you wish Bible stories?—there were Joseph and his Brethren, The Gospel of Nicodemus, The Life of Joseph of Arimathea. Or revel in the diabolical?—then you might have the histories of Friar Bacon and Dr Faustus, or the dread secrets revealed in The Witch of the Woodlands. If any one wanted to go sleepless to bed and start at his own shadow, he could do so by reading The Duke of Buckingham's Father's Ghost, or the Portsmouth or Guildford

Ghost; and if he were purely superstitious, then there were The Interpretation of Dreams and Moles, the prophecies of Nixon and Mother Shipton, and many kinds of Fortune Books. In the department of Romance, you might have Reynard the Fox, Valentine and Orson, Fortunatus, Guy of Warwick, Sir Bevis of Hampton, St George, Patient Grissel, Jack and the Giants, Tom Hickathrift or Tom Thumb; whilst of humorous ones you could have a wide choice. Should your taste run on old stories, Adam Bell, Robin Hood, The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, or The Babes in the Wood, might suit you. History ranged from the time of the Romans to Charles I., or later, including Fair Rosamond, Jane Shore, Wat Tyler, and Whittington. There were also short accounts of popular books, such as Sir John Mandeville's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, and many others, even including such different themes as Cookery receipts and Aesop's Fables.

All these, however, are but a tithe of the assortment the purchaser had to choose from. The writer has made a list of over one hundred and twenty issued by one firm alone during the latter half of the last century, a time when chap-books were in their glory, when they had woodcuts which really pertained to them, and were not the miserable reprints, principally published in northern towns in the early part of this century, on bad paper, in wretched worn-out type, and with engravings taken at haphazard.

In giving a few specimens of these old chap-books, let us begin with the Wise Men of Gotham, which was written by Andrew Borde or Boorde, Doctor of Physic, who lived in the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, was educated at Oxford, became a Carthusian monk, and who, on the suppression of his order by Henry VIII., escaped abroad, and travelled over many parts of Europe and some portion of Africa. Settled at Montpellier as a physician, the eccentric doctor also practised as such on his return to England; and from some cause, now unknown, he was imprisoned in the Fleet, where he died in 1549. The Wise Men of Gotham are a collection of

tales of the most amazing and stolid stupidity, of the inhabitants of the county of Nottingham, as tale number three will testify: 'On a time the Men of Gotham would fain have pinned in the Cuckoo, that she might sing all the year. All in the midst of the town they had a hedge made round in compass, and got a Cuckoo, and put her into it, and said: Sing here, and you shall lack neither meat nor drink all the year.—The Cuckoo, when she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away.—A vengeance on her, said these Wise Men; we made not the hedge high enough.'

Tale five will match it. 'A Man of Gotham bought at Nottingham Market a trivet [or three-legged stool], made of bar-iron, and going home with it, his shoulder grew weary of the carriage; he set it down, and seeing it had three feet, said: Thou hast three feet, and I but two; thou shalt bear me home, if thou wilt. So set himself down on it, saying:

Bear me along as I have bore thee,
For if thou dost not, thou shalt stand still for me.

The Man of Gotham seeing that his trivet would not move—Stand still, said he, in the Mayor's name, and follow me if thou wilt; and I can show thee the way.—When he went home, his wife asked him where the trivet was. He told her it had three legs, and he but two, and he had taught it the ready way to his house; and therefore it might come home itself if it would.—Where did you leave the trivet? said the woman.—At Gotham Bridge, said he.—So she immediately went and fetched the trivet; otherwise she must have lost it, on account of her husband's want of wit.'

Tale seven is a story of still more crass stupidity. 'One Good-Friday the Men of Gotham consulted together what to do with their white herrings, red herrings, sprats, and salt fish; and agreed that all such fish should be cast into the pond or pool in the middle of the town, that the number of them might increase against the next year. Therefore, every one that had any fish left did cast them immediately into the pond. Then said one: I have as yet gotten left so many red herrings.—Well, said another, and I have left so many whittings.—Another immediately cried out: I have as yet gotten so many sprats left. And said the last: I have as yet gotten so many salt fishes; let them go together in the great pond without distinction, and we may be sure to fare like lords the next year.—At the beginning of the next Lent, they immediately went about drawing the pond, imagining they should have the fish; but were much surprised to find nothing but a great eel.—Ah! said they, a mischief on this eel, for he hath eaten up our fish.—What must we do with him? said one to the other.—Kill him, said one.—Chop him in pieces, said another.—Nay, not so, said the other; let us drown him.—Be it accordingly so, replied then

all. So they immediately went to another pond, and cast the eel into the water.—Lie there, said these wise men, and shift for thyself, since you may not expect any help of us.—So they left the eel to be drowned.' Before dismissing these 'Merrie Tales,' as they are designated on the title-page, it may be stated that there are two Gothams in England—one in Notts, and the other on the south coast—which has led to some difficulty as to which of the two, certain of the tales refer. The honour, however, is certainly a dubious one!

Joe Miller's name is a household word, and it is a proverb to say of a stale joke, 'That is a very old Joe.' He was born in 1684, and died in 1739; and his character is well summed up in his epitaph—which was visible on his tombstone as lately as 1852, in St Clement's burial-ground, Portugal Street, now destroyed: 'Here Lye the Remains of honest Jo MILLER, who was a tender Husband, a Sincere friend, a facetious companion, and an excellent Comedian;' &c.

His jests were collected by John Mottley, a dramatist, and first published in 1739. The chap-book version—published about 1750—has many extraneous jokes; but those given below are veritable 'Joes,' and may be found in Mottley's first edition. 'An Irish lawyer of the Temple having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the keyhole: Come to the *Elephant and Castle*, where you will find me; and if you cannot read this, carry it to the Stationer's, and he will read it for you.'

'A gentleman who had been a-shooting, brought home a small bird with him, and having an Irish servant, he asked him if he had shot that little bird.—Yes, he told him.—Arrah, by my faith, replied the Irishman, it was not worth the powder and shot, for this little thing would have died in the fall.'

'A young fellow riding down a steep hill, doubting if the foot of it was boggy, called out to a clown that was ditching, and asked if it was hard at the bottom. Ay, answered the countryman; it is hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you. But in half-a-dozen steps the horse sank up to the saddle-girths, which made the young gallant whip and spur and utter oaths. You rascal, said he to the ditcher, didn't thou not tell me that it was hard at the bottom?—Ay, said the ditcher; but you are not half-way to the bottom yet.'

'An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living; said the Welshman: There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks to be employed at one wedding dinner.—Ay, replied the Englishman, that was because every man toasted his own cheese.'

'A certain lady of quality sending her Irish footman to fetch home a pair of new stays, strictly charged him to take a coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them. But a great shower falling, the fellow returned with the stays dripping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he

was ordered, he said he had obeyed his orders.—How then, answered the lady, could the stays be wet, if you took them in the coach with you?—No, replied honest Teague; I know my place better. I did not get into the coach, but rode behind, as I always used to do.

One more extract must close this notice of Joe Miller's jests. 'A country clergyman meeting a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow about sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked him if he never read at home.—No, replied the clown; I cannot read.—I daresay, said the parson, you don't know who made you?—Not I, in troth, said the countryman.—A little boy coming by at the time: Who made you, child? said the parson.—God, sir, said the boy.—Why, look you there, quoth the clergyman; are you not ashamed to hear a child five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, who are so old a man, cannot?—Ah! said the countryman, it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but the other day, and it is a long while, measter, since I was made.'

There were other humorous books, as The Poet's Jestbook, out of which the following are taken. 'Some gentlemen coming to a friend's house, he treated them with some of his own drink, which was flat; but one of the company praising it highly, and being asked the reason, he said, that we ought always to speak well of the devil.'

'A certain shoemaker of Canterbury by his extravagancy had wasted his whole stock: his creditors came so fast on him, he was obliged to pack up and march off. Travelling towards London near Rochester, by the side of a wood stood a gentleman's house, and hard by a couple of turkeys, who, upon his approach, cried out Cobble, cobble, cobble! to which he angrily answered, it was a lie, for it was well known he was no cobbler, but a shoemaker. Being terribly vexed, observing the coast to be clear, he whips up one of the turkeys, clapped it under his coat, and was marching off, but considered he had as good to take the other for company, which he did; but the gentleman saw him through a window, and followed, and overtook him. Said he: Friend, what business have you with that turkey?—Sir, said he, he abused me in calling me cobbler, when it is well known I am a shoemaker.—Ay, but, said the gentleman, what do you intend to do with the other?—Why, truly, sir, said he, I take him to bear witness of my abuse.'

There were riddles, of course; and two chap-books—The Puzzle, and its answer, The Nuts Cracked—contain five hundred and sixteen. As a rule, they are below the average; still, there are some worth preserving, as denoting the feelings of the times. 'Why is Handel so much talked of? Because he is a man of note.—Why is White's Chocolate House like Hercules? Because it has a great Club.—Why is Broughton the Boxer like a good boy? Because he is never beat.—Why

is Broughton the Boxer like a Bachelor? Because he ne'er met with his match.—Why is Orator Henley like a pastrycook? Because he deals in puffs.—Why is Garrick manly enough? Because he does not act a Miss.' Still duller are those in a Whetstone for Dull Wits, Delights for Young Men and Maids, or Wit newly Revived. One of the best in the last is:

Two brothers we are;
Great burdens we bear,
By which we are bitterly press'd;
In truth, we may say
We are full all the day,
But empty when we go to rest.

A Pair of Sheen.

There is a very peculiar chap-book, which, although it ran through several editions, was never imitated. It was called, A Strange and Wonderful Relation of the Old Woman who was drowned at Ratcliffe Highway, a fortnight ago, &c. A small portion of it will be sufficient to serve as a sample of the whole. 'It was the last Monday morning about four o'clock in the afternoon, before sunrise, going over Highgate Hill, I asked him if the Old Woman was dead that was drowned at Ratcliffe Highway a few nights ago. He told me he could not tell; but if I went a little farther, I should meet with two young men on horseback, riding under a mare in a blue red jerkin and a pair of white freestone breeches, and they would give intelligence, &c.' And so on the absurdity runs. If to thisrodomontade is added the fact that the illustrations, which are plentiful, are drawn from all sources, irrespective of the text, some idea may be formed of this literary curiosity.

Then there was The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Pranks he Played. Though a Mere Fool, which seems really to have been the chronicle of the exploits of a poor idiot who lived near Dunmow. One of the best stories in the little book is the following: 'Jack was often upon the ramble. One day he went up to a yeoman's house who loved to make sport with him. The servants being all busy and abroad, none but the fool and he were together. Mr Sorrel, says Jack, shall we play at blindman's-buff?—Ay, says he, with all my heart, Jack.—You shall be blinded, says Jack.—That I will, Jack, said he. So pinning a napkin about his eyes and head—Now turn about, says Jack. But you see, Mr Sorrel, you see.—No, Jack, said he; I do not see.—Jack shuffled about the kitchen in order to catch him, still crying, You see. But when he found he did not see, he ran to the chimney, and whipt down some puddings, and put them into his pocket. This he did every time he came to that end of the room, till he had filled his pockets and breeches. The doors being open, away runs Jack, leaving the Goodman blindfolded, who, wondering he did not hear the fool, cried out: Jack, Jack! But finding no answer, he pulled off the napkin, and seeing the fool gone, and that he had taken so many puddings with him, was so enraged that he sent his bloodhounds after him; which, when Jack perceived, he takes a pudding and slings it at them. The dogs smelling the pudding, Jack gained ground the time; and still, as the dogs pursued, he threw a pudding at them; and this he did till he came to a house.—This was spread abroad, to the shame and vexation

of the farmer. Some time after, Mr Sorrel and some other tenants went to see the fool's master. Jack espying them, went and told his lady that Mr Sorrel was come. The lady being afraid the fool might offend him by speaking of the puddings, told Jack he should be whipped if he mentioned them. But when they were at dinner, Jack went and shook Mr Sorrel by the hand, saying, How is it, Mr Sorrel? Then seeming to whisper, but speaking so loud that all the company heard him, said: Not a word of the puddings, Mr Sorrel. At this, they all burst into laughter; but the honest man was so ashamed, that he never came there again.

Many other productions of a similar kind might be referred to; but enough has been given to show that the good folks of one hundred years ago had something to laugh at, even if the matter does not quite come up to our nineteenth-century ideas.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XLIX.—UNCLE WALTER AT HOME.

THE chilly sunshine of a London winter's day, when horses' iron-shod feet rang hard upon the metalled roadway, shone in at the bright plate-glass windows of that spacious Kensington villa, the owner of which, as registered in Blue Book and Red Book and Postal Directory, was Walter Denham, Esquire. And within that house was Mr Walter Denham, as busy as a bee, with a meritorious sense of the trouble which he took, such as idle men who ride hobbies are apt to feel, newly arrived from abroad, and engaged in sifting and sorting the treasures that his keen scent for buried rarities had unearthed. The rich spoils that he had gathered were not all from Spain. True, yonder Moorish dagger, with the jewelled haft and the curved blade, and the name of the armourer upon it, in gilt Arabic characters, who made it in distant Fez, when Muley Abderraman was king of Granada, had been got for half its value out of a Seville dealer in curiosities. That splendid Castilian corselet, of steel inlaid with gold, such as Toledo furnished when the aristocracy of Spain were crusading cavaliers, instead of the little betitled gentlemen who now bear their weighty names, had been picked up at Burgos. But there were laces that Roman village priests must have been coaxed to sell, with the consent, doubtless, of their churchwardens; and pictures that had hung long in mouldy Tuscan palaces; and flashing toys made in Paris before the Revolution was a reality.

Uncle Walter bustled gaily to and fro, giving orders, at times, to his Italian valet; and then, with his own white hands, glistening with rings, adjusting the objects that were to decorate rose-wood stands and marble tables and ebony brackets, here and there. The pretty toys that Bertram had seen years before in the same place, were gone. Money in the Funds, money at the Bank, no doubt represented those vanished visions of beauty. But there were fresh toys, half-masked by silken curtains, half-hidden among hot-house flowers, such playthings as a wealthy amateur of art loves to buy.

There came a clang of the gate-bell. There came a tread of many feet, a murmur of voices,

then silence. More than one honest, bull-headed old Paterfamilias, English or Irish, within rifle-range of Walter Denham's model villa, would have felt nervous at the hum and the trampling and the stir. But Mr Walter Denham knew that his butcher was paid, that his grocer was not in arrear, that nobody had the right to hector in the well-kept hall of his villa, and therefore he began to think that something serious must have happened. There was the sound of an altercation, short, summary, and then his foreign man-servant came hurriedly in.

'Signor, the Polizia Inglese!' That was all Luigi said; but he said it with shrugged shoulders, and elevated eyebrows, and tremulous voice. By what he said, he meant much. The Signor, the Padrone, had been found out. To be found out is a serious misfortune anywhere; but in Italy it is a calamity especially serious. Luigi was certain that his master was a ruined man. At Luigi's heels came three men, one in the dark-blue surtout, close-buttoned, of a Superintendent of police, two in ordinary uniform. After them, came in Bertram Oakley. His calm, steady eyes seemed to impress the flighty Uncle Walter more than did the boding aspect of the police.

'In the Queen's name!' said the Superintendent, as he glided round to lay his finger-tips on Uncle Walter's shoulder, and to pronounce the magic formula. 'Here is the warrant, sir, if you would like'—

'Thank you, no!' answered Mr Walter Denham airily, as he recoiled from the piece of stamped paper as from a snake. 'I shouldn't like! But I am quite at your service.—At yours too, Mr Bertram, if this is, as I presume, your work!'

'Say, sir, rather your own work, the sequel of old treachery committed against an unsuspecting brother, long years ago, at Dulchester,' said Bertram, sadly but sternly. 'The sin of former days has found you out at last.'

Uncle Walter winced a little less, as it would seem, under the shock of discovery, than before the quiet scorn that glowed in Bertram's eyes. But he promptly recovered his self-possession, and in a voice of well-feigned astonishment, rejoined: 'You talk in riddles, my very dear sir! I, for one, have no sentimental associations with the sleepy old cathedral city of which I have the honour to be a native. Of what precise offence I am accused, perhaps these gentlemen in blue will condescend to inform me, without thrusting under my eyes again an unpleasant-looking formula, the fresh ink on which smells disagreeably.'

'Forgery, sir, and will-stealing—the indictment will run for conspiracy to effect these,' curtly answered the chief officer of the police, in whose experience a semi-serious prisoner was as a black swan among the ancients.

'I thank you, Superintendent,' said Mr Walter Denham, with elaborate courtesy. 'We had better lose no time, perhaps, in going before whatever authority may be appropriate, and in arranging about the formality—my solicitors will see to that—of what I believe, speaking under correction, for I am not a man of business, is called bail.'

The Superintendent shook his head. 'Bail, sir, in such a case, and with so serious a charge, is not to be thought of. You can ask the magistrate, of course, or your lawyers can; but I'm afraid the thing is impossible.'

'I should like Sowerby and French to be sent for, if not contrary to rule,' said Uncle Walter languidly; 'and, with your permission, I will write a note.' And he sat down at his dainty little table of choice Venetian mosaic, and proceeded to write on tinted paper, emblazoned with his monogram in dead gold, guiding his pen with perfect steadiness.

'You had better, Mr Denham,' said the policeman, 'ask the gentlemen, or one of them, to step round to the police court, Mr Kenyon's, because we shall be obliged to drive there straight from here. The principal witness is to be brought there, and is in waiting by this time.'

'You will be enigmatical,' exclaimed the owner of the Kensington villa with a playful peevishness. 'What surprise awaits me, and what monster is to be produced, as the—I beg your pardon—principal witness?' But, as he spoke, the corners of his well-shaped mouth twitched perceptibly, and the wrinkles around his eyes deepened.

'The monster who is called 'Crawley,' answered Bertram coldly.

And from that moment Mr Walter Denham asked no more questions. He sealed his letter, rang the bell, and despatched it. As he did so, the eyes of the foreign travelling-servant, Luigi, met those of his master. Those of the latter were by far the steadier; but how old, how older by ten years, did Walter Denham look!

'Sì, Signore!' said Luigi, and with a respectful bow, was gone.

'We had better look sharp!' said the police Superintendent. He was the first to suggest that Mr Walter Denham had better take 'a few things' with him, for use in that House of Detention, of the discomforts of which, when, by some blunder, a respectable man of education gets locked up there, we read such piteous newspaper stories. These minor necessities, after heedful inspection, were crammed into a black carpet-bag by the rough hands of a metropolitan constable.

'Luigi,' muttered Uncle Walter, 'would be shocked. But suspicion makes a man acquainted with strange valets.'

Then cabs were called—no Hansoms, but four-wheelers; and into one of these Uncle Walter was resignedly packed, the Superintendent at his side, a private in the Force opposite. The other cab was for Bertram Oakley; and it was not very long before the police court over which Mr Kenyon presided was reached. Mr French, of Sowerby and French, was there, breathless, puzzled, and looking guiltier than his composed client. The proceedings were soon over. 'A remand,' said Uncle Walter—'that means jail! Jail, to me, will be a new sensation.'

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

AN ACTOR.

ONE day, in the early part of the year, when a drizzling rain was falling, and a cold wind was blowing, I found a man perched on a pair of steps, stretched open in front of a public-house door in that part of the great metropolis termed Great Suffolk Street, Borough, deeply engaged in the exercise of that wonderful art known as 'graining.' He had finished one side of the door; and I was rather struck with the

bold nature of the work he had done. It was evident that the artist went in for broad effect; for the completed portion of his work showed that he was above expending his talent upon the minute representation of little knots and veins, the pride of more laborious, if less ingenious, workers in the same field; and that his object was to represent in a general way a 'woody' effect, with perhaps a dash of marble in it, without condescending to the faithful representation of any known timber.

After looking at the work, I raised my eyes to the worker, and was at once attracted by his somewhat peculiar appearance. He was large, which house-painters as a rule are not; he was old, and in this respect, too, was a remarkable exception to the race to which he belonged. But it was neither his age nor his size which made me look at him a second time. What particularly attracted my attention was the fact that the painter was himself painted! He had a face which was undoubtedly 'made up' with a deal of pains. His moustache, which was thick, was evidently dyed, and it was waxed and curled at the ends; his cheeks were rouged, his eyebrows pencilled, and even one or two blue veins were traced on the temples, from which his thin hair, also dyed black, was brushed back over his ears, mingling in a melancholy sort of little knot behind his head, under the carefully curled brim of a very seedy old hat. But no amount of red, white, black, and blue, however carefully applied, could make this curious 'portrait' look young. Wrinkles furrowed his thin cheeks, crow's-feet were indelibly impressed at the corners of his eyes; his chin was pointed by years; and his thin compressed lips had receded far under the black moustache, after the way of mouths of old people not well attended to by experienced dentists. His eyes, however, seemed full of life, and it was strange to see how earnestly they followed his thin white hand, as it laboured at the peculiar style of decoration on which he was engaged. Every now and then, when a particularly daring stroke was made with the graining tool, the painter would draw back, and, apparently at the risk of overbalancing himself and falling into the gutter, would contemplate with a gleam of unmistakable pride the effect of his handiwork. It was on the completion of one of these artistic *coups*, that the artist, looking round as it were for applause, discovered me regarding him, and asked me from his perch, in a piping, quavering tone, whether I didn't think that it was 'coming on nicely.'

Rather shyly, I answered, in a hesitating way, that I thought it was very good; then, plucking up courage, I inquired whether the style in which he was adorning this shop-front was not quite original.

In one second the painter was off his perch, standing by my side on the pavement; and waving his left hand at the fruit of his labour, while he made a circle in the air with his right, finishing off on his threadbare coat just over where his old heart beat, he turned to me, with a stage-like bend of his body, and said: 'That, sir, is the work of an artist! You mayn't think it; but I was born an artist; not a painter, but

an actor. I've had many ups and downs in my life, and it's fortunate for me that in my earliest years I was taught this trade; for now that the profession to which I belonged for nigh on forty years, is done with me, and won't have anything more to say to one of its oldest and most devoted servants, I'm just able to keep body and soul together with jobs like this.'

The rain at this point came down too hard to admit of the artist resuming his work on the door-post; so we took shelter together within the bar, the outside of which he was embellishing with his wonderful marble-wood design; and while there, with a glass of hot rum-and-water held between his hands, for the agreeable heat which it imparted to his palms, the designer told me something about himself.

Years and years ago, before the writer of these lines was, as his informant said, 'born or thought of,' this actor was treading the boards of a very minor theatre, which, he told me, then existed in the Marylebone Road, in a small pleasure-ground adjoining a public-house called the *Yorkshire Stingo*. It was at this house at which he made his first appearance on any stage. Previously to this aspiring effort, the actor had been, as is intimated above, a journeyman house-painter and decorator. But he always had a taste for the stage; and he used to thrill his fellow-workmen, and others with whom he mixed on evenings when the daily work was done, with recitations in public-house parlours. His turn of mind—speaking in a theatrical sense—was what may be termed 'bloody.' The dagger and the bowl were his delight; the gallows, his glory; crime, especially murder, was his forte. Nearly all his recitations related to deeds of blood; and his muse was in her mildest mood when she dwelt only on frightened maidens, lunatic uncles, and baffled Justice. Highwaymen and their doings were a favourite theme; and many an audience of London shopboys had he in those young days sent home quaking with the stories that he hurled at their inoffensive and empty heads.

Power such as this could not, of course, be confined for ever to pothouses; and it was no wonder that the actor found himself at last on the legitimate boards, a member of 'The Profession.' His debut was not, however, a great success. The theatre was full, but the part was not suitable; and when 'Handsome Jack,' as he was called, appeared as a virtuous young villager, with a chintz waistcoat covered with huge red roses, he was nearly hooted off the stage. He was born a stage villain, and his friends would bear him as nothing else. Matters mended when, on the next night, he strode before the oil footlights of the period in the highest of jackboots, the broadest of brass-ornamented belts, in which was arranged a complete armoury of small-arms, waving in one hand a black flag, emblazoned with a white skull and crossbones, and dragging with the other a fainting maiden. His rightful field was found; and from that night until the end of his theatrical career, which was reached a few years ago, Handsome Jack played the handsome villain in all the plays in which he ever took part.

From the *Yorkshire Stingo* to the *Boyer Saloon* in Stangate, Lambeth, was a decided promotion; and from the latter house to the boards of the *Vic*—as the old *Victoria Theatre* in the Waterloo

Road was lovingly called by its patrons—was an elevation equivalent to that of a commoner to the House of Peers. Handsome Jack never got beyond the *Vic*. He never wished to. Here the summit of his ambition was attained, and he desired nothing more in life than to continue playing his favourite parts to a sympathetic audience in that temple of Thespis. As year after year rolled by, his style became quite tremendous; his voice grew more and more sonorous, his eye rolled with marvellous ferocity, his body grew big, and he literally seemed to fill the stage when he was on it. His combats with cutlass and broadsword were unequalled in all the rest of London; his will was unflinching, his vengeance terrible, his death always daring and defiant. The house sometimes even resented vice being punished in his person; and when this is said, all those who know how absolutely on the side of virtue audiences of the humbler classes are, how adamant in their demands for justice on the oppressor of virtue, will understand the power which Handsome Jack wielded. And how he loved it! He lived, only *when on the stage*; and the rest of his life, although in due time it was shared with a pretty little wife, who was a 'singing chamber-maid' by profession, was mere humdrum existence.

But 'humdrum existence' when translated to mean a growing family of eight sons and one sickly daughter, becomes a thing which must be taken into serious consideration by the boldest of buccaneers, the most dare-devil of highwaymen. And so it was with Handsome Jack. As the boys grew up, they one by one, to their shame be it said, proved thorns in the flesh of their actor father. Terrible struggles with debt and domestic difficulties occurred; and these struggles became more than the stage veteran could cope with, when the boys not only failed to assist him, but even lent their aid against their father by the cruel demands they made upon his purse. His daughter, at the age of eighteen, died, and this blow broke the spirit of the handsome villain. From that moment his eye lost its fire, his body its uprightness, his hand its quick cunning at fence, his voice its volume; and the popular favourite went over the top of the hill of his life, and quickly began the descent on the other side.

The downhill process was swiftly made. A benefit was got up for the decaying actor, and a house which produced 'a bumper,' witnessed his last performance on the stage. He played on that night *Claude Duval*, and people said that he never played better in his life. But when he came to make a speech to his 'friends in front' at the end of the entertainment, he, with a sudden recollection of his dead daughter, his cruel sons, his failing powers, crashing into his brain, as he was turning touching phrases to his patrons in pit and gallery, all at once burst out sobbing, and so left the scene of his success for ever!

His wife worked bravely. Handsome Jack, however, I fear gave way for a time to drink. He was taken very ill, and when he reached convalescence, he became conscious that he was a wreck. And so he gave up his profession, and went back to his trade; and here he was—decorating a public-house door.

Such was the sombre history of my artistic friend who, referring to his sons, finished his

recital in these words: 'And would you believe it, sir? I don't know where any single one of all the eight is at this moment to be found! Think of that!'

CAPTAIN DESMOND'S DAUGHTER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

'WANT me to invest your money, hey? Well, well, I must see what I can do for you, I suppose.' So spoke Sir Theophilus Thorndale the great financier, and promoter of half the 'big things' in the City, to Margaret Desmond. 'What did you say the amount was? A thousand pounds, hey? A very nice little nest-egg. Many a big fortune has sprung from a smaller beginning.'

Then Margaret handed Sir Theophilus her crisp notes for one hundred pounds each, which that gentleman examined in his methodical way, after which he proceeded to make out a receipt for the amount.

'I may tell you, my dear young lady,' resumed the magnate, 'that both Lady Thorndale and myself are much pleased with the way the children have progressed while under your care, and we both consider that very great credit is due to you.—And now there is your receipt.—No, no; you must not refuse it. That would be very foolish and unbusiness-like. Suppose I were to die, what proof would you have that I had ever had the money?'

Four months had elapsed since Captain Desmond's death. The insurance offices, after due inquiry, had paid the ten thousand pounds to the captain's widow, and that lady had at once called upon Margaret with the thousand pounds which was her share of the legacy. For the present, Mrs Desmond had gone to reside at Picppe with a brother, who had been settled for some years in that sunny town.

Margaret had never mentioned to any one her strange experience at Mardon-le-Willows. To her it seemed something too sacred and mysterious to be talked about. It was never long out of her thoughts when she was alone, but it was still as much a mystery to her as ever it had been. She sometimes wondered how long her father would have stayed with her if she had not started up in bed, if, instead, she had lain still and quietly looked at him. She always burned a light in her room now, and many a time she woke suddenly in the dead middle of the night, half expecting to find her father gazing on her. But he never appeared again.

Margaret often felt very lonely now; and but for her naturally cheerful disposition, and a way she had of looking at the best side of everything, she would probably have grown morbid and discontented with her lot. Although she had seen very little of her father of late years, the knowledge that she had a father had been enough to bring with it a sense of comfort and security. She had never felt altogether lonely while he was alive. But he was gone now, and all her other near relatives were dead; she had reached the age of twenty-two without having ever been engaged, or even in love; it was little wonder that it sometimes seemed to her as if she were alone in the world.

One day, Lady Thorndale said to Margaret: 'I

have decided upon having the portraits of Howard and Irene painted. The artist will be here at noon to-morrow, and will come at the same hour every second day till the picture is completed. It will be necessary for you to remain with the children during the sittings. They will be taken together, with Tycho my deerhound as one of the group. The artist is a Mr Frank Avory, a very rising young man. His picture of the Duchesses of Dulborough's children in this year's Academy has been much talked about.' For Lady Thorndale, this was a very long speech indeed.

Next day brought Mr Frank Avory in due course. The children, dressed for the occasion, and Tycho washed for the occasion, were grouped in the back drawing-room, in accordance with the artist's ideas of what would prove most effective when transferred to canvas. Then Mr Avory set up his easel and began to sketch in his outlines.

Lady Thorndale had suggested that, during the sitting, Miss Desmond should read aloud some interesting story, so as to keep the children's attention engaged and their minds on the alert. Mr Avory agreed with the suggestion; so Margaret seated herself near at hand, and began to read; and what between listening to an exciting story, and watching Mr Avory, the children found full occupation for their eyes and thoughts. Lady Thorndale stayed in the room a quarter of an hour and then went out.

Very few words passed between Mr Avory and Margaret at that first interview. The artist was too anxious to get his outline firmly fixed, to be able to pay much attention to anything else. But on the occasion of his second visit, after the reading for the day was over, and while the children were refreshing themselves with a romp, Mr Avory and Margaret, almost without knowing how it came about, glided into a pleasant stream of talk—talk about Art chiefly, and subjects connected therewith. After this, they both felt like old acquaintance, and as if they had known each other quite a long time; and soon Margaret began to look forward to Frank Avory's visits as to so many sunny breaks in the monotony of her daily life. As for Frank, he had never painted a picture so slowly before, he had never been so fastidious, had never required so many sittings. Lady Thorndale was highly gratified. 'It is indeed a rare thing to see so young an artist so painstaking and conscientious,' she remarked to several of her friends; and she looked forward complacently to the sensation the picture would make in next year's Exhibition.

But no long time had elapsed before our young people found themselves drawn together by a newer and a darker thread of interest, of the existence of which neither of them had dreamed during those first pleasant interviews. Said Frank one day: 'Do you know, Miss Desmond, during the last few weeks I have become very anxious to discover the whereabouts of a certain gentleman who bears the same surname as yourself.'

'The world is wide, and the number of Desmonds in it is probably very considerable,' answered Margaret with a smile.

'The gentleman I am in search of is a certain Captain Marmaduke Desmond.'

Margaret gave a great start. 'My father!' she exclaimed with a gasp.

Frank stared at her for a moment or two without speaking. 'Your father, Miss Desmond! That is indeed singular. How strangely things come about in this world!' He went on painting for a minute or two in silence, and then he said: 'Can you tell me where I can find Captain Desmond?'

'He is dead,' answered Margaret in a low voice, and then the tears rushed to her eyes.

The artist put down his brush and walked to the window. 'I am so sorry!' he said after a moment, and his tone was one of true sympathy. More than once he had wondered for whom Miss Desmond was in mourning.

Margaret controlled her emotion with an effort, and dried her eyes. Presently she said: 'May I ask the reason, Mr Avory, why you are so anxious to have seen my father?'

'My reason is a very singular one, Miss Desmond. It is now close upon six months ago, since a near relative of mine—my Uncle Caius, my mother's only brother—disappeared most mysteriously, and has not been heard of from that time. So far as can be ascertained, the last person in whose company he is known to have been seen was Captain Desmond.'

Margaret could only sit and gaze at the young painter in speechless surprise.

'If you will allow me,' resumed Avory, 'I will relate to you the full details of the case, so far as they are known at present.'

He mixed a little fresh colour on his palette, and then went on: 'In the course of last winter, I went to Rome, with the intention of staying there two or three months, for purposes of study. One day towards the end of April, I received a message from my mother urging me to return without delay. My Uncle Caius had left his home more than a fortnight previously, and had not since been heard of. I travelled homeward as fast as I could, only to find, on my arrival in London, that no tidings had yet been received of my uncle, and that my mother was in great distress of mind. I may remark that my uncle was a bachelor of easy means, that he lived in chambers, and that he was a great bookworm and bibliophile, who thought nothing of attending an auction two or three hundred miles away, if there was a chance of picking up a rare folio or a unique black-letter copy. His last known journey was to York, to attend a sale there. It was proved on inquiry that he did attend the sale—he was well known to several people there—and that he started back for London the following Monday morning. He shook hands with one or two acquaintances, who saw him safely into the train; but from that moment all trace of him was lost. So far as could be ascertained, he had never been seen again by any person to whom he was known. Such were the tidings that greeted me on reaching home. So far, all the exertions of the police had failed to elicit anything more.'

'Did you not say that Captain Desmond was the last person with whom your uncle was known to have been seen?' asked Margaret.

'I did. I shall come to that point of the case presently. All that I could do after my return was to urge the police to fresh exertions, and to insert an advertisement in *The Times*, offering a reward for any information respecting my uncle's disappearance. An examination of my uncle's papers and affairs clearly proved that he had

made no preparations for any lengthened stay from home. Well, days and months went on; no one responded to my advertisement; the police were at a standstill; and both my mother and I were slowly coming to the sad conclusion that we should never see or hear anything more of poor Uncle Caius, when one day—one day last week only—I was waited upon by a certain Mr Prestwich, who described himself as a second-hand bookseller in a small way of business. He had been laid up with rheumatic fever for three months, and had not seen my advertisement till a day or two previously, when, on turning over an old file of *The Times*, it had accidentally caught his eye. He had known my uncle by sight for several years, having frequently met him at sales, and having, in addition, more than once done business with him; and he now came to tell me when and where he had last seen him. 'The fourth of April was the last day I met your uncle,' said Mr Prestwich, 'and the place was a railway carriage.'

'The fourth of April!' exclaimed Margaret. 'That was the day on which my father died.'

Frank looked at her with a face full of surprise, then he shook his head. 'There must be a mistake somewhere,' he said. 'It was on the morning of the fourth of April that my uncle started on his return from York, after attending the sale on the previous Saturday. It would appear that at a certain station he changed his seat from one carriage to another, he having been annoyed by what he called some one's "vile tobacco." In this second carriage was Mr Prestwich, who happened to be coming to town by the same train. They had a little talk together, and then my uncle became absorbed in the book he had been reading before. By-and-by they came to a junction where they had to wait ten minutes. My uncle was gazing through the window at the busy scene before him, when Mr Prestwich heard him exclaim: "Good gracious! why, that must be Marmaduke Desmond!" A moment later, his head was out of the window, and he called aloud to a man who was standing some little distance away: "Hi! hi! Captain Desmond, is that you?" The stranger turned, and came up to the carriage; and then he and my uncle shook hands with much cordiality. Mr Prestwich gathered from their conversation that they had not met for nearly twenty years. Then my uncle alighted from the carriage, and the two stood talking on the platform a few yards away. Ultimately, it would appear that Captain Desmond succeeded in persuading my uncle to leave his train and accompany him, presumably to his house. At all events, Mr Prestwich heard him say: "You are a bachelor and your own master; you must come and spend one night with us." My uncle seems to have yielded, since he fetched his little valise out of the carriage, nodded a good-bye to Prestwich, and walked across the platform with Captain Desmond, to where a train for one of the branch-lines was standing ready to start. And that was the last that Mr Prestwich saw of my Uncle Caius.'

Margaret had listened with the deepest attention. 'It is altogether very strange,' she said. 'There could hardly be two Captains Desmond both named Marmaduke. One thing, however, is very certain—Mr Prestwich must be mistaken as to the date. It could not have been on the fourth of April that he saw my father—if he it

was—and your uncle together. As I have already said, it was on that day that my father died.'

'I will see Prestwich again,' said Frank; 'but I am nearly certain that there cannot be any mistake on the point. The sale at York certainly took place on the second of April; and my uncle as certainly stayed there over Sunday, in order to see the minister. It was not till some time after breakfast on Monday morning that he paid his bill and left the hotel. However, I will see Prestwich again, and question him further.'

Margaret awaited Frank's next visit with an impatience to which she had hitherto been a stranger. They had scarcely shaken hands before he said: 'As regards the question of date, Prestwich's evidence is conclusive. There can be no doubt whatever that it was on the fourth of April, and on no other day, that your father and my uncle met at the junction. The next question is, When and where did they part?'

That was indeed the question, but it was one which at first sight there seemed no probability of their being able to answer.

Margaret's mind was busily at work while Frank went on with his painting. At last she said: 'It seems to me that the next thing to do is to write to Mrs Desmond, my step-mother, and ask her whether any stranger came home with my father on the evening of the fourth of April; if so, who the stranger in question was, and when he went away again.'

'A capital suggestion!' said Frank. 'Mrs Desmond may perhaps be able to throw an unexpected light on what now seems enveloped in mystery.'

Margaret despatched her letter that same evening. Three days later, she received Mrs Desmond's reply, which ran as under:

CHERE MARGARET—Why do you write so seldom? You do not know how welcome your letters are, even though you may have very little news to tell me. Pray, write more frequently, if it be only half-a-dozen lines, to say you are well.

The questions you ask in your last letter have caused old wounds to bleed afresh, and have compelled me to live over again in memory the saddest episode of my life. However, I hasten to afford you the information you ask for, feeling sure that you have not been impelled to seek it by mere idle curiosity.

When your father reached home on the afternoon of the fourth of April, he brought with him a tall, lean gentleman about fifty years of age, whom he introduced to me as Mr Caius Freshfield, a very old friend of his. I have an impression that your father and Mr Freshfield had been schoolboys together; in any case, they had not seen each other for a great number of years. Mr Freshfield dined with us, and I had a bedroom got ready for him. You will remember that it was while seated at table that your father was suddenly seized with illness. Mr Freshfield expressed the greatest concern, and assisted to carry him to his room; at the same time it was quite evident that he was a man of an excessively nervous and timid disposition; and after Dr Bond's visit, when there was little or no hope of your father's recovery, he at once expressed his intention of taking his leave. He could be of no service at such a time, and I showed no desire to detain him. He left

the house with the avowed intention of catching the half-past ten o'clock train at the station. In my distress of mind, I never once thought about asking him for his address, and I suppose he never thought about offering it. As a consequence, after your father's death I knew not where to write to him. Had I known his address, I should certainly have invited him to the funeral. From that evening, when he shook hands and bade me good-bye at the foot of the staircase of Larch Cottage, to the present time, I have neither seen nor heard anything of Mr Freshfield, and I am as ignorant of his present whereabouts as the man in the moon.—Believe me, affectionately yours,
HONORIA DESMOND.

At Frank Avory's next visit, Miss Desmond read aloud to him that portion of her step-mother's letter which referred to Mr Freshfield.

'The mystery only seems to deepen,' said the young painter sadly. 'That there has been foul-play at work somewhere, I feel more firmly convinced than ever.'

THE STORY OF THE NAGA CAMPAIGN.

THE Naga tribes inhabit the district bordering on the Burmese empire, and the same race is to be found within the Burmese territory, in the semi-independent state of Manipur, and in the province known as the Naga Hills. They are skilful gardeners, and have some idea of fortification; and are probably, like the Nepalese and Goorkhas, offshoots of the great Chinese race, which was once paramount over Burmah and all the eastern frontier of Hindustan. Hitherto, the post of Political Agent to the Naga Hills has been one of considerable danger, as three in succession have lost their lives; and the wooded and precipitous nature of the country gives, as on a former occasion we notified in these columns, every facility for guerrilla warfare and ambushes. In November 1878, the British headquarters' station was removed from Samaguting to Kohima, situated on the direct road from Manipur to Assam.

For some years after our occupation of the Naga Hill province, its former suzerain, the Maharajah of Manipur, showed himself very adverse to his British neighbours, and particularly resented the appointment of a Political Agent to his own state. More than once he tried to poison the officer who was charged with that unpleasant duty; but since Lieut.-colonel James Johnstone was nominated resident in 1876, there has been nothing to complain of; on the contrary, the Maharajah himself lent his army in 1878, and again in 1879, to put down a rising in the Naga Hills. Colonel Johnstone, being well acquainted with the language, was able to confer with him without the medium of an interpreter—a very important point in dealing with native princes; and having had much experience in native states, has been able to acquire an influence over him, which has finally converted Kirtee Singh into a valuable ally.

On October 9, 1879, Mr Damant, the Political Agent of the Naga Hills, arrived at Kohima from inspecting the outposts at Dinapur, Samaguting, and Piphima; and in consequence of news received from the large villages of Jotsoma and Konomah, he started again on the 13th for those Naga strongholds with a guard of altogether eighty-nine men.

including constables, frontier police, and men of the 43d Assam Light Infantry. His object was to impress on the Nagas that they must comply with the demands of the government, and pay their taxes, and give the required labour for the carriage of supplies; for although there had been rumours that they were collecting large stores of ammunition, he had no suspicions of their intentions, and therefore did not mean to demand its surrender. He passed the night of the 13th at Jotsoma; and the next day went on to Konomah, in spite of the warning of some friendly Nagas, but found the gate of the town barricaded against him, and was received by a heavy fire. Mr Damant and four men were killed; on which the rest of his guard were scattered and attacked by an ambuscade, which killed thirty-nine and wounded nineteen; and for seven days afterwards, wounded men crawled into Kohima, whither the disastrous news was brought the same day by a fugitive.

The garrison of Kohima consisted of seventy-eight men, with rations for a month; besides which, there were forty police and other non-combatants, women, and children—counting four hundred and ninety-eight in all; and except the rations of the military, only three *mannels* of rice in the shape of provisions. Mr Cawley, the Assistant in charge, on hearing of the Konomah massacre, expected an immediate attack; and sent out letters and telegrams at once to Samaguting and Golaghat in Assam by Naga runners; but these were all intercepted and destroyed. A messenger only just got safely out of Kohima before the Nagas surrounded it, to carry a letter to Wokka, a small station sixty-three miles distant, to ask Mr Herbert Hinde, the Assistant Commissioner there, to bring up his small guard of fifty men. Mr Hinde marched with this contingent for three nights through a hostile country, hiding in the jungle during the day, and succeeded in getting safely into Kohima, where the Nagas had opened a brisk fire on the 14th, and where, for thirteen days, Messrs Cawley and Hinde conducted a most gallant defence. Kohima consists of wooden houses, and was only surrounded by two weak wooden stockades, very ill fitted to maintain a siege. It stands on the slope of a hill, which is crowned by the Naga village of the same name, so that the enemy were able to cut off the general water-supply, leaving only one spring to the garrison, and this was purposely poisoned by the Nagas.

Mr Cawley was from the first obliged to abandon the outer stockade, as he found it untenable; and the women and children—among whom were the widowed Mrs Damant, and Mrs Cawley with her two little girls—could only be sheltered from the showers of bullets and spears by crowding into a large oven and into cellars. The Nagas built up a strong stone wall, behind which they fired, and they were also protected by the village and the jungle. On the 21st, a sortie of the garrison destroyed the stone wall and killed many Nagas; but their companions carried off the dead. That night, the cry of 'mourning for the dead' was raised in the village, and heard within the beleaguered lines of Kohima. Some of the Nagas afterwards stated that the besieging force consisted of six thousand, and that five hundred of these were armed with guns.

They showed great ingenuity in the attack.

Rods weighted with burning cloth were fired into the stockade, where the wooden houses were so numerous, and so close to the fortification, that if one house had been caught, all must have been lost. Many were unroofed by the fire; and if any man endeavoured to slake his thirst by making a rush outside to the spring, he was instantly shot down. The ladies gave up their air-tight packing cases, in which water was stored; but it was horribly foul; and for fourteen days the bulk of the besieged subsisted on a daily ration of a quarter of a *seer* of *attu*, and a little muddy water. The two Englishmen were almost worn out by passing day and night in the trenches, to prevent the Nagas from piling stacks of wood against the stockade and setting fire to it.

On the 21st, Colonel Johnstone, at Manipur, heard of the murder of Mr Damant through the Rajah's minister; and at once prepared to start to the aid of Kohima with an escort of a hundred men. The road between Manipur and the Naga Hills was extremely bad, the jungle not yet having been cleared after the heavy rains; and the men and coolies were so knocked up when about thirty-five miles from their destination, that Colonel Johnstone was obliged to let them halt for a day. About fourteen miles from Kohima, Colonel Johnstone received two urgent messages on slips of paper, brought in the ears of the native bearers for concealment. The messages were as follows: 'Surrounded by Nagas; cut off from water; must be relieved at once. Send flying column to bring away garrison at once. Relief must be immediate to be of any use.' And: 'We are in extremity; come on sharp; Kohima not abandoned;' both signed by Mr Hinde and Mr Cawley. Seven coolies, who had also escaped from the station, gave a deplorable account of the sufferings of the garrison, the food and ammunition being almost exhausted, and the commanders trying to negotiate for a safe passage to Samaguting.

That night, the relieving force halted under arms; and early the next day, as it was still much fatigued, Colonel Johnstone pushed on with fifty Manipuris and sixty-six of his own escort. On the 24th, rumours of the approach of the Manipuri troops under Colonel Johnstone had reached Kohima; but though the Nagas assured the garrison that these were certain to desert to their side, they showed an inclination to come to terms for a passage of the garrison to Samaguting. Yet the besieged felt that even if compelled to accept the terms by starvation, they could not depend upon the good faith of the Nagas, and that they might be all massacred as soon as they left the protection of the stockade. At four P.M., October 27, Colonel Johnstone entered Kohima without shedding a drop of blood, and found the state of things by no means exaggerated. Death and disease had considerably weakened the little garrison; while the non-combatants had been increased by refugees from the friendly natives; so that the total number rescued were three officers, two ladies, two European children, and five hundred and thirty-eight native troops, police, petty officials, women, and children.

Her Majesty sent a sympathising message to Mrs Damant; and the thanks of the Indian government were conveyed to the Maharajah of Manipur and to Colonel Johnstone. The Commander-in-chief of the district, General Nation, sent orders

to Colonel Johnstone to remain on the defensive at Kohima, and not to pursue the retreating Nagas till his own arrival with the guns and a force of regulars. General Nation having arrived with two guns, the force destined to chastise the Naga insurgents left Kohima on November 22.

The situation of Konomah is that of a natural fortress, and the Nagas had taken advantage of it. Lieutenant Ridgeway—who has since received the Victoria Cross—was sent with a company of the 44th N. I. to skirmish up the hill on which it stands; while the main body with the guns gradually ascended by the only passable road, finding on the way the headless corpse of a sepoy in a stream—probably one of Mr Damant's ill-fated expedition. Another party of fifty men under Lieutenant Henderson was sent forward to skirmish in a different direction from Lieutenant Ridgeway; while the guns were carried, under Colonel Johnstone's direction, by his Manipuri coolies, followed by the General and his staff. After incredible labour, they were got into position at about twelve hundred yards distant from the highest point of Konomah, and at once opened fire, while Lieutenant Raban did the same with his rockets; but neither had much effect on the village, and even less on the stone forts. They were consequently moved to within eight hundred yards of the forts; but had still little effect. Meanwhile, a party of the 44th entered an outer stockade, and the General and his staff made their way into the village through the gate where Mr Damant met his death, and which was now surrounded by wounded Nagas. The General, Colonel Johnstone, Major Cook, and the rest of the staff, ascended a kind of stone staircase, and after again passing under the Naga fire, climbed up a perpendicular stone wall to the small tower in the adjoining works which the 44th had already secured. As there was a very small force to hold it, the guns, which were brought up under a heavy fire to their aid, opened on the upper fort at a distance of eighty to a hundred yards. Lieutenant Mansell and his three European bombardiers pointed the guns, but were fully exposed to the enemy, who, throughout the operations, especially picked out the officers with their shot, but appeared not to have the slightest intention of evacuating the works.

Colonel Johnstone, probably thinking of the encouraging effect that a reported repulse of the British would have on the Nagas and their allies who swarmed in the jungles round, strongly urged the need of dislodging the enemy before nightfall, or making a vigorous attempt to do it; and as the guns were still ineffective, they were moved to another point. After several rounds of heavy charges, the order for the assault was given, and nine officers, with as many men as they could collect, rushed out in two parties to scale the front and left sides of the fort. The Nagas met them with a heavy fire and showers of spears and stones, and four of the officers were almost immediately wounded. At last, only three officers and five sepoy were left alone at the foot of the fort, exposed to the whole fire of the enemy; and there was therefore nothing for it but to beat a speedy retreat through the burning embers of the village, which the Nagas had fired an hour before.

Night was coming on, and the ever-active and ready Manipuris threw up entrenchments in spite

of their hard day's work; and soon afterwards the detached corps of the 43d and 44th appeared, to the great relief of the staff, who were unable to tell whether or not they had been cut off. All lay down, officers and men huddled together, to get what rest they could; and Dr Campbell and his medical assistants were unremitting in their care of the wounded. At daybreak, Colonel Johnstone and Captain Williamson set off for the camp at Suchema, to bring up ammunition for a fresh attack; but they had hardly gone three miles, when, thanks to British valour, they saw the British flag floating over the highest fort at Konomah, which had been evacuated, under cover of the conflagration, in the night; although, if the Nagas had continued to hold it, the British force could not have captured it without great loss of life.

The garrison retired precipitately to the Barrail range of hills, eight and nine thousand feet high, where they constructed a fresh series of fortifications; but after two months' obstinate maintenance of their fortresses, hunger prevailed, and the chiefs came in one by one, and offered to give up their arms as an acknowledgment of their submission.

On March 31st, 1960, a telegram was sent from Calcutta to the effect that 'all the Naga chiefs have now submitted to the British, and the operations against them have consequently ceased.' Considering the facility with which the Nagas could obtain arms and ammunition through Burmah, and their numbers and activity, the European officers in that district deserve much credit for having succeeded in suppressing the rebellion within six months, when not more than six hundred men have been hitherto spared for that service. Without the co-operation of the Manipuris, who, five years ago, would have sided with the Nagas against the Empress of India, it would hardly have been possible for them even to have maintained their ground; and the Naga chiefs had bound themselves with an oath never again to allow a European to live in their province.

BEPPO'S ESCAPE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IN the early summer of 1879, I was working hard to make up for the time spent during the merry winter in dancing, riding, charade-playing, sight-seeing, and all the thousand-and-one distractions which make it so difficult for an artist, not absolutely compelled to keep the wolf from the door by the use of his pencil, to 'buckle-to' in Rome. I had orders also from obliging friends for two or three paintings in the style I have adopted for my own—small pictures of priests, bishops, cardinals, and other ecclesiastics in their habits as they live.

I was almost alone in Rome; for in June, artists of all nationalities were off to country-sketching; and visitors had departed to the mountains or to England, months ago. I, however, stayed bravely on, in my somewhat shabby rooms, on the fourth piano of a large house in the Via Margutta, working at a picture I intended to call 'Meditation'—a Monsignore in a violet robe, with the red pipings and buttons which make those garments

so effective. I was trying to catch the attitude of Monsignore, just between meditation and slumber, and had placed him on a *loggia*, with a hazy summer view between the pillars of the balustrade before him, with his breviary sliding from between the fingers of one hand, while the other was outstretched on the arm of his chair. It was tiresome; the day was hot, and I could do nothing satisfactorily; so I laid aside my brushes, and thought I would write some letters. Going to fetch my desk from the little den of a bedroom which adjoined my studio, my eye fell on a novel I had thrown down when going to bed the night before. I thought I would finish it; and flinging myself on the bed, I plunged into the woes and ways of the hero and heroine, which soothed me so completely that I fell into a delicious slumber.

I was awakened by the opening of the door which led from the passage into my bedroom, and raising myself, beheld the head of my *padrona* peering cautiously in. On seeing me, she stepped quickly into the room, and said she had come to see if my ewer wanted water. I told her 'no,' and she departed. I sat up, and wondered at this unwonted attention on the part of my landlady, who as often as not left my bedroom for days untended, unless brought to a sense of her neglect by my remonstrances; and also I felt surprised at the look of anxiety which I had certainly seen on her face when she put her head round the doorpost before seeing me. I knew her to be honest as the day, and I believed that she really liked her lodger. She was a widow, with two sons, Beppo and Paolo. Paolo was the one about whom she most frequently discoursed. 'A good lad,' she said, 'and servant to a gentleman in Lombardy.' The other, Beppo, she generally mentioned with a sigh and a shake of the head, usually calling him *poorvino*, and once or twice she had seemed on the point of telling me more about him. I only knew, however, that he had at one time been a 'model' at the Life Academy in Rome, where he was much esteemed for his handsome face, and specially for a glory of soft, curly, dark-brown hair which surrounded his head. On inquiring if he could sit for me, I was told, that he had now gone to Naples; but what his occupation was, I knew not.

I went back to my studio, and speedily forgot my *padrona*, in another attempt at the Cardinal's drapery, which gave me trouble, great trouble; for owing to an accident it had sustained, I had been obliged to send the body, one arm, and the legs of my lay-figure, to be mended. I had called many times at old Greffio's, to ask for my wooden beauty; and each time had been put off with excuses, promises, and '*psicenzas*' without end; so, it was no easy work to dress up a Cardinal with only the head and one arm of my figure; and all my efforts with rugs, bolster, umbrellas, and sticks, were unavailing.

Two days passed, in which I worked a little, dawdled a great deal, read, wrote, and went out of doors as usual. Yet I could not help noticing that Chiara, my landlady, wore a look of care, and that she was very much more constant in her visits to my rooms. She found, it seemed to me, endless errands calling her thither. I asked her one day, when she was restlessly dusting, or pretending to dust, my furniture, if anything had

disturbed her peace, or if she had any trouble. She disclaimed the idea with much vehemence, and rushed into a stream of talk about 'Paolo,' which made me quickly dismiss her, tired of her son's praises.

The nights were hot, dreadfully hot, and I was worried by sounds behind my bed, for which I could not account. I thought of rats; only the noises were not the usual 'skurry-scurries' of those animals, but sounded like some heavy creature trying to move softly. I said one morning to my landlady: 'What is behind the head of my tent-bed? Is it the wall of the house, or another room, or what?'

She looked alarmed, and replied: 'Signor, I know not. Perhaps a cupboard in the next house comes by the wall there. If the Signor looks at his own room, he will see a cupboard on the other side of the stove; perhaps they have one like it next door.'

'Oh, well,' said I, 'I do wish they would not move things about in it at night.'

Either I slept better, or the noises ceased, for during the next two nights I was undisturbed. On the third day, I was working in my studio, when Chiara rushed in with a telegram in her hand, and a face of great distress. Her Paolo, her boy, had been thrown from his master's carriage and hurt—seriously, she feared; and the telegram summoned her at once to Milan. Poor Chiara! her distress was pitiful. She wept, she invoked all the saints to behold her misfortunes; and she seemed so bewildered and distracted, that it required some time and much patience before I could persuade her that if she meant to go to Milan, she must lose no time in starting, as the slow morning train would leave in little more than an hour. To my surprise, she said she intended going by the quick train, leaving at one o'clock; by which she hoped to return on the next day but one, at about the same time, so as to be at home again after an absence of forty-eight hours only. This puzzled me, as not only are Italians so thrifty by nature, that to pay at all for travelling is a trial to them; but to go by an express train instead of a slow one, would seem to the ordinary Roman mind little less than a sin, as, there being no third class, the difference in price would be something like twelve francs on the two journeys. I could not account, either, for her determination to return so soon, and hinted that Paolo might be too ill for her to leave him, which suggestion made her look positively agonised.

However, she departed, to her packing as I supposed; and though I heard her for some time afterwards fussing about a good deal in my bedroom, I only saw her again for a minute when she came to say 'good-bye.' I asked her if I could do anything for her; for the poor soul's distress touched me; and for a moment she looked on the point of making a request, but changed her mind, and went away.

This was Thursday. On Saturday by mid-day, she hoped to be back; till that time, I should be left to attend on myself. I worked hard till dinner-time, and was only at the café an hour, as I had important letters to write. My correspondence took me till nearly midnight, when I turned in, hoping for slumber, but in vain. I passed a wretched night, and did not fall asleep

till after five o'clock. Friday passed as usual, except that I was more in the studio. I had given up the Monsignore for the present, and was finishing a sketch of a flower-girl, to send to England to a cousin of mine, whose husband, Jack Goddard, would leave Rome for London in a day or two, and take with him his young sister, who had been spending many months in Italy, and whom he had come to fetch. The evening I spent at the open-air theatre in Trastevere, so I did not reach my lodging till late; in fact, it was two o'clock before I could make up my mind to leave the lovely night and betake myself to my tent-bed.

Again the noises close to me began, and I could distinctly hear cautious sounds as of groping and moving, and once, something that sounded like a groan. I could endure it no more. Jumping out of bed, I pulled up the heavy blind, to let in the daylight, and dragged my flimsy couch away from the wall. Apparently, there was nothing to reward my search. The wall-paper, shabby enough, was in an unbroken piece from a kind of dado mark about five feet up, above which the walls were distempered. I knocked, however, and presently pressing my ear against the wall, asked: 'Is any one there?' I listened, and certainly heard a kind of stifled groan. Then I said: 'There is some one in hiding. I shall make a hole in the wall, if I get no answer;' and to emphasise my speech, I began to batter with a stout stick. This brought a hoarse but very distinct whisper, which seemed to come from about the level of my knee, entreating me 'to be silent, and imploring for a single drop of water, for the love of the Holy Virgin.'

Here was a worry! I, a peaceable Englishman, was to be mixed up in some abominable manner with these confounded Italians and their skulking ways. The fellow behind my bed, whatever sort of desperado he was, whether political, social, financial, or natural, would throw himself on my mercy. I should have to conceal and befriend him, and the like. However, reflection would not serve my turn; the poor wretch was there, and in piteous accents he continued to demand, in the name of all the saints in the calendar, for 'but one drop of water.'

'Who are you?' said I; 'and how am I to get you out?'

The weak voice replied: 'I am Beppo, Chiara's son. If you put your fingers under the right-hand corner of the paper here, nearest the stove, and raise the wood, you will touch a little spring, and the door will move.'

I obeyed the directions; and after some raising, pressing, and pulling, the side of the wall up to the dado-line turned outwards, nearly knocking me over; but so quietly, that it was evident the hinges must have been well oiled and the joints considerably used of late. This revealed a quantity of rude lath-and-plaster-work immediately under the dado-line; and down at the bottom, not more than three feet high, was a little cupboard; and there, like a beast in a lair, crouched a figure, with hair of the wildest, and face of the most pinched, pathetic, and despairing expression I had ever seen; and with such eyes! Large, widely distended, with dark rims and long lashes, they looked unnatural; but a glance showed me how striking a feature they would be in their normal state, and I recognised, even in this plight,

the handsome model from the Academy of whom I had been told.

'Why, Beppo,' said I, 'how came you here?'

'Ah, Signor,' he groaned out in reply, 'I am of all men the most wretched, the most miserable. But I die, so it matters not.' As I dragged him out of his hole, the poor fellow fainted, and for some time I thought his words were literally true, and that he was dead. But I lifted him from the floor, and replacing the false wall, which was only like a rude screen, but fastened with careful clasps and hinges, I pushed back my little bed, placed him upon it, and used every means I could think of to revive him. After about an hour, my efforts were rewarded by seeing him able to sit up and slowly drink some mild Chianti wine mixed with a quantity of water, and able also to swallow a few morsels of bread soaked in the same.

I became wonderfully interested in my patient during this time; his obedience, gentleness, and a kind of shrinking humility which betrayed itself in every word and gesture, together with an unmistakable look of extreme terror at any, even the slightest sound for which he did not see a cause, filled my soul with pity. He soon entreated me to let him go back to his den; but this I could not do; and while I made some coffee, I succeeded in soothing his fears sufficiently to allow me to go into the neighbouring street for rolls and butter for breakfast, he the while imploring that I should only bring enough food for one person, or his presence would certainly be discovered. I determined that the 'one' should have a first-rate appetite; and I never remember enjoying any meal more than I did the coffee, cherries, and bread-and-butter I shared with the terror-stricken lad, whose grief for some cause unknown to me, and gratitude at the trifles I had done for him, by turns almost choked him.

Breakfast over, and Beppo somewhat calmer, I succeeded in persuading him to tell me what had brought him into such straits. His tale was certainly a curious and interesting one, told as he told it, in flowery soft Italian, spoken with singular refinement and purity, and with the rapid expressive gesticulation of the Neapolitans he had lately been amongst. He had had a tolerable education; and being very handsome—having a 'picture-face,' as he put it—he found many friends, and was specially liked amongst the best class of artists in Rome, getting well paid as a model at several good studios, and having besides a regular evening engagement at the Life Academy. Unfortunately, the facility with which he made acquaintances was not equalled by the discretion with which he chose them; and some two or three years before our meeting, he had formed a close alliance with a youth who appeared to him extremely fascinating, but who was a prominent member of one of those miserable secret societies which are the chief bane of Italy; and this one appeared to be more than usually of the 'death and destruction' sort. Beppo had been drawn on and on, till he was appointed one of the officers or chiefs of this society, and had to execute the decrees of the 'Supreme Three,' whom he mentioned with extremest awe.

One of these decrees having recently enacted that he should assassinate an old General in Naples, whose only sins appeared to be that he was strongly conservative and a great martinet, he had gone thither for the purpose of obeying his instructions.

His intentions, however, had been frustrated by the prayers and entreaties of a girl to whom he was passionately attached, whose suspicions had been roused by seeing him in Naples. She was a daughter of the landress to the General's family, and a flower-seller on the Chiaja; and having a strong affection for the General and all his family, on account of his and his wife's great kindness to her little brother and sister at a time when there was fever in the house and starvation at the door, she had watched over them with an Italian's devotion, and knowing how much the General was disliked, had feared he might fall a victim to a stab in the dark.

The unwonted presence of Beppo in Naples, the knowledge that he was connected with one of the secret societies, and his gloomy and preoccupied behaviour, had alarmed her. She spent hours in exhorting and entreating him not to have this sin on his soul; declaring that she would denounce him, if the life of the General were attempted either now or later, and finally refusing to see or speak with him for a week. This last had overcome Beppo. To be in the same city, to breathe the same air, but to have no sign of the presence of his innamorata was intolerable. He wrote to tell her that for one hour of her society he would forfeit his soul, his life, and would give up his project. They met; and in spite of his despairing gloom, Nanina refused to believe any harm would happen to him, declared death did not always follow disobedience to the 'Supreme Three,' and insisted on his fleeing to Rome on the very night on which the assassination was to have taken place, assuring him that she would speedily follow, and they would leave Italy in safety together.

CHAPTER II.

After hearing Beppo's tale, my sorrow for the poor, terror-haunted, weak-minded lad was only equalled by my extreme bewilderment as to what was to be done with him. There he could not stay. He said he knew, and I believed, that the wonderful 'Three' would certainly make search after their recalcitrant disciple, and a terrible result might follow. Meanwhile, I could think of nothing better than putting him back in his den; and going myself into the studio, to have a turn at my picture for Jack Goddard, I lazily finished up the head of the flower-girl, and placed it on a shelf to dry, when my eyes fell on the unhappy figure I had been attempting to rig up the day before with the bits of my wooden beauty, and the rugs, &c. A happy thought struck me. Why shouldn't Beppo sit to me? I could dress him up as the Cardinal, and no one would dream of interfering with my model. No sooner thought than done! I placed him in my chair of state, where he quickly made himself up in the cleverest way possible. Declaring that he durst not pose as a man, he struck a perfectly wooden attitude; and I was surprised and pleased with the ingenuity with which he made a great display of the one hand and head belonging to my wooden model, and the angularity he threw into his own limbs. Tiring as his position was, he found it, he said, preferable to that in the cupboard; and his long practice as model served to make it less intoler-

able to him. I sat and painted, trying to devise all manner of expedients for the safety of the poor lad, and wondering what Chiara would say and do when she found he was discovered.

Beppo told me that communications were rather slow in his Society, which did not seem to be a very powerful or notable one, and he thought he might exist in Italy for one week after the date of the day on which he ought, as he phrased it, 'to have executed the decrees;' but by that time he felt sure he would be hunted down and assassinated. He seemed to take it quite for granted that there was no resisting the wonderful 'Three.' I, however, did not see it in the same light, and I used my best endeavours to put more pluck and spirit into the poor lad. I painted on till one o'clock, and was about to put up my brushes and take a siesta, when I was interrupted by the entrance of Chiara, looking much heated, and, to my delight, not recognising anything strange in my model.

'How goes it with Paolo?' said I; for Chiara, after a brief greeting, was making for my bedroom door.

'Oh, well! excellently, Signor,' replied she, not pausing in her walk.

I let her go, and waited for the exclamations I knew would follow. In two minutes she came back, her face as white as her apron, and trembling so that she could hardly speak. I could not let her endure the suspense, so I said, laughing: 'Ah, Chiara, your bird is flown.'

She clasped her hands, exclaiming: 'Signor, tell me! How did you discover him? Where is he?'

'Beppo, tell your mother,' said I; and, to the good woman's astonishment, my model began his tale. The exclamations and the embraces that followed, will be readily imagined; and when the pair were calmer, I persuaded Chiara to consider what should be done with her foolish boy. I asked: 'Will he go to England?'

'Certainly,' replied his mother for him, 'if there he will be safe.'

I then assured her that if he could get a situation in a family, he would be quite safe in our beloved isle. And the happy thought occurred to me of asking Jack Goddard to take him in for a time. He was a thoroughly good-natured fellow. His wife, I knew, had a predilection for foreigners, and a dash of romance in her composition, which would not make it displeasing to her to receive and hide a runaway of this sort. She might perhaps find a place for him amongst some of her numerous friends and acquaintances. I expected Jack in the afternoon to fetch his picture, as he was to leave on Monday, and I determined to appeal to him. This settled, Chiara left us; and I painted on till three o'clock, when I sent Beppo to his den, and took my delayed siesta.

At half-past four we were at work again; and at five, Jack and his sister arrived. After due examination and approbation of the flower-girl, Jack turned to the picture of the Monsignore on the easel; and Emily admired it immensely, saying, 'how difficult it must be to paint a person from that thing,' pointing to my model. This made me laugh. I opened the Monsignore's robe, showed poor Beppo, and told his piteous tale. Great was Jack's interest in it; and he and Emily determined

at once that they would take Beppo with them, as if there were no difficulties of any kind in the way.

'But,' said I, 'your passports might be asked for. You have them, I suppose?'

'Well,' answered Jack, 'I have an old thing which has been my companion for years; but it is never asked for now.'

'Ten to one,' replied I, 'if you don't want to produce it, an inquiry will be made for it.'

'Anyhow, here it is,' said Jack. From an inner pocket he brought out a well-worn leather case, and from it gingerly took a battered paper with many *visas*, and in a very bad state of preservation. It had travelled with him for ten years, and had seen much service.

'This won't do,' said I, after an examination. 'It is made out for you, your wife, and her maid; and here you have your sister and a young man in tow.'

'Oh, bother it!' ejaculated Goddard; 'I had forgotten all about that. But Emily will do for my wife.'

'Well,' said I; 'but Beppo will not do for the "maid,"'

'No, by Jove!' laughed Jack, glancing at Beppo's bush of hair and swarthy face. 'Here's a fix.'

'Wait a moment,' put in Emily. 'We start at dusk, and are going to have a sleeping-car. I don't see why Beppo shouldn't be dressed up in an ulster, with hat and veil and a woman's wig. Then our party would answer the description in the passport. He is slim enough for a girl, and not much too tall.'

'Bravo, Emmie!' said Jack. And after further consultation, it was arranged that Beppo should join them at the station the next evening at seven, being first metamorphosed into a lady's-maid. Emily was to bring the things to me. Chiara, having been called into the council, was delighted, and promised to arrange about the hair-dressing; Emily lending an ulster, hat, and veil, and sundry et ceteras, such as the skirt of a dress, and ribbon, necktie, collar, and gloves.

Beppo took very little part in the talk. When it was in English, he did not of course understand it; and when in Italian, he acquiesced in all arrangements; but appeared to think it hopeless they would be of any avail to save him from his fate.

At seven, Beppo went back to his hiding-place, and I betook myself out to dine, not returning till bedtime. I could not sleep for thinking of the poor lad so uncomfortably cramped up behind my bed, so I got up and begged him to come out and stretch himself on the floor. This, however, he refused to do, and the weary hours dragged on somehow. After breakfast, Beppo said he should like to sit to me again; he seemed to feel safer in that pose than in his den; and accordingly, although it was Sunday, I was soon painting away vigorously.

At eleven, the door was opened suddenly; and Chiara, with the whitest and most despairing of faces, rushed in exclaiming: 'Signor, we are lost! They are coming here to search. Nanina has sent a friend to warn me; they will be here immediately.'

Beppo groaned.

'Well,' said I, 'never mind; let them come.

They will search, of course. But look—look at my model; would, could they think it was a man there?—Silence!' I went on, for she was beginning to cry hysterically. 'Everything,' I continued, 'depends on you. When they come, be much surprised, of course. Say, you know nothing of Beppo; but that they can go over all your rooms, if the English gentleman will allow. Then come and ask me. But mind—if you weep or tremble, Beppo is dead!'

This exhortation had a good effect; for Chiara seemed to collect herself, and departed with a firm step.

'Now, Beppo,' said I, 'you are of wood, and you must not breathe.'

Beppo made no answer, and certainly looked most wooden.

Half an hour passed, the longest, I think, I ever spent. Then came sounds of footsteps and talking in the passage. Presently, the steps and voices came through the anteroom; then a pause outside my door, and a knock.

'Come in,' said I; and Chiara appeared, looking quite correctly surprised, indignant, and injured, in fact, acting her part to perfection; and saying in the most respectful manner to me: 'Signor, these gentlemen think I have a criminal in hiding—my poor son, whom God protect!' she added piously. 'They want to walk round your rooms, to look if any one is concealed. They say they will not hurt anything.'

I looked duly astonished; said I 'could not understand how any one could be in my rooms without my knowledge; but that, of course, the gentlemen could look if they pleased, provided they did not disturb me, as I was busy.'

Then the search began. They were four; a most peculiar-looking set of creatures, quite unlike the popular idea of conspirators. Two were fair, of German appearance, with spectacles; one dark and fat; the fourth was an evil-looking old man with gray hair, and eyes like a ferret. They peered into every corner, dragged out tables, displaced chairs, looked under the bed, in the cupboard which did duty for my wardrobe, and even sounded the wall in places; but never came near my model, or moved the bed. I painted on, my heart beating loudly; and my hand, I fancied, shaking visibly. Chiara stood, one hand on her hip, and a look of scorn and injury on her handsome features. By-and-by, the search was over. The four slowly and disappointedly walked away; the little gray-haired man turning back to say spitefully to Chiara: 'Listen! If he were hidden in the earth or the ocean, we should find him; and we *shall*!' he hissed in her ear, as he turned to go.

Chiara shrugged her shoulders. 'As God wills,' she said, and shut the door.

I listened for the retreating footsteps, and then watched from the window till I saw all four issue from the house. They did not leave together; all walked singly, and went different ways, as I could see from my post of vantage. I turned from the window, and said cheerily: 'Now, Beppo, all is easy; to-night you are free.'

For answer, poor Beppo and his heap of clothes slid down on the floor, he in a dead-faint, from which it took time to recover him.

When Chiara had at length succeeded in restoring him, the mother and son had a most melan-

choly conversation, both being persuaded that the vigilance of the 'Three'—of whom the horrid little gray-haired man was one—would not be eluded in the end, and that they would probably return in an hour or two, with fresh information as to the hiding-place.

The rest of the day did not therefore pass cheerfully. I feared lest old Greffio should return my lay-figure; he was fond of bringing his work home on a Sunday. If the conspirators should return, the presence of two such articles would certainly excite suspicion. However, slowly as the time went, it did go; and six o'clock arrived, and with it Jack Goddard and his bright little sister. Chiara meanwhile had fastened a very ugly wig on the boy, which altered him completely. When Emily had put on the skirt, and arranged the cloak, hat, and other small articles of feminine attire, Beppo was certainly disguised beyond recognition. Jack good-naturedly folded up the lad's coat with his own wraps, and stuffed his soft hat into his valise. I confess I was glad when Chiara's parting words were said and her last kiss given. I accompanied the trio to the station, and left them comfortably ensconced in the sleeping-carriage Jack had engaged. I enjoyed my dinner that evening, and slept as I had not done for a week.

Early the next morning, Greffio sent my lay-figure. As a precaution, I rigged it up, and set to work with my painting, thinking that, should the search-party return, it would be better they found all as on the visit of yesterday. It was well I did so. In the course of the forenoon, the door was flung open, and the little gray-haired man, followed by two satellites, rushed in, and without a word of preface or apology, his eyes flashing with spite and rage, dashed furiously across the room, and flung himself on my Cardinal. I saw the gleam of a dagger, heard a savage exclamation of *A morte, traditore!* and then, gray-haired man, lay-figure, chair, and properties were a mingled heap on the floor; for the vicious dagger-thrust which had been intended to execute summary judgment on poor Beppo, had fallen harmless on the wooden breast of my lay-figure!

The scene was so utterly comical, that even the attendant conspirators could not refrain from joining in my hearty peals of laughter, though at the expense of their mortified chief, who, slowly extricating himself from the ruin he had made, ruefully examined his dagger, which was broken at the point, from its encounter with the stern bosom of my wooden image.

'Well, sir,' I exclaimed, 'what apology have you to offer for this conduct? You will have to explain it to one of the gendarmes;' and forthwith I poked my head from the window, shouting 'Police!' Useless, of course, as I knew it would be; for the three men disappeared with lightning rapidity; and it would have been in vain for me to follow them. Besides this, as they were foiled, and Beppo safe, I was glad to let the matter rest where it was. Chiara, of course, had a great deal to say, and her gratitude became somewhat oppressive.

I soon left Rome for England; and am often amused when I go to Goddard's, with the recollection of Beppo's adventure. He has settled down into a steady, useful man-servant; and the terror which for a time haunted him, that even in

London he was not safe from the awful 'Three,' has worn off. Nanina will soon join him, and they propose to set up a lodging-house near the Goddards. May they thrive and prosper!

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

THE winds upon the wave are sleeping,
And softly murmureth the sea;
The stars in heaven's blue canopy,
With the bright moon, their watch are keeping.

And by that light so calmly dipping
Beneath the bridge, between the piers,
I see the glittering spars, and spears
Of sail, close-reefed, upon the shipping.

I mark the boatman, late and lonely,
In silence feathering his sculls,
Glide slowly past the distant hulls,
That look like giant shadows only.

And from the darkness of the city,
As from a weary heart, doth come
The wail of a regretful hum,
That wakes an answering sigh of pity.

For cold with care, a child of sorrow
Kneels down to meet the cruel wave;
Alack! it were a peaceful grave,
It were a lovable to-morrow!

Poor heart! to weep when all the heaven
Is glistening in the joy of light;
Poor heart! to sorrow most at night,
When care and sorrow are forgiven.

And now a hand in anguish dashes
Away a clod of tears that time
The fair white light of heaven, and fringe
The drooping border of her lash.

Anon a hand is raised above her,
And in sad melody, a prayer
Goes upward—up the altar stair,
For maiden frail and faithless lover.

The lights beside the water shiver,
The sails close-reefed shake on the mast,
As slowly, slowly goeth past
A sweet white face adown the river.

In tangled mass the hair is streaming,
That lately curled in pride of love,
The sightless eyes are fixed above,
Wide open, blind to moonlight beaming.

And cast adrift and unforgiven,
Ye say that soul will be at last,
That love is lost, that heaven will blast:
Ah! nought know ye of love or heaven.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

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BILLS OF SALE.

Get your coat according to your cloth, is an exploded maxim; the rule now is to have your coat cut according to your fancy, out of somebody else's cloth, and pay for it by instalments. To trade on other people's capital is the modern commercial method; and borrowing, the order of the day. A newly enfranchised nation celebrates its independence by creating a national debt; every city and town with any pretension to importance borrows largely on its rates; landlords add mortgage to mortgage; shopkeepers raise cash upon their credit-bought stock-in-trade; and straitened householders provide themselves with funds by giving what are termed Bills of Sale upon their household goods.

The last-mentioned method of borrowing—well described as a system of artificial credit, springing out of the repeal of the laws in restraint of usury—has developed to a pernicious extent during the last few years. Prior to 1878, a bill of sale did not protect the property covered from the claims of bankruptcy creditors. In that year, however, parliament saw fit to alter the law, and put the holder of a bill of sale—or, in other words, the party who has lent money to the needy householder—in a position to defy all creditors except the landlord. Doubtless, the alteration was made with the very best intentions; but it would seem to be open to question, since the Lord Chancellor has found it expedient to ask the judges and registrars of the County Courts in England and Wales for information 'concerning the recent operation of bills of sale, especially under the Act of 1878.'

Of the seventy-eight officials responding to the appeal, one declined to express any opinion on the matter, and twelve declared themselves satisfied with the working of the Act. The remaining sixty-five pronounced more or less emphatically against it, some unhesitatingly asserting that the law as it stands favours the perpetration of rogeries, and directly encourages fraud. By its means, says one, conspiring men have defeated

justice and fair-dealing by fictitious transactions, supported on the testimony of those who, having had the ingenuity to conceive the plot, have had the daring on oath to support the transaction. Another pronounces almost all bills of sale given by traders to be fraudulent preferences to defeat the recovery of legitimate debts. 'It is a common practice,' says a third, 'for a dishonest debtor to give a friendly bill of sale, and register it, and keep possession of all the goods covered by the bill of sale, and then recklessly run into debt, knowing that he is protected from execution by the bill of sale; and thus holding himself out to the world and to tradesmen as a man of substance, living in a well-appointed house, whilst he has, in fact, placed himself beyond the power of a creditor to enforce payment of any debt, however improperly contracted.'

How swindling is encouraged by this measure is shown by the Huddersfield Registrar. J—W— came into that town as Manager of a branch of a Life Assurance Office. He took a large residence, obtained goods from tradesmen in Huddersfield and elsewhere, furnished his house splendidly, upon credit, and when the last suite of furniture was delivered, gave an auctioneer a bill of sale over the whole. Then he departed, carrying with him fifteen hundred pounds' worth of portable property. What he left behind him was claimed by the holder of the bill of sale; and there being no assets wherewith to contest that document's validity, the creditors never recovered a single penny; while many of them had saddled themselves with policies in the office for which the cheat was agent.

Perhaps the worst result of the Act of 1878 is the enormous increase it has caused in the number of advertising money-lenders, who ply their usurious trade 'to the serious hurt of the poor and illiterate,' and the ruin of nearly all who fall into their clutches. We have counted thirty of these advertisements in one issue of a London morning paper, all of the same pattern, whether emanating from loan-mongers trading in their own or an assumed name, or under the more

imposing guise of Discount Companies, Loan Associations, and Advance Banks, 'National' or 'Imperial.' The traps are all baited alike, with offers of prompt advances on reasonable terms to borrowers of either sex, on mortgage of furniture, farming-stock, implements, and stock-in-trade, without removal, sureties, fees, or publicity. How freely these gentry interpret their own language, was shown by one of the fraternity under cross-examination swearing that when he advertised that the strictest secrecy was observed regarding all transactions, he meant that no information was given to other money-lenders; the registering of a bill of sale, and its publication in *Stubbs' Gazette* and other circulars, being, in his opinion, no violation of the promised secrecy.

The interest required, and exacted, by these money-lenders, ought to put even the neediest on their guard. Thinking to raise money without any one but himself and the lender being the wiser, a tradesman borrowed a hundred pounds, by bill of sale, from an advertising firm at Nottingham, for which he undertook to pay a hundred and fifty-two pounds, in instalments running over two years. Finding the transaction published in the trade circulars, he desired to pay back the hundred pounds, with a fair addition for the very temporary accommodation, and received the following reply: 'DEAR SIR—Since you were here on Monday last, I have laid the matter before my principals, and they have decided not to depart from their general rule of not allowing any deduction whatever on receiving payment of the amount due on your bill of sale; and they desired me to convey to you their decision. We should be glad to hand over to you the bill of sale upon payment of one hundred and fifty-two pounds; or we should willingly execute a transfer or assignment of the bill of sale to any one who may pay off the same, which transfer or assignment would not require to be re-registered.'

How promise is kept in other respects, we have official testimony. The Sunderland Registrar deposes that there are three features of money-lenders' bills of sale deserving especial notice—an exorbitant rate of interest, from twenty per cent. upwards; the addition of interest to principal, by way of bonus for the advance—the whole sum being made payable by a given number of instalments, and the interest being calculated accordingly—if default is made in any instalment, the whole amount becoming due immediately; and a power of sale so drawn as to be made available on the most frivolous pretexts, and practically at the option of the lender. One of these precious documents, issued by a money-lender in one of the largest manufacturing towns in the north of England, provides that in the event of the borrower becoming a bankrupt, filing a petition for liquidation of his affairs, making deficit in the payment of instalments, or when the mortgagee shall in his own discretion consider the security in any way

liable to be endangered, prejudiced, or disputed—he shall be empowered, without previous notice or demand, to take possession of the property covered by the bill of sale, and sell it forthwith.

Under the above conditions, a farmer borrowed a hundred and sixty pounds, to which eighty pounds was added as 'bonus;' and within three months saw all his effects swept away.—In another instance, we find the borrower giving a bill of sale for eighty pounds, in return for an advance of forty-six pounds six shillings and sixpence.—A milliner obtained a loan of a hundred and thirty-five pounds, and duly paid the first five instalments. Five days before the sixth became due, she tendered the amount to the lender, who refused to accept it then. When the proper time for payment came, the milliner was unprovided with the money; and the following day her property was seized, and would have been sold within a week, had not Vice-Chancellor Malins granted an injunction to restrain the money-lender proceeding to extremities.—A tradesman gave a bill of sale for a hundred pounds, to cover the advance of seventy pounds, with thirty pounds added for interest and expenses; made repayable in weekly instalments of two pounds; failing to pay the second instalment when due, a man was put in possession; and he had to pay a hundred and six pounds to get rid of the bailiff and enjoy his own again, the use of seventy pounds for two months costing him thirty-six pounds.—Mr B—, a woollen-spinner, borrowed eighty pounds of 'an old established firm of Manchester accountants,' on a bill of sale assigning property worth a hundred and eighty pounds, to secure the payment of a hundred and twenty pounds, by quarterly instalments of fifteen pounds. Omitting to pay the first instalment, the next day Mr B— was visited by three men, one of whom took possession of his household furniture, and the others of the contents of his mill. The day after, 'the agent of the bill of sale claimed nine pounds seventeen shillings for costs; which was paid, with five pounds three shillings on account of principal; and in five days a further sum—making a total of a hundred and thirty-six pounds sixteen shillings for a loan of eighty pounds for thirteen weeks.' The money-lenders concerned in the above transactions were not exceptionally extortionate, for a County Court judge writes: 'In almost every case which has come before me on a bill of sale given to professional money-lenders or money-lending societies, the borrower has been cruelly oppressed and defrauded.'

No prey is too petty for these home-wrecking harpies. 'G— W— of Huddersfield, and W— T— of the same place as surety, borrowed of M— the sum of five pounds, upon the security of a bill of sale of W—'s furniture, on the terms of paying five shillings a week for twenty-eight consecutive weeks. By the bill of sale—which was not registered or explained by a solicitor—it was declared that, notwithstanding the proviso for redemption, it should be lawful for the mortgagee at any time after execution of the deed to take possession of the said property, and retain possession of the same until the sum of seven pounds was paid. And in case of default,

it should be lawful for the mortgagee to take possession, and sell, and repay himself all costs, charges, and expenses; the surplus, if any, to be paid to the mortgager. Only four pounds fifteen shillings was advanced. The principal, W—, having made default, the grantee seized the furniture, and sold it; and having received four pounds in money from the grantor, claimed to hold the proceeds of the furniture for the balance and for the expenses. The matter was compromised out of court.

The loan-monger threatens to become to the artisan what the tallyman is to the artisan's wife. It is quite a common thing now for working-men to borrow sums of two pounds and upwards upon bills of sale, enabling the grantee to take everything his debtor possesses, not excepting his bedding, clothing, and tools. 'In this County Court district,' writes the Tredegar Registrar, 'containing a population of some seventy to eighty thousand, the bulk of which are the working classes, these bills of sale have proved a curse, inasmuch as the unscrupulous lenders push their trade to that extent by thrusting the money, at small amounts, and in nearly every instance under five pounds, on them and their wives and families, with garbled tales and fanciful inducements and promises.' The Registrar of the County Court, East Stonehouse, tells the Lord Chancellor that if he could but see a tithe of the misery caused by these instruments, he would indeed pity the poor. 'Labourers, plasterers, pensioners at a shilling a day, churwomen, and such-like, are often the grantors; and if your Lordship could look through the last year's list of bills of sale registered in this locality, you would be surprised; but that would still leave you entirely uninformed as to the non-registered ones.'

That these gentlemen have not exaggerated the state of affairs, is proved conclusively by the Return, recently published, of the Bills of Sale given in England and Wales between the years 1875 and 1880. In the first-named year, but thirty-six bills of sale were granted for amounts of less than ten pounds; while in 1880, the number reached eight thousand eight hundred and seventy-two. From 1876 to 1878, the issue of bills of sale grew from fourteen thousand two hundred and twenty-eight to nineteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six. Then the Bills of Sale Act of 1878 came into operation; and the borrowings upon these instruments rose from two millions seven hundred and sixty thousand and ninety-four pounds, to five millions two hundred and fifty-three thousand two hundred and ninety-one pounds; the number of bills increasing by more than twenty-seven thousand. Of fifty-four thousand two hundred and thirty-two bills of sale given in England and Wales in 1880—416 were for amounts above one thousand pounds; 766 were under one thousand pounds; 3038 under five hundred pounds; 4652 under two hundred pounds; 7183 under one hundred pounds; 15,327 under fifty pounds; 13,978 under twenty pounds; and, as above stated, 8872 under ten pounds. This gives a total of four millions three hundred and thirty-three thousand nine hundred and fourteen pounds! Though the foregoing number is a large one, it is much within the mark, the Return compiled by Messrs Blackham & Co. putting the number of bills of sale issued in 1880 at 56,828.

With such facts before us, and considering the widespread misery they entail, it would be well if the entire system were made the subject of legislative revision.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER I.—MR PRYOR MAKES HIS REPORT.

'I HAVE succeeded, Mr Oakley, succeeded more quickly than I had thought possible, in obtaining information,' said Mr Pryor, of the Private Inquiry Office, in Northumberland Street, Strand.

Bertram had again called upon him, in compliance with a note which he had received; and in the meantime, important events had taken place. Mr Walter Denham, after remands, and energetic protests, and worthy demurrers, well contrived by his pain-taking solicitors and the eminent counsel whom they had persuaded to exhibit their forensic powers in the cramped arena of a police court, had been fairly committed for trial. The prisoner, by his own ingenuity and the aid of his legal advisers, had fought a good fight, disputing every inch of ground, every coin of vantage, in the teeth of crushing proofs. But at last he was committed for trial; Crawley, as Queen's Evidence, being the mainstay of the prosecution, and of course being assured of the immunity which attends such minnows of crime as bear witness against the Tritons. At Southampton, a new Assistant Manager filled Bertram's former place, to the discontent of the rough wrights, who growled that their young favourite's promotion had deprived them of a man who knew by instinct how to manage men. At Blackwall, mighty projects, due to the fertile brain of Bertram Oakley, and approved by the keen intellect of Mr Mervyn, were being carried into execution, with unsparing cost and toil. For marine construction, iron was to replace lumbering wood, steel to replace iron; steam was made to do, in time-saving, what sails had never done; and wherever British bunting flies, a new impetus was to be imparted to the ocean commerce that is the healthy lifeblood of the world. The expense of all this was very great, the risk considerable; but without expense and without risk, no heavy crops can be reaped by sea or land. Already the City Article of the cautious *Times* itself prognosticated for Messrs Mervyn, Lynn, and Oakley a colossal success.

And here was Bertram in the Northumberland Street Office, anxious, pale, watchful of Mr Pryor's inscrutable face, as the sharp-featured, crook-backed dwarf surveyed him with sidelong glances. It was a peculiarity of the Private Inquirer that he was loath to part with the information he had painfully acquired. He doled it out drop by drop, as some druggist of the Middle Ages might have dispensed minims of some noble elixir ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus.

'Mr Pryor, tell me one thing—are my parents alive and well?' asked Bertram eagerly.

'All in good time,' was the ambiguous answer. 'I only beg, I only plead, to tell my story from the beginning.' And Mr Pryor shuffled the papers on the desk before him, as if they were a pack of cards, and after clearing his throat, proceeded:

'I have given very great attention to this

inquiry, Mr Oakley, I can assure you—very great. It has been quite a pet case with me, perhaps because it is so very different from the commissions usually intrusted to me. We have to do so constantly with the darker side of our common humanity, sir, that— Well! I am glad to be reminded that there is such a thing as a silver lining to the cloud. I have taken pains to put these matters into good hands. A man of education—university M.A.—did the Gloucestershire part. My correspondents, Ward and Schuyler, of Chicago, United States, undertook the American department. All things in order,' added Mr Pryor softly, consulting his papers, and then went on: 'You were born, Mr Oakley, at a village, picturesque in its way, called Whitethorn, a few miles out of Gloucester. Whitethorn stands on the declivity of a spur of the hills that traverse the county, and overlooks the Severn. Naturally,' repeated Mr Pryor, 'standing high, it overlooks the Severn'—

'But my father and mother'—Bertram began again.

'All in good time,' said the Private Inquirer, with a deprecatory yave of his outspread fingers. 'Well, sir, your forefathers dwelt, evidently, for many generations in that hamlet. That is proved by the crumbling tombstones among the yews of the churchyard; and by the parish register, very perfect, and in which the name of Oakley constantly occurs, since the time when, in the reign of Henry VIII., Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and keeper of the Seals and the king's conscience, first invented registers. Well,' pursued Mr Pryor glibly, 'the exact antecedents of your immediate ancestors, Mr Oakley, were, I need not say, a little difficult to disentangle from the confused scraps of oral tradition, which my highly educated emissary could pick up. These yeomen families, land-owners, perhaps, in one generation, tenant-farmers in another, and then possibly artisans, have perplexing ups and downs in the world. Your grandfather, sir, undoubtedly farmed a bit of hill-land—Oakley's Piece, they call it to this day—which had perhaps been freehold once; and his only son, Richard, who was perhaps not robust enough for agriculture, was a master-carpenter in Whitethorn village. He married. A son was born. And then came the emigration to America, the shipwreck, and his own rescue and that of his wife by a passing vessel. Thus your parents reached the New World.'

'But then'—said Bertram, eager to learn more.

'That,' Mr Pryor replied, 'was the really difficult part of our inquiry. People change about so much in the United States, that the Oldest Inhabitant of a township may be perhaps a mere carpet-bagger. If any one in America can scent out a lost individual, Ward and Schuyler are the men; but even they were at fault for some time. No clue, you see. Nothing to guide them. At last—in Missouri it was, in Jackson City—they did hear of a Mr Richard Oakley that had set up some saw-mills, and was formerly considered as a thriving citizen. But, if fortunes are easy come by in the New World, Mr Oakley, they are easy lost. The river—the Mad Missouri, they call it—in one of its sudden floods, that carry down buildings, and grain, and timber, like straws upon the muddy tide—washed away your father's mills and

stock, and turned him into a poor man again. Thence, with great trouble, we traced him into Kansas, and afterwards to Colorado, then a wild, half-settled Territory, ranged by buffalo herds and Indian bands, but where a white man, with industry and luck'—Mr Pryor left off speaking, and fidgeted with the papers before him. Bertram watched him attentively, and augured little good from his evident unwillingness to speak. 'Mr Oakley,' he said suddenly, 'it goes against me, but I must tell the truth. Industry your father had; luck he had not. He settled in Colorado, at a place called Honeyville. There, every evil that could befall a settler, short of being scalped by his savage neighbours, seems to have beset him. The locusts swept his maize-fields as bare as a thrashing-floor; the Indians stampeded his cattle; fever, ague, famine, decimated the settlement; and eight years ago, your father, mother, and a young sister born to them in America, were laid to rest beneath a blazed sapling, in the desolate prairie, with a rude inscription to commemorate the names. Honeyville is a town of twenty thousand people now, I am told, a wealthy mining locality, with hotels, and theatres, and newspaper offices where once log-huts stood; but the prosperity, for those whose memory is dear to you, came too late, sir.'

'It did indeed, and mine as well,' answered Bertram, as he hid his face and wept.

CHAPTER XL.—AT THE BAR.

There was a crush of eager sightseers in the Central Criminal Court, for was not Walter Denham, Esq., long known—so the London papers averred—in the artistic circles of the capital as a distinguished virtuoso, to be put on his trial? Elegantly dressed, outwardly calm, the mark of all eyes, the accused took his place in the dock. He preserved his well-bred composure, contemplating the robed and bewigged judges, 'a terrible show,' as Gay's highwayman hero in the *Beggars' Opera* styled them, the 'twelve men in a box,' who compose the palladium of our liberties, the unnecessary array of horse-hair-wearing counsel, the police, the tipstaves, and the spectators, with stoical unconcern. The only eyes from which his seemed to shrink were those of Bertram Oakley, fraught as they were with sad reproach. For the rest, the lover of Art manifested an almost insolent indifference.

The trial began. The Attorney-general, with two colleagues learned in the law—Bagster, Q.C., and a young Mr Mellish—were for the Crown. For the prisoner, very eminent legal assistance had been obtained. Mr Serjeant Silvertongue was a host in himself. He was thought, as many orators are, better for juries than for judges; but the acquittals he had obtained, in defiance of hostile summing-up, were his chief title to the confidence of admiring attorneys. This champion did not stand alone. 'With him,' as the technical phrase is, were Firk, Q.C., Mr Quillet of the Midland Circuit, and a shy, corpulent, middle-aged man, who wore his unaccustomed wig askew, and kept in the background, but who was nevertheless the celebrated barrister Mr Briggs, one of those chamber counsel who really know the law concerning which others merely wrangle.

Sir Richard Sharpe, the Attorney-general of

that period, a hard-hitting man, in and out of parliament, smiled as he surveyed the imposing aspect of the defence. 'Finesse won't do,' he whispered to Mr Bagster, 'when there's a good hand with trumps in it.'

Sir Richard opened the case for the prosecution. He did his duty well and in masterly fashion, using the moral scalpel, so to speak, as unsparingly as ever did surgeon employ the keen-edged steel, and laying bare, stroke after stroke, the ugly inner man which lurked beneath the plausible outside of Mr Walter Denham. There were no flourishes, no attempt at display; but in a cold, passionless way the portrait was traced, the history of the crime made coherent and clear, every statement clenched, as a workman drives home a nail by steady hammer-strokes; no exaggeration anywhere, but merely the exhibition, before heaven and earth, of a bad, artful, heartless man, who, for the meanest of motives, had been guilty of the basest of deeds.

While this scathing philippic went on, every eye in the assemblage eagerly turned to see how the prisoner bore it. Surely he must cower and shrink, under that cruel hail-storm of accusing words, as men recoil from the fiery rain of red-hot cinders, and the blighting glare of the molten lava! But no! With serene, almost disdainful indifference, Uncle Walter listened to the worst that Sir Richard could find to say of him, and remained as apparently unmoved as though he had been a theatrical critic, and the Attorney-general a tragedian on whose performance he was presently to pronounce a professional opinion. When the great lawyer sat down, an all but unanimous verdict of 'Guilty' would have been returned by the throng of spectators in court.

Then young Mr Mellish, the hard-working junior on the Crown side, rose and proposed that the deposition of Nathaniel Lee, deceased, should be 'put in.' Mr Quillet, for the defence, objected. He was there on purpose, if he could, to put a spoke in the wheel of the car of Justice. There was a passage-of-arms between the two learned gentlemen. Firk, Q.C., struck in for the prisoner; while steady Mr Bagster, also in silken gown, came to the help of nervous Mr Mellish. The Bench overruled the objection, and the dying statement of the adventurer was read aloud. You might almost have heard a watch tick, so breathless, so intent, were those who listened greedily to its revelations. The audience seemed indeed to be all ear.

Serjeant Silvertongue and his auxiliaries were not the men to allow this written testimony, this voice from the dead, to pass unquestioned; and so, not having been strong enough to prevent the reading of this important document, they bestirred themselves to destroy, or at anyrate to mitigate its effect. It would be labour lost—Serjeant Silvertongue felt that—to attempt to talk the jury into oblivion of the salient features of Nat Lee's deposition, taken down in the Accident Ward of St Bartholomew's Hospital. The leader for the defence knew the length of the British juryman's foot—so the attorneys who competed for the honour of retaining him were wont to boast—remarkably well. These nice points of law, vexatious to the audience, a weariness to the box, are to the Bench what technicalities of music, cricket, chess are to a select few. Some judges love precedent so

much, that it is only necessary to remind them how Lord Bagwig blundered, or Baron Crankey affirmed perverse propositions, when George III. was king, to bring about reservations, arguments before Courts of Appeal, reversals, and immunity. There was a long tussle, wearisome to the audience, Greek and Hebrew to the junior bar, but full of interest to some tough old seniors, and to their Lordships, no doubt. Firk, Q.C.; and Quillet of the Midland Circuit, did their very best, aided tacitly by Mr Briggs, who kept watch, and pencilled from time to time a few words on a slip of paper, that was passed up to the bewigged gentleman on his feet. No fee, were it half the fortune of a Cræsus, would have induced that eminent chamber counsel, Mr Briggs, to speak. His was the unobtrusive part of prompter in the drama then going on; but after each of his promptings, there came a rustle of robes, and a bending of one judicial head towards another, and a suppressed murmur, and a consultation of books, and a scratching of pens on 'notes,' so called, and then a solemn ruling of the Court.

'Call Henry Crawley!'

Mr Crawley did not need much summoning, but soon exhibited his broad figure, his pasty complexion, and shaggy red eyebrows, in the witness-box. There was a stir of delight among the spectators at this exciting moment, for here was a villain confessed, come to purchase liberty by the betrayal of another villain. His examination in chief was straightforward enough. Crawley's story was substantially that which Nat Lee, on his deathbed, had already told. Queen's Evidence though he was, Sir Richard questioned him gently, almost respectfully. The Attorney-general treated this tolerated knave as old Izak Walton advised us to handle a frog used for pike-fishing, tenderly, lovingly. In a shamefaced way, but clearly enough, Crawley told all. He had forged the will, when once Nat Lee's mechanical ingenuity had conquered the resistance of the lock which secured the safe. The will, produced in court, found at Crawley's lodgings at Notting Hill, was the true will of Mr Robert Denham, the Dulchester banker. It gave the bulk of the property to the eldest son, Dr Denham. The witnesses to the will were yet alive. They had been produced in court. It was worth nobody's while to badger, bait, or annoy those two old gentlemen from Dulchester. Of the contents of the will which they had witnessed they knew no more than we do of the foundation-stone that may underlie the Great Pyramid of King Cheops of Egypt. But they did know that Mr Denham, the banker, had spoken with unswerving esteem of his elder son William, 'who will have plenty, when I am gone,' and had made scanty and disparaging mention of extravagant and idle Walter.

Then Mr Serjeant Silvertongue nodded to Firk, Q.C., and that gentleman, learned in the law, rose to cross-examine Henry Crawley. Firk was good at witnesses. He set to, in a business-like way, at the dissection of this witness.

But Mr Firk, Q.C., found in Crawley a dogged customer. Even old Serjeant Browbeat, that terrible gowmsman, at whose feet Mr Firk had studied when he addicted himself to Old Bailey practice, could not have made much of Henry Crawley, brought to bay. The people who can really be bullied are the nervous men, the timid

recluses, the dishonest men with something to conceal, the vain, reticent women. Where there is a weak spot, Browbeat's disciples can find it out; just as, two hundred years ago, Master Matthew Hopkins the witchfinder, with his probing pins and hot irons, made matters uncomfortable for suspected sorceresses.

But Crawley bore the cross-examination unharmed; just as a favoured person, eight hundred years earlier, walked blindfold among red-hot ploughshares, or grasped the heated ball of the fiery ordeal in a soaped palm. 'Your school nickname, Mr Crawley, was Judas!' said the cross-examining counsel severely. 'You were brought up, Mr Crawley, at the Southampton Police Court, on another charge than this?' 'You subscribed to charitable institutions, and taught in Sunday-schools, I believe, sir?' Every hit told; but, such as the man was, his story hung well together, and it was corroborated by much extraneous evidence.

Firk, Q.C., toiled hard; but though he blackened Crawley, though he showed that vile reptile in his true colours, he did not whiten Mr Walter Denham in the smallest degree.

'It all depends on Silvertongue; he may talk them into it,' said old *nisi prius* heroes of the wig and gown, as the court adjourned for luncheon.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

FANTASTIC FRIENDSHIPS.—PART I.

ANIMALS frequently form attachments as whimsical as those formed by men. Why they do so, is one of those curious problems of nature not yet solved. Many of the friendships formed between animals of opposite dispositions and kinds spring out of the instinct of gregariousness, most creatures having a greater dislike to loneliness than even the generality of human beings have. If they cannot obtain a companion of their own kind, they will attach themselves to one of any species that may present itself. Some of their most remarkable and steadfast friendships have been made with human beings. Dogs, and most domestic animals, naturally attach themselves to the people with whom they are brought up and live, and who are frequently the only creatures they have any opportunity of associating with. Many animals, again, naturally conceive a partiality for those who feed or tend them; others entertain gratitude or reverence for those who have done them some kindness. But after all this has been taken into account, there still remain numberless well-authenticated, though not to be readily explained, instances of intense attachments, manifested by non-domestic creatures for human beings.

These curious attachments have been recorded and commented upon from a very early period. Pliny, among other instances, refers to a philosopher named Lacydes who had a goose which took so strong a fancy to him, that it would never leave him day or night, unless removed by force. The goose was his companion wherever he went, follow-

ing him through the public streets, and always striving to be with him indoors. This constancy seemed to the philosopher to be inspired by some religious feelings; he, therefore, carefully tended his strange friend while it lived, and when it died, bestowed upon it a magnificent funeral. Many similar stories of the fidelity of geese towards men are known, but, unfortunately, they have not often been so happy in their termination. The tale told by Bishop Stanley of the old blind woman in Germany who was led to church every Sunday by a gander, is well known; but not so are numerous other anecdotes of the love shown by these birds for human beings. Bishop Stanley, for example, relates how one of a flock of geese suddenly deserted its natural companions, and, for no apparent reason, attached itself to its master, a Cheshire farmer, and followed him everywhere, like a dog. Through the busy streets the faithful creature followed the farmer, as well as about the farm; when he held the plough, the goose marched sedately before him, with firm step and head erect; turning sharply when the furrow was completed, and fixing its eyes intently upon its beloved master, as if to ask his guidance. When the day's work was done, the devoted bird would follow the farmer home, enter the house, and at eventide, as he sat by the fire, would mount his lap, nestle in his bosom, and preen his hair with its beak, as it was wont to do its own feathers. When the farmer went shooting, still the goose would follow him, 'getting over the fences,' to use the man's own words, 'as well as I could myself.' And all this without encouragement, and indeed in spite of persistent discouragement, from its master, who, ultimately, taking into his foolish head a superstitious fear that the bird's strange friendship foreboded ill, inhumanely killed the faithful servitor.

Although, frequently, there is no known cause for geese thus attaching themselves to men, at other times their affection is evidently prompted by gratitude. Buffon records the intense love manifested for him by a young gander which he had rescued from the spite of an older bird. Whenever the naturalist went for a stroll into the woods adjoining his own property, the gander was sure to accompany him, and would follow him for hours in his rambles without any signs of fatigue. Eventually, this close attendance of the faithful bird became somewhat troublesome, as the poor creature persisted in following its master everywhere, to church, to the houses of friends, and so forth. 'On one occasion,' says Buffon, 'it heard me talking in the rector's upper room; and as it found the front door open, it entered, climbed up-stairs, and marching into the room, gave a loud exclamation of joy, to the no slight astonishment of the family.'

Another remarkable instance of gratitude in a goose appeared in the provincial press some years ago. An old bird, of surly habits, living in the neighbourhood of Clysthydon, was in the habit of following and attacking every person that passed. One day it tumbled into a deep, narrow drain, whence it was not able to get out again. A labourer passing by discovered the gander in this situation, and compassionately drew it out.

From that time forth, the grateful bird followed its deliverer about like a dog, and allowed him to handle it in any way he liked; but, singular to relate, to every one else it remained as spiteful as ever. Many similar stories of the goose's attachment to certain individuals are known, one of the most often alluded to being that of 'the Elgin goose,' of which it is remarked that change of dress made no difference in its power of distinguishing its noble master the Earl, for in whatever attire he appeared, the bird recognised him; and whenever he spoke to it, responded with an expressive cry of satisfaction.

But the bird so unjustly slandered as 'silly' is not the only feathered creature that adopts human beings as objects of affection. Old Burton, in his delightfully quaint *Anatomy of Melancholy*, alludes to several instances of such things; citing the case of a crane in Majorca that loved a Spaniard, and would walk any distance with him, and in his absence, seek everywhere for him, knocked at his door that he might hear her, and when he took his last farewell, furnished herself. In her *Recollections*, Lady Clementina Davies tells of a clever parrot placed in her charge by its owner, Lady Aldborough, when she went abroad. The bird became greatly attached to Lady Davies, and when, on its proprietor's return, it had to be restored, grew so melancholy that it was feared it would die. Lady Davies was requested, therefore, to come and visit it. Entering the room with a thick veil over her face, the pining bird recognised her in an instant, and tried to fly across the room to her; but was either so weak, or so overpowered with joy, that it fell insensibly at her feet. She lifted it up; and, directly it was restored, it began chattering to her in an excited manner, confusing together all its little songs and chatter. It manifested such intense delight at seeing its beloved friend once more, that Lady Aldborough was unable to refrain from giving the bird to her, fearing it might otherwise pine away and die.

In his *Two Years in Victoria*, Howitt gives an interesting account of the fondness displayed by an Australian stork for a man. This bird, known as the 'companion,' probably on account of its sociable habits, forms strong attachments for people. There was one at a store on the Bendigo, says Mr Howitt, running about the diggings, and though often, apparently, in jeopardy from the huge dogs that hunted it, it would not go away. Its great attraction was a stockman, whom it followed about on his rounds. When he came out of his abode in the morning, the bird began to leap and flap its wings and run round him, making the most extraordinary cries; it would then make great jumps, as high as the man's head, cutting the oddest figure with its long legs, its flapping wings, and its gaping beak. The stockman would then say to it: 'Come along, mate; let us go to the horses;' when it would leave off its capering and cries, and walk along soberly by his side. When the man went up to a horse on one side, the bird would go up to it on the other, to stop it; but if the horse offered to come towards it, it hopped away nimbly, and sought protection by the man. Wherever its human companion went, there was the bird to be seen, stalking along at his side.

But a fondness for human companionship is

restricted to neither birds nor domestic animals; the fiercest and apparently least tamable of beasts sometimes showing this unaccountable preference for man. An ancient author cited by Burton remarks, that notwithstanding the many instances of such attachments which he had heard of, he declined to believe them, for fear it should be said he gave credit to fables, until he saw a lynx, that he had received from Africa, so affected towards one of his men that he could no longer doubt. 'When my man was present,' he remarks, 'the beast would use many notable enticements and pleasant motions; and when he was going, hold him back, and look after him when he was gone, very sad in his absence, but most joyful when he returned; and when my man went from me, the beast expressed his love with continual sickness, and after he had pined away some few days, died.'

There are several well-authenticated tales of lions and other members of the cat family having put off this natural savageness when in the society of certain favoured individuals. Without reverting to the time-worn story told by Aulus Gellius, of the slave who was recognised and fawned upon in the arena—where he had been placed for destruction—by a grateful lion whose wounded leg he had formerly cured, numerous anecdotes are available of friendship between *homo* and *felis*. Edmund Kean the tragedian had a puma, or 'American lion,' as it is styled, which was much attached to him, and followed him like a dog. Of the domestic cat, almost as many records of the staunchest affection might be related as of the dog itself. Captain Stables, in his work on *Cats*, furnishes some noteworthy instances; and in the pages of this *Journal* other representative anecdotes have been given. An account of a cat which displays intense and unaccountable partiality for a certain boy in one of our great public schools, was recently brought under our own notice. The boys of a particular ward, to the number of about thirty, sleep in a row of beds, side by side. Every morning, when it is about time to get up, the cat belonging to the ward finds its way to its favourite boy, who is not known to have done anything to propitiate it, jumps on to his bed, nestles down by his side, and purring and caressing, endeavours in every possible way to manifest its affection for him. One day, owing to some alteration of the beds, it jumped on to the wrong one; and when the occupant attempted to stroke it, it became enraged, scratched him, and flew off to its favourite boy. Madame Helvetius had a cat which would not allow any one but its mistress to feed or caress it, and which never attempted to molest the birds which she kept. When its darling mistress died, the poor animal was removed from the room; but the next morning it found its way back, and was discovered on her bed, crying piteously. After the funeral, it was missed, and ultimately was discovered on her grave, dead of grief.

It has been frequently averred that wolves are not tamable, and yet there are several instances known where they have exhibited as great attachment to man as any dog could. In the *Biographia Hibernica*, an affecting anecdote of such a friendship is recounted. A large tame wolf that had been brought up from a cub on board ship, was particularly attached to a certain lieutenant. A violent storm overtook the vessel, and its

destruction appeared certain. The poor animal was sensible of the danger, and whilst its howling was most piteous, it could not be driven from the side of its friend. When the ship broke up, both the officer and the wolf got on to a mast, but were several times washed off, yet again and again, by helping each other, contrived to regain their frail hold. At last the man became benumbed, and so, although they had drifted to within no great distance from the shore, finding that he was unable to support himself any longer, he gave a farewell look and probably an endearing word to his vulpine friend, which loosened its hold on the mast, and claspings its forepaws round its master's neck, they sank together.

An almost equally affecting story of a wolf's affection for a man is told by F. Cuvier. The animal had been brought up like a puppy, and continued with its owner until full grown, when it was presented to the menagerie at Paris. For several weeks it was so disconsolate at the separation from its master, who had been obliged to travel, and so persistently declined food, that it was feared it would die. Eventually, however, its grief moderated, it took its food, and was supposed to have forgotten its former owner. But at the expiration of eighteen months, the master returned; the wolf recognised his voice amid the crowd in the gardens, and upon being released from confinement, bounded towards him, exhibiting violent joy. Again separated from its master, the faithful creature was once more afflicted as on the former occasion, until, after an absence of three years, the object of its affection revisited the gardens. It was evening, and the wolf's den had been shut up for the night; but the instant the man's voice was audible, the poor animal began to utter such anxious cries, that the door of its cage was opened, when it darted towards its friend, leaped upon him, and caressed him, and threatened the keepers, when they attempted to separate them. When its old master finally left it, the animal became ill, refused all food, and although it recovered after a long time, it grew fierce, and resented the familiarities of all strangers. After having once given its affection, it seemed to scorn any further objects of friendship.

That bears can be tamed and domesticated, is well known, and that they often take a liking for those who are kind to them, is no strange thing. In his *Animal Kingdom*, Mr Samuel Goodrich, the American author, tells a curious anecdote of a bear cub which a New Hampshire boy had found and taken home with him. The animal became as docile as a dog, following its youthful friend wherever he went, and even accompanying him every day to school. The distrust which the boy's school-fellows at first had for so singular a companion, gradually wore off, and they became accustomed to feed it from the bags in which they took their meals to school. At the end of two years, the bear wandered into the woods, and could not be discovered. Four years elapsed, and the school passed into other hands, and was attended by a new generation of pupils. One cold winter day, the door of the school having been inadvertently left open, the mistress and her scholars were horrified by the entrance of a large bear. Unable to make their exit by the door, the affrighted woman and children retreated as far into the corners as they could, whilst Master

Bruin, in no way aggressive, warmed himself at the fire. After a while, he turned his attention to the scholars' provision bags and baskets, apparently well remembering where they had been kept. Standing on his hind-feet, he put his paws into the suspended bags, and leisurely satisfied himself with their contents. He then tried the schoolmistress's desk, where some provisions had formerly been kept; but finding it locked, he went to the fire for another warm, and then went off. An alarm was quickly raised, and the young men of the village started after the bear with their guns. His footmarks in the snow were visible; so he was speedily overtaken and shot, when, to their grief, some of the pursuers discovered that they had slain the friend and playmate of their bygone school-days.

Many anecdotes of the fondness shown by elephants for those who have done them any kindness, or for children placed in their charge, are well known; whilst the records of the intense and unselfish love displayed by dogs for certain persons have already filled volumes. 'The dejection of the dog,' says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, 'when his master is in affliction, his feverish anxiety when he is ill, his fury when he is struck by a foe or operated on by a surgeon, his fond efforts at consolation at sight of his tears, and his demonstrations of ecstasy at his restoration to health and cheerfulness, are all facts equally familiar and affecting.' After remarking that an attached dog loves us almost like a fond mother, the reviewer proceeds to cite the following characteristic instance of canine affection, from the *Animal World*: 'A lady was seriously ill, and confined to her bedroom, to which her favourite dog was rarely granted entrance. The servants of the lady daily made beef-tea for her, and threw the meat, after the juice had been extracted, to the dog. Apparently, the animal came to the conclusion that his dear mistress was being starved, or at all events, that his piece of meat would do her good. Waiting a favourable opportunity, he stole into her room with the beef in his mouth; and when she awoke, she found it deposited, as an offering of affection, on her pillow.'

DIAMOND ROBBERIES AT THE DIGGINGS.

In the early days of the Cape Diamond Fields, the strict honesty of the community was proverbial; and considering the rough lot congregated together, it was marvellous. The first diamond diggings thrown open to the rush of Cape Colonists were situated on the banks of the Vaal River, about thirty miles from the now celebrated Kimberley. This was in the early part of 1870. At the River Diggings, as they were called, the luck of those who toiled from 'morn till dewy eve' under circumstances of the greatest hardship, and all the various vicissitudes of digging-life, with fever and often death, was varied. Few came out of the turmoil rich, and many worse off than before they left their comfortable homes in the Colony. Good strokes of luck were therefore few and far between; and when a lucky digger extracted a gem of more than the average size, the whole camp became aware of the fact by the digger firing a gun. Then a general rush was

made to the lucky one's claim; and the diamond—sometimes a very large one—would be handed round amongst the crowd of banditti-looking faces, for inspection and valuation. The lucky one would be too busy answering questions from numerous inquirers to notice the whereabouts of his gem; probably it was a hundred yards away by this time, on the outskirts of the large and increasing crowd. Nevertheless, at the words, 'Fork over the stone,' back it would come to the lucky owner, who never in the interim betrayed the least anxiety about it.

Such was the honesty of the River Diggings. But it was too much to expect that such a delightful Utopian state of social perfection could last long. Nor did it. The news of diamond discoveries in South Africa soon reached America, England, and other places, the result of which was that there was soon a constant stream of people, of a questionable class, flowing into South Africa. Old diggers from California and Australia, low blackguards from the purlieus of Whitechapel, runaway sailors, deserters from the army, and any number of the lower class of Jews—these, with a good sprinkling of foreigners, some good and some bad, settled down to try their hands at acquiring a fortune. If it was not to be had the one way, it must be had the other. About this time, the Dry Diggings were opened up, and soon New Rush (now Kimberley) contained about forty thousand inhabitants; and a rough lot they were.

Diamond-dealing had by this time become one of the principal callings of a number of the residents of the camps at the Dry Diggings. The finds had increased to an inordinate extent; and it was not until several banks had been established, which kindly allowed the use of their safes to their customers, that a diamond-dealer had any safer place to deposit his property than in his pocket by day and under his pillow by night.

When a man sleeps in a small canvas tent, and sometimes has as much as three or four thousand pounds' worth of rough diamonds under his pillow or mattress, it was hardly to be wondered at that, now and then, a trial would be made to effect a change in the ownership of valuables, a thousand pounds' worth of which could be easily carried in one's waistcoat pocket. The writer at that time dealt largely in rough diamonds; and it was often on his awakening in the morning that he, with fear and trembling, lifted his pillow, not without some doubts as to the safety of his property. Continual fear of robbery had so accustomed him to alertness, that a footstep a hundred yards off would wake him from a deep sleep; and then with grasped revolver—which was always handy—he would sit up in bed, listening through the darkness, expecting each moment to hear the cat-like footstep and then the gentle ripping of the canvas close to the bed—that might serve to let a man's hand through. If the victim was a heavy sleeper, this plan was often successful. The tents were very small; and even were the bed placed in the centre of the tent, an arm of ordinary length would easily reach the sleeper's pillow, and noiselessly abstract the pocket-book containing the treasure.

It was, however, but seldom that this plan of action met with success. The slightest noise inside the tent gave the thief an idea he was waited for,

and he withdrew quicker than he came, fearing a chance revolver bullet. This 'groping,' as it was called, once, and only once, resulted in the capture of the 'gropers.' It was very cleverly done. A diamond broker one night was awakened out of a heavy sleep by feeling a hand passing over his face. He at once realised his position, and waited breathlessly, as may be imagined, until he felt the hand under his pillow. Luckily, his diamonds were not there; but the owner of the hand seemed by his persistent search to be of a contrary opinion. The broker soon made up his mind to capture the thief. But how? All was darkness within the tent, and making 'a grab' in the dark was doubtful work. If the 'grab' failed, the hand and arm could be quickly withdrawn through the rent in the tent, and then capture would be out of the question. The broker's thoughts reverted to his revolver, which was lying ready cocked at his side; but he was a humane man, and did not like to have a fellow-creature's blood upon his head. However, he made a pounce at the place he considered the hand to be in, and was lucky enough, as he called it, 'to strike ile,' and secured a good firm hold of the thief's wrist. It was then a game of pull thief, pull broker; but the broker having two hands to the thief's one, he had the best of it. The broker's shouts quickly awoke his neighbours, who soon came to his assistance; and ultimately gave the would-be thief into custody.

An American named Marshall and his gang made the nights 'lively' for many who had valuables to lose. The use of chloroform was Marshall's own idea, and he carried out his idea with success. Saturated with chloroform, a small sponge on the end of a stick was thrust in, and held over or near the face of the sleeper. 'Groping' was then easy work, as the chances of the victim awakening were slight.

Highway robbery was, strange to say, very rare; and only two cases occurred, though the opportunities for it were frequent.

The great post-office diamond robbery of 1871 was one of the best-planned thefts ever perpetrated at the diggings. It was nearly a success, and the thief had almost escaped to England with his spoil. In fact, he was arrested on board the steamer at Cape Town just as it was leaving. The robbery had taken place two months before, and as the most strenuous endeavours of the New Rush police had resulted in nothing, the robbery was almost forgotten; and but for a slight accident, it would now be amongst the list of undiscovered crimes. The perpetrator of the robbery was a young man of good education and gentlemanly appearance, named Harvey, who emigrated to the Diamond Fields early in 1870. He worked long and toiled hard as a digger, but with no success. He had an honest name too; and it was a pity that when temptation came in his way, he did not manfully resist it. The carelessness of the New Rush postmaster was the cause of the robbery; and had that official exercised even an ordinary precaution in the care of diamonds under his charge, poor Harvey would not now be lying in a convict's grave. The New Rush post-office was merely a wooden shanty, and the postmaster was a genial fellow. On the arrival of the English mail, the small staff of sorters had enough to do. If you knew the postmaster well enough, you were welcome to go in and sort out your own letters.

You could either do this, or wait for your turn, which perhaps might be several hours. Harvey was one of the postmaster's friends, and was often seen availing himself of a friend's privilege. Consequently, he knew the ins and outs of the office, and saw the careless way that packets of rough diamonds were left in the postmaster's private office, prior to being sent away by post. It came out in evidence that he remonstrated with the postmaster as to his want of care, especially leaving the registered packets near a window which was generally open.

It so happened one day that several packets—about thirty-five thousand pounds in value—were registered for transmission to Cape Town and London. They were left as usual on a table waiting for entry and sealing in the register bag. The day was a very hot one, and the window was open as usual. The *Pig and Whistle* canteen was just opposite the post-office, and the postmaster was not adverse to tasting the liquor there, whenever invited by his many friends. On this afternoon, he went once too often. He swore he was not absent five minutes; but no matter how long or how short he was away, on his return the whole of the packets were missing!

Of course, the news spread like wild-fire, and soon there was a large crowd around the post-office. At first, the post-office officials were suspected; but as it was plain that there were none of them in the office at that time of the day, suspicion fell upon hundreds of others equally guiltless. All this time, the real perpetrator was carefully opening the packets and secreting his spoil in his tent, not one hundred yards from the post-office. The slightest breath of suspicion never fell upon him. Weeks passed, and still no clue could be found. Harvey's line of action was indeed clever; he neither excited suspicion by being too officious nor too apathetic on the matter. His whole object, however, was to leave New Rush without exciting more than usual remark. His luck had been bad, and his friends knew it. Although being in possession of an enormous amount of value, a small portion of which he could easily, and without exciting suspicion, have converted into cash, he very artfully borrowed from a friend as much as would pay his fare to Cape Town. There, he said, he would take a situation. He left the diggings unsuspected and unwatched; and, as has been already stated, arrived in Cape Town about two months after the robbery took place. He had a week to wait ere a steamer for England would leave, and here his caution relaxed somewhat. He put up at a first-class hotel, and though not in any way ostentatious, his being there caused some remark from those who had known him at New Rush.

But for a slight *contre-temps*, trivial in itself, Harvey would have been beyond pursuit in a few days. It so happened that on his voyage to the Cape he became acquainted with a fellow-passenger who was better supplied with money than himself. They were both bound for the diggings; but Harvey complained of not having sufficient cash to take him there from Cape Town. His friend, a Mr B—, generously advanced him one hundred pounds, which he promised to return as soon as he possibly could. With the one hundred pounds, Harvey started at once for New

Rush. B— remained in Cape Town for some months, and never saw or heard of Harvey or his hundred pounds until he met him—*en route* for England—in one of the Cape Town streets, about six hours before the steamer was to leave. It must first be mentioned, however, that B—, smarting under the treatment Harvey had given him with respect to the loan, had spoken of the matter to a friend of his, the Clerk of the Peace at Cape Town, and asked his advice if it were possible that criminal proceedings could be instituted in the matter. The debt being only recoverable by civil action, the Clerk of the Peace said he could not interfere, but that he would write to some one at New Rush who would act in the matter. B—, whose knowledge of civil and criminal law appeared to be rather hazy, went away perfectly satisfied at leaving the matter in the hands of his friend the Clerk of the Peace, who probably thought no more of it, or if he did, merely kept his promise by writing to his New Rush friend on the subject. When Harvey was accosted by B—, who tapped him on the shoulder, and said: 'You blackguard, I'll have you arrested,' it can well be imagined the effect those few words had upon him. He turned pale, and nearly fainted. 'Where is my hundred pounds?' demanded B—, holding Harvey by the collar.

'Oh, your hundred pounds,' said the trembling wretch, who now felt a little relieved at knowing it was not for something more he was wanted. 'O yes, my dear fellow; why, I've been looking for you. I'll pay you, old fellow; 'pon my honour, I will. I'm glad I've met you. Didn't know you were here. I would have been so sorry, had I left without seeing you.'

'Oh, that's all fine talk enough,' replied B—. 'Come, let me have the cash, if you have got it.'

'Got it?' said Harvey. 'Ay, and lots more. Look here, old fellow; I've been rather lucky lately—a good find, you know. Mum's the word, as I don't want it known. But as you were good to me when I wanted it, I'll not be mean with you now. I owe you a hundred pounds. Well, there it is; and here is another for interest;' and so saying, he placed two notes in the hand of B—, who was too surprised to say much more than: 'Thank you; I knew, after all, you were of the right sort,' &c. After renewing their friendship together at the bar of the nearest hotel, B— went his way elated.

Now, as luck would have it, the first man that B— met after leaving Harvey, was the Clerk of the Peace.

'Oh,' said B—, 'I'm so glad I have met you. Oblige by not troubling yourself further about that affair of mine—the hundred pounds Harvey owed me. He has just paid me; and the best of the joke is, he has given me a hundred pounds more as interest. Look; here are the notes. Ah! it's a good thing I met him before he left in the steamer to-day. But I should not mention it, as he told me not to say anything about it. Of course what I told you is in strict confidence.'

'Oh, of course,' replied the Clerk of the Peace. 'But where is he now?'

'Just gone into the *Masonic Hotel*. But what does it matter to you where he is now?'

'Oh, nothing. He leaves to-day, you say? I'm glad you have got your money back. But tell me this: did Harvey have any luck at New Rush?'

'Now, that's what I can't understand. It was only yesterday I met Darville, who told me that I might never expect to see a stiver of my money back, as Harvey had to borrow money to get away. Strange, eh?'

'Rather,' replied the Clerk of the Peace sententiously, but who seemed to be thinking of something else all the time.

It was clear that the Clerk's suspicions were aroused in some way, while B—'s were not. There was still a large reward offered by the Diamond Field authorities for the capture of the thief or thieves, and the astute Clerk of the Peace saw his way to a little 'business.' Anyhow, there were reasonable grounds for suspicion, and this was enough for him. So he immediately repaired to his office; and in his capacity as a justice of the peace, at once drew up a warrant to search Harvey's luggage; and placed the warrant in a few minutes in the hands of the police, who went on board the steamer before Harvey made his appearance there. The rest is soon told, as it is needless to add that the suspicions of the Clerk of the Peace were well founded. All the stolen diamonds were found artfully concealed in the barrels of two shot-guns and a rifle. Harvey was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment with hard labour. He died before the completion of his sentence.

There were two other robberies of diamonds connected with the post-office—one from the post-office itself. The perpetrator of this was never discovered. The other was from the post-cart while on its way to Cape Town after leaving Kimberley. A man named Barry, the proprietor of an inn on the banks of the Modder River, carried this out; but being arrested on suspicion, he at once confessed, and showed where he had buried the spoil. Marshall, the American before alluded to, laid a daring plan to systematically rob the post-carts, but an accomplice divulged it; and Marshall was arrested and convicted. Latterly, diamond merchants and others had procured thief-proof safes, so that would-be robbers could not so easily commit depredations as they did in the early days of the New Rush.

As a rule, the diamond-dealing community of Kimberley are honest, though temptations daily come in their way to act otherwise. When people are hourly in the habit of handling valuables, they gradually become careless, and so it was and is with the diamond brokers of Kimberley. Experience seems never to teach them. A Kimberley broker generally carries his diamonds in small paper parcels, about the size of Seidlitz-powder papers, or larger. When he starts on his business rounds in the morning, he has often fifteen or twenty of these in a wallet or large pocket-book. In showing his diamonds to his customers, it has often happened that he leaves a parcel on the table, and forgets to replace it in his book. Perhaps he discovers his loss soon—probably at the next office he shows his goods—but oftener not until he has to return his unsold parcels that afternoon. The writer remembers a diamond merchant once showing him two parcels of diamonds—about one thousand five hundred pounds in value—that had been forgotten by some careless broker. 'I don't know whom they belong to,' he said; 'but I suppose they will be claimed soon.'

They were claimed in a few minutes after by

a broker, who came rushing in, perspiring like a bull, and in his excitement, rudely turning over all the papers on the table, while scrutinizing for the parcels he had missed.

The merchant, with a calmness that was perfectly provoking to the broker, inquired what all this excitement meant.

'I have lost two parcels,' gasped the broker, as he fell exhausted into a chair. 'I can't find them. I can't tell where I left them. Good heavens, I'm a ruined man!' And to do him justice, he really looked it.

The merchant, after keeping the poor fellow on the rack of torture for a few minutes, 'to give him a lesson,' as he said, returned the parcels, but not before they had been properly described in every way.

The above kind of thing often happens. But it is with pleasure that the writer can assert that during his residence in Kimberley, which extended over six years, only two cases occurred in which mislaid parcels of diamonds were not returned to their rightful owners.

The Kimberley diamond trade is almost exclusively in the hands of Jews, whose characteristics as good business-men are proverbial. In making a bargain, they neither take nor give quarter; but in cases like the one just related—and not an isolated one either—their general honesty and straightforwardness cover them with credit.

CAPTAIN DESMOND'S DAUGHTER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

THOSE visits of Frank Avory to the house in Kensington Gardens were becoming dangerously sweet to Margaret Desmond. But they could not last for ever; the picture must be finished some time, and then the visits must come to an end. Life would seem more dull and cheerless than it had ever seemed before, when this one brief ray of sunshine, which had brightened it so pleasantly in passing, should be withdrawn.

One day Sir Theophilus Thorndale met Margaret on the stairs. 'Want some tidings of your nest-egg, perhaps?' he said.—'No? Well, I've some for you, at all events. It's getting on famously. I'm not forgetting to look after it, I can tell you. It will be a fine young chick by-and-by, if all goes on well. Small beginnings—You know the rest. Well, well. Good-day, good-day.'

Miss Desmond was never more surprised in her life than she was one morning about this time by the receipt of a letter bearing the Mardon-le-Willows post-mark. The address was in a writing unfamiliar to her; but on opening the letter, she found that the writer was none other than Frank Avory.

'DEAR MISS DESMOND,' wrote the young artist—'Having nothing very particular to do yesterday, I was suddenly seized by one of those unaccountable impulses to which I am liable at times, and to which I occasionally yield myself, without asking why or wherefore I should do so. The impulse on this occasion took the form of a longing to visit Mardon-le-Willows, the last place from which we have authentic tidings of my uncle having been seen alive. In coming down to this place I had no definite object in view, no expectation of being able to gather any fresh information,

no hope of being able to throw even one additional ray of light on the mystery that enshrouds my poor uncle's fate. Something, however, so strange, so utterly unlooked for, has come to my knowledge during the last few hours, that at present I scarcely know whether to place credence in it or not. My object in writing to you was not to tell you this, but to ask you whether you have by you any portrait or likeness of your father, and if so, whether you will kindly forward it to me by an early post to this place. The greatest care shall be taken of it, and it shall be returned into your hands on Friday next, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you, and of explaining to you fully my reasons for making what to you will probably seem a very strange request.—Meanwhile, dear Miss Desmond, believe me very sincerely yours,
FRANK AVORY.

A strange request truly, and so Margaret could not help thinking when she had read the letter through twice, the second time more carefully than the first. As it happened, she had a portrait of her father, taken some five years previously; and this she at once despatched by post to Mardon-Je-Willows. All that she could then do was to muse and wonder and curb her curiosity as well as she was able, till Friday should arrive. We may be very sure that Frank Avory's letter was not destroyed; rather was it treasured up as something that in a little while would be all that was left to remind her of an episode that would stand out brightly in her life from the dark days that had gone before it, as well as from those which would surely follow.

Friday brought Mr Avory at his usual hour, looking, or so Margaret fancied, a little more grave than common. The painting went on as usual till the little people were released from their enforced quietude, and went off to play at the opposite end of the big room. Then Frank gave into Margaret's hands the portrait she had sent him a few days previously, and thanked her for the loan of it.

'I hope it served the purpose for which you required it?' said Margaret.

'It did indeed—most fully, as I will presently explain to you. I have with me a portrait of my uncle. If you have any curiosity to see it, I will show it you.'

'I should like to see it very much indeed.'

Frank drew a carte-de-visite from his pocket and handed it to Margaret. It was the likeness of a thin-faced, bookish-looking man, with scanty gray hair, a very long upper lip, and no beard or moustache. 'Place the portrait of your father beside it,' said Frank. Margaret did so. 'Two very dissimilar-looking heads, are they not?' asked the painter; and Margaret at once admitted that they were.

The portrait of Captain Desmond depicted a handsome, bold-featured man, with a thick military moustache, and hair that was still plentiful, although not unsprinkled with gray. He seemed to look out at you with a smile, which some people might have called genial, while others would only have deemed it sarcastic. But whether the smile was a pleasant one, or the contrary, it was belied to some extent by the cold watchful look of the eyes, which seemed to follow you everywhere.

'It would scarcely be possible for any one to mistake one of them for the other,' said Frank gravely, as he put away his uncle's portrait. He rose, crossed to the window, looked out for a moment or two, and then went back to his chair. 'I have a very extraordinary narrative to relate to you, Miss Desmond, and I hardly know how to begin it,' he said.

Margaret's large serious eyes were fixed on his face; the fingers of one hand were interknit with those of the other. She did not speak, but waited to hear more.

'I have already told you how I was led by a sort of unaccountable impulse to go down to Mardon,' resumed Frank, 'and that I was without any definite view in making the journey in question. When I reached the little village, it was still early in the afternoon. I readily found the house where your father had resided. It was untenanted except by an old man and his wife, who take care of the premises. By-and-by I found myself in the churchyard on the hill. I looked for your father's grave, but could find no headstone or memorial of any kind to mark it out from the others. After that, I made my way down to the shore, and sat sketching for a couple of hours, by which time it became needful to think of finding the village inn and something to eat.'

'I was still some distance from the inn, when I came to a small old-fashioned red brick house, standing a little way back from the road in a pleasant garden. On the green gate which gave admittance to this tiny demesne was a brass plate with the words "Dr Bond" engraved on it; while in the garden was an elderly gentleman in a straw-hat, with his sleeves turned up, and a pair of shears in his hands, who was evidently none other than Dr Bond himself. The sight of the name on the brass plate brought at once to my mind the fact that Dr Bond was the practitioner who was called in to your father on the night of his death, in which case he was probably one of the last people who saw my uncle previously to his departure from Mardon. There could be no harm in putting a few questions to him.'

'I watched him for a minute or two without speaking; and then I opened the gate and entered the garden. "Dr Bond, I presume?" I said.

"That's me," he answered with a nod.

"Pardon the question," I said; "but were you not in the course of last April called in professionally to Larch Cottage, to see a gentleman there of the name of Captain Desmond?"

"Certainly I was," answered the doctor. "Very bad case. Nothing could be done. Past all the medical skill in the world."

"Did you, at the time you saw Captain Desmond, see also a friend of his, a gentleman who had arrived at the Cottage that evening on a short visit?"

"Of course I did. I remember him quite well, and very much put about he seemed by his friend's sudden illness. A Mr—Mr—really I forget the name."

"Mr Freshfield, was it not?" I suggested.

"That was it—Freshfield," he answered in a moment.

"You are perhaps aware," I said, "that Mr Freshfield left Larch Cottage the same evening, without waiting to hear the result of Captain

Desmond's illness, and that his intention was to return to London by the half-past ten train?"

"I don't know anything about the gentleman's intentions; but I believe I did hear, when I called again, that he was gone—that, however, was no concern of mine. But may I ask, young sir, the object of all these questions?"

"I am Mr Freshfield's nephew," I answered. "From the moment my uncle left Larch Cottage on the night of the 4th of April, he was never seen again by any of his friends. He never has been seen by them from that time to this. He disappeared as utterly as if the earth had swallowed him up."

"Dr Bond pushed up his spectacles and stared at me with his mouth agape. "A most extraordinary tale, young gentleman—most extraordinary!" he said.

"Although you only saw Mr Freshfield once and for a very short time," I said, "you would probably recognise him again if you were to see his portrait." With that, I put into the doctor's hands the likeness which I showed you a few minutes ago, Miss Desmond. Down came his spectacles as he took it between his thumb and finger. Then holding it so that the light of the setting sun shone full on it, and pursing up his lips with a critical air, he scrutinised it carefully.

"Bless my heart, young gentleman," he said presently, "there's a mistake somewhere! This is the likeness of Captain Desmond, the man who died; not of his friend, whom you spoke of just now; and a very good likeness too."

"For the moment, I was too surprised to make any reply. Then I said: "Pardon me, sir, for seeming to doubt the accuracy of your memory; but this is certainly the portrait, not of Captain Desmond, but of my uncle, Mr Freshfield. That is a point on which I cannot possibly be mistaken."

"Dr Bond grew very red in the face. "Tilly-willy! young sir," he exclaimed irascibly; "whether it's the likeness of your uncle or whether it isn't, I neither know nor care. All I say is, and I'll stick to it, that it's the likeness of the man who died at Larch Cottage one night last April.—But my dinner's getting cold, and I must go; and so good-evening to you."

"I went on my way to the inn like a dazed man. I knew not what to think, what to do. Later on in the evening, I wrote that note to you in which I asked you to send me your father's portrait, and decided not to leave Mardon till I should receive your reply. As soon as the portrait came to hand, I went to Dr Bond for the second time. "Will you oblige me by telling me whether you recognise this as the likeness of any one whom you have ever seen?" I said.

"He had scarcely set eyes on it before he said: "Ah, now I see that you have found out your mistake. This is the likeness of Captain Desmond's friend, the gentleman who went away the evening he died—Mr Freshfield, I think you called him."

"It was but the day before yesterday, Miss Desmond, that these words were said to me. I have nothing more to add. You now know as much as I know myself. That my uncle is dead, there seems little or no reason to doubt; but why he and Captain Desmond should have exchanged

names and identities, is a mystery which I confess myself utterly unable to fathom. Can you help me to a clue? Can you illumine my darkness with even the faintest glimmer of light?"

Margaret was sitting with blanched face and staring eyes. She had not interrupted Frank's narrative by a word. She started when he appealed to her thus directly, and tried to speak, but the words died away on her lips. Frank walked to the window, to give her time to recover herself. Presently she said: "What you have just told me, Mr Avory, surprises me as utterly as it can possibly have surprised you. It is a mystery to which I have not the faintest clue; it is something so utterly unaccountable, that I can scarcely credit that my ears have heard aright."

At this moment, Lady Thorndale entered the room, and presently Frank went. Never had Margaret longed for evening to come as she longed that afternoon, that she might be alone and have leisure to think.

Little sleep had Margaret Desmond that night. Her mind was a chaos of confused doubts and perplexed questionings. Again and again one question put itself before her with wearying persistency: Could it be possible that her father was still alive? She had long ago come to the conclusion that his appearance to her in the dead of night in her chamber at Larch Cottage was nothing more than the hallucination of an over-excited brain; but after what she had been told to-day, she could not help asking herself whether it might not in very truth have been her father himself whom she saw, and no mere figment of the imagination. But the more she thought over all that Frank Avory had told her, the more perplexed and confused she became. On one point only it seemed to her that her duty was clear: she must go to Dieppe and seek out Mrs Desmond, and demand from her so much of explanation as would satisfy Mr Avory with regard to his uncle's fate. Nothing less was due to him, after the discoveries he had already made; and if she could not obtain such an explanation for him, there was little doubt but he would seek it for himself.

The very fact of having decided on a definite course of action brought some comfort to her mind. As soon as breakfast was over, she sought five minutes' private interview with Lady Thorndale; after which she sat down and penned a brief note to Frank Avory, telling him where she was going, and what was the object she had in view.

Twenty-four hours later, Miss Desmond rang the bell of Madame Belot's boarding-house, No. 19 Rue de la Harpe, Dieppe. Two minutes later, she found herself in the presence of Madame Belot herself.

"Mademoiselle is probably a relative of Madame Desmond?" said the boarding-house keeper, as she glanced from Margaret's card to Margaret's face.

"I am Mrs Desmond's step-daughter. I have come all the way from London to see her. Is there any reason why I should not see her at once?"

"No reason at all, except that Madame Desmond is not here to be seen," answered Madame Belot drily. "It is now three days ago since Madame left the house, without saying a word to any one, and taking with her only a small hand-bag. She

has neither been seen nor heard of since. *C'est vraiment une affaire très mystérieuse.*

Margaret knew not what to say or do.

'Mademoiselle is probably well known to Madame Desmond's brother, Monsieur Ingram?' asked Madame Belot after a pause.

Margaret shook her head. 'I knew that Mrs Desmond had a brother residing in Dieppe; but I do not know him, nor did I ever hear his name before.'

'Monsieur Ingram is a charming gentleman—such manners!—but he is ill, very ill indeed. Still, if Mademoiselle would like to see him, Jeanne shall take up her card.'

There could be no harm, Margaret thought, in her seeing this Mr Ingram, providing he were not too ill to receive her. Information of some sort he might perhaps be able and willing to afford her. So Jeanne took her card up; and presently came back to say that Monsieur would see Mademoiselle Desmond.

Margaret was ushered into a large sitting-room with three windows, the blinds of which were let down, to exclude the glaring sunlight. For a moment or two, Margaret could discern little in the semi-obscurity of the room. Then she was aware of the figure of a man stretched on a couch at one end of the room. The figure rose on its elbow as she stood hesitating in the middle of the floor. 'Madge!'

A low inarticulate cry burst from her lips; she staggered a step or two forward, and then fell senseless to the ground.

(To be concluded next week.)

INDIA IN THE HOT WEATHER.

BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

'GIVE a dog a bad name, and hang him,' says the proverb; and I fear that its spirit has been, and is applied to India; for no country has been more unjustly maligned as regards its climate; and the 'bad name' ascribed to it on this score by the ignorant has more or less contributed to the evil reputation under which the country still labours. The shadow of yellow-fever hangs over the West Indies; that of malarious-intermittent darkens the west coast of Africa; while cholera broods in malignant persistence over the hills, valleys, and plains of Hindustan, this much-maligned land. This is the popular idea; against which it will be useless to urge that cholera is relatively less fatal out here than typhus or consumption at home. Yet such is the fact. All the complaints against the Indian climate merge in a vulgar howl against the hot weather; and few will believe me when I maintain that it is not the climate which kills, but the foolish and mad habits of those who are exposed to it. After an experience of twenty-eight years, I assert this fearlessly and truthfully; and maintain that if we take ordinary care of ourselves, the country will take very good care of us.

Let me illustrate what I mean. As a rule, 'the hot weather' in the Bengal Presidency—to which these remarks mainly apply—commences normally about the fifteenth of March, and extends to the middle of June, when 'the rains' set in, refreshing the thirsty soil, and cooling the air. Their influence extends well into October, and then the 'cold weather' ushers in a truly enjoyable climate. From the middle of March to the middle of June,

'the hot wind' blows steadily, and at times fiercely, parching up everything with its fiery breath. But the fiercer and hotter it blows, the greater, as I will presently show, are our facilities for keeping ourselves cool. During the hot weather, Nature seeks repose; all animals share in it as much as possible; birds and beasts seek the shade of trees, and all labour is suspended between ten A.M. and five P.M. Yet at this time we think it necessary to take the most violent exercise. In the month of May, when the heat rages most fiercely, we deem it our duty to go tiger-shooting, because then, owing to the heat, these felines are less given to wandering. During the same month, and all through the hot weather, we also deem it our duty to take the most violent exercise to be had anywhere, and that is in the racket courts, which, perversely, are chiefly frequented in the hot weather.

Not only do we show our folly in thus taking violent exercise during the season of Nature's repose, but we redouble the folly by counteracting the fatigue and violent perspiration with iced 'pegs'—one and a half to two ounces of brandy or whisky in a bottle of soda-water—or large draughts of iced beer, and then getting under the punkah to cool down. No wonder, then, that malarious fever, dysentery, or abscess of the liver, reward our longings for violent exercise in the jungle, racket court, or polo ground.

How, then, do rational people pass the hot weather? Outdoor work is generally got over between daybreak and eight or nine A.M., and then we are prisoners till five or six P.M., having to while away eight or nine hours in keeping the body cool and the mind employed. Our cooling appliances are the tattie, the punkah, and the thermantidote, which I shall individually describe.

The tattie is a large curved or sloping screen, which accurately fits into each door or window facing the west, and is made of the roots of the khus-khus grass (*Andropogon muricatus*), which singularly combines strength and porosity with the most delicious and refreshing fragrance. These screens are about an inch in thickness, and during the hot and dry west wind, are saturated from outside with water, which immediately commences evaporating under the fierceness of the blast; and as evaporation always implies cold, the wind, which, in the veranda, would raise the thermometer to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, passes into the house at seventy-five or eighty degrees, laden with a delicious fragrance. While tatties are in working order, all other cooling appliances are unnecessary. Unfortunately, the west wind, commencing about ten A.M., dies away about sunset, and then we resort to our punkahs and thermantidotes; but at its acme in May, it often blows all night, and then we have cold days and nights within doors. The dryness of the west wind is very remarkable; its scorching influence at once detects veneer, which crumples up and peels off; unseasoned woods warp, split, or contract, so much so, that I have seen two solid slabs of a round table part nearly an inch during the west wind, and rejoin during the damp of the rains; the boards of books turn outwards, and the ink of your pen dries as you write. The west wind is also highly electrical; insulate yourself on a couple of bottles, and then comb your hair or beard

with an ebonite comb, and a by-stander will easily elicit a spark from your knuckle. If you perform in the dark, and glance at the mirror, you will see your hair and beard alive with sparks. When your horse comes up for your ride, you will be astonished to see each hair of his tail erect; pass your hand down it, and it falls flat. In some parts of India—for instance, in the neighbourhood of Gwalior and Jhansi—we have another delightful form of tattie. A small creeping thorny variety of the *bér* (*Zizyphus jujuba*) is largely found in the jungles; this is collected and dried; and at the proper time, the whole west veranda is inclosed with thorny walls nine to twelve inches thick, and these being saturated from outside, all doors are thrown open, and a delightful temperature secured. Tatties are of no use during the easterly wind which ushers in and accompanies the rains. Laden with moisture, it is a damp wind, and therefore retards evaporation.

Thus much for tatties. Punkahs are more familiar, and consist either of long rectangular frames, or beams hanging from the ceiling of the rooms, their lower edge furnished with heavy frills; the punkah rope is pulled by a punkah-wallah from the veranda outside the house, and the machine waves noiselessly to and fro. Then we have hand-punkahs or large fans, which may be made of cloth, of *klus-klus*, moistened when used; or we may adopt the familiar dried leaf of the fan-palm (*Parassus flabelliformis*). Punkahs have no effect whatever in actually cooling the air of the rooms; they merely set the air in motion, and thereby cool the person by promoting evaporation from the skin.

The thermantidote is a great institution, and is merely an exaggerated form of what I recollect as the Cambridge bellows, a small edition of a furnace-blast. The fans are generally from three to four feet in diameter, and are worked by a fly-wheel with an endless band; the air apertures on each side of the fans are closed by *klus-klus* tatties, so that cold air passes inwards; and if the machine is carefully constructed and properly worked, a prodigious volume of cold air is pumped into the house; and if its inner doors are judiciously closed, the cool air will penetrate every nook and corner of the house.

Thus much about our appliances for keeping the body cool during the hot weather. How do we mentally relieve its tedium? I fear I must confess that in the majority of instances we while away the weary hours in smoking, drinking iced 'pegs,' reading the latest novels, card or billiard playing, or sleeping. The males in the minority employ their time in reading, writing, or studying the language; not a few have made themselves famous as archaeologists, numismatists, geologists, or natural historians. Their ladies, on the other hand, have ample employment in looking after their nurseries and households, devoting their leisure hours to music, correspondence, and self-improvement. Writing in the hot weather is a sore trouble, for our greatest enemy is then the punkah, against which we have to wage constant and vigilant warfare, our weapons being letter-weights or shot-bags. You are writing, say, the four and a half sheets of thin paper which constitute your weekly home despatch, and are suddenly called away from your desk. The punkah insidiously sent you that call; and when you

return, you find your sheets careering about the room, and the punkah creaking its satisfaction at the joke, and at having got the better of the letter-weights, which, in your hurry, you forgot to adjust. Or you may be writing at night with all your weighting appliances in order, and your kerosine lamp, punkah-proof as you fancy, burning brightly on your table. Foiled in its attempt on the latter, the punkah fiend minutely overhauls your lamp, and rejoicingly finding a weak point, leaves you suddenly in darkness. But a little forethought enables you easily to overreach the punkah, and you can read and write in comparative comfort.

The long day at last draws to a close; the shadows lengthen eastward, and the jubilation of the crows and mynas announces the approach of evening; all doors, hermetically sealed since the morning, are thrown open, and we prepare to go forth. The lunatics troop off to the racket court; sane individuals betake themselves to riding or driving, repairing to the band-stand or to some *al fresco* 'at-home,' where Badminton or Lawn-tennis, winding up with a dance, constitute the attractions, croquet having been quite banished. All wend homewards by seven or half-past seven p.m.; dinner is discussed; perhaps music, reading, or card-playing follow for an hour; and then by nine or ten all have retired, or are supposed to have retired to their slumbers.

And so weeks and months pass, and the approach of June is hailed as sure to usher in 'the rains.' But a trying ordeal is still to be undergone in facing the interval between the two winds which are termed monsoons; the north-easterly one dies away towards the end of May, and the south-westerly does not set in until about the middle of June. The interval is a most trying atmospheric lull, and we are entirely dependent on the punkah or thermantidote, or both.

It must not, however, be supposed that the hot weather is accompanied throughout by heat unmitigated and intense. I will briefly indicate its thermometric features, say at a central position like Allahabad. In January, the indoor temperature will reach its minimum, perhaps standing at fifty-four degrees; the rise is very gradual, and gets into the 'eighties' towards the middle of March; when steady at eighty-five degrees, punkahs become necessary. Above ninety degrees, the heat is oppressive; and at ninety-five, horribly so; this is generally the temperature indoors during the lull between the monsoons. In exceptional years, I have known pillows and sheets to be uncomfortably hot, requiring sprinkling with water; and I have similarly retired to rest in drenched night-clothes. But the hot weather is mercifully interrupted by two remarkable meteorological phenomena. First, at its commencement we have almost always violent hailstorms, which beneficially cool the air; and then at its acme, we have those very remarkable electrical dust-storms which impress fresh life and vigour all around. Let me describe one.

Nature seems subdued under the great heat, and is in absolute repose. Not the faintest breath is there to coax the faintest movement in the leaves; silence prevails, for even the garrulous crows can't caw because their beaks are wide open to assist respiration. Suddenly the welcome cry is heard

'Tufán áttá!' (A storm coming!), and the house-servants rush in to close all doors. Anxious to witness the magnificence of the approaching storm, you remain out to brave it, and soon feel its approaching breath on your cheek. Looking to windward, you see a black cloud approaching, and before it, leaves and sticks, kites and crows, circling in wild confusion. You now hear its roar, and, while rapt in admiration, you are enveloped in its grimy mantle, and have to look to your footing in resisting its fury; and this is no joke, for eyes, nostrils, and ears are occluded with dust. As the blast approaches, you may see a flash of lightning and hear its clap of thunder, and then feel the heavy cold rain-drops which sparsely fall around. Darkness, black as Erebus, surrounds you, darkness which literally may be felt, for clouds of dust occasion it; and if you are within doors, night prevails, requiring the lighting of lamps. The storm passes, light returns, and you find everything begrimed with dust. Every door is now thrown open, to admit the cool, bracing, ozone-charged air, which you eagerly inhale with dilated nostrils, and feel that you have secured a fresh lease of existence.

Such are the main features of our up-country hot weather; but they are greatly modified by latitude and elevation. Thus, in Calcutta you miss the hot wind, have more thunderstorms, and enjoy to the full the delicious sea-breeze, which generally sets in about sunset and lasts all night.

Then the stations on the high table-lands of Central India have, as a rule, diminished temperature and refreshing night-breezes. Taking all things into consideration, the ten to fifteen days of awful lull between the monsoons are the most trying portion of our hot weather; and I hope I have shown that in this respect, India, all round, is not so black as she has been painted.

SCHOOL-HOURS IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

In the *Journal of Education* for September there is an elaborate table, showing the number of hours given to various studies in eighteen leading public schools in England, to which are added the timetable of a German gymnasium and that of a French lycée. From the data thus collected, it is found that the average number of hours per week in an English public school is about twenty-six, as against thirty-one in a German gymnasium, and forty in a French lycée. Reckoning the hours spent in the preparation of lessons, and taking into account the holidays (which in England are twice as long as they are on the continent), it is found that the respective working hours of an English, German, and French boy are in the ratio of five, eight, and eleven. That is, the English boy each day works one-third less time than the German, and less than one-half the time of a French boy. As to the subjects taught, while science is not now altogether ignored in English schools, yet classics still form in these seminaries the staple of the education given. An English schoolboy gives fourteen hours a week, or more than half his time, to classics; a French lycée scholar devotes twenty-eight hours a week, for his first three years, to his native tongue, and does not begin Latin till the second period, or Greek till the third period—that is, till he has been six years at school.

In this connection, it may be of interest to quote the following passage in the recent address by Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., as President of the British Association. Reviewing the progress of science and arts for the last fifty years, he went on to say: 'In Education, some progress has been made towards a more rational system. When I was at a public school, neither science, modern languages, nor arithmetic formed any part of the school system. This is now happily changed. Much, however, still remains to be done. Too little time is still devoted to French and German, and it is much to be regretted that even in some of our best schools, they are taught as dead languages. Lastly, with few exceptions, only one or two hours, on an average, are devoted to science. We have, I am sure, none of us any desire to exclude or discourage literature. What we ask is that, say, six hours a week each should be devoted to mathematics, modern languages, and science—an arrangement which would still leave twenty hours for Latin and Greek. I admit the difficulties which schoolmasters have to contend with; nevertheless, when we consider what science has done and is doing for us, we cannot but consider that our present system of education is, in the words of the Duke of Devonshire's Commission, little less than a national misfortune.'

HAUNTED.

Like unto ghosts that come when darkness broods
O'er tower and turret of some castle hoary,
And people once again its solitudes
With shades of vanished glory;

From out the haunted chambers of our hearts,
Where all the lost things of the Past lie hidden,
Some subtle incense will, as day departs,
Steal softly forth unbidden.

Incense from off the altar of dead dreams,
Whereon new hopes to higher heights have risen,
And calmly shining, shed down milder beams,
To gild this earthly prison.

But still a mournful sweetness hovers round
These mystic phantoms from the heart's recesses;
The tender touch of lips that yield no sound—
The sheen of silken tresses;

The nameless tokens of the dear dead days,
The twilight trystes by moonlit waters smiling,
The golden sunsets wrapt in dreamy haze,
The spell of Love's beguiling;

The rapture of a summer long ago,
The song that came and went in broken numbers,
The holy hush of Death, the brow of snow,
The churchyard where she slumbers;

The tender pressure of a vanished hand,
The broken chain that time must further sever,
The merry laughter of the childish band,
The voices hushed for ever.

'Strains of sad music from a far-off shore—
Mute memories these that woo with soft caresses,
And tinge with sacred radiance evermore
Life's lonely wildernesses.

W. C. H.

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THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

IF life be a battle, as in some sense it generally is, it is plain that the young should have a reasonable preparation for the contest. The necessity for this is fully recognised in the widespread course of elementary education, now happily established as a matter of legal compulsion in this country; and is scarcely less recognised in the secondary or higher branches of instruction; but here comes in the unpleasant fact that much of this superior kind of learning is little better than thrown away. It is too obvious, from various indications, that far too many youths on whom a costly education has been lavished live in idleness, and in ordinary phrase are good for nothing. Neither able to work nor want, and pampered by indulgence, they in reality demonstrate a hearty contempt of honest industrial pursuits, and enjoy existence as mere consumers of food and clothing, provided, less or more grudgingly, by relatives. There they are in hundreds, lounging in club-rooms and watering-places, and encumbering the public thoroughfares—a bad example everywhere. For these young swells, the battle of life has to be fought by deputy.

It is customary for distinguished statesmen, when appointed to the rectorship of universities, to deliver eloquent orations to the assembled students on the prodigious importance of storing their minds with learning for learning's sake. That, in different forms, is the burden of their song. The students addressed are to have no practical object in view. To take in an enormous stock of classical languages and mathematics, and so attain a high position in scholarship, is what is expected of them. They are warned against anything like trying to think about getting on in the world; that is beneath their notice. Exalted learning alone deserves ambitious consideration. We have sometimes thought that these high-flown recommendations of learning in the abstract are not only carried a little too far, but are pretty much of a sham. Anyway, they can

scarcely fail to be injurious. To tell a parcel of lads in this *ex-cathedra* fashion, that learning will be its own reward, without a hint as to what is to be the practical issue, is apt to lead them very much astray.

Erudition is of course to be valued in connection with the learned professions. We are likewise aware that the routine of education at Eton, Rugby, and other public schools of a high order, finishing off with degrees at Oxford or Cambridge, has the merit of cultivating on a large scale a singularly polished element in society. To this source we habitually trace some of the greatest lawyers and men of science, to say nothing of dignitaries in the church. Unfortunately, there are dark sides to the picture. How many men can boastingly say: 'I am an M.A. of Cambridge;' and yet possess so small a share of common-sense or worldly wisdom, as to be spoiled for all good purposes. The redundancy of high-class scholars is, however, most conspicuous in the number of genteel idlers to whom we have called attention. Unqualified to perform any useful work, the difficulty is to know what to do with them. Their polish is a positive drawback. The world has much coarse business to do—ploughing and delving and hammering, for example—not suited to those who are unaccustomed to hand-labour, or indeed, to labour of any kind. In short, society is getting plagued with the superfluity of youths who seem as if educated to do nothing. They may be able to tell from their classical lore all about the Argonauts who sailed from Colchis in search of the golden fleece. But elegant myths of this description are not in the least wanted in the affairs of ordinary life, and do little in the way of mental culture. No one cares about the Argonauts. That which would be greatly preferred would be some useful knowledge in science and history bearing on every-day concerns. The ignorance prevailing even in high quarters on the subject of political economy is something pitiable; nor is it less melancholy to see how little is known of the history of times comparatively recent.

In the course of a public address lately delivered in London on University teaching, Mr Goschen pointedly refers to the study of History, English Literature, and Political Economy as a means of strengthening the mind, preparatory to taking a share in the active duties of life. A knowledge of modern languages is also not on any account to be neglected. The educator, we think, has especially to consider what will sharpen the mental faculties, with a view to habitual foresight in the difficulties and emergencies that are apt to crop up in almost every one's experience. The necessity for promptitude of action occurs in a hundred ways in ordinary life. It is demonstrated on the battlefield, in the duty of the seaman, in the business of the merchant, and in the exacting work of the locomotive driver and signalman. The world is getting terribly in want of men who can not only reason correctly, but act with decisive promptitude. The dreamy indifference of the fashionable Lord Dunsinore type may pass muster within the realms of Swellclonk; but even there, we suspect, in this exacting age of bustle and scientific discovery, it must be losing its old wonted ground.

There are cogent reasons for believing that the number of youths devoted to a high-class education for ceremonial purposes, will in no long time suffer considerable diminution. Society seems destined to lose a certain amount of its polish, owing to the operation of causes as inevitable as the power of gravitation. The rent of land has considerably fallen, and will, to all appearance, continue to fall. Land-proprietors are already beginning to feel the pinch. Their revenue is declining; and their sons, instead of being brought up to do nothing, or to rely on appointments which cannot now be obtained, will be forced to abjure idleness, and betake themselves to pursuits inconsistent with the elegant repose of a Cantab. It would not surprise us to hear of them becoming farmers on the patrimonial acres, or seeking homes in the Far West, where they would perhaps be less ashamed to be seen cultivating the soil for a subsistence. To accommodate young and accomplished scholars, who are driven to adopt this latter expedient, a gentleman of letters, Mr Hughes, has kindly devised a scheme for settling on a tract of land, designated Rugby, in the state of Tennessee. There, farming is to be conducted on a scale so tasteful as to give no sort of offence. At any rate, should there be any sense of humiliation, all will be humiliated alike. There are rumours of prospective failure, owing to an imperfection in the soil; but perhaps it is too soon to say how this fanciful project will succeed. We hope it will have a fair trial. The object has in view a means of working up a material now running to waste, and that in itself is an important economical consideration.

The circumstance of being obliged to find an outlet for highly educated gentility in a western wilderness, in itself proves that a great mistake

has been committed by many parents in the method of preparing their sons for a course of useful exertion. The error comprehends not only a waste of money, but a waste of brain, along with the infliction of life-long regrets, and it may be much acute misery. If youths are to be sent to try their luck in Australia, New Zealand, or in the unsettled parts of America, let them, at least, be prepared accordingly for what they have to encounter, and not be bred up with refined expectations, habits, and tastes incompatible with the rough struggle for existence in a new country. Independently, however, of any such prospective struggle, it is evident that for home use, the market is glutted with youths, whose education of a so-called high class has unfitted them for any but a limited range of occupation.

In these remarks, we have only glanced at a vastly important subject, which, we trust, may soon engage the attention of educationists. The curriculum of school-learning in the secondary departments needs a distinct revision, to bring it into harmony with modern requirements—in short, to prepare youth more effectually for the Battle of Life.

W. C.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER LII.—HOW THE TRIAL ENDED.

THE examination of a few more witnesses came first. Their evidence was needful, perhaps, but not exciting. To Bertram Oakley, the counsel for the defence showed marked courtesy. He told what little he knew, as he would have told it at the bar of heaven, as simply, and well. The prisoner never once looked at him. Many curious eyes in court noted that.

'We have no questions to ask of you, Mr Oakley!' said the learned serjeant, with a bow, as Bertram stepped down.

Then came the turn of the defence. There were witnesses to be called. Nobody, of course, can prove a negative; but an imposing array of witnesses to character might, it was thought, weigh with the jury. It does not do to let juries imagine that all the proof is on one side. Serjeant Silver-tongue had hesitated long, it was whispered among the barristers present, as to whether to call no witnesses, and let the Attorney-general have no second innings; or to adduce testimony, and let Sir Richard have his right of reply to the grand speech that was yet to be spoken. It had been thought best to call the witnesses.

Old Lord Haverstock was the first called. He stared, in bovine fashion, from behind his stiff cravat, at judges, counsel, and audience. Had met Mr Denham at Naples. Was not quite sure whether their acquaintance had not begun, two years before, at Geneva. Had introduced Mr Denham to his family. Had the highest, that is to say, an excellent opinion of Mr Denham. Mr Denham and he were both fond of pictures. The prisoner had dined with him, both at Haverstock House and abroad. Thought that he had accepted the prisoner's hospitality, but was not quite sure, at the Caffè del' Europa at Naples.

'In fact, Lord Haverstock,' said Sir Richard,

who rose to cross-examine, 'your evidence comes to this. You have dined with Mr Denham; you have chatted about pictures in his company, and you know no harm of him. Is not that a fair summary?'

Old Lord Haverstock retired, apoplectic and malcontent; and then a Lord George Chatterley, Under-Secretary for the Income Tax Department, took his place. Lord George had a good deal to say for himself. He had something to say, too, for the prisoner. In his eyes, Mr Walter Denham was a harmless, well-meaning man, who would not hurt a fly. 'Touchy, I daresay, about Art, but a person I have a sincere regard for,' he said in conclusion. A Bishop, a wealthy merchant, Prince Galitzin from the Russian Embassy, and M. Bossu, the French Secretary of Legation, declared, in varying language, that Uncle Walter was a *parfait homme d'honneur*, a man of sound principles, a worthy man, *un homme de bonne compagnie*; and there was an end of Mr Denham's praises.

Then Mr Serjeant Silvertongue rose, and a little flutter of anticipation ran through the closely wedged audience; and Sir Richard Sharpe himself, who cared no more for speeches than did the judges themselves, half-closed his eyes and waited, sardonically, to hear how his rival would transmute the wrong into the right.

The Serjeant did not make a good, or at any rate a grand beginning. In low, sad, tremulous tones, he bewailed the heavy weight of circumstantial evidence that pressed upon his client—his innocent client, as he trusted to prove—that circumstantial evidence that has hanged so many guiltless men, in the hard old days when the shadows of the gallows darkened every humble British hearth and home. Then he proceeded to pay an elaborate compliment to the jury, to their independence, their probity, their sense, that Anglo-Saxon mother-wit of theirs, which caused them to scent out the truth, even when great orators and potent functionaries misused their talents to drive, huddle, and hustle juries into a foregone conclusion. He drew quite a fancy portrait of Uncle Walter, as of a man careless, charming, generous, no one's enemy but his own, a child-like, frank-souled creature, scarcely realising the magnitude of the iniquity attributed to him. Would they break a butterfly on the wheel? What was against his client? The testimony of a miscreant like 'Crawley—'Julius' Crawley; and the deposition of Crawley's reckless accomplice, Nathaniel Lee. And Serjeant Silvertongue asked if any jurymen could ever hope to enjoy a sound night's rest again, or to be happy in the bosom of his family, unless he righted this calumniated man.

It was a fine forensic effort; but for all the good it did, Mr Serjeant Silvertongue—who may or may not have been a lineal descendant of his namesake immortalised by Hogarth—might as well have let off fireworks in court.

The Attorney-general smiled as he rose to reply. Sir Richard did not speak long. He tore to pieces in five minutes the flimsy sophistries of his opponent; in five more, he had said all that was to be said concerning the value of the evidence to character, and had called upon the jury to do their duty.

The summing-up came next. The charge of

the judge was adverse to the defence. The jury retired.

'I give them twenty minutes,' said an expert, pulling out his watch. In fifteen minutes they were back in their box.

'Guilty, my lord,' announced the foreman.

'What have you to say, prisoner?' asked the senior judge, fluttering over the pages of his notebook, before sentence was pronounced.

Mr Walter Denham was on his feet, leaning lightly and in an elegant attitude on the rail of the dock. His handkerchief was in his white hand, on which jewels glistened. Twice, he bowed, with formal deference, to the Bench. Then he bent his head, and hid his face in the soft cambric, as though overcome by emotion. There was a moment's pause of expectation; another, and then Uncle Walter slipped, or slid, away from his erect position, and dropped, a huddled heap, upon the floor. There was an outcry, a stir, a trampling of heavy feet, and an exclamation, 'Poison!'—'A doctor!'—'He is dead!' And then the confusion, the babble of tongues, the shrill feminine screams, the pushing and the turmoil, made a bear-garden of the court of justice.

A doctor was soon found—one, two, three doctors. Where there is a crowd, a man of healing is seldom far to seek. But when the surgeons were admitted into the narrow pen of a place, crowded by tipstaves and police and irrepresible sightseers, they could do nothing to keep a spark of life in the heavy, languid head and limp body of what had lately been Walter Denham. The prisoner had kept, unsuspected, in the hollow of a great signet-ring, cunningly constructed by Italian goldsmiths, a few grains of the only poison powerful enough to slay at an instant's warning; and now shame and punishment and reproof from mortal lips were all too late for Uncle Walter!

(To be concluded next month.)

CURIOUS FACTS RELATING TO GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

BY A SURGEON.

THE treatment of gunshot wounds and contusions has been resolved into a distinct branch of surgery, of more importance necessarily to the military than the civil practitioner of that art, yet not without interest to the latter, seeing that every form of the injury which is common on the battlefield may occasionally crop up in the routine of every-day practice. Under this heading, too, may practically be included every accident resulting from projectiles, however propelled, such as those which follow gas, steam, or chemical explosions; and the secondary injuries, so to speak, inflicted by splinters of metal, wood, or stone, torn up by the passage of a ball, or in blasting and mining operations, by fragments of clothing or other extraneous matter driven in, and by sharp-pointed pieces of fractured bones dispersed among important tissues by the force of the concussion.

Injury supposed to be received by the *wind* of a passing bullet—about which we used to hear so much—is now shown to be a fallacy, and the disastrous results attributed to it in certain cases were probably due to causes which we shall presently note. Formerly, too, the great inflam-

mation which invariably occurs in the track of a bullet-wound, was ascribed to burning of the parts, to the poisonous nature of the projectile, or to electricity developed by the bullet by its friction against the barrel or in its passage through the air; but the later military surgeons have demonstrated that it is due simply to the bruising inevitable in a deep wound inflicted by a blunt object. Weapons charged with powder only, may be productive of serious mischief. A pistol with nothing but a pinch of powder in it has been known to kill a man by concussion of the heart, having been discharged with the muzzle resting against his chest; and Dupuytren relates a case where a man fell, pierced with a round hole, when fired at with a fowling-piece charged with powder only, at a distance of a few feet. Would-be suicides often forget or intentionally neglect to put a ball into the pistol, but lacerate themselves extensively, and sometimes fatally, by discharging it into their mouths. Sometimes a portion of the unexploded powder may be driven into the flesh by that which is exploded behind it; and, if nothing worse ensues, great disfigurement is thus produced by the tattooing of the charcoal. The wadding of a gun or blunderbuss, fired only for the effect of the explosion, has occasionally been known to kill on the stage or at reviews.

Marvellously fortunate escapes from gunshot injuries have been recorded. Bullets have been known to rebound or glance off the skin, leaving only a dent, probably from the oblique direction in which they struck; a spent ball strikes a rib and drops out again, or carries in a portion of clothing before it, rendering it easy to withdraw. Sir Astley Cooper relates two extraordinary instances, in one of which a bullet moving with full velocity entered the side, and coming in contact with a rib, was deflected out of its course, and ran round under the skin to the opposite side of the body. In the other, the bullet struck one temple, passed over the head under the scalp to the other, and never penetrated the skull at all.

The following case occurred in the practice of an eminent surgeon, whose pupil I was. A man was brought to him who had shot himself in the side of the head with a pistol, with suicidal intent. He was said to have held the weapon only an inch or two from his ear, and the extensive burning and laceration of the skin bore evidence to the truth of this statement; there was a ragged bullet-hole; nevertheless, no fracture of the bone could be detected, and there was an entire absence of 'head symptoms'—that is, those indications which point to some lesion of the brain. So he was put to bed and kept quiet, without any treatment at all beyond simple local applications, carefully watched the while for any untoward manifestations that might develop themselves. But nothing came of it, and in a week or two the man was nearly well. Then, for the first time, he complained of a pain and stiffness in the cheek, which, being examined, showed signs of an impending abscess. This formed and was opened in due course, when out dropped the bullet! Now, how was this to be accounted for? At the side of the head is an arch of bone, known technically as the *zygoma*; it may be seen in the skulls of animals, and serves to protect and strengthen the hinge of the jaw, as it were. The bullet, meeting the sharp upper edge of this arch—there was a

mark on the bullet caused probably by the bone—was turned suddenly downwards at right angles, and lodged in the thick muscles of the upper part of the cheek. But this would never have occurred if a great disproportion had not existed between the calibre of the pistol-barrel—an old-fashioned cavalry blunderbuss—and the size of the ball, which allowed much of the powder's force to be expended around it.

It is a well-known fact that bullets, coins, and other metallic objects will occasionally remain impacted in the flesh for years, without giving rise to any irritation or annoyance. In a case which came under my notice in London several years since, a ball had undoubtedly passed into the chest, and is undoubtedly there to this day; yet the patient recovered without any bad symptoms, and is still alive and well.

Two German students, being in love, or in debt, but in any case in despair and wearied of the world, agreed to put an end to their troubles by shooting each other through the heart simultaneously. So much was gathered from a paper signed by both of them, found on their table when the police, alarmed by the double explosion, broke into the room where they lay on the floor, weltering in their blood, one a corpse and the other desperately wounded. But when the latter had recovered sufficiently to speak, he emphatically denied the truth of the allegation that he had murdered his comrade, and stated that though he had signed the paper he had repented of his determination at the last moment; not so his friend, however, who seizing both pistols, had shot him in the breast, and killed himself afterwards. A verdict of wilful murder was returned against him by a coroner's jury; but when he was put upon his trial, after a long and dangerous illness, he was allowed the benefit of the doubt—a decision at which no one will cavil much.

Hennen states that he has seen five cases in which bullets were lodged within the skull and did not prove immediately fatal; Cunningham speaks of a boy who survived for twenty-four days with the breech of a pistol, weighing nine drachms, in his head, lying on one of the membranes of the brain, and resting against the concavity of the occiput; while Dr O'Callaghan has recorded the remarkable case of an officer who lived seven years with the breech of a fowling-piece—three ounces in weight—lodged in his forehead, and actually supporting the right hemisphere of the brain!

Nevertheless, such instances are rare; and it must not be supposed that an impacted bullet—such as that which carried off the late lamented President of the United States—will not set up serious mischief in the vast majority of cases, or that even if it does not cause irritation at first, that it can be allowed to remain in the body with impunity. Military surgeons of the present day are unanimous in their opinion that it should always be extracted without delay; for, as Dr Macleod observes, not only may this operation afterwards become a matter of increased difficulty, owing to swelling and inflammation; but the fact of its extraction removes a source of mental disquietude as well as physical suffering, and the mind of the patient becomes more tranquil and easy. A foreign body of this nature may take on a serious or fatal action after remaining

quiescent for years. A soldier died in University College Hospital two years and a half after he was shot in the chest; and it was found that the ball had actually traversed the body, wounding the lung, kidney, and other important organs, and had finally perforated the spine and lodged there. Liston removed a similar missile from General Ben's hip after it had lain there nineteen years; and Marshal Mancey, it has been alleged, died from the effects of a gunshot wound forty years after its reception.

To discover a bullet in a deep wound is sometimes no easy matter; though the locality may be now pretty nearly ascertained by means of the induction balance of Professor Hughes. The instrument devised by Nelaton, by means of which he discovered the ball deeply situated in Garibaldi's foot, is a striking instance of the application of a collateral science in skilful hands—and what sciences are not collateral to surgery and medicine? It consisted of a simple probe, tipped with rough unglazed porcelain; this was passed down to the site of the suspected bullet and twirled about. When examined, the porcelain was found to be covered with dark streaks, and these being scraped off and submitted to delicate chemical analysis, were proved to consist of lead. The presence of the bullet was thus established beyond all doubt. Wonderfully ingenious as it is, it is possible to conceive two opposite combinations of circumstances under which this device might fail—where the ball lies beneath a shield of soft tissues or coagulated blood which would prevent the communication of the characteristic leaden stain, and where it has already fallen out, but has left marked some projecting point of bone from which the probe might receive enough to determine the existence of metal.

The direction from which the projectile has been received and in which it traverses the injured part, is a matter of great importance. As a rule, it forms two openings, one of entry and one of exit, the former being distinguishable from the latter by its small, circular, depressed, and generally clean appearance; while the exit aperture is larger, irregular in outline, and everted. This is especially seen in wounds which have caused double perforation of the skull, and depends, as might be expected, on the lessened momentum of the ball, owing to the resistance it meets with on its passage through. It is a curious fact that the aperture of entry will almost always be found to be smaller than the bullet itself; but the same thing is seen when a piece of green timber or any elastic material is struck. A single bullet has been known to produce six wounds in the same person, passing through one hand and both thighs; and more than one case is on record where the ball has split in halves against the sharp edge of the shin-bone, leaving thus one aperture of entry with two of exit. The modern conico-cylindrical bullet, in connection with the rifled firearms now in use, is the most destructive missile ever invented, tearing its way through the densest structures, splitting up the shafts of bones by its wedge-like action, and so spreading its effect in every direction beyond the actual spot it strikes, and not liable to be deflected from its straight course by any resistance of the tissues. Veins, arteries and tendons, by virtue of their elasticity and slippery nature, would glide aside from the

old round musket-ball, which often passed between such important structures without damaging them, or was even turned in another direction by their elastic reaction. In fact, the introduction of these conical projectiles into warfare has of late years altered the whole system of military surgery, since gunshot wounds are a much more serious affair now than formerly, and treatment which was generally adopted for injuries in certain situations has now to be abandoned for measures more prompt and active, less conservative, and attended with a smaller prospect of saving life.

That indefinable depression of the vital powers known as 'shock,' which follows a severe accident—though not always immediately—is much greater with these conical bullets than with the round ones. The direction of the wound is often a point of considerable interest in the legal aspects of a case. Sir Astley Cooper, by careful examination of the apertures of entry and exit in a murdered man, ascertained that the fatal shot must have been fired by a left-handed man; and this led to the detection of the criminal!

Cannon-balls occasionally inflict the most extraordinary injuries. A spent ball, or one striking obliquely or rolling over the surface of the body, will sometimes bruise without breaking the skin, which is preserved by its elasticity, while the parts beneath—bones, muscles, vessels, the internal organs, and even the spine itself—may be shattered and crushed to a pulp. These were the accidents which, as we have already stated, were formerly termed 'wind contusions,' and were supposed to occur without direct contact with the projectile, but by the action of the current of air which it set in motion.

Terrible wounds are not attended with such pain as might be expected at the moment of their reception, the excitement of the battle overpowering all feeling for the time. Thus it often happens that a soldier is wounded even mortally in the heat of action without knowing it until he sees or feels the blood trickling; Hennen states that he has seen limbs smashed or carried clean away by cannon-shot, without the sufferer being conscious of the hurt; and Macleod narrates that an officer in the Crimea 'had both his legs carried off, and was not aware of the injury he had received till he tried to rise.'

With regard to amputation and other operations after gunshot injuries, experience has shown that the sooner they are performed, the better is the patient's chance of ultimate recovery; and Wiseman's advice to 'cut off the limb quickly, while the soldier is heated and in mettle,' though discredited for a long time after his day, is now again the motto of military surgeons.

CAPTAIN DESMOND'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUDED.

WHEN Margaret recovered consciousness, she found herself lying on the floor; but a sofa cushion had been placed under her head, and her father, kneeling on one knee, was bending over her and gently chafing one of her hands. Yes, her father, but woefully changed. She put out both her hands and clasped his, as if to assure herself of his reality. 'Papa?' she said questioningly, in a sort of awed whisper.

'Yes, darling; it is I—your poor, worthless, old scamp of a father.'

She rose to her feet and put her arms about him, and held him in a long embrace, while her heart seemed to choke with the sobs which she was powerless to repress.

As soon as she had grown somewhat calmer, Captain Desmond said: 'I am tired now, Margery. I want to sit down;' and looking at him more particularly, she seemed to realise for the first time how very ill he was, and what a wreck he had become since she had seen him last.

She led him to the couch, on which he sank down and shut his eyes. She knelt by his side, and held one of his hands in both of hers. Then she noticed another change which had struck her vaguely at the moment she set eyes on him, but which she had not been able to specify till now. The heavy military moustache which Captain Desmond had worn since his daughter could first remember him, was gone now. His face was clean shaven. It was strange what an unfamiliar expression so slight a change lent to features that she knew so well. Then again, his light-brown hair, which had been streaked with gray, was now dyed a dark brown, and betrayed no traces of age. He was the same man she had known and loved all her life; and yet he was different.

Presently, Captain Desmond opened his eyes, and carrying his daughter's hand to his lips, he kissed it. 'She has gone—she has left me,' he said in a low voice, with his eyes gazing straight into Margaret's. 'Yes, three days ago, without one word of warning. Excepting a little loose money in my purse, she has taken everything with her: about eight thousand pounds in all.'

To this Margaret could say nothing. 'I cannot think that she has gone alone,' added the sick man presently. 'But whether she has or not, she knows that I am far too ill to attempt any pursuit. I shall never see her again.'

Nothing more was said for a little while; then Captain Desmond spoke again. 'It is singular, Marge, that you should have hunted me up on the very day that I had written to you to come to me. See, there is the letter on the table, ready for the post. It may as well be burned now.'

'You ought to have telegraphed to me days ago as soon as you found yourself left alone.'

'Ah, what I ought to have done and what I have done, have been two opposite things with me all my life. But tell me what reason has brought you all the way to Dieppe so suddenly? But no; on second thoughts, you must be tired with your journey. You shall talk to me after dinner. Ring for Jeanne.'

Margaret was glad to get away from the room for a few minutes. Although the living man was there before her, she felt that as yet she could hardly realise it as a fact that her father was not in very truth dead and buried in the little churchyard by the sea. It seemed to her as if some great miracle had been wrought. What strange story would he have to tell her?

Captain Desmond's dinner consisted of a cup of

broth followed by some simple fruit; and Margaret, notwithstanding her long journey, had not much appetite. Her father seemed a little stronger and better in the evening, and touched, with something of his old airy, bantering way, on a score of different topics. To have listened to him, you would not have thought he had a care in the world; but then Captain Desmond had always had a happy knack of throwing off his cares; trouble had ever sat lightly on him; he was emphatically a man who lived for the present moment; yesterday was yesterday, and to-morrow could take care of itself.

'And now for this narrative, *carissima*,' said the Captain, as he sat paring an apricot in his easy-chair by the open window.

Then Margaret told her father in what way her acquaintance with Mr Avory had originated, of the questions he had put to her, and how his inquiries had led him step by step to the discovery at Mardon—or rather to Dr Bond's emphatic assertion that the likeness of Mr Freshfield was that of the man whose deathbed he had attended.

Captain Desmond listened attentively, not interrupting her by a word. When she had done, all that he said was: 'Poor old Caius!' in a half-regretful tone; after which he sat for some time gazing out of the window, but evidently seeing nothing, unless it were some half-forgotten pictures of the past. At last he aroused himself with a sigh. 'Yes,' he said, turning to Margaret, 'the man who died at Mardon-le-Willows on the fourth of April was Caius Freshfield, and not Marmaduke Desmond.' He played with the fruit-knife for a few moments; and then he went on: 'I suppose the only plan will be to tell you the affair from the beginning, although, mind you, the confession is not a pleasant one to make, and least of all to you, my dear, from whom much in my past career has been carefully hidden. To begin, then. Affairs with me had grown pretty well as desperate as they could be; all my speculations of late had failed; and I knew not which way to turn. The house at Mardon was little more than a hiding-place, a haven where I could take refuge in stress of weather. On the afternoon of the fourth of April, I was on my way to Mardon, when, while I was waiting at Rosethorpe Junction, a voice that I had not heard for nearly twenty years called me by name. I turned, and found myself face to face with my old schoolmate, Caius Freshfield. The meeting was a pleasant one for both of us. I had little difficulty in persuading him to accompany me to Mardon and stay till next day. He was an old bachelor, he told me, who lived in chambers by himself, and had no ties. He had been to a sale of books at York, and was on his way back to town, when we met. At Mardon, my wife made him welcome, and there was soon a cosy little dinner on the table. The woman, Elspeth Durham, waited upon us; for economical reasons, she was the only servant we had at that time. At table, poor Caius kept on prattling about himself and his concerns, in his easy light-hearted way. To him, it seemed that everybody must be as much interested in old books as he was. Suddenly, while he was in the middle of one of his little narratives, a change came over his face, and with a low moan he sank back in his chair. I loosened his cravat, and with Elspeth's help, carried him to the sofa. There was some-

thing in his face that alarmed me from the first, and I at once sent the woman off for the only doctor in the village. Dr Bond was not long in arriving. "A bad case—a very bad case," he muttered, after making a brief examination of the unconscious man. Then turning to my wife, he said: "Your husband, ma'am, I presume?"

"Yes, my husband, Captain Desmond," she answered, to my utter astonishment. "This gentleman," she added next moment, turning to me, "is one of his oldest friends, Mr Freshfield."

"I was too stupefied to say a word."

"I am sorry to have to tell you, ma'am, that you must be prepared for the worst," added Dr Bond. My wife pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and turned away.

"I need not relate to you in detail all that followed. My poor friend died in the course of the night, without having recovered consciousness for a moment. Next day, Dr Bond gave the necessary certificate, made out in the name of Marmaduke Desmond; and my wife ordered her widow's weeds. We were the only people in the secret except Elspeth Durham, and she was a woman from whom my wife professed to have no secrets. The funeral took place in due course, as you know, and to me the cruellest part of the affair was the necessity that existed for deceiving you; but it was a necessity. As I have already said, I was stupefied by my wife's assertion to Dr Bond that Freshfield was her husband, and that I was Freshfield; and no sooner were we alone, than I demanded to know her reasons for so strange a proceeding."

"The reasons are not far to seek," she said. "You are ruined, and nothing but beggary stares us in the face. That is an existence which will suit neither you nor me. Something desperate must be done to retrieve our fortunes. That something is here ready to our hands. This friend of yours—this Mr Freshfield—will die before many hours are over. He is a bachelor, living a lonely life in chambers; you met together by accident, and no one has any knowledge that he is here. Dr Bond knows neither him nor you. Why not pass you off as your friend, and your friend as you? No one need be in the secret but Elspeth Durham, and her I can trust implicitly. You must go into hiding for a while; and the insurance money will in due course be paid to me as the widow. With a nice little fortune like that, we can make a fresh start in life where we are not known. The risk we run will be infinitesimal; while to us the difference will be between starvation and ten thousand pounds."

"That I yielded to the force of her arguments, you know already; therefore, nothing more need be said on that point. I remained in hiding for a little while in some of the upper rooms of the house. You may remember waking up one night and seeing me by your bedside. I am afraid I startled you; but I could not resist coming to look at you."

"Well, everything happened as my wife had prophesied. After due inquiries, the insurance money was paid; and my wife came to live here for a time, where I have continued to pass as her brother. What we should have done ultimately, I hardly know; probably have made our way to some part of the New World; but that is a point on which it is no use speculating. We had not been here long, before an internal disorder, from

which I have suffered more or less for years, began to develop more serious symptoms. Those symptoms have gone on increasing, till they have made me the hopeless wreck you see before you. And now she has gone, fled from me, leaving me to die here among strangers. What a heart of stone that woman has! But let her go. I have some one here now whom I would not exchange for a thousand such as she."

Twilight had crept on apace while the sick man struggled slowly and painfully through his narrative, till by the time he had ended it was nearly dark. Wicked and base as she knew he had been, he was still her father; and by the time he had finished his narrative, Margaret had crept to his side and was kneeling by him. His hand was wet with her tears. "I will never leave you again, papa, as long as I live," she said.

"No, never again, Margery," he replied as he stroked her hair fondly. "Only, it will be a very brief time, as far as I am concerned," he murmured wearily under his breath.

Margaret did not hear. She arose and closed the window; and presently Jeanne appeared with the lighted lamp.

Captain Desmond rallied for a day or two after his daughter's arrival at Dieppe; but before long, a change for the worse set in, and at the end of a fortnight he breathed his last. His last hours were soothed by Margaret's sweet ministrations. During this time, nothing was heard of Miss Desmond, nor, in fact, did any authentic tidings of her ever afterwards come to hand.

When all was over, Margaret went back to London. Not knowing how long she might have to remain with her father, she had written to Lady Thorndale from Dieppe, resigning her situation as governess. She also wrote to Mr Ivory, although the confession she had to make to him was a painful one. For the time being, she contented herself with informing him that it was in truth his uncle who had died at Marlon on the fourth of April, leaving all further revelations for some future time.

A few days after her return to London, Margaret received a note from Lady Thorndale, asking her to call at Kensington Palace Gardens. Margaret went, and was received very graciously. It appeared that the governess who had succeeded Miss Desmond had failed to give satisfaction, and was already under notice to quit. If Miss Desmond would resume the duties which she had been compelled to give up, her Ladyship would be highly gratified to take her back.

The offer was too good a one for Margaret to decline. She was fond of children, and it would almost seem like going back home to find herself again at Lady Thorndale's.

"But perhaps," said Sir Theophilus in discussing the matter with his wife, "when Miss Desmond learns what a capitalist she is, she may not care to play the humble rôle of governess any longer."

"Miss Desmond a capitalist, Theo! What can you possibly mean?" asked her Ladyship.

"At the present moment, Miss Desmond is worth exactly fifteen hundred pounds; to that extent has the little nest-egg she was good enough to intrust into my hands multiplied itself. It may now perhaps be as well to withdraw the amount from the unstable waters of

speculation, and find some sound investment for it where it will bring in a reasonable rate of interest. But that is a point which Miss Desmond herself must decide.

When Miss Desmond had expressed her pleasure at the news imparted to her by Sir Theophilus, she determined to abide by her decision to return to Kensington Gardens, at least for some time to come. She had no other home, and a life without some definite aim or purpose would hardly have seemed to her worth living. So Margaret went back to her old duties; and after a week or two, it almost seemed to her as if the events of the last six months had been nothing more than a dream.

Margaret had a tender conscience, and she could not forget that the different insurance offices which had paid the policy on Captain Desmond's life had to a certain extent been the victims of a fraud. It was a subject on which she could not open her lips to any one; and after much painful cogitation as to what her duty really was in the matter, she decided upon remitting anonymously to the several offices, and as a sort of conscience-money, the thousand pounds which she had received after Captain Desmond's supposed death.

The events recorded above happened some time ago, and Lady Thorndale is again in want of a governess for her children. A few months ago there was a quiet wedding, at which both her Ladyship and Sir Theophilus were present, when Margaret Desmond changed her name to Margaret Ivory.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN NEW YORK.

THE battle between Electricity and Gas has fairly begun. It is not hard to foresee to which victory will ultimately incline; but how long the contest will last, and whether electricity will owe its triumph to English, French, German, or American champions, are questions it must be left to Time to answer. There is, however, no denying that the signal for the fray was sounded on the other side of the Atlantic. How is the fight going there? A late issue of the *New York Sun* enlightens us on that point in a long article on Lighting by Electricity, from which we may gather sufficient to give our readers some idea of what has been accomplished in that way, more especially in New York, where the Brush Electric Illuminating Company has started work at five stations, and will shortly do so at a sixth. At these stations, seven engines, with an aggregate of five hundred horse-power, are now in operation, actually supplying three hundred lights of two thousand candle-power each. By twenty-three of these, part of Broadway is illuminated; the rest being let out to hotels, stores, theatres, and public gardens at the rate of a dollar a night per lamp. The Company has also engaged to supply seventeen lights for the Fifth Avenue, and undertaken the lighting of Madison and Union Squares by means, in each case, of six great lights of six thousand candle-power at the top of a mast a hundred and sixty feet high—expected to throw their rays a distance of a mile and a quarter in every direction. In the area of the city so lighted, it is calculated that five hundred and fifty gas jets will be displaced, and an enormous saving effected financially. Before long, the Company promises

to double the power at the generating stations, and by a newly invented method of storing electricity, hopes to reduce its operating expenses at least fifty per cent., and be enabled to let its lights by the hour, instead of by the night.

The United States Electric Lighting Company, employing two hundred hands, is daily turning out three dynamo-machines, fifty arc-lights, and five hundred incandescent lamps. Its offshoot, the United States Electric Illuminating Company, has four stations for supplying light, and is doing a tolerably good business in arc and incandescent lights among banks, public Companies, and the larger commercial firms. Its incandescent light is of thirty candle-power; and the Company claims to be able to light up any given area more cheaply than any gas Company.

The Edison Electric Light Illuminating Company, from which great things are expected, has not yet shown the New Yorkers what it can do, although busily canvassing the whole city previous to laying down its plant. It has, however, made arrangements for lighting up two districts, obtained the permit for laying down the street mains, and contracted for the execution of the necessary excavations. The iron pipes to be used for conveying the electric wires are two inches in diameter, containing two copper conductors, an inch in breadth by one quarter of an inch in greatest thickness, separated from each other and from the inside of the pipe by an insulating substance. In one district alone, the Edison Company has secured eleven hundred customers, for whose needs it will have to supply nine thousand sixteen-candle, and four thousand eight-candle lights. It has already, while we write, wired nine hundred and eighty houses for the introduction of the electric light, including one printing-office wired for five hundred and fifty, and another for over six hundred lights. This Company intends charging its customers according to the amount of electricity consumed as registered by electric meters; supplying them gratis with lamps, supposed to be capable of doing duty for eight months.

The Edison Company hopes to pay a good dividend out of the profit derived from the sale of motive-power alone. In its second district, there are two hundred and fourteen pumps for raising water to upper stories, two thousand three hundred and nine sewing-machines, and hoists and elevators employing an aggregate of one thousand four hundred and thirty-three horse-power; and the Company, we are told, 'is making contracts to supply electric motors for running all these.' Then it has a special department for marine business, which has already fitted up several coast steamships with the Edison Light apparatus, and holds a patent for an electrical railway. 'As soon as the first station in New York is lighted up, a section of the elevated railway is to be operated by electricity under arrangements already made, in order to test the working results of the invention.'

So many machine-shops in different parts of the States have taken to manufacturing machines for supplying light by electricity, that six of the leading Electric Lighting Companies have paid ten thousand dollars each into a common fund for the prosecution of infringers of their rights; claiming that no improved light can possibly be produced without infringing one or other of their patents. This promises well for the lawyers.

And this still better: 'Notwithstanding the league among the Companies, there is every prospect of a great war between them. The Fuller Company claims that its Gramme patent underlies the methods of all the Companies. The United States Company claims priority of invention for Farmer and Maxim, whose patents it holds, over Edison. The Brush Company claims that the other arc-light Companies are infringing its patents. Cross-actions are now pending between the Brush and Weston Companies, and the United States has suits pending against the Brush Company. When the Edison Company actually begins to sell light, there will be a legal fight between it and the United States Company. Eminent patent lawyers have been engaged, and a costly and prolonged struggle is expected.'

This is unwelcome news. Litigation means enhanced rates to the public, and a longer reign for gas, which as yet has been able to hold its ground. 'Notwithstanding that so many electric lights have been introduced in New York, the gas Companies report an increased consumption. The reason given for this is, that the electric light has created a demand for brilliancy of illumination, that increases the use of gas.'

'SHANGHAIED.'

THE word which puzzles you in the title of this paper will not be found in Johnson, Webster, or other like literature. It is of such modern origin, that the time-honoured, old, Anglo-Saxon parts of speech contained in their folios would repudiate its society. But it has such a definite meaning for that part of the English-speaking family who are of the seafaring persuasion, that I am convinced it will not easily die out of the language. Its natal place is California, that great factory of words and phrases more remarkable for novelty and energy than for elegance; and it came into existence about forty years ago.

Many people still living shared in the first great Sacramento gold-rush, and can remember the numbers of vessels of all sizes, from the great Indianan to the tiny schooner, that were left forsaken in the harbour of San Francisco—captains, mates, seamen, and cabin-boys, throwing all scruples to the winds, having 'made tracks for the diggin's,' to share in the golden harvest. Some commanders and officers, however, to their honour be it told, resisted the 'fever,' remained staunch to their ships, and made every effort to obtain men to replace their faithless crews. They offered fabulous wages—twenty times the usual amount. They were willing to put into any port the crew might name, so it was some place where there was a reasonable chance of obtaining other men. But it was all of no use; they could not induce sufficient hands to join to make up the limited ship's company they were prepared to put to sea with. It was after they had exhausted every means of persuasion, that recourse was had to that most objectionable process, known as *Shanghaiing*.

Shanghaiing simply means drugging seamen, and conveying them on board a ship which puts

to sea before they recover, and was at the time above mentioned, and is still to a greater or less extent, practised in every foreign port where men have been scarce; and the rate of wages high enough to make it worth the while of boarding-house masters and runners to take the risk. Sailors usually get a month's pay in advance before sailing; and in the event of a man's being *Shanghaied*, those who bring him on board get paid that amount. So poor Jack has to pay his own kidnappers, who seldom get punished; for he rarely returns to the same port; and if he did, would usually be more intent on having a spree, than in putting the law in force against his betrayers. Moreover, it would be very hard for him to prove anything against them; for it is not such an unusual thing for a sailor to ship on board a vessel while he is intoxicated, as they would assert he was; and he would not be able to produce witnesses to gainsay them.

How *Shanghaiing* got its name, I do not know. Perhaps from some ingenious native of the Flowery Land to whom Shanghai had given birth, and who was one of the first to discover that keeping a grog-shop and supplying crews to deserted merchantmen, was just as lucrative and a more reliable speculation than gold-grubbing in the diggings; besides being an easy, gentleman-like business, requiring only genius, not muscle.

In the year 1870, I was second-mate of the barque *Kinajshar* of Liverpool. We were lying off Callao, having discharged our cargo, waiting for a charter. At that time, there was a great demand for guano, and we were expecting to sail in a day or two for the Chincha Islands, to load with that fragrant commodity. But the skipper knew that ships were scarce, and he stood out for a higher freight than the merchants were willing to give.

It was Saturday afternoon, and eight bells (four o'clock) had just struck. We had finished washing down and putting things snug for Sunday, when the captain—'old man,' we called him—came on deck.

'That rascal Achoy hasn't brought our clean clothes off yet, has he?' asked the captain.

'No, sir,' I replied; 'I've seen nothing of him.'

'Well, just take one of the boats, the gig, and give him a hint from me, that suppose I "no cathee clothes to-night he no cathee dollar;" and at the same time leave this letter at the agent's.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' I replied; and was diving below to put on a jacket, when he stopped me, saying: 'Hold on a bit. You had better take a couple of the apprentices to pull you ashore; for I don't want any of the men to leave the ship. Wages are high here, and there have been a good many desertions from the craft lying closer in.'

'Very good, sir.' And in a few minutes the two boys and myself were on our way ashore. We passed close to a large full-rigged ship called the *John E. Cherv*, flying the stars and stripes. She had come up laden from the Chincha Islands more than a week before, and I was surprised to find she had not sailed yet; for, making every allowance for the dilatoriness of the Peruvian dons, she had had ample time to get her papers and clear the custom-house. I remarked as much to the lad pulling the stroke-oar.

'Old Pietro the bumboat-man told me,' said he, 'that she is shorthanded; some of her crew having skedaddled for the Manito diggin's. Pietro says they are paying five dollars a day down there to strong hands.'

'Pietro,' I replied, 'had better keep his chattering tongue from spreading idle yarns aboard the *Kingfisher*, or his visits will be pretty soon put a stop to.—In bow; stand by to fend her off;' and we drew up to the landing-place.

At the same time the gig of the *John E. Chew*, which I had seen putting off from her as we passed, brought up alongside of us. The man in her sternsheets, whom I supposed to be the captain, was as tall, wiry, lean, and crafty-looking as a specimen of muscular humanity as ever hailed from Boston. The men who pulled did not look like foremast hands, and I took them to be petty officers, who could be trusted not to take French-leave. The Yankee skipper and I landed together; and I noticed, as I hurried off on my errand, that he took a good look at me.

The agent lived some distance off; and I suppose it was about half-past five o'clock when I turned into the street in which our Chinese washerman was domiciled. It was as disreputable-looking a thoroughfare as could well be imagined. The houses were shabby, one-storied wooden shanties, inhabited by seamen's boarding-house keepers, Chinese stevedores, and 'waterside characters' of all sorts; and every second house was a grog-shop. I was very thirsty, and was regretting that these latter had such a mean, uninviting appearance, when a placard with a bright red triangle, and the words 'Bass's India Pale Ale' conspicuously displayed on it, caught my eye. It was hung on the open door of one of the drinking dens; and glancing in, I caught a glimpse of the sinister features of the captain of the *John E. Chew*. I stopped. The temptation was great. It was months since I had tasted a drop of good English beer. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'what is good enough for the skipper of a big ship like that, ought to be good enough for the second-mate of a bit barquey; so here goes.' I marched in.

The place was very dark; but I saw the outline of a man behind the counter, though I could not distinctly see his face. He was leaning over, talking in low tones to the American captain. They both looked up as I came in; and in reply to my request for a bottle of Bass, the bar-keeper said, 'All right. Step inside, and I'll bring it to you.'

I had no wish to disturb their conversation, so I complied. I fancied afterwards, that as I passed into the room behind the shop, I observed a sharp glance to pass between the two whisperers, who were the only occupants of the place. The room I entered was a vile den, smelling most horribly of bad spirits and stale tobacco. As my eyes got used to the darkness, I saw it contained a rough table, all notched and stained, and a few battered chairs, on one of which I sat down. My beer was a long time in being brought in; and I shouted and hammered on the table several times before the bar-keeper appeared, with the bottle in one hand, and a large tall glass in the other. He said something in gruff tones about 'having had to go to the cellar for it;' and proceeded to draw the cork. As far as I could see, the glass was quite empty, and the capsule on the bottle undisturbed;

but as I had no suspicion of any foul-play being intended, of course I did not examine them particularly. As I said before, I was very thirsty; and I took a good long pull before setting the glass down. I then poured the rest of the beer into it, and was thinking of finishing it off and departing, when I felt a numb sort of sleepiness come over me. I knew at once I had been drugged, and made a rush for the door; but before I reached it, I staggered, and fell full length on the floor, where, after one or two ineffectual attempts to cry for aid, I became insensible.

I was awakened to consciousness by being roughly bundled into the sternsheets of a boat.

'Steady, Jack,' I heard some one say, 'or you'll be rousing him up.'

'No fear,' replied a gruff voice I recognised as the bar-keeper's; 'I gave him too good a dose for that. I guess he won't stir this side of sunrise.'

I knew by the sound of the oars that the boat had put off from shore; and knowing now that I was being Shanghai'd, I tried to call out for assistance. But my throat and mouth were wrapped round with many folds of a worsted comforter, which, while leaving my nostrils free, allowed only a muffled sound to escape. I tried to put up my hands to remove it, but could not stir them. A long monkey-jacket had been buttoned tightly round me, with my arms inside instead of in the sleeves, forming a veritable strait-jacket. My legs seemed to have some weight on them which prevented me moving them, and a slouch-hat had been placed on my head completely covering my eyes. I struggled, but it was no use. I was helpless as an infant.

'There! I told you so,' said the first voice; 'he's woke up.' And the oars stopped.

'Woke up! has he?' rejoined the bar-keeper. 'I'll soon give him some soothing' sirup, as'll put him to sleep agin. Just you ketch hold of his nose.'

I was lying on my back. Almost immediately, I felt a rough hand closing my nostrils. At the same time, some one pulled the comforter down from my mouth, and as I gasped for breath, forced the neck of a bottle between my teeth. I had no option but to swallow sputtering some of its contents. The bottle was then withdrawn, the comforter replaced, my nostrils released, and in a few minutes I relapsed into unconsciousness.

On again awakening, I found myself lying in the bunk of a small cabin. Tins of preserved meat, barrels of sugar and flour, and other stores of that sort, scattered around the place, showed me it was used as a steward's storeroom. The bunk had no mattress or bed-clothes in it. There was a port over it; and as the monkey-jacket and comforter had been taken off me, I raised myself and looked out. Callao was visible in the distance; but I could see, from the position of the shipping, that the vessel I was in was lying very far out. In fact, as I afterwards discovered, she had been moved to her present berth during the night. But the thing that interested me most was a British gunboat lying about the third of a mile off, and the nearest vessel in sight, her broad union-jack drooping over her stern. I guessed it to be about eight o'clock in the morning. I was about to try the door, when a key turned in it, and it opened for the entrance of no other than the captain of

the *John E. Chew*. I was not surprised, for I had already formed an opinion of where I was.

'Well, my lad, how do you feel now?' he said in a brusque manner.

'How do I feel?' I replied. 'Why, how should you expect a man to feel who has been nearly drugged to death?—as you very well know,' I added, looking straight at him.

'Ho, ho! that's how the land lies, is it?—Drugged, eh? I don't know anything about drugging; but I know you came on board last night in a state of beastly intoxication; so I put you in here, to take care of you, instead of letting you go to your proper place, the foc'sle.'

'My proper place! How is that?' I inquired.

'How's that?' he repeated. 'That's cool, that is. But I suppose the drink has knocked it all out of your head. Why, man, you've shipped before the mast with me, Captain Job Price, master of the United States' ship *John E. Chew*, port of New Haven, on a voyage from Callao to Trieste [Trieste]. Your wages is thirty dollars a month; and you've had a month's pay in advance, which I've got witnesses to prove.' He spoke this as if he were repeating a lesson which he wished to impress on my memory. But now, changing his tone to one of menace, which was emphasised by the display of a revolver which he drew from a pocket behind him, he continued: 'And look ye here, my lad; you'd better turn to and do your duty; for, if you try any of your shames on with me, you'll find you've got hold of the wrong boss! And now we understand each other, come on deck, and give a hand to get underweigh, for I'm going to make sail right away—I am.'

'I shall do nothing of the kind,' I said; 'and you had better put me off to my own ship, the *Kingfisher*'—

'Now, jest you shut up!' he interrupted. 'I want none of your lying yarns. I tell you plainly, that if you don't go to your duty at once, I'll put you in irons down in the lazarette until I get you in blue water; and then I'll string you up by the thumbs to the mizzen riggin', and lather you properly; and lead you a dog's life afterwards. Whereas, if you behave as a sensible man, I don't see why you shouldn't be as comfortable on board this craft as any other.' He spoke, and looked so determinedly, that I felt he would be as good as his word, and that my best chance would be to appear cowed and convinced; so, after a pause, I said: 'It's very hard that a man should be dragged off and shipped whether he will or no. But if it cannot be helped, I suppose I must make the best of it. Only, I warn you, Captain Price, that kidnapping a British subject is a very serious offence.'

'Oh, I guess I'll take my chance of that,' he replied; and stepping on deck, motioned me to follow him.

'Here, Mr Snell,' he called; 'this new hand has got sober at last, and wants something to do.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the mate from the forepart of the ship, where he was superintending the men who manned the windlass. Then coming aft, he said: 'She's hove short, sir.'

'Very well. Loose and sheet home the topsails. We'll take a starboard cant with this breeze.—Here!—to me—let's see how smart you can be in loosing that mizzen topsail.—And mind you—

no tricks, or'—and he gave a significant look and a tap on his revolver pocket.

I would like to have strangled him; but I could only do as I was bid. As I went up the mizzen rigging, I gazed despairingly at the gunboat; but I could expect no help from her. She was too far off for a shout to be heard, even if I dared to raise one. And as to swimming, it would have been certain death, for the place swarmed with sharks. When I got on the yard, I saw a small shore skiff alongside amidships, which I had not observed before. Three men came on board from her, and my blood boiled as I recognised the villainous bar-keeper as one of them. 'Come on board to be paid for me,' I said to myself; 'and I've been sent up here to be out of the way.' I was confirmed in this belief by seeing them and the captain disappear down the companion-way, the latter making a warning gesture to me as he did so. He evidently thought I was completely tamed, and only wanted a reminder to keep me quiet. But at that very moment a ray of hope had flashed into my mind. All the ship's boats except the gig had been brought on board and secured. It was hooked on to the davit falls, but was still in the water. If I could but reach that boat, unhook the falls, and shove off, I could surely make such an outcry before I was captured as would attract the gunboat's attention. To cast loose and lower one of the other boats would take them at least five minutes, so I had only the skiff to take into account. The idea was no sooner conceived than acted on.

Grasping a back-stay, I slid rapidly down. Fortune favoured me. All the men who were not aloft were at the windlass. The fore and main topsails had been sheeted home, and as I reached the boat, the cry of 'All aweigh!' and the rapid clanking of the windlass palls, told me that the anchor had left the ground and the vessel was moving. A moment after, I was discovered, and I heard shouts and a hurried tramping along the deck. With nervous eagerness, I unhooked the falls; but my heart sank as I found the boat's painter was made fast on deck.

I felt in my pocket for my clasp-knife. By the greatest good luck, it had not been taken from me; an instant sufficed to open it, cut the painter, and give a vigorous shove against the ship's side. As I drifted under the stern, Captain Job Price's face appeared just above me. He had his revolver in his hand.

'Come back!' he cried with a horrible oath, 'or I'll drill a hole through you.'

My only reply was to throw myself down in the boat, and make as small a target of myself as possible; for I saw by the man's face he meant murder.

'I'll give you one more chance,' he yelled. But I lay close, for I knew the ship was gathering way every second, and his voice already sounded farther off than before. Another second or two passed, and then he fired. The ball struck a thwart above me, and glanced off. Again and again I heard the reports of the revolver, and each time the boat was hit; but I was not touched, the distance between us being now enough for the gunwale of the boat to be a protection to me.

When he had emptied all six chambers of his revolver, I stood up, and saw the *John E. Chew*

some fifty yards off, gradually stealing away before the wind; but I also saw another sight that was not by any means so pleasant. This was the skiff putting off from the ship in pursuit of me, with the bar-keeper and his two companions in it. I looked round the gig; there were no oars in it. I tried to drag out a thwart; but they all defied my efforts to move them. With the strength of desperation, I then tried the seats in the stern; and after repeated attempts, succeeded in loosening one of them. A final wrench, and it came away in my hands. It was about five feet long, nine inches in width, and an inch thick. I then commenced to paddle with it, first on one side, and then on the other, standing up and using all my strength, and shouting as loud as I could, to draw the gunboat's notice. But the boat was too heavy for this mode of propulsion to have much effect on her, and the skiff gained fast on me. The bar-keeper was standing in her bows, one man was rowing, and the other was seated in the stern. They said not a word as they came up. And when the bows of the skiff touched the stern of the gig, the bar-keeper made a spring. As he did so, I swung round my improvised paddle, and hit him with the edge of it fairly across the side of his head. He gave a howl, and fell over into the water, nearly swamping the skiff as he went down. In the confusion that ensued, the rower dropped one of his oars; and before they could recover it, pick up the half-drowned bar-keeper, and bale out the water they had shipped, I had, by vigorous paddling, put a good hundred yards between the two boats.

When the occupants of the skiff had recovered from their catastrophe, I was surprised to find that they showed no intention of following me. On the contrary, my friend the bar-keeper was huddled into the stern; and the other two taking an oar apiece, began to pull as hard as they could for the shore, at right angles to the course I was pursuing. I was greatly relieved; and on looking round, soon discovered the cause of this change of tactics—the steam-launch belonging to the gunboat was coming rapidly in my direction. As I afterwards found out, the reports of the revolver had been heard by those on board; and as the launch was just coming off from shore, she was ordered to proceed on, and see what was the matter. Captain Price had also observed that the British lion was on the alert; and the *John E. Chew's* main-topsail, which had been backed, was filled again; and she bore away under a press of canvas, leaving her boat with me as a trophy.

On the launch's arrival alongside of me, I told the middy in charge my story; and he, taking the gig in tow, took me on board the gunboat. I repeated my tale to the captain. He seemed rather incredulous; and sent an officer on board the *Kingfisher* to make inquiries, who brought my skipper back with him. However, as the 'old man' verified my yarn in some of its details, the naval captain began to take the thing up more warmly. But when it came to my producing legal proof of what had occurred, he seemed anything but satisfied.

'You see,' he said, 'you have not the ghost of a case against the master of the American ship. He, of course, would say that you came, or were brought on board, drunk, and that you agreed to sail with him. Nay, I have no doubt his officers

would swear to that or any other tale he might choose to invent. And if you were really one of his crew, he had a right to try to prevent you deserting. On the other hand, if he had wounded you, I should feel it my duty to give chase and bring him back; and as it is, I shall demand redress from the United States' consul.—With regard to this grog-drugging vagabond of a bar-keeper,' he continued, 'the case is different, and I think something might be done; so I shall take you on shore with me at once, to point out the house and get him arrested.'

Nothing was done, however; for on proceeding to the street in which I had been drugged, I found the houses so like each other, that I could not take it on my conscience to swear to any particular one as being the place; and as for the bar-keeper, he was not seen or heard of as long as the *Kingfisher* was in the neighbourhood. So I had, as our 'old man' said, 'to take the lesson for what it was worth.' And he added: 'Serve you right for going into such a den.'

I now command as fine a ship as the *John E. Chew*; and two years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting Captain Job Price—it was in Melbourne—and before we parted, he had received as good a 'lathering' as ever he promised me; and though I had made myself liable to a fine of five pounds, which I duly paid, I do not think I ever spent five pounds in my life with such a sweet consciousness of having got value for it.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AMONG the many interesting topics which lately came before the British Association at York, was the subject of Lightning-conductors, by Mr Vyle. This paper opened by alluding to the many accidents from lightning which are constantly recorded, and to the undoubted fact, that a conductor properly fixed and in good contact with the earth, is a sure protection from such calamities. The expense and difficulty of ascertaining whether a conductor already fixed is really in efficient order, may be estimated when it is stated that no tests can be made until a wire is connected between the very point of the apparatus and the earth. In the case of a high chimney-shaft, this expense would be almost prohibitive. Mr Vyle meets this difficulty by the invention of a new form of lightning-cable, which carries a core of insulated copper wire. This wire is in metallic contact with the point of the conductor, and emerges from the core a few feet above the ground, so that, by simple attachment of proper instruments, the efficacy of the conductor in case of thunderstorms can be periodically and easily tested. The necessity of some such arrangement as this was seen during the late examination of the wires which protect York Minster, when the earth connections were found to be faulty, although the conductors themselves were good. Under such circumstances, had lightning struck the building, the result might have been disastrous.

In the case of lightning, we are all anxious

enough to aid its escape to mother earth, where its power for harm is at an end. In the meantime, electricians are straining every nerve to procure in the easiest manner, and to store for future use, that electric energy which it is prophesied is to do so much of the work of mankind. Faure's improvements on the Secondary Battery of Planté have given a wonderful impetus to this particular branch of electric science; and although we have learned that the first accounts of his experiments were tinged with some perhaps natural exaggeration, there is no doubt that many things are now possible which were impossible before those experiments were made. We have now before us a drawing of the little balloon which, urged forward by an electric motor at a speed of two hundred feet per minute, forms a very attractive feature at the Paris Electrical Exhibition. This balloon, measuring about twelve feet long, is egg-shaped, but pointed at each end. It carries a Planté battery, which furnishes a current for nearly an hour to the motor, which drives a very light two-bladed fan. The balloon travels along a fixed wire between two galleries of the Exhibition building; and if it can be called nothing else but a toy, is at anyrate a very interesting and suggestive one.

From the time when the Montgolfier brothers made their first experiments, now just one hundred years ago, the French have been eager supporters of everything in the shape of a balloon. But in our own country there are many earnest workers who are doing their best to give a practical value to that aerial traveller. Of these workers, Mr Coxwell is one of the most persevering, and from time to time he lets us know by letters to the papers that his ideas are not slumbering. The Crystal Palace, Sydenham, has lately been the scene of some experiments conducted by him, having for their object the perfecting of a system of signalling by means of small captive balloons. The fact that such balloons form conspicuous objects in the sky, easily seen from a great distance, coupled with the readiness with which they can be lowered or raised to form the combinations required by a pre-arranged code, will show that Mr Coxwell's ideas are not visionary. The system is meant to act as an adjunct to the heliograph, which of course cannot be worked unless the sun is actually shining.

The recent arrival in London of a consignment of fresh meat and game from Australia, transported from one side of the globe to the other in a frozen state, but which, in the opinion of competent judges, can, when thawed, be considered equal to home-fed stock, is an event of both scientific and domestic importance. It may also serve to remind us that beef and mutton from America have during the past five years been, by the same means, imported to this country in vast quantities; no less than one hundred and eight thousand tons of American meat having passed through the Metropolitan market alone; to say nothing of the

live-stock which has reached us through other channels. The question may naturally be asked, How much of this cheap foreign meat has been sold to the consumer for and at the price of British produce, and why? Alleged attempts to obstruct the sale of the Australian meat will form the subject of an inquiry by the Markets' Committee. The said Committee would gain the applause of the general public if they would at the same time take steps to explain why, with so much cheap food at hand, beef and mutton must still, by the masses, be looked upon as rare luxuries.

It is not meat alone that we may expect to receive from our Australian friends; for, according to a newspaper entitled the *Colonies and India*, the shipment of various fruits can be made remunerative. Apples, pears, oranges, walnuts, and grapes can be so packed as to arrive on our shores in marketable condition. The softer kinds of fruit can hardly be made to withstand the voyage; but there is every likelihood that those named will soon be competing with the produce of our gardens at home.

In no department of human industry is more ingenuity shown than in those wonderful modern implements of agriculture which have revolutionised the work of the farm; and perhaps the most interesting of these machines is the Reaper-and-Binder, which, as its name implies, not only cuts the corn, but binds it into sheaves. For a long time, these Reapers had one common fault. The binding medium was wire; and in spite of every care, particles of metal would find their way into thrashing-machines and into other situations where their presence was not desirable; so, tempting prizes were offered by different Agricultural Societies for a machine which would do equally efficient work, but which would bind the sheaves with harmless string. At a trial, lately, by the Long-Sutton Agricultural Society, Mr W. A. Wood's String Binding-machine cut six acres of wheat in less than five hours, tying each sheaf in two and a half seconds, the only interruption which occurred being when the ball of twine ran short. It is estimated that at least one hundred and fifty of these machines have been at work in the harvest-fields of Great Britain.

Those who are interested in farming pursuits will read with great interest a book written by Mr Douglass, on Ostrich-farming in South Africa. Employing a capital of about eight millions in Cape Colony alone, ostrich-farming may be now reckoned as one of the recognised industries of the country. Mr Douglass, who was one of the first to study this curious art as a profitable industry, has introduced with considerable success the system of artificial incubation. We learn from him, among other items, that the price of a pair of good birds for breeding purposes varies from one hundred to one hundred and thirty pounds; that each pair requires a run of about forty acres; and that they find their own food, except in severe drought; that the chicks will fetch six pounds each when only a day old; and that in process of time, each bird yields about twelve pounds annually in feathers. The greatest expense at starting an ostrich-farm is represented by the cost of fencing; but with good management, a net return of thirty per cent. can be reasonably looked for.

Miss Ormerod, of Dunster Lodge, near Isleworth,

who recently published *A Manual of Injurious Insects*, is still prosecuting her labour of love, which is likely to prove of great service to all interested in agricultural pursuits. She has been for some time collecting evidence, from all willing to help in the good work, bearing upon the injuries caused by insect pests to our food-crops, fruit and forest trees, the results of which up to the present time she publishes in the above work. She purposes continuing her researches and Reports, and with this view asks all who have the opportunity of doing so, to send her detailed accounts of the injuries which have come under their experience, and the remedies, whether effectual or not, which have been employed. In return for this information, which need only take the form of a few notes, with perhaps a specimen of the unwelcome insect, the writer will receive a copy of her printed yearly Report, telling him of the opinions and experiences of some hundreds under similar circumstances. Many of the pests which it is thus sought to eradicate, have had so much written about them, that there seems very little left to discover; but there are many others whose depredations go on year after year, simply because either no remedy has yet been found, or that remedy is only known to the few.

An instance of the obscurity which still hovers round many members of the insect world, is seen in the honey-ants. So little was known of the habits and nests of these intelligent insects, that in 1879 the Rev. Dr McCook undertook a journey to New Mexico, where they were said to be found, for the purpose of studying them. The results of his observations are recorded in the proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia for January last. The nests of the honey-ants are generally found in high and dry situations, and have the appearance of mounds of gravel. A funnel-shaped opening leads to various galleries and honey-rooms. Observation would seem to suggest that the honey-ants are nocturnal insects, that the honey is secreted in the abdomen of the insect, which is distended into a bag the size of a small grape, and that it is procured from the sugary sap of oak-galls. It is rather acid, owing to the presence of formic acid; but the Mexicans and Indians eat it as a delicacy. A thousand ants will collect about one pound of honey.

The telegraph system in Japan can now boast of four thousand miles of line, comprising about ten thousand miles of wire. The first telegraph in Japan was constructed only ten years ago, so that the increase of mileage has been very rapid. A special adaptation of the Morse dot-and-dash system is used, because the Japanese language has no alphabet; but forty-seven signs are sufficient to meet all needs; and a school has been established for the education of Japanese youth into the mysteries of telegraphy and telephony. A curious difficulty is met with in the fact, that spiders have taken a fancy to weaving their webs between the telegraphic wires, with the result, that directly a shower of rain occurs, the webs become conductors of electricity, weaken the wire-currents, and thus play havoc with the messages. A staff of men with bamboo rods are constantly occupied in sweeping these tiresome cobwebs away.

In British Columbia, near Cape Commerell, large deposits of sand are found in which are

mixed tiny scales of gold. The gold is quite visible to the eye when the sand is penetrated a few inches from the surface; but its particles are so small, that no plan has hitherto been found of extracting it with profit. A San Francisco Company have, however, lately been treating this golden sand by means of a new machine invented for the purpose. It consists of a series of metal plates with holes through them, placed one above the other. These plates are covered with an amalgam for which gold has an affinity. The sand is, by means of water, washed through the pierced plates; and by the time that each charge of material reaches the bottom of the system, very few particles of gold have failed to attach themselves to the amalgam. The process is said to work well.

A natural product which has perhaps made as many fortunes in the New World as gold-mining, is petroleum. This industry was, for the best of reasons, considered to be an American monopoly; but, according to all reports, this monopoly can exist no longer. For a long time, rumours have been current of certain stores of petroleum which were believed to exist in North Germany. These reports were for a long time discredited; but there is no longer any doubt about the matter, for petroleum is now being pumped in large quantities near Peine, in Hanover. It is predicted that the new springs will be able to supply the whole of Europe with petroleum. This fact, coupled with the circumstance that Germany has hitherto been a large consumer of the American product, foreshadows changes of an extensive nature in a very important branch of commerce.

A recent discovery in Pennsylvania is considered by some to illustrate the formation of coal. At a place called Scranton, some excavations were being made for the foundations of a building. Cutting through a bed of peat, the workmen came to a stratum of what had the appearance of tough black jelly. When dried, this jelly becomes solidified into a brittle substance, hardly to be distinguished from anthracite coal, though upon analysis it was found to contain only twenty per cent. of carbon. It burned at a red-heat, and left an ash resembling that of ordinary coal.

Among the many plans which have been proposed for giving iron a coating which will protect it from rust, there are two which stand out prominently, by reason of their undoubted success; one is the process of Professor Barff, and the other that of Mr Bower. In both processes, the iron receives a coating of magnetic oxide; but the means by which this is brought about are different. Mr Bower has now purchased Professor Barff's patents, and a Company has been formed to work them, with the first-named gentleman as managing director, and with the latter as consulting chemist. When this Company is fully started, we may hope that non-corrosive iron will become a common, rather than an exceptional thing. We may mention that the colour of the coating varies from a gray to a deep black; and that to iron so treated, paint will adhere with great tenacity.

A great deal has been heard lately about koumiss, as useful in cases of consumption. The genuine article—which is in reality fermented mare's milk—is peculiar to one particular district, namely, the Steppes of Russia. Attempts to make it in Moscow and St Petersburg have failed, probably owing to

the want of that rich pasture which the Steppes afford. Russian physicians are now prescribing a visit to the Steppes for their consumptive patients, perhaps taking into account the fine dry atmosphere there met with, as well as the virtues of koumiss. This fermented milk has for years been the principal food of the Kirghizes, who are forbidden by their religion to indulge in stronger liquors; and it was the vast difference which appeared in the stamina of these men, according to the time when koumiss was seasonable or the reverse, which first attracted the attention of medical men to its regenerative properties. Dr Carrick, physician to the British Embassy at St Petersburg, is said to be contemplating the establishment of a retreat at Orenburg, where patients will be received during the summer. Here sufferers will have the benefit of a Madeira-like climate, coupled with the medicinal virtues of the new remedy. It may be added that the Aylesbury Dairy Company produce from cow's milk a species of koumiss which has been favourably spoken of.

The Glasgow Mechanics' Institute, established for nearly sixty years, has just taken a fresh lease of life under the new name of 'The Glasgow College of Science and Arts.' The whole nature of the Institution has been re-modelled, and its principal feature is now, by means of classes—to give young engineers, architects, builders, chemists, and technical workers generally, such a knowledge of their business that 'rule of thumb' shall give place to scientific accuracy. That the students profit by their instruction, may be gleaned from the results of the last Science and Art Examinations. In the drawing-classes—including geometrical and mechanical drawing and building construction—eighty-eight per cent. passed of those who presented themselves for examination, while forty-four per cent. took Queen's prizes. The other subjects brought forward as many, and in some cases more proficient. We wish the Institution every success under its new title.

According to a contemporary entitled *Iron*, there was lately to be seen in Queenstown harbour a novel fishing-vessel, which is perhaps destined to represent the type of fishing-smack of the future. It is described as a schooner-rigged steamer, capable of carrying one thousand tons dead-weight, including fuel. She had on board ninety tons of salmon and trout, which had been caught at Labrador and Sandwich Bay some ten days before her arrival at Queenstown. Her hold is occupied by refrigerating chambers, by which the fish can be kept in a frozen state for any required time. By the aid of such a vessel as this, fish need no longer be classed as perishable goods. The cargo could be disposed of by degrees, according to the state of the market; and more than this, the fish peculiar to one country could be easily transferred to another, where such had never before been seen in a fresh state.

In this connection, we may express a hope that the Committee lately appointed to inquire into the Metropolitan Fish Supply will be able to suggest some means whereby this wholesome and unlimited food can be brought nearer the mouths of the suffering poor. A gentleman lately wrote to the *Times* saying that at Great Yarmouth hundreds of tons of herrings are carted away for manure, merely because they are slightly broken.

The price which they fetch varies from twenty to twenty-five shillings per ton. It requires no great arithmetician to show that this waste fish could be sold in nearly any town in Great Britain at a handsome profit for one halfpenny per pound. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the following sensible remarks appear, from the pen of 'Sylvanus Urban': 'From the Billings-gate dealer down to the fisherman, all are in the conspiracy to keep up the price of what should be the cheapest form of food. This is a time of public Companies. In place of the schemes for working distant mines and placing British capital under foreign control, why do not some capitalists start a cheap fish-supply Association? This, while conferring a priceless boon upon the labouring poor, is bound, with judicious management, to prove one of the most remunerative of speculations. Everything, however, must be undertaken by the Company. It must have its own smacks at our principal fishing-ports, its own sailors, its own carriages for conveyance, its own markets. Fish could then be supplied at a fourth of the price now demanded. Some opposition from those interested in the preservation of existing monopolies is probable; a little firmness would, however, soon sweep this aside, and an investment likely to be little less profitable than the great water Companies and the like would be supplied.'

There is now being built at Geneva a model vessel, which if its constructors' anticipations prove to be correct, will cause quite a revolution in the art of ship-building. M. Raoul Pictet, to whose ingenuity this vessel is due, believes that he has discovered a new principle in ship-construction, by which the resistance offered by the water is very much diminished. By certain modifications in the shape of the hull and of the keel, the ship is caused to raise itself as it progresses, so as to assume a gliding motion over the water, instead of ploughing through it. The particulars at hand are very meagre; and such being the case, it would perhaps be as well to withhold any opinion upon the merits of the discovery until the actual trial proves its value, or the reverse.

In many parts of Asia there is a plant known as the 'shoeblack,' which although it will not grow in our gardens, is not unknown in hot-houses. It possesses brilliant scarlet flowers, which yield a thick gummy juice, which gives a varnish-like polish to anything to which it may be applied; hence its use as a substitute for blacking on boots and shoes. The ladies of China are said to use the same plant for dyeing their hair and eyebrows.

The Agricultural Hall, Islington, one of the largest halls in London, is, despite its name, given up to Exhibitions of the most varied character. Only the other day, it was crowded with printing machinery; next came an Exhibition, the second of its kind, of everything pertaining to the leather trade. We are now promised in the same place a show of perhaps more general interest than either of those named. This is a Naval Engineering Exhibition, which, according to the anticipated programme, will embrace a very wide field indeed. It includes the exhibition of various systems of diving, in a tank specially constructed for the purpose; the delivery of lectures on naval architecture, mechanics, &c.; the exhibition of machinery and mechanical contrivances connected with the art of ship-building; and what is more

important still, a prize of one hundred guineas is to be offered for the best means of saving life in cases of shipwreck; a second-prize of fifty guineas being offered for the best invention of a humane character connected with seafaring matters. The Exhibition is being organised by Mr Samson Barnett, Junior, of 4 Westminster Chambers, London.

The United States Consul at Cartagena has issued a Report giving a very interesting account of the way in which india-rubber is gathered in Columbia. A hole is dug at the foot of the tree, about the roots of which a space has been previously cleared. The hunter then cuts in the bark a V-shaped incision as high from the ground as his arm will stretch. The milk then exudes from the cut, and runs into the hole below. When no more 'milk' can be persuaded to run by this process, the tree is cut down, gashed in every direction, whilst leaves are placed below to catch the milk that flows from the cuts. The rubber as it comes from the tree is as white as cream; but it speedily turns black on exposure to the air. It is coagulated in the holes where it has collected by means of hard soap, or the root of the mechvacan, when it is ready for market. This practice of cutting down the trees in order to obtain the rubber, is equivalent to killing the goose with the golden eggs; and there is no doubt that unless the government take stringent measures for their protection, the local trade in india-rubber will come to an end.

A RUNNING-MAN TARGET.

The mode of rifle-practice in use in the army and among our Volunteers has recently been the subject of much discussion in the newspaper press, and its efficiency has, among authorities qualified to judge, been gravely doubted. This has been especially so since the war in the Transvaal, when the very remarkable superiority of the Boers, compared with our English soldiers, as shots, was unquestionably determined. Our marksmen had hitherto practised at fixed and conspicuous objects, at regularly measured distances, and with all the leisure and opportunity that was requisite to raise shooting into something like a fine art. And, practised within these lines, the pursuit *did* in many instances assume the precision and elegance of a fine art, and the ability to strike a fixed object at a given distance, had, in the case of many individuals, arrived as nearly as possible at perfection. But shooting on a practice-ground, and shooting in the excitement and hurry and confusion of a battle-field, are two quite different things. To hit a moving object at three hundred yards, when that moving object has also a rifle, and can return our shot, is not quite the same thing as striving to make bull's-eyes on an iron target, with nothing to distract the mind or unsteady the nerves. Hence, our military authorities are beginning to acknowledge that, though they cannot introduce to the practice-ground the danger and smoke and commotion of an actual engagement, they can so far meet this deficiency by accustoming our soldiers and Volunteers to hit an object moving at lesser or greater distances, and at various rates of speed.

In view of this change in the training of marksmen, Mr W. B. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, has invented and patented what is called a 'Running-Man

Target,' which can be obtained at a price which places it within the reach of every Volunteer corps. The target is of stout millboard, cut to represent a man, life-size, and painted to the fancy of the shooter. It is suspended from a wire, along which it runs, and can be worked by one man, who, while operating, is protected in the ordinary marking-butt or mantlett, and who does not require to leave the butt, but can signal the hits without leaving cover. It can be erected on any ground—rough, smooth, or sloping; and one or more targets can be run at the same time, and at any pace up to twenty miles an hour. On rifle-ranges, by an ingenious combination of two or more machines, the moving target can be made to appear at unknown distances each time, giving the riflemen the opportunity of practising snap-shooting. The targets, besides being light and cheap, can be patched on being struck, and are said to stand a good deal of hitting. Several military authorities, and among them Major-General Sir Frederick Roberts, have seen the target in operation, and are of opinion that it is likely to prove a success. The full measure of its success is, of course, a thing of the future; but that there can be no doubt as to the necessity for some such moving apparatus on the practice-ground, is forcibly shown by what happened in June last, at the annual meeting of the Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian Rifle Association, when the above running-man target was tried, and out of two hundred shots fired at it individually and in volleys, the 'man' was only struck *thrice*!

We may add that Mr Blaikie's apparatus is made by Messrs Wm. Bain & Co., Lochrin Iron-works, Lower Gilmore Place, Edinburgh.

A MEMORY.

A LITTLE village far away;
A cottage near a hill;
A verdant dene through which there flows
An ever-murmuring rill.

A gentle maiden by my side,
Reflected in the stream,
Made lovely by her loveliness—
'A dream within a dream.'

A little church behind the trees;
A grave beside the wall;
A stone; a few forget-me-nots:
I loved her—that is all.

J. P. HUTCHINSON.

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A SELF-HELP SOCIETY.

'ANNUAL income twenty pounds,' was Micawber's advice from the King's Bench Prison, 'annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six—result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six—result misery; the blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and in short you are for ever flooded!' Now, in most cases, the sixpence cannot be kept upon the right side of the account, and there is risk, if not of being 'flooded,' at least of falling very low in anxiety and discomfort, if there be not Thrift in the management of the annual—figurative—twenty pounds; and thrift is not among the good qualities of the English people. In the highest classes there is extravagance, which however unwise, can in their case be afforded; in the middle classes, the craze of keeping up appearances, and living up to or beyond the income; in the lower classes, bad management in buying and living, and lack of the power of saving a provision for times of scarcity and for old age.

It is among the middle classes and the less educated, that thrift is not only a virtue but a necessity; and a Society was founded not long ago, with the aim of furthering the welfare of all the bread-winning classes by teaching them to make the most of their winnings. Situated in Finsbury Circus, London, E.C., this excellent institution goes by the name of the National Thrift Society. Its object is none other than to make thrift a national habit, as it is already in France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria; and as the Society is not a mere body for holding meetings and proclaiming theories, but a thoroughly practical body, only content when it is reducing its principles to action, it may be interesting to glance at the plans of such a Society, and the means it employs 'to make regular and systematic thrift a national habit.'

The Thrift Society starts from the principles, that the best possible assistance is helping people to help themselves; that a habit of economy is

most easily acquired in early life, and therefore thrift-teaching, theoretical and practical, should be part of the instruction given in schools; and that by preaching Thrift they mean, 'not that shabby savings should accumulate into sums that would minister to selfish abundance, but that every one should endeavour to husband his resources, and at the same time use them to the best possible advantage not for himself alone, but for the good of his fellow-men.' The working classes, and especially the poorest of them, are those who fall most within reach of the efforts of thrift-promoters; and by benefiting first those easily reached classes, it is hoped that the movement will spread upwards through others where there is equal waste and where there might be easier saving.

The principal means adopted by the Society for doing its work, may be counted as seven—the establishment of Penny Banks, the drawing of popular attention to the Post Office and Trustee Savings-banks, the explanation and arrangement of Life Assurance and Annuities, the opening of Provident Dispensaries and Medical Clubs, the supervision of the system of Friendly Societies, the deliverance of popular Thrift Lectures, the holding of Conferences, and the broadcast free distribution of Thrift Literature in the form of 'Leaflets,' cards, and pamphlets.

To speak first of the Penny Banks. The Society will only be satisfied when there is one of them attached to every elementary school in the kingdom, and to all workmen's Clubs or Institutes, Factories, and Temperance Societies; and to make the opening of these Banks more easy, printed forms of application are issued, upon the receipt of which from any district, the requisite books, trustee forms, notices and rules are forwarded ready to set the business in order. Several Penny Banks have been established in London—quite distinct from the National Penny Bank, which is a commercial undertaking, while the Thrift Society's work is one of disinterested benevolence—and many others have been opened in provincial towns, and even in villages far and wide throughout the country, from Nether Comp-

ton in Dorsetshire or Hersham in Surrey, away north to Auchencraigs in Scotland. Several of these Banks have more than a thousand depositors. When those in poor districts of London were opened, the rush on the first night proved how desirous many working people are to save the 'littles' that make a 'mickle,' if they are but shown easy and safe means of laying them by. At one place the depositors numbered five hundred in the first two hours, and eight hundred names of men, women, and children were on the books before the end of the month; at another, there was among the crowd a mother who had come to make a deposit in her baby's name—an example of the depth of popular pleasure and interest in the movement. A similar good work is being done in their own provinces by Savings-bank Associations in Glasgow (by which Board School Banks were successfully opened in 1877), Liverpool, and Manchester. There are also, elsewhere, districts where the Penny Bank movement is already well established—for instance, there are fifty in one manufacturing district of Bedfordshire. But the National Thrift Society is too honest and earnest, to know anything of the too common blemish of jealousy among fellow-labourers. Its object is purely to help the working classes to make the best use of their earnings, and to save; to teach them to help themselves; and to set others helping them. If others are already helping, so far good—the object being to make the system universal.

To establish Penny Banks in elementary schools is the Society's foremost aim at present. The district Banks benefit many, but chiefly those who are desirous of receiving the benefit—those who are already inclined to save. The School Banks would do more: they would form practically, at the most plastic period of life, the inclination to save and the habit of saving. The head of the Education Department has recently given his approval to a plan of the Thrift Society for establishing a Penny Bank for the children of every Board School in the Metropolis, if the consent of the School Boards, who are already favourable to the scheme, could be formally obtained. Once London Board Schools had accepted the banking system, those of the provinces would follow. In many elementary schools the Society has already tried the plan, and the teachers everywhere give the same testimony—that it is beneficial to the children and to the school, and that it forms a new link of good-will between the school and the parents. The business is very simple; the money, chiefly in copper, is handed in, on Saturdays or Mondays, in the school-room; and when an account reaches a pound, it is transferred in the child's own name to a Post Office, or to a Trustee Savings-bank. Sometimes Bank Books with a small sum entered, by way of a nest-egg, are given to the children as prizes, and are greatly appreciated. This has been done largely in Belgium, where the system of School Savings-banks is an immense success.

Thrift makes a very practical part of education in those countries where the system has been introduced. In Belgium, legacies are sometimes left to be divided in the School Bank Books even during so long a period as twenty years, to reward the thriftiest scholars. Ghent stands foremost in the movement; five thousand pounds have been

laid by in one year, by ten thousand children out of the sixteen thousand that attend its schools. Belgium has also its Thrift Society, called 'The *Société Cullier* for the Moral Improvement of the Labouring Classes by Means of Saving,' its object being further explained as that of 'spreading amongst working people the spirit of order and economy, and thereby improving their condition both moral and material.' In France there is a similar Society, having for its object to encourage the already existing provident institutions, and to found others. In 1874 the School Bank movement began there, and now more than eight thousand Savings-banks are attached to French schools. It is worthy of note that the amount deposited in French Savings-banks, which had greatly diminished after the last war, rose again with a regular increase of no less than a hundred million francs a year, since 1874. This is attributed to the founding of the School Bank system, for it is well known that the savings of children are an incentive to their parents to begin saving too.

The French schools have before now proved in the most practical manner that Thrift does not mean selfishness. In 1876 the schools of Bordeaux had some of the most prosperous of the Banks established by the *Société des Institutions de Prévoyance*; and when the disastrous floods of that summer swept over the south of France, the children of Bordeaux came forward with four hundred pounds of their own money for the relief of the sufferers.

We have enumerated as the second means of thrift-teaching, the directing popular attention to the Post Office and Trustee Savings-banks. It is desired that investments in Government Funds should be reduced to five pounds or lower, as the present ten-pound limit fails to benefit the class for whom the last reduction was intended. But it is very difficult to get the uneducated to understand anything about government investments. As a fact, when Consols are suggested, it has been asked if Consols are a kind of coals, or 'something new in the way of eatables.' It is easier to make the simple Post Office system acceptable, and yet few understand how valuable is the whole system of saving. It would be news to most working-men to hear—as the Thrift Society tells us—that the sixpence a day, which many a well-paid artisan spends upon glasses of beer, if saved and put by at compound interest from his twentieth year, would face him in his seventieth year as the goodly sum of one thousand pounds.

As a third means of working, the Thrift Society advocates Life Assurance and the obtaining of Annuities. Through their efforts, arrangements have been made by which insurers can obtain policies in certain Life Assurance Offices at a reduction of premiums, and can also purchase Annuities on easy terms. Great as the extravagance of the middle classes may be in living up to or beyond their income for appearance's sake, there is still a vast amount of providence in paying for Life Assurances; and this is a hopeful sign of the spread of thrift. Where such insurance is not made, there are frequently those cases of the death of the bread-winner, and the sudden destitution of the family, which are among the saddest fruits of the modern universal sacrifice to appearances.

A fourth method of promoting thrift, is the

establishment of Medical Clubs and Provident Dispensaries; and several of these have been already opened. Though staunchly advocating the grand virtue of self-help in every condition of life, we should be far from desiring to lessen the tide of charity to those who really need it, or of lessening those medical charities which are the special outlet of human tenderness and the glory of the civilised world. There will be always the poor, the deserving poor, to whom all Charities, and especially the charities of healing and sheltering the sick, must open their resources wide and free, and still have scarcely resource enough to satisfy misery on the one hand or compassion on the other. But there are also large classes—as in former articles we have insisted—who could well afford with a little prudence to partly or even wholly defray the expense of their times of sickness. The Provident Dispensaries are a welcome boon to those who are honourably wishful at least to pay something for their medical attendance; and if the system could be extended, and families induced to make their trifling weekly or monthly payments, it would benefit the hospitals and free dispensaries by relieving them of a great strain on their funds, besides encouraging people to have recourse in good time to medical aid that they had already entitled themselves to receive. But, once again, the Provident Dispensaries are not intended to take the place of medical charities. There will always be thousands who must have free aid freely given; there will always be the neighbour found fallen by the wayside of life, with the necessity laid upon us not only of giving healing remedies for his ills, but of ourselves paying the provident fee that care may be taken of him when we are gone.

The supervision of the system of Friendly Societies is another, and a very necessary, work taken up by the National Thrift Society. Notoriously unthrifty as the English people are, their working-men's Associations are a proof that somewhere in the national character there is a strong bias of prudence; and therefore the forming of the nation to systematic habits of thrift, though a long labour, is no impossibility. The registered Friendly Societies of the kingdom are no less than twenty-five thousand in number; one of them has five hundred thousand members, and another nearly as many; the amount invested in them is close upon eleven millions sterling, and the money paid out by them annually is about two millions. These are large figures, and honourable statistics too, when we remember that these associations have been founded and carried on by the enterprise and good management of the working classes. Beside these, there are existing unregistered Societies; and whatever be their 'Club,' the majority of well-employed working-men will be found to have some 'Club' to call their own, or at some period of their life to have paid into one. The generality of these Societies are sound, and admirably managed; as an instance of good business management, we could name one of the largest, that, finding itself a few years ago with an enormous deficit, readjusted its rates by mutual agreement, surmounted the difficulty, and now boasts that instead of a deficit, it finds some trouble in dealing with the swelling amount of

its surplus. But there are other Societies that are helplessly unsound. They often exist in towns, but more commonly they are Clubs in country villages; and so badly are some of these managed, that a case has been known where a village Club kept its money in a box with three locks, not even putting it out to interest, but trusting in some vague way for its ultimate increase.

Without such special study of the subject as the National Thrift Society has made, no one can know the amount of misery that is wrought among the poor by these rotten Societies. In most of the workhouses a large percentage of the old and destitute have at some period of their lives subscribed to a Friendly Society; and statistics show that of this number, a third, after subscribing their hard earnings for years, have been left to the dreaded 'House' in old age, through the failure of the Society in which they trusted. In London workhouses, there are men who have thus saved and subscribed for as much as thirty-five years, and who in their hour of need, when they were past work, saw their savings gone and beggary before them, through the breaking of the Club. The sufferings of the poor in this respect have a heart-rending voice even through dry statistics; and herein is shown the beneficent character of the National Thrift Society, which, undismayed by the usual jealousy of interference shown by workmen's Associations, has fearlessly taken in hand the duty of watching over the savings of the poor. It desires that there be further legislation on the subject, to supplement the Act which was passed in 1875 after the long investigation by Royal Commission; and it is to be hoped that the Society will not rest until it is impossible for foulhardy speculators, whether themselves working-men or not, to stake, in a huge game of finance, the earnings saved by work-worn hands for times of sickness, sorrow, and old age.

The sixth method of work needs no explanation. The Thrift Lectures are entertaining as well as practical, and the Conferences are not dinner-eating celebrations, but practical meetings of those who are specially concerned with the ways and welfare of the labouring classes.

Of the Thrift Leaflets we have more to say. They are plain and friendly in language. Some are meant for the young, others for female servants, for cottagers, for workmen of various kinds, and for perusal in households. Their good advice and sensible reasoning teach housekeeping economy, saving little by little, and the much-neglected virtue of Temperance. They are issued by hundreds and thousands for gratuitous distribution; some zealous workers send them by post in coloured envelopes, and freighted with good wishes; they are given out at the Penny Banks at various meetings, and in such centres of work and poverty as the London knot of close poor streets known as the Seven Dials. Sometimes the quantity asked for is enormous; in answer to one request, ten thousand were sent to a district in the East End of London, for distribution on an Easter Monday and Bank-holiday.

Many voluntary subscriptions are of course necessary to carry on all this manifold work, and the Society has certainly to begin at home its lesson of Thrift while it is striving to gather funds for its fast multiplying labours. It has before it a noble work; for with Thrift come many blessings

and household virtues, foremost among them temperance, and the spirit of honest industry. The moral condition of the mass of the labouring population would improve, as their social condition became better, through self-help. They would live better, dress more suitably, enjoy homes of more real comfort. The Home of Taste, which Ebenezer Elliott dreamed of, would then be a possibility. The earnest-souled Poet of the Poor wrought commonest things into poetry when he told of Saturday's work done by loving hands for the sake of 'the proud mechanic—rich as a king, and less a slave—throned in his elbow-chair.' He sang of beaten carpets and white-scoured floors and polished grates, the weather-glass beside the cupboard door, the neatly mended sofa-arm, the warm house when Autumn winds were blowing, the snow-white curtain strung with pink tape, the musical glasses and songs, the table full of books, the fresh flowers in the vase. The Poet called it the Home of Taste; but still more was it the Home of Thrift.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

BY JOHN R. HAWWOOD.

CHAPTER LIII.—IN LOWER MINDEN STREET.

'HAVE you heard it, then?' said Bertram, with a start, as he entered the little triangular parlour of Louisa Denham's modest lodgings in Lower Minden Street, and saw, by the dull glow of the firelight and the pale gleam of the shaded lamp, that Miss Denham was in tears. 'But it is impossible!' he added; for it was the very evening of the trial which had had so tragic an ending, and Bertram had preferred to be the first to bear the news to his old benefactor's daughter, rather than leave her to learn it on the morrow, through the unsympathetic medium of a newspaper report.

'Of what did you speak?' asked Louisa timidly, when they were both seated.

Bertram fixed his eyes upon the fire. 'I have come straight from court—from the trial, I mean,' he said, with some embarrassment. 'It has terminated in a sad way—sadder, even, than we all expected from the first.'

'He is condemned, then?' inquired Louisa.

'The jury brought in a verdict of guilty; they could do no less,' said Bertram gravely.

'And his punishment—he is our uncle, after all—is it very heavy?' asked Louisa gently. She had been very angry with Walter Denham, the supplanter, the suborner, the robber of a trusting brother, whose nature had been so noble, tender, and good. But, like a true woman, she did not wish the chastisement to be heavy.

'Mr Walter Denham is beyond the reach of earthly justice, and that by his own act,' answered Bertram. 'He must have been prepared for suicide, should matters go hardly with him, since he had the poison, artfully concealed about his person, from the time of his arrest to that on which he swallowed it in open court, when once the verdict of the jury had been pronounced.'

Louisa bent down her honest, homely face upon her knees, and wept, sobbing—not for the hard, polished kinsman who had passed away, but for the ideal uncle, the imaginary Walter, whom their dear, dear father had loved so warmly. How often had the kind doctor dilated by the domestic hearth

on the merits of his bright, gay young brother, born, as it would seem, to take the sunny side in life, and be blithe and cheery! Dr Denham had really seemed to consider his younger brother as an exceptional person, exempt from responsibility, a mere lotus-eater, one whose privilege it was to soar above the cares and toils of other men. Uncle Walter in the flesh had been very vile. Coarser greed no buccaneer could have shown than had belonged to this accomplished, urbane gentleman, to whom so much had been forgiven by the brother he had wronged.

'It is a sad, miserable story,' said Louisa at last; 'and then my Rose, my poor darling, was tormented, too, by the addresses of a ruffian who knew the wicked secret, and—— But he is dead; and my blossom will be safe with you, Bertram, brother.'

'You call me brother,' said Bertram, 'and, dear sister, I am proud of the name. I am half-ashamed, remembering the poor, self-taught lad I was, when first your father took me by the hand, to think that darling Rose should be my betrothed bride; and your own kind, generous self a sister to me. Yet we live in a new and stirring age, when men, and women too, are shaken out of the old traditionary grooves, sadly rusted, of the past.—I have not told you, Louisa, how rich I am;' and Bertram smiled, half-diffidently.

'I have seen, by the newspapers, your great success—yours, and Mr Mervyn's—and that to your genius and perseverance the credit was due!' exclaimed Miss Denham, with a woman's instinct of hero-worship. 'And how proud, and how pleased, Rose and I have been, you will never know.'

'But I really am rich—and growing richer—week by week,' answered Bertram. 'What have we done, in the Firm, but divine, a little quicker than others, the drift which the world's sea-borne commerce ought to take; and lo! the world seems in a hurry to lay the first-fruits at our feet. It would weary you, if I were to enumerate the tempting offers which we daily receive from those who wish to buy up our contracts, to take our concessions off our hands, to reap the golden harvest that we have sown. My own share, I am told, is great, and likely to be greater, for the patents prosper; and I can no more help inventing, than an apple-tree can help putting forth fresh bloom when summer comes round.'

'Oh, how glad I am!' said Louisa, 'both for your own and Rose's sake.'

'I am sorry, however,' Bertram said, and he spoke low and feelingly, 'that you will not be much the richer by the discovery of your uncle's treacherous conduct towards your father. I learn from his agents that his affairs are very much complicated. He had been living a fast life, passing himself off at the same time as a connoisseur of art, and frequently losing large sums of money in speculations which any man of sense could have told him were worthless. The consequence of it all is, that the residue which may be saved from the wreck of his estate, which otherwise should have yielded four or five thousand a year, will now scarcely yield as many hundreds. Of course, you and Rose are his heirs, and are entitled to have the estate divided equally between you. But, dear sister—allow me to

call you by that name—Rose and I have had the matter talked over days ago. We had resolved, if the trial ended in the restitution of the estate to your father's representatives, that the result, whether much or little, should be entirely made over to you, Rose taking no share whatever.

'But,' said Louisa, blushing, while the tears sprang to her eyes, 'I cannot have this. Rose is entitled to her own, and'—

Bertram, by a kindly interruption, prevented her saying more. 'There's no help for it now,' he said. 'My agent has received instructions from Rose so to arrange matters, and it must be done. We do not require it, you know. My prospects are good; my income for some time has been very much larger than I could use, and the money is of no consequence to us. We are making no sacrifice, therefore, in giving up the whole to you; and I hope the estate may turn out better than is presently anticipated. The house at Kensington, with its pictures and curiosities, will of course be sold; and it is just possible that the present rage for bric-à-brac and the like may result in handing over to you a much more handsome sum than I first suggested.'

'Yet,' said Louisa, 'is it not sad to think the poor man should have sacrificed all that was good and honourable in him for the sake of paltry gain! He could not expect to prosper, and he did not prosper; and I do not know whether I shall ever have any pleasure in what comes to me through such a source.'

'Such considerations need have no weight with you, dear Louisa. The money that comes to you will be rightfully yours. It should have been your father's; but the successful plottings and rascalities of bad men deprived him and you of it for a time; and now that, in the mysterious ways of Providence, the estate, or what is left of it, has returned to you, it comes as free and untainted by any stain of crime or knavery as if it had never been out of your father's possession.—But, Louisa, when I entered, I thought I found you in tears. You have not had any bad news, have you?'

'I had just received a letter informing me that my kind old friend, Miss Elizabeth Midgham, of Blackston, she who first made it possible for me to earn daily bread as a governess in great stony-hearted London, was dead; and as I thought of her, dear gentle lady, and all her kindness to me, I felt as if another tie to life were wrenched away.'

'Yes,' said Bertram, 'she was a kind friend to you, and had she lived to see you in more improved circumstances, none would have rejoiced more heartily with you. But,' he added in a cheerier tone, and as if desirous to change the current of Louisa's thoughts, 'I hope that brighter days, dear friend, are in store for us all, and that we shall all be happy together. I daresay Rose has mentioned in her letters that Mr Arthur Lynn is very attentive to Mr Weston's niece, Miss Julia Carrington?'

'Yes; Rose has spoken of that.'

'I should not wonder, when summer comes round, if there were to be two weddings on the same day in old St Mary's Church, at Southampton,' said Bertram, as he rose to go.

CHAPTER LIV.—SUCCESS.

There is nothing—so the modern proverb affirms—that succeeds like success; just as the massive

fly-wheel of a steam-engine maintains strength and speed as its massive steel periphery spins round in endless revolutions. So it was with the sudden prosperity of a firm already prosperous, already wealthy, known, now, by the appellation of Mervyn, Lynn, and Oakley. It needed the cool, shrewd head of the veteran shipbuilder—it needed Bertram's eagle sight, and the keen common-sense which is not invariably found allied with genius, to enable the house to steer its way, now, among the many shoals and sunken rocks that beset commercial speculation on a great scale. On one hand, close-fisted men of business, moved to unusual excitement by the near prospect of gain, were offering Messrs Mervyn large sums to dispose of their bargains; on the other, sanguine projectors were urging them to become the backbone of a huge Joint-Stock Company that should throw into the shade all rivals, and dwarf the puny efforts of individual capitalists in the same line of business. It required much tact and discretion to keep, under such circumstances, to the right path, to know what proposals to reject, and what to accept; and the difficulty was somewhat complicated by the preponderance of Bertram Oakley's undoubted merits.

'It is all your doing, boy—never a doubt of that,' said Mr Mervyn once, in his nephew's presence, to his young partner. 'But for you, and that fiery, busy brain of yours, Bertram, we should be going on here in the old jog-trot way, thriving, as I trust, but not coining money, as the City folks call it, as thanks to you, we are doing. Well, have you had enough of Tom Tiddler's Ground? Shall we close with Messrs Cleek and Gripper's offer—or that of Macnesh, Brothers, for the sale of our new home and foreign contracts—their magnificent offer—as the solicitor for the first-named gentlemen very excusably calls it? It is, no doubt, a great sum of money.'

'But, sir, it would be selling our birthright, like Esau, for a mess of pottage,' cried Bertram eagerly.

'So I think,' said the old man, with evident pleasure; 'but it is but fair, Bertram Oakley, to give you an early chance of profiting by your talents. If you choose, on the strength of the share that would justly be yours, you might settle down, on your marriage, in a life of leisure and comfort, such as many of us working-bees look forward to as the goal of a successful career, and—What say you?'

'I say, sir,' returned Bertram, smiling, 'that I aspire to nothing better than to keep my place among the working-bees, if they will have me, and should be stupid and miserable as a drone. No, no, dear Mr Mervyn; to you, and to Mr Arthur here, I leave it to decide where we shall sell, and where hold fast; but let no decision of yours be influenced by a good-natured wish to lay Bertram Oakley on the shelf, while he can be of use to others or himself. It was yourself who taught me, sir, the true use of wealth, and what, in worthy hands, it can effect. Your pupil, Mr Mervyn, will try to profit by the lessons of his master.'

'Well, then,' rejoined the head of the firm, as if a load were lifted from his mind, 'we shall make short work, civilly, of Cleek and Gripper, and of the Belfast people too. Some of the other applications are of a less sweeping character.'

The business of the firm still grew. Fresh works, extended premises, new docks, new smithies, sawmills, foundries, sprang into being at the magic touch of intelligence backed by means. The names of Mervyn, Lynn, and Oakley were on all men's lips; rumour exaggerated their considerable and growing gains, and brought, as happens in such cases, grist to the mill in which the grain is of gold, not wheat. Had Long Tom and his fellow-wrights had as many arms as Briareus—had every square foot of the Yards been multiplied tenfold, Bertram and his partners could not have built, or 'converted' one half of the ships for which mercantile companies, private owners, and Ministers of Marine sent orders. It was necessary to have wheel within wheel, contract within contract, to make use of other ship-yards to supplement the lack of hands and space; and this necessitated incessant labour, much oversight, tact, clear judgment, and steadiness of purpose.

'It ought to be Oakley and Lynn; not Lynn and Oakley, I know that—and I told him so, a week ago,' said Arthur, almost penitently, to Mr Mervyn, 'one day, as he was descanting on the swift and smooth progress which from day to day went on. 'I do n't best; but with Bertram it is like witchcraft, for he never seems, when he has got through a mountain of work, in that quiet way of his, to realise that he has done anything astonishing after all.'

'We will all do our best,' answered the principal cheerfully; 'and no man, I fancy, can do more. But Bertram is one in a thousand, and riches will no more spoil him than success has made him vain, or warped the gentle manliness of his honest nature. He is the same to-day as when he stood here, a poor messenger lad, gazing at my models in their glass case.'

CURIOSITIES OF OLD PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

UNTIL about the close of the seventeenth century, very little appears to be known concerning parliamentary electioneering, as it was not till this time that it was much or notoriously practised. At that period, however, and up to the passing of the Reform Bill, the system of parliamentary representation was exceedingly defective. According to a statement by the Duke of Richmond in 1780, a majority of the House of Commons was returned by not more than six thousand men; and in the petition of the Society of the Friends of the People in 1793, it was mentioned that eighty-four persons absolutely returned one hundred and fifty-seven members to parliament; and that seventy influential individuals secured the return of one hundred and fifty members; so that in this way three hundred and seven members—which, before the Union with Ireland, constituted the majority of the Lower House—were returned thereto by one hundred and fifty-four patrons, of whom forty were peers. Indeed, in 1821, Mr Lambton stated that he could prove at the bar of the House of Commons that one hundred and eighty persons returned three hundred and fifty members, by nomination or otherwise.

No abuse appeared to be more grievous than the great control which the members of the House of Lords had over the second branch of the legisla-

ture. In the latter, the Duke of Norfolk was represented by eleven members; Lord Lonsdale, by nine; Lord Darlington, by seven; and the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Buckingham, and Lord Carrington, each by six. Again, it appears that by the nomination or influence of eighty-seven peers, no less than two hundred and eighteen members were returned for counties and boroughs in England and Wales; one hundred and thirty-seven were sent to the House of Commons by ninety commoners, and sixteen by the government—making a total number of three hundred and seventy-one nominee members. Thirty-one of the forty-five members for Scotland were returned by twenty-one peers, and the remainder by fourteen commoners. While of the hundred representatives for Ireland, fifty-one were returned by thirty-six peers, and twenty by nineteen commoners. The result, therefore, was, that of the six hundred and fifty-eight members of the House, four hundred and eighty-seven were elected by nomination, and only one hundred and seventy-one by independent constituencies.

We are told that neither of the 'rotten boroughs' of Midhurst and Old Sarum had a house remaining in it. According to some returns submitted to parliament in 1831, it appears that the boroughs of Beeralston, Bossiney, and St Mawes each contained only one ten-pound household; Dunwich, Balwin, and Castle Rising, two; Ludgershall, four; Bletchingly, five; West Looe and St Michael's, eight. Further papers showed very marked contrasts between the revenues obtained from the disfranchised and the enfranchised boroughs by the Reform Bill. For example, while Beeralston paid in assessed taxes three pounds nine shillings; Bramber, sixteen pounds eight shillings and ninepence; and Bishop's Castle, forty pounds seventeen shillings—Marylebone paid two hundred and ninety thousand three hundred and seventy-six pounds three shillings and ninepence; Tower Hamlets, one hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred and forty-six pounds; Lambeth, one hundred and eight thousand eight hundred and forty-one pounds; Manchester, forty thousand and ninety-four pounds; and Birmingham twenty-six thousand nine hundred and eighty-six pounds.

The parliamentary representation of Scotland was even worse than that of England and Wales. The county franchise was chiefly limited to the few landholders and purchasers of 'superiorities'—the latter class being often without dependence of property or residence; while the burgh suffrage was limited to self-elected town-councillors; consequently neither population nor property was represented by the constituencies, but merely the smallest local interests. In 1823, the whole number of voters was less than three thousand, and in no county were they more than two hundred and forty; and in one they only numbered nine, of which insignificant number, some were fictitious or non-resident electors, and without property. Even in 1831, the entire number of Scottish voters did not exceed four thousand. We are informed that 'at an election at Bute not beyond the memory of man, only one person attended the meeting, except the sheriff and the returning officer. He of course took the chair, constituted the meeting, called over the roll of freeholders, answered to his own name, took the

vote as to the proses, and elected himself. He then moved and seconded his own nomination, put the question as to the vote, and was unanimously returned!

The constituencies of Edinburgh and Glasgow were so insignificant that each town had only thirty-three electors. With such a limited and ridiculous suffrage as Scotland then possessed, this part of Great Britain, with more than two millions of intelligent, laborious, and peaceable people, was practically disfranchised, as the members for all its counties and boroughs were returned by political patrons, who, by generally making terms with ministers, and by the exercise of considerable tact, caused almost the entire representation of Scotland to be secured by the friends and agents of the government. Lord Cockburn, in his *Memoirs*, states that 'the election of either the town or the county member was a matter of such utter indifference to the people, that they often only knew of it by the ringing of a bell, or by seeing it mentioned next day in a newspaper; for the farce was generally performed in an apartment from which, if convenient, the public could be excluded, and never in the open air.' Where there were districts of burghs, each town-council elected a delegate, and the four or five delegates chose the member; 'and instead of bribing the town-councils, the established practice was to bribe only the delegates, or indeed only one of them, if this could secure the majority.'

With regard to Irish constituencies, while several of the smaller nomination boroughs were abolished on its Union with Great Britain in 1801, many were suffered to remain under the patronage of noblemen and landowners; and more important constituencies were subject, by limited laws of franchise, to the same disadvantage. Thus, the right of voting in Belfast, in Carlow, in Wexford, and in Sligo, was vested in twelve self-elected burgesses; and in Limerick and Kilkenny, it was enjoyed by the corporation and the freemen. In the counties, the return of members was secured by the influence of the landed families; and to extend this power, the landowners subdivided their estates into an enormous number of forty-shilling freeholds, which, according to the law of Ireland, were created without the possession of property, and the freeholders' votes were considered the absolute right of the owners of the land. The result, therefore, was that, after the Union, more than two-thirds of the Irish members were returned to the Lower House of parliament by about fifty or sixty territorial magnates, and not by the people of Ireland.

The sale of seats in the House of Commons for English and Welsh boroughs was another curious circumstance in connection with elections. It appears that when members were returned by a small but independent body of electors, their personal votes were obtained by bribery; but when proprietors or corporations had to return representatives, the seats were often purchased direct. The sale of boroughs became a well-known system during last century; and the right of property in these constituencies was admitted, and capable, like any other property, of sale and transfer. Thus, the borough of Orford, which belonged to the Crown, was, at the request of Lord Hertford, transferred to him by the ministry of Lord Chatham; while Sudbury, which was detested for

its corruption, advertised itself for sale until it was disfranchised. If the government required a seat for a particular person, the sitting member was bought out at a price agreed on between them. At the general election of 1768, parliamentary seats were bought by the Treasury, and by leading noblemen for their followers, as well as by speculators and gentlemen who otherwise could not become members of the House of Commons. The general price of boroughs was said to be raised at that time from two thousand five hundred pounds to four or five thousand pounds, by the competition of the East and West Indian merchants. The representation of the borough of Ludgershall was sold for nine thousand pounds by its owner, the celebrated George Selwyn. Even agents or 'borough-brokers' were commissioned by some of the smaller boroughs to offer them to the highest bidder.

To purchase a seat in the House of Commons was frequently the only means by which an independent member could get returned; and hence it was that the virtuous Sir Samuel Romilly, who had declined a seat from the favour of the Prince of Wales, justified his purchase of the seat for Horsham from the Duke of Norfolk, on the ground that it secured his own independence and the interests of the public. The sale of seats had become so regular and systematic, that in many instances, when candidates could not at once afford to pay the purchase-money, this was commuted into an annual rent, for their convenience; and the apology advanced for such dealings was that boroughs were usually disposed of to individuals possessing the same political views as their owners.

The existence of 'close' and 'rotten' boroughs had this one advantage, that they facilitated the entrance into the House of Commons of men of ability, who otherwise would not have been returned. Their introduction into parliament also afforded them a good opportunity of displaying their legislative abilities, and recommended them to be subsequently returned for much larger constituencies. It was on this account that Mr Burke and Mr Canning, who had shown their political talents while members for Wendover, were afterwards returned—the former for Bristol, and the latter for Liverpool.

Although the county voters in England and Wales were much under the influence of the great territorial peers and commoners, yet voting was far more liberal among them than in most cities and boroughs. As all the forty-shilling freeholders, comprising the county gentry and yeomanry, enjoyed the franchise, these constituencies were the most adequately represented.

In populous and in rising towns, freely chosen members were not returned to parliament so often as they should have been, these being the places most generally selected for the election of candidates of the government, as they abounded with revenue officers, who, till 1782, were parliamentary electors; and their votes, backed up by those of corrupt freemen, overcame the independent electors. Lord Rockingham stated that no less than seventy elections depended upon these petty government officials; while in one borough, one hundred and twenty out of the five hundred electors had obtained revenue appointments through the influence of one person.

Again, Sir Thomas Erskine May tells us that even in a few great cities, whose voters with popular rights of election could not be controlled, either by landowners or the government, and who were not under the influence of corruption, the vices of the election law were such that a popular candidate with a majority of votes might have to contend against such vexatious and oppressive obstacles as to prevent him obtaining the free suffrages of the electors. 'If not defeated at the poll by riots and open violence—or defrauded of his votes by the partiality of the returning officer, or the factious manoeuvres of his opponents—he was ruined by the extravagant cost of his victory. The poll was liable to be kept open for forty days, entailing an enormous expense upon the candidates, and prolific of bribery, treating, and riots. During this period, the public-houses were thrown open; and drunkenness and disorder prevailed in the streets and at the hustings. Bands of hired ruffians—armed with bludgeons, and inflamed by drink—paraded the public thoroughfares, intimidating voters, and resisting their access to the polling-places. Candidates, assailed with offensive and often dangerous missiles, braved the penalties of the pillory; while their supporters were exposed to the fury of a drunken mob.'

One of the most scandalous evils of elections is bribery. This was first systematically practised in the reign of Charles II., though it prevailed earlier; and the Revolution, which augmented the power of the Lower House of parliament, extended the scope of this vice. The price of votes varied according to their number. In some boroughs, it was as low as two pounds; and in others, it was about thirty pounds. This sum, said an apothecary of Ilchester on his examination, is the price of a voter at that place; and upon being asked how he knew this sum so accurately, answered that he attended the voters' families professionally, and his bills were paid at election times with the money. The electors of Grampound have been known to boast of receiving three hundred guineas each for their votes at one election. In contesting the larger boroughs, there was a good deal of work and drinking to go through; while in the smaller ones, the candidates sometimes never showed themselves, and an old pauper of the place was chaired round the town for form's sake!

There are several comical electioneering anecdotes, a few of which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* in 1857. When the Berwick freemen resident in London were going by sea to vote, the masters who commanded the ships in which they embarked have been known to take such electors to Norway, on account of such skippers being bribed to do so. The freemen of Ipswich appear also in the same way to have been taken to Holland. As the daughters of freemen at Bristol conferred the right of voting on their husbands, a trick devised at one closely contested election in that city was for the same woman to marry several men. When the ceremony was completed, and the temporary husband had duly recorded his vote, the two shook hands over a grave in the churchyard, and said: 'Now death us do part;' which was considered a divorce; after which the woman proceeded to qualify another husband at another church. At one place, bribes were given by a mysterious individual known as the 'Man in the Moon,' who approached at dusk in the evening, and

was at once met with the question: 'What news from the moon?'

'I'll lay you five guineas,' said a celebrated canvasser in Fox's contest of 1784, 'and stake the money in your own hands, that you will not vote for Mr Fox.' 'Done!' says the free and independent; and wins his bet and bribe. Another plan was to buy the voter's canary at a price which would have been far too much for a bird of paradise. When Sheridan contested Westminster, his opponent brought up his unpaid creditors to bully him on the hustings. They censured him for having bought peas at two guineas and a half per quart (to make sure of a voter), while he was neglecting their just claims against him; and they hooted him accordingly.

The cost of contested county elections in England was sometimes enormous, especially when they were political battles waged on account of the rivalry of great houses. The Duke of Portland is reported to have spent forty thousand pounds in contesting Westmoreland and Cumberland with Sir James Lowther, who must have spent quite as much. But by far the most costly electioneering contest ever fought in this country was that for the representation of Yorkshire in 1807, and has been called the 'Austerlitz of electioneering.' The candidates were Viscount Milton, son of Earl Fitzwilliam, supported by the Whigs; the Hon. Henry Lascelles, son of Lord Harewood, nominated by the Tories; and William Wilberforce, supported by the Independent party and the Dissenters. For fifteen days—which was the time limited by law for the election—it was continued with doubtful success between the two great political party candidates; but Mr Wilberforce headed the poll the whole time, and the election ended in his favour and that of Lord Milton. The number of votes polled were for Mr Wilberforce eleven thousand eight hundred and eight; for Lord Milton, eleven thousand one hundred and seventy-seven; and for the Hon. Mr Lascelles, ten thousand nine hundred and ninety. This celebrated contest is said to have cost the three parties nearly half a million of money. 'Not a vehicle of any sort was to be hired in the county long before the fifteen days' polling was over. Voters came up the river in heavily laden boats, others in wagons and on donkeys, while hundreds trudged on foot from all parts of the county.' The expenses of Mr Wilberforce were paid by public subscription; and so much public zeal was shown in favour of his character and election, that more than double the sum necessary for his election expenses was raised in a few days, and half of it was afterwards returned to the subscribers.

MY LAST DETECTIVE CASE

CHAPTER I.

I HAD been in the police so long at the time my story opens, that I was thinking of getting out of it; in fact, it was pretty well understood that at the end of the year I intended to apply for my pension. There was very little doubt of my getting it. After a certain number of years, you begin to feel that you have had almost enough—quite enough, perhaps—of public life, and so wish

to take it easy. I had not done badly while in the Force; for I was in comfortable, I may almost say independent circumstances. My house was my own—six good rooms, in a nice quiet neighbourhood, and we took no lodgers, except a man and his wife. My wife and I, with our servant-girl, were the only other inmates, so we were not overcrowded; indeed, I don't think I should have taken any lodgers, but that Mrs Nickham—I was Sergeant Nickham, detective attached to the Z division—complained of being dull and lonely when I was away, as I often was for days, or even weeks together.

The public are aware that a detective can never reckon on his time; for the awkward feature of our business is that you never can tell where your inquiries may lead you. Why, it once happened to me that I started for Wales to find a man. He had cleared out very cleverly when I got there; but I traced him back to London; and there was I living in a back street not far from my own house, dressed up as a costermonger, and wheeling a barrow of vegetables about all day, while my wife thought I was hundreds of miles off. Yes; and if I had not had a boy to help me, I should have been in a fix; for Mrs Nickham was talking to a friend at the door of this friend's house, when I went by; and I am blessed if they did not call me, and bought some small salad! Of course I sent the boy with it; but I never had such a near thing of it in my life. My story, however, has nothing to do with this dodge, which occurred at a much earlier period of my service; so I will merely say that I caught my man, and did very well by the capture.

My lodger's name was Hellip. He was something in the leather trade. I never exactly knew what he was; for it has always been a maxim with me to leave the detective outside my own door. I knew he had to make frequent journeys to Northampton, and occasionally had to go to France about his purchases or sales—that was pretty nearly all I knew about him. He was rather disposed to be intimate; but I never thoroughly cottoned to him, as the saying is, so we did not grow to any greater friendship than just a friendly footing as landlord and tenant. A capital tenant he was too, money ready to the day; while quieter lodgers than both he and his wife never entered a house.

In what I may call my district, but yet at a considerable distance from my house, in a respectable thoroughfare called Upper Broughton Street, there lived an old gentleman with whom I had some slight acquaintance. His name was Daryett; and having long been a resident there, his shrivelled, mean-looking, little figure, dressed in clothes of suitable meanness, was very well known; and his repute of being something of a miser, was well known also. I used to speak whenever I met the old gentleman; and as he was frequently accompanied by his niece, a Miss Rose Merry, I got to know them both.

There was not much doubt that the old party

was a regular usurer. To look at him, you would not have thought that he had a shilling in the world; but I had heard enough to know better; in fact, he was rather a notorious character in his neighbourhood. I used to feel sorry for the pretty girl, his niece, to whom he was always as sour and ill-tempered as possible; but she was a most amiable young woman, and bore it like an angel. I was quite pleased when I met her two or three times with a good-looking, respectable young fellow, evidently her sweetheart; and I thought that, after all, there might be some compensation coming for the life she was leading. However, Mrs Nickham told me one evening—how women hear all the news, I can't make out, but they *do* hear it—that old Daryett had found out about this young fellow, and was almost beside himself with rage. There was no harm in the girl taking a liking to a decent young spark; and young Brake—that was his name—was in very respectable employment as a clerk. But old Daryett would listen to no reason. He insisted on the girl giving him up; and when she refused to do so, he turned her out of the house at only a day's warning! It seemed that the young fellow had entertained some suspicion of what might happen, and had given notice at the registrar's—he dared not put up the banns in church, for fear Daryett should be told of it—so, when the explosion came, he was able at once to do the best thing possible for poor Rose, and marry her offhand. He had nothing but his earnings; she, in the circumstances, of course had not a guinea in the world; but others have married under the same circumstances, and done very well in the end. Mrs Nickham told me—and how she came to learn this also, puzzled me—that it was reported the old man meant to alter his will, and so carry his spite beyond the grave. He was just the old fellow I should have expected to be guilty of such conduct.

We were quite sympathetic about the young people; and I do believe that if any tolerable excuse had offered itself, Mrs Nickham would have gone to see how they got on. She did not do so, however; and we thought no more of them, till a few days after, when, just as I was getting ready to go round to the station and report myself—I was always on day-duty now, my time being so nearly up—a sharp knock was heard at the street door. It was only a single rap; but I felt certain it was for me. Somehow, you can generally tell when there is anything special coming, and the next minute one of our men presented himself.

'Well, Bingley, what's up now?' I said; for I saw he had something to tell me.

'I thought I would call in upon you, Mr Nickham,' replied the man, 'and let you know what has happened. There's been a burglary and murder in Upper Broughton Street—an awful affair.'

'Upper Broughton Street!' I repeated. I knew at once what was coming, without another word. 'You don't mean to say it is old Daryett?'

'I do indeed,' was the reply. 'The old fellow is killed by a blow on the head, so far as is known, and the house is robbed, but not of a great deal. It has only just been found out. I am going to let the inspector know; but I thought I would tell you as I went by, as I am sure they would be

glad if you would go up and give an eye to the place. Of course I left one of our men there."

That was enough. I jumped up directly, and was off without a moment's delay to the spot.

It was just as I had been told. The old man had been robbed, and probably was killed in defence of his treasure. It is not necessary to give any particular description of what I saw, and I am glad of it; for in defiance of the popular taste which leads us to revel in every detail of a great crime or horrible event, however ghastly, I don't think such things furnish very good reading. I know, the more I saw of them, the less I liked them, and was glad when I was in the police to think I had very little to do with the Chamber of Horrors department. I am glad, therefore, to be able to compress this part of the story into a very limited space, and to find that it will be enough to refer to the evidence, without entering upon any account of what I saw or did when I got to the house.

After the departure of his niece, Mr Daryett had lived by himself, save for a deaf old house-keeper, who slept on the top floor. This woman was too far away to hear anything, even if she had not been deaf; and too deaf to have heard any moderate noise even in the next room. The thief, or thieves, had gained admission by a basement window, which was forced, and appeared to have gone straight to the old man's bedroom, as there was no trace of any other apartment having been visited. In this bedchamber was a safe, which had been opened with its proper key—found in the lock on the next morning. This key was always kept in the old man's pocket, from which it must have been taken; and it was naturally conjectured that the noise made in opening the safe door had awoke Daryett, who had been silenced, on the principle that dead men tell no tales. So far, it was like fifty other crimes which have passed without special notice. Yet there were some curious features in the business, which set people's tongues wagging; and a great many of those who knew old Daryett best, did not believe in the burglary at all, excepting as a blind.

The matter not being placed in my hands, I was able to hear a good deal of discussion about it, and it was strongly pointed out how little appeared to have been stolen. The safe door was opened, as said; but no attempt had been made to force open the small locked drawers inside, the keys of which were hidden in a secret place in the safe itself. Professional thieves would not have neglected these, and indeed some hundreds of pounds were found in these drawers; so this led many persons to say the robbery was but a feint. A number of bills and promissory notes were found in the usurer's safe, all in the greatest disorder. Whether any had been removed, it was impossible to say, as no one knew what had been there. Some jewellery was certainly gone; also two or three valuable diamond rings, and a curious old-style gold watch, the face studded with pearls.

This last information was obtained from Mrs Brake, who had seen the articles; but after the first day or so, our people did not ask her any questions, as many persons began to whisper that she, or rather her husband, was the guilty party.

It was plainly declared that the young couple had committed, or caused to be committed, this murder, partly in revenge, but chiefly to prevent the old man from altering the will which he was supposed to have made in favour of the girl. Those who argued thus, declared the robbery to be but a feint to divert suspicion, and to give the crime the appearance of a commonplace ordinary murder.

Others, however, thought differently, and among them was the gentleman who took the direction of affairs into his hands, a Mr Prinley, who had married Daryett's sister, although he had not seen the churlish old man for twenty years. He found a great deficiency in the property. What it was that was gone, it was not easy to say, so slovenly kept were Daryett's accounts, although he doubtless understood them well enough. The accountant engaged found references to a large sum of money, which did not appear to be invested; nor could he find it to be out on loan, as was the case with much of Daryett's capital. Several very recent entries, so far as they were intelligible at all, seemed to show that this amount was about to be used in some operation; but of the money itself—about two thousand pounds—there was no trace. The brother-in-law was strongly of opinion that Mr Brake was the culprit, and had secured this booty, having some means of knowing that the money was in the house. But the accountant did not agree with this opinion. The latter thought the amount was represented by some form of security, bill, or scrip; but from the extraordinary muddle and unintelligible signs in the old gentleman's memorandum book, which was the only record found, it was impossible to decide with certainty. At anyrate, if the poor old creature had been murdered to prevent him from making a will, the crime had been thrown away, for a will was produced by his solicitor, duly executed and attested, and all that sort of thing, dated some two years back, which left all his property to a nephew, who was, it appeared, in Australia, quite passing over Mrs Brake, who had not, after all, lost much by her quarrel; although the cunning old fellow, who must have been a very bad man at heart, had been continually dropping hints as to what great things he meant to do for her. I used to hear a good deal about this matter among our people, who had almost made up their minds, two or three times, to arrest Mr Brake on suspicion; they had no doubt that he was the man. But there was such a total absence of evidence to prove he had been near the house on the night, that he was left alone for the present.

Up to this time I had nothing to do with the inquiry; but Mr Prinley being anxious to get back to Cumberland, where he lived, as soon as he could, left the accountant in charge of everything; but before he went, he called at Scotland Yard, and expressed his wish that the investigation should be kept up. He said he had a strong impression that the guilty parties were already suspected, and could be detected; while as for expenses, the accountant had authority to defray all charges. This was quite enough, as regards the latter; for the authorities were referred to one of the most respectable firms in London. It was decided, after a consideration of all the circumstances, that an officer thoroughly familiar with

the neighbourhood and its residents would be better for the duty than a detective from the head office, so I was naturally pitched upon by the superintendent, as I was on the detective staff of our division, and was almost the oldest constable in our district. So this is how I came to have charge of the Upper Broughton Street mystery. It was not a very promising case for me, as the inquiries already set on foot had utterly failed, and there was really hardly anything to go upon.

The first thing I did was to make some inquiry as to whether Mr Prinley might not have done it himself. Mind, I did not think this was altogether likely; but it was as likely as anything else I could see. His wife was the old man's nearest relation; and he might have been as anxious to prevent a new will from being made, or a new companion being found to succeed Mrs Brake, as any one else could be. But it was not he who did it—a very little trouble satisfied me as to that; and the question still remained: Who could it have been? Not that I waited until Prinley was clear, before I looked about me in other directions. No; that is the fault of too many of our men, and often have they lost a good chance by it; but I was always careful not to waste time.

As it appeared likely that I might have to call upon Mr and Mrs Brake at a more advanced stage of the proceedings, I did not wait upon them; but I got hold of the housekeeper, whom I have mentioned as being deaf, and sleeping on the top floor of old Daryett's house. I found that he had left her fifteen pounds a year—the miserable old screw! Why, she had lived in his service for forty-three years! She was now 'living independent on her property,' as she told me, with her son. The old woman was terribly deaf, and a little childlike, so I could not make much out of her. The son was a hard-working fellow, whose wife took in washing, he turning the mangle, and fetching or taking home the clothes. An ordinary detective would have suspected him, and quite naturally too; nothing would have been more correct in the ordinary course of business; but I knew Bill Jenkins—that was his name—too well and too long to think that it was possible for him to be in such a business. He knew me too; so, when I called upon him, and took him into the tea-gardens of the Alderman's Castle, which are as quiet, excepting on Sundays, as if they were in some country village a hundred miles out of town, he knew I wanted information about the Daryett murder, before I had opened my lips on the subject. He might have been a little nervous at first; but I took care to make him understand that he and his people were free from all suspicion. If I had not done so, he would have been too anxious to clear himself, to chatter freely over his gin-and-water, which is what I was anxious for him to do.

As Bill Jenkins had often been employed to do odd jobs at Mr Daryett's, and was there pretty nearly every day, he could tell me what I wanted to know almost as well as his mother could have done, especially as the old lady had talked to him about nothing but the murder—except it was her property—ever since she had moved to his house.

First of all, I asked him concerning these young people, Mr and Mrs Brake—what did

he know about them? He spoke very highly of the young couple, and was quite angry at the idea that either of them could have had anything to do with such a deed. He said that Mrs Brake was much distressed at the death of the ill-tempered old fellow who had been her tyrant so long; although Bill honestly confessed that he could not understand why she should be sorry.

There were no other relatives that he knew of, who came to see the usurer; but there were plenty of people who came to borrow money, or to pay it back. He did not know many of these, but there was one man whom he should know—a man whom he had never liked, and had always looked upon as dangerous. I naturally asked him why he said this, and was at first disappointed to hear him reply: 'By his look, Mr Nickham, and his uncivil way of speaking to a fellow.' This was not much to go upon, in a murder clue; but as he seemed to be uncommonly full of this man's bad qualities, I let him go on. It is always the best way; you can never tell what will come out. Partly from what he had seen, and partly from what his mother had told him—anything was evidence with me, although it might not have passed at the Old Bailey—I found that this man had been for a long time in the habit of visiting Mr Daryett as a customer; and the housekeeper had taken it into her head, from something she had heard—through Mrs Brake, I suppose—that he was the greatest customer of all. What business he had actually transacted, the old woman of course did not know; but shortly before the death of Daryett, she noticed that this man had been much more frequent in his visits, while the old gentleman had shown a good deal of ill temper towards him. At one time, he could have access to Daryett at any time of the day, and there was always a deal of laughter and talking during the interview; the visitor, too, often sent out for wine, which, it is hardly necessary to say, was never kept in the house. Recently, however, there had been a great change. Daryett would sometimes go out when he knew the other was coming, as Bill Jenkins had himself heard the latter complain; but he would never go away without seeing the old man, although he several times had to linger about the neighbourhood for hours to do so. Sometimes again, even when Daryett was at home, he would keep the visitor as long as possible before seeing him; yet urgent as his business must have been, this man was never seen at the house after the day of the robbery. The worst of it was that Jenkins did not know his name, address, or what his trade was; nor did his mother, whom I questioned, in spite of her deafness; for the reader must not suppose I got everything straight off, just as I am now repeating it, in one conversation.

If I could have obtained sufficient trace of this person to lead me to him, I should certainly have tried in that quarter; for there was something suspicious in his constant visits and their sudden stoppage. Many a smaller thing than that has been cut into the first step of the ugly ladder which leads to the gallows. Beyond telling me that this was a broad-faced, puffy man, with small eyes, and a set smile or grin on his face, which made him look very ugly, I could get no description of him; so, for the present, there was not much hope of his identification. Yet—it was

very odd—although such a vague description might apply to five hundred different persons, it haunted me. It seemed as though at some time I must have dreamt of such a man; but dreams don't answer with policemen.

THE PRICELESS PEARL.

A CHILD of Italy, in convent reared,
Medora sits beneath the orange-trees,
Musing on Life, and Love, and claims of Duty.

The picture, framed by crumbling masonry walls,
Is passing fair, and breathes a deep repose,
That's lulled, not broken, by the fountain's plash
And voice of pigeons cooing to their mates;
While orange-blossoms give out their luscious scents,
And well-nigh overpower the fragrant breath
Of thyme and lavender and healing herbs.

Oft will their mingled sweets recur to her
In after-days of fuller, freer life,
And make the convent garden bloom again
In her mind's eye, who now so meekly sits
Among the flowers—the fairest of them all!
Her round arms clasp the hoary dial's stem
In mute unconscious symbolism—the while,
All fancy-free, she hearkens to the hum
Of murmuring bees—then ponders how it is
They seem so loath to leave their honeyed toil—
Till their unrest imparts itself to her.

Long had she dwelt content among the nuns,
Who fondled her as never child before;
Their gentle rule had never fretted her,
In spite of all its primness and restrictions;
And, cherished by their kindest motherhood,
The orphan'd girl had almost quite forgot
The outside world where once she had her home.

But, lately, she had seen her former nurse—
A peasant-woman from Valdarno's side—
And heard such talk of sickness and distress,
That all the woman woke within her soul,
And made her yearn to comfort and relieve.
'Oh, would the Mother only let me go!'—
She said to Sister Anna, who had charge
Of her—to dress more dainty fare for nurse,
And cheer her for awhile with lute and song,
Then I would seek again your sheltering walls
Till, wholly vowed, I might with full consent
Go forth a minist'ring Sister of the Poor.'

'This will not do,' the timid Anna thought.
'Tis thus it oft begins. I shall be blamed.
Unless I check this rising wish, my bird
Will beat its wings against the bars, and pine
For flight. How it would grieve the Sisterhood
To lose her, and how anger all her kin
Who have their private ends to serve.' So she
Replied with caution: 'Child, most dear than art
To all of us; we would not see thee sin,
By seeking thine own wayward will to please.
List, while I tell to thee a parable
About a Princess and her suitors five,
That my confessor taught me, holy man;
A poet he, who knew the human heart.

'This maid, of royal birth, possessed a Pearl
Of priceless worth—a treasure that would last,
So saith the Canticle, for aye unspent,
If she should wisely choose her bosom's lord.

'First came a suitor who had goodly store
Of dainty meats, and sugar-plums, and fruits.
'Be mine,' he said, 'and I will make a feast
The richest ever spread. My all I'll spend
Upon the banquet.' Wisely she replied:
'Good sir, after the feast might come a fast;
Satiety at all events would come.
No; I'll not risk my all upon a feast,
However rich. My hand is not for thee.'

'Next came a youth who had command of all
The perfumes of the Sunny South. "Fair maid,"
He said, "if you'll be mine, you will I take
To palaces enchanted, where the scent
Of oleanders, myrtles, roses, all
Would count for nought—such airs of Araby
Shall ever wrap thee round and lull thy sense."
'Fair Prince," the maiden said, "such sweets
would cloy.

I must have more than perfumes, ere I give
My never-ending source of wealth in fee."

'A great musician was the next that came.
"Such music ne'er was heard, as I can give
To her," he said, "that will be wholly mine.

Put all thy stores at my disposal; thou
Shalt have such thrilling festival of sound
As never yet to mortal ear was given.
No strain that thou hast ever heard, begot
By touch of master's hand on organ, harp,
On lyre, or lute, can give the faintest hint
Of what I will provide for thee." Then she:

"Thanks, gentle sir; but when the concert's done,
I might be weary of sweet sounds, and much
Repent me to have squandered all the store
That should supply resources infinite."

'So he, too, went disconsolate away.

Then her fourth suitor came—a painter, he
With eyes to see the beautiful, and hand
To put it on the canvas, like to his

Who made the glorious altar-piece within
Our chapel there—where, in the very air
Circling our Holy Mother with the Babe,
Our mortal eyes are able to discern
Those heavenly forms his eyes had grace to see,
That ever minister to earthly needs,

Though all unseen by grovellers of the clay.
'Fair one," he said, "give all your wealth to me,
And I will paint you such a pictured scene
As shall make Fancy's kingdom open all
Her palace gates, for you to enter in,
And dwell in it for aye." "A goodly gift
Indeed were this," the Princess said. "But what
If bandit bold should break into our tower,
And snatch away the wondrous work of art,
Before your spirit's dream had writ itself
On canvas? No! I will not so bestow
My priceless Pearl."

'Then came the fifth, a knight—

A dainty carpet-knight indeed was he—

Fastidious beyond belief. "Princess,"

He said, "this cruel rugged world is all
Unfit for one as sensitive as thou.

Give me the empire over all your store,
And I will lap you round with luxury!
Caressed with unguents and cosmetics rare,
Your dainty limbs shall never touch the ground;
And I will clothe you in such soft array
As you have never dreamed of. Silken stuffs,
Velvets of lustrous pile, and satins smooth,
Shall carpet every path you tread, and clothe
The very walls around you—till all noise
Be hushed to music—and the clash and clang
Of household labour sound like cooing doves."

'Replied the maid: "Belike, such calm would lull
Me to a sleep so deep that I should ne'er
Awake enough to know how blest I was!

Thus should I spend my priceless Pearl for nought."

'So he, too, was dismissed.' 'And rightly too,'
Medora quick replies. 'Unmanly, he—
Unworthy to be any maiden's guide!'

'Now quickly hear the rest,' said Anna, 'ere
The vesper-bell call us to evening prayer.
The issue and the moral of my tale
Are yet to come. 'Twas not the will of heaven
The maid should die unwed. Oft did she muse
Upon the wasted wealth fast looked in that
One solitary Pearl, and long to give

It to a worthy knight. At last came one
Who sought her for herself. As to her Pearl,
He only wanted it more brightly set
And burnished—for he sought not hers, but her.
She was to keep the pearl, her own, to all
Eternity. But when the maiden saw
His nobleness, and how he was the chief
Among ten thousand, though with visage marred
In service of the suffering and the weak,
She could not choose but love him loyally,
And instantly besought him to accept
The Pearl, and use it as he would! So she
Became his bride, his blessed bride.—Thus ends
The tale, my child. Now, tell me, can you read
The riddle?—No? Then I must tell it you.
It shadows forth my life or yours—for we
Are daughters of a king—the King of kings!
And hear about a priceless Pearl within—
The never-dying Soul. So 'twas explained
By Father Luigi, when he catchised.

'That's well, my child; I'm glad you cross yourself
Discreetly ere you ask who were the Five
That sought her first, seeking to dominate
Her inmost soul. They were the Senses Five:
We taught you to enumerate in school.
There's *Taste*, that woos us hotly first of all,
And fain would make us, Eau-like, forego
Our birthright; *Smelling*, which allures us, too,
With joys of sense; *Hearing*, that would engross
The soul, and deafen it to the still voice
Of Conscience; *Sight*, that fain would seize the
realm

Of Faith; and *Touch*, a holder despot still.
'I mind me well. But tell me of the Knight
Who sought her for herself,' Medora said.
'That will I, sweet my child, at fitting time;
For it is He who woos His church to-day
To come apart and be His chosen Bride.
Now peace, Medora; yonder passes one
Who rings the bell for silence to prevail
Until the vesper-bell shall sound for prayer.'

Suns rise and set—Matins and Evensong,
Terce, Sext, and Nones, and Compline mark the
hour

With chant and prayer continual; but the maid
Cannot forget her longing for her nurse
And all the simple peasant-folk, whose days
Of toil and sweet domestic charities
Had been familiar to her infancy.

At last she brought her courage to the point
Of begging the dear nuns to let her go
And see the foster-mother whom she loved.
They said her Nay at first; but when they found
Her hunger grew, and would not be appeased
Without the food it craved—but mastered her,
Wasting her rounded limbs, till these became
A parody on theirs—they let her go,
'Neath Sister Anna's careful guardianship,
To pastures of Valdarno, there to take
The breath of kine, and milk of mountain goats.
Oh! what a joyous greeting waited them
That summer's evening when they first arrived!
Brigitta's time-worn face took lines of joy,
That crossed the many furrows Care had ploughed—
Effacing them like words on palimpsest—
As they three sat beneath the olive-trees
And watched the fireflies floating dreamily
Above the indescribable blue-green
That paints the young blades of the rising corn,
Brigitta's grandchild chasing them the while,
Filling his busied hands with harmless flame.

Sure evening is more fair in Italy
Than any other land! The deep-hued sky
Itself seems vaster, nearer to us, yet
More far, than elsewhere, and each star to pulse

In unison with Nature's mighty heart!
While gentle airs, laden with precious scents
Of jessamine and myrtle, fan the cheek,
And waft the plash of fountains to the ear,
In concert with the song of nightingales!
'The Niobe of Nations' at this hour
Still throbs with poetry and passion.

Medora felt it so; though weeks had passed
Since Anna's tale had become part of her,
And given her tender conscience much ado
Lest she should fail to curb each tyrant Sense,
And let it grow too masterful. 'Twas good
To see the girl, who soon became the pride
Of the hill-side—now dressing macaroni
After a dainty fashion of the nuns,
Now weaving garlands of the wayside flowers,
To place on new-made graves—a solace now
For fretful infancy or careworn age—
Chasing away their sense of wrong with sound
Of lute or song; but oftener as the nurse
Of sick or sorrowing wife or ailing babe.

One morning she was sitting at the door,
An infant in her arms, who sweetly smiled
On Sister Anna standing by her, when
There passed that way two noble strangers—one,
A man of fifty years or thereabout,
Who owned the smoke-hued olive-groves around;
The other but a youth, though aged and blanched
By thought and pain and hunger. He had known
An Austrian dungeon's horrors, deep and dark;
Had been with Garibaldi many a day,
Now fighting, now exhorting, now in prayer
By dying bed; or, oftener still, 'mid sick
And wounded, plying all the leech's craft,
Which he had studied ardently within
The schools of Padua.

As now the two
Turned round a vineyard wall and came in sight
Of Anna and Medora and the babe—
'A sacred picture that,' Count Carlo said.
'Those figures in that doorway bring to mind
An altar-piece of Raphael's I have seen,
Where St Elizabeth admiring stands—
Just so—beside Our Lady and the Babe!—
What say you, 'Vico? Do you see it too?'
But 'Vico answered not; he had no tongue!
All eyes was he—eyes in which rapture glowed
Like those of saints that catch the light of heaven.
He answered not; but thought within himself:
'There sits the destined help-meet given for me,
And through me for my Italy!' And then,
With all the beautiful unconscious craft
That lovers ever have been wont to use,
Bethought him of Brigitta's aches and pains,
And wondered if the wound were wholly healed
That he had dressed for her when last he came
At olive-gathering.

What need is there
To linger o'er the old familiar tale,
The age-long, world-wide theme of young romance.
With all its varying preludes, and its yet
More varying cadences? Suffice to say,
That ere the tender blades of summer corn
Had changed their blue-green stoles for robes of gold,
There came a day when sweet Medora gave
Her heart to one who sought her for herself,
And placed—in beautiful joint guardianship—
Her Pearl with his, where it long time had lain
Within the secret place of the Most High.

Again the scene is changed: the canvas shows
Another picture—for the land is free!
Patriots have bled, mothers and wives have wept,
But sorrowed with a sorrow full of Hope.

Medora, in her happy motherhood,
Has proffered kindly arms to orphan'd babes
And tottering age, as in her girlhood's morn.

To-day, her pleasant villa opens its gates
To shelter two poor nuns, who found no home
To turn to when their convent was suppressed
By the new government. Oh! with what pride—
Pure mother-pride—she shows her prattling babes
To Sister Anna, standing there in all
The helpless bashfulness of childhood, though
Without its grace.—'What think you of your kin?
Dear Sister Anna—of these sturdy boys?'
She says, exultant, to her childhood's friend.
'Your kin they must be, surely, dear, since you
And I are Sisters!'

So indeed they were;
Each doing homage to the highest that
She knew, according to her light.

Again
'Tis eve. Once more she sits, as when we saw
Her first, beneath the shade of orange-boughs,
That bear at once rich fruit and fairest flower;
But, as she ponders *now* the claims of Life
And Love and Duty, she no longer deems
Them rivals in God's beauteous world, that teems
With joy for every sense—but separate rays,
Proceeding from the Father of all Light,
That blend in brightest, rosiest radiance, where
His presence gilds the pure white light of Home.

MARY JEFFERSON.

SOME EASTERN PARABLES.

A STORY illustrating an *idea* clings to the memory, and influences the life, where it could find no entrance if it came before the mind in an abstract form. That is why we all love parables and find them such sure teachers. The selections of Eastern parables we propose giving are so full of significance and practical instruction, that they will be found as useful as we hope they may prove entertaining.

That there are more ways than one of seeing everything, is shown in the parable of the tiger and the man, who were both looking at a picture, in which the man was drawn as victorious and the beast subdued. The man said to the tiger: 'Dost thou see the bravery of the man, how he has overcome the tiger?' The tiger gave answer: 'The painter was a man. If a tiger had been the painter, then the drawing would not have been in this manner.'

To people who are fond of vying with their neighbours, regardless if they can afford to do so or not, the following is a capital hint. 'An ass and a camel were the best of friends. One day they were out for a walk together, when they came to a river. The camel proceeded to cross the river, which was deep. When half-way over, he called to the ass, who still stood on the bank, to follow him. "No; thank you," said the ass. "It may be all very well for you; but don't you see that what you can cross, would drown me?"'

Rochefoucauld says: 'How can you expect a friend to keep your secret, when, by telling it to him, you prove that you are incapable of keeping it yourself?' To beware of how you confide in your friends, is given in the tale of a miser, who said to his friend: 'I have now a thousand rupees [one hundred pounds], which I will bury out of the city; and I will not tell this secret to

any one besides yourself.' They then went out of the city and buried the money under a tree. Some days after, the miser going alone to the tree to see if his money were safe, found it had disappeared. At once he suspected his friend; but he dared not question him, as he was sure that he would never confess it. So he had recourse to this stratagem. Going to him, he said: 'A great deal of money is come into my hands, which I want to put in the same place. If you will come to-morrow, we will go together.' The friend coveting the larger sum, replaced the smaller. In the meantime, the miser went and found it, and having secured his money, he determined never again to confide in a friend.

To people who in rash moments wish themselves dead, comes this parable, to show them that if taken at their word they would soon retract, and plead for life. 'A certain feeble old man had gathered a load of sticks, and was carrying it home. He became very tired on the road, and flinging down his burden, he cried out: "O Angel of Death, deliver me from this misery!" At that instant, the Angel of Death, in obedience to his summons, appeared before him, and asked him what he wanted. On seeing the frightful figure, the old man, trembling, replied: "O friend, be pleased to assist me, that I may lift once more this burden upon my shoulder; for this purpose only have I called you!"'

One of the kings of Persia sent a skillful physician to the prophet Mohammed. After remaining some years in Arabia without any one making trial of his skill as a physician, he went to Mohammed, and complained, saying: 'They sent me to dispense medicine to your companions; but to this day no one hath taken notice of me, that I might have an opportunity of performing the service to which I had been appointed.' Mohammed replied: 'It is a rule with these people never to eat until they are hard pressed by hunger, and to leave off eating whilst they have a good appetite.' The physician said: 'Ay indeed, this is the way to enjoy health.' He then made his obeisance and departed.

To those who are full of professions bearing no result, the following parable comes home. 'A horseman went to a city, and hearing that there were many thieves in that place, said to his groom at night: "Do you sleep, and I will keep watch, for I cannot rely on you." The groom answered: "Alas! my lord, what words are these! I cannot consent to be asleep and my master awake." In short the master went to sleep, and three hours afterwards awoke, when he called out to the groom: "What are you doing?" He answered: "I am meditating how God has spread the earth upon the water." The master said: "I am afraid lest the thieves come and you know nothing of it." He replied: "O my lord! rest satisfied; I am on the watch." The horseman went to sleep again, and awaking at midnight, he called out: "Hollo, groom! what are you doing?" He answered: "I am considering how God has supported the sky without pillars." To which the master replied: "I am afraid that amidst your meditations the thieves will carry away the horse." "Ah, my lord!" said the groom, "I am awake. How can the thieves come?" The cavalier again went to sleep, and an hour of night remaining, he awoke, and asked the groom what he was doing.

"I am considering," said the groom, "since the thieves have stolen the horse, whether I shall carry the saddle on my head to-morrow, or you, sir!"

A rather novel view of the relations of the rich towards the poor is given in the story of a very poor man who went to a very rich man and said: 'We are two sons of Adam and Eve; therefore we are brothers. You are very rich, and I am very poor; give me a brother's share.' The rich man gave to the poor man one cowrie—the smallest piece of money, a tiny shell. The poor man said: 'O sir, why do you not bestow upon me a brother's share?' To which the rich man replied: 'Be content, my good friend; if I give all my poor brothers one cowrie each, I shall not have any remaining.'

Almost all the literatures of Western nations contain humorous or sarcastic productions ridiculing the pretensions of those wives who wish to lord it over their husbands, and the Oriental literatures strike at the same foible. Here is a story from Mr Ralston's Russian Folk-tales, which mostly partake of an Oriental character. A certain woman was very bumptious. Her husband came from a village council one day, and she asked him: 'What have you been deciding over there?'

'What have we been deciding? Why, choosing a Golova' [that is, a mayor, or elected chief].

'Whom have you chosen?'

'No one as yet.'

'Choose me,' says the woman.

So her husband, desirous of giving her a lesson, went back to the council, and told the elders what she had said. They immediately chose her as Golova. Well, the woman got along, settled all questions, took bribes, and drank spirits at the peasants' expense. But the time came to collect the poll-tax. The Golova couldn't do it—wasn't able to collect it in time. There came a Cossack, and asked for the Golova; but the woman had hidden herself. As soon as she learnt that the Cossack had come, off she ran home.

'Where, oh, where can I hide myself?' she cries to her husband. 'Husband dear! tie me up in a bag, and put me out there where the corn-sacks are.'

Now, there were five sacks of seed-corn outside; so her husband tied up the Golova, and set her in the midst of them. Up came the Cossack and said: 'Ha! so the Golova's in hiding.' Then he took to slashing at the sacks one after another with his whip, and the woman to howling at the pitch of her voice: 'Oh, my father! I won't be a Golova, I won't be a Golova.' At last the Cossack left off beating the sacks, and rode away. But the woman had had enough of Golova-ing; from that time forward she took to obeying her husband.

We all know what a degrading thing avarice is—how it benumbs a man's finer instincts, and lowers and degrades his better nature. More especially is this the case if this undue love of money has developed within a man a want of scrupulous honour as to how he comes by his money, so that he but gets it. An Eastern parable illustrates this. A Russian priest knew that a moujik, or peasant, had come upon buried treasure in the shape of a pot of money; and the priest, being excessively avaricious, determined

that he should get possession of this treasure. So he killed one of his own goats, and took off its skin—horns, beard, and all complete; and having pulled the skin over himself, he told his wife to bring a needle and thread, and fasten it up all round, so that it might not slip off. In this guise he went to the moujik's cottage at dead of night, and began knocking and scratching, when the peasant jumped up and cried: 'Who's there?' 'The Evil One!' replied the priest; and demanded that the moujik should at once give him back the pot of money he had found. The peasant looked out of the window, and seeing the goat's horns and beard, he was certain his visitor was none other than he represented himself to be; and in great terror, he seized the pot of gold, carried it outside, and flung it on the ground. 'I've lived before now without money,' said he, 'and now I'll go on living without it.' The priest seized the money and hastened home. 'Come,' said he to his wife, 'the money is in our hands now. Here, put it well out of sight; and take a sharp knife, cut the thread, and pull the goat's skin off me before any one sees it.' She took the knife, and was beginning to cut the thread at the seam, when forth flowed blood, and the priest began to howl: 'Oh, it hurts, it hurts! don't cut, don't cut!' She began ripping the seam open in another place, but with just the same result. The goat's skin had united with his body all round. 'And all that they tried,' adds the legend, 'all that they did, even to taking the money back to the old man, was of no avail. The goat's skin remained clinging tight to the priest all the same. God evidently did it to punish him for his great greediness.'

This excessive love of money is frequently the subject of rebuke in the parables and legends of the Orientals. It is stated, for instance, of the inhabitants of the pagan city of Troyan, that they 'did not believe in Christ, but in gold and silver.' 'Now,' the legend goes on to say, 'there were seventy conduits in that city which supplied it with spring-water; and the Lord made these conduits run with liquid gold and silver instead of water, so that all the people had as much as they pleased of the metals they worshipped, but they had nothing to drink.' After a time the Lord took pity upon them, and there appeared at a little distance from the city a deep lake. To this they used to go for water; only, the lake was guarded by a terrible monster, which daily devoured a maiden, whom the inhabitants were obliged to give to it in return for leave to make use of the lake. The favour of St George was however propitiated by the people, and he was induced to rid them of the monster. They were then converted to Christianity.

The duty of helping and befriending the unfortunate is sometimes taught in these parables at the expense of the good character of certain of the saints. Thus, in one of the stories, a peasant is driving along a heavy road one autumn day, when his cart sticks fast in the mire. Just then St Kasian comes by.

'Help me, brother, to get my cart out of the mud,' says the peasant.

'Get along with you!' replies St Kasian. 'Do you suppose I've got leisure to be dawdling here with you!'

Presently, St Nicholas comes that way. The

pensant addresses the same request to him; and he stops and gives the required assistance. When the two saints arrive in heaven, the Lord asks them where they have been.

'I have been on the earth,' replies St Kasian; 'and I happened to pass by a moujik whose cart had stuck in the mud. He cried out to me, saying: "Help me to get my cart out!" But I was not going to spoil my heavenly apparel.'

'I have been on the earth,' says St Nicholas, whose clothes were all covered with mud. 'I went along that same road, and I helped the moujik to get his cart free.'

Then the Lord says: 'Listen, Kasian! Because thou didst not assist the moujik, therefore shall men honour thee by thanksgiving only once every four years. But to thee, Nicholas, because thou didst assist the moujik to set free his cart, shall men twice every year offer up thanksgiving.'

'Ever since that time,' says the story, 'it has been customary to offer prayers and thanksgiving to Nicholas twice a year, but to Kasian only once every leap-year.'

One of the most beautiful stories in Oriental, or perhaps any literature, whereby we are taught that no human creature is exempt from affliction and sorrow, is told in the life of Gautama, the founder of the Buddhist religion. There was a young woman, the story runs, who had been married early, as is the custom in the East, and had a child while she was still a girl. When the beautiful boy could run alone, he died. Her sorrow for a time deprived her of reason; and in her love for her dead child, she carried it from house to house of her pitying friends, asking them to give her medicine for it. A Buddhist convert, thinking 'she does not understand,' said to her: 'My good girl, I myself have no such medicine as you ask for; but I think I know of one who has.'

'Oh, tell me who that is?' cried the girl.

'The Buddha can give you medicine; go to him,' was the answer.

She went to Gautama; and doing homage to him, said: 'Lord and master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my child?'

'Yes; I know of some,' said the Teacher.

Now, it was the custom for patients or their friends to provide the herbs which the doctors required; so she asked what herbs he would want.

'I want some mustard-seed,' he said; and when the poor girl eagerly promised to bring some of so common a drug, he added: 'You must get it from some house where no son, or husband, or parent, or slave has died.'

'Very good,' she said; and went to ask for it, still carrying her dead child with her. The people said: 'Here is mustard-seed—take it;' but when she asked, 'In my friend's house has any son died, or a husband, or a parent, or slave?' they answered: 'Lady! what is this that you say? the living are few, but the dead are many.' Then she went to other houses; but one said, 'I have lost a son;' another, 'We have lost our parents;' another, 'I have lost my slave.' At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had died, her mind began to clear; and summoning up resolution, she left the dead body of her child in a forest, and returning to the Buddha, paid him homage.

He said to her: 'Have you the mustard-seed?'

'My lord,' she replied, 'I have not; the people tell me that the living are few, but the dead are many.'

Then he talked to her on the impermanency of all things—pointing out to the poor girl how the affliction from which she was suffering was not peculiar to her, but was common to all her fellow-creatures—till her doubts were cleared away, she accepted her lot, and became a disciple.

THE TREATMENT OF JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

For some time it has been generally acknowledged that some reform is needed in the matter of the treatment of juvenile offenders against the law. The course usually followed till quite recently was to inflict punishment either by imprisonment or whipping, and occasionally by both; while in certain circumstances, the young person was sent for a period of five years to a reformatory. Many difficulties undoubtedly surround the question, as in numerous cases the children who thus come under police surveillance are incited to petty acts of theft and other criminal practices by the cupidity and heartlessness of degraded parents, who do not count the moral destruction of their children too high a price to pay for the selfish gratification of their own vicious habits. But on the other hand, many children offend against the law out of mere thoughtlessness, or from the influence of a bad example, or from the associations of bad company, while neither they nor their parents can be regarded as on that account really bad people. In such cases, it is felt that the child's experience of imprisonment, especially if that imprisonment should be repeated, is apt to have a degrading effect upon the subject of it. Referring to this, Sir John Lentaigue, Inspector of Irish Reformatories, says: 'If a child becomes accustomed to prison-life, it must cease to have a deterrent effect on him. Isolated in the cold atmosphere of his cell, without sympathy, he may be taught to fear, but not to love.'

The Howard Association has taken up this question heartily, and supported by the opinion of the present Home Secretary, is not unlikely to draw increased attention to the question. Reports received from judges and prison authorities in America bear out the view taken of the subject by Sir John Lentaigue; and it is not improbable that the legislature may shortly be called upon to consider some measure for the better treatment of the poor little men and women thus early drafted into the miserable service of vice and criminality. All punishment which is not remedial as well as corrective, is barbarous; and where, as in this instance, the infliction of it tends to affect for permanent good or permanent evil the lives of so many thousands of those who will be the men and women of the next generation, it is satisfactory to know that our judicial and legislative authorities are actively bestirring themselves to remove what is defective in the present system.—Those who would desire to know more of this movement, may do so by means of the Annual Report of the Howard Association, 5 Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C.

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DOLL PHILOSOPHY.

'No, thanks, aunty,' answers a winsome little maiden in one of the drawings of the modern leader of artistic humour—'no, thanks,' refusing the offer of a new Doll. 'I should never love another Doll like this; for see, it has only got one eye, one leg, and one arm; and nobody would care for it if I didn't. Proper Dolls can take care of themselves, you know!' What devoted fidelity shines out of this smile-provoking logic—what love, tender and helpful, covering all defects of the object loved! What a glimpse of character is there—a crooked, comic reflection, but a very bright one, thrown from a womanly character somewhere in the future, self-forgetting and true, faithfully cheering some life that needs comfort, or devoted to some weak erring mortal, whom love makes dearer than perfection, and whom 'nobody would care for if she didn't.'

As an index of the mysteries shut up in little maidens, the commonest Doll is a wonderful thing. The child-owner is peculiarly sensitive about it, especially if the boys quarrel with it, or if Paterfamilias, unaware of the ubiquitous nature of Dolls, sits down upon it in his arm-chair to read his evening paper; or if Materfamilias exiles it from society down-stairs because of its propensity for shedding bran. Oh! those Dolls, what tell-tales they become; not the talking Dolls alone—which tell no more than the dumb rag-bundles—but all the legion, even those that never winked an eye, or responded to a squeeze with an intestine squeak!

There is something humanly interesting about the whole of Doll existence. Out of graves where, uncounted centuries ago, baby hands were folded to rest, with pagan rites, and the child's terra-cotta toys put in around their little owner ere the earth was thrown, under who knows what rain of tears, as real as ours—out of those graves of little ancients vanished in dust, they have dug up slim, straight, tiny human figures, made roughly of baked earth, some of them perhaps household gods of the nursery, but amongst them

surely, judging from the rest of the toys, that wonderful thing the Doll of antiquity. The mimic child in the child's possession seems to be, in some form or other, almost as old and universal an institution as children themselves; and for all we know, the professors of scientific comparison might have a great deal to say about these universal playthings. But we are afraid of the havoc made by science in the nursery. We leave the problem of Doll development to the scientists—the same ruthless discoverers who have found out that Cinderella's slipper was not glass at all, but grass—*vert*, not *verre*—and have otherwise tumbled down about our ears the prettiest ornaments of the old nursery castles-in-the-air. For our own part, we are content that Dolls were always dolls, and have developed into nothing greater. Their sphere is the nursery. They are only denizens of child-world.

Rag, wood, and india-rubber, china, composition and wax—we can imagine the immense Doll population gathering about us impatient for attention, and all leaning up against each other, for it is a peculiarity of Doll physique that, as regards standing up independently in the world, a Doll is unmatched for helplessness by anything under the sun—except a soda-water bottle. The weak point of the primitive rag-baby was the human face divine in coloured chintz, until at last it has been painted on white calico. The wooden genera of the family had an objectionable stare, and were too liable to be scalped. The china cousins suffered from fragile noses (and heads) and an unnatural shining skin. India-rubber got over the danger of breakage; but the immortals have, like old Tithonus, the gift of life with the gift of youth forgotten, and the period of Doll existence being over, their washed-out Kaffir complexion is frightful to see. Composition with a thin skin of wax is the most popular in nursery society; but the *élite* of Dolls will ever be the waxen fair ones endowed with human hair. All Dolls' hair has at least one human property—that of falling off. But fortunately human baldness is a gradual sorrow; not

like poor Dolly's, one shock of consternation. This is the most trying misfortune to a Doll-loving child. A creature with only one eye, one leg, and one arm, may still be cherished; but a scalped Doll is a monstrosity. Yet even greater defects than this can be cured; indeed medical science pales beside the wonders done in a London 'Dolls' Hospital.' 'What a beautiful Doll!' we once remarked to a communicative-looking little stranger. 'Yes,' said the communicative little one proudly; 'and this is her second head!'

A motherly instinct lies deep down in the Doll-keeping mania; but there is a sisterly or confidential relationship as well. The child is a little mother when, with self-imposed restraint, she keeps still for ten long minutes, pretending that the Doll is asleep; or when she teaches that most uninteresting pupil; or gives her an imaginary cold in order to comfort her with muffling shawls. But there is a friendly relationship of equality—proof of the need of a confidante, a good keeper of secrets—when Miss Polly, in enforced exile, confides to Miss Dolly that *Made-moiselle* is horribly cross, to blame her for not remembering French verbs, when *she* herself doesn't know plain English verbs yet when she's talking—and English so easy! Or in happier mood, she may take counsel about Papa's new shilling, and wouldn't it be the nicest way of spending it if she bought a money-box to keep it in?

It is curious to note the different degrees in which children of different character or surroundings are credulous about Doll-life. Doll-life is not mistaken for real life, yet it would be hard to define the distinction made in the child's mind, when a willing imagination has worked habitual self-delusion. The same well-known master of humorous black-and-white art, who drew the child devoted to the one-eyed, one-legged doll, represents elsewhere a little girl begging her mamma not to let remarks be made about the Doll when the Doll is there, because she has been trying all her life to keep that Doll from knowing she was not alive. This suggests the utmost degree of delusion, and the child's plea inverts the real state of the case; she had been trying all her life to keep *herself* from realising that the Doll was not alive. Such credulity leads to sympathy and the desire to do service—the course naturally taken by interest in dumb pets that really possess life. The old Doll is believed in, through long habit of imagination, much more than the new one; and there is likely to be most credulity in a child who has one sole companionable Doll. Yet there are motherly little maidens whose hearts expand indefinitely, adopting a family of little and big, without losing interest in any, and sympathising with all. Sometimes in such a case the faded old Doll or the maimed one gets most sympathy—a very touching trait, the promise of great tenderness in the years to come.

Large size is not necessary for the child's belief; and why should it be harder for a child to see full-sized humanity in a three-inch mannikin, than for us to see in a three-inch engraving, with no intermediate process of thought, the full immensity of mountain, forest and sky? We confess, we once believed size indispensable for sympathy,

until we discovered the capability of young hearts for loving sensitively the least thing, when a blue-eyed little maiden was hurt in her feelings because her china two-inch Doll, clad with Spartan simplicity in cotton print that might be anything from a pinafore to a toga, was mischievously ducked in a Doll-bath of paint water—with her clothes on, as the child complained bitterly. The anxiety that the Doll should not catch cold, was evidence of some association of human feeling with those diminutive toys. The same child's other toys might have been immersed a dozen times without touching the sensitiveness which she bore for the semblance of a human thing in her possession. To other children, it is true, Dolls are nothing more than toys, and the old toy is thrown away to make room for the new toy in fine dress.

As to Doll-dressing, it too may be an index of character, and become more than an exercise of good taste or neat work. A girl whose characteristic defect is lack of perseverance, full of good intentions but wanting the energy of persistence—will begin her Doll's wardrobe on a magnificent scale, but get tired, and leave an unfinished wardrobe and an ill-dressed Doll. The industrious helpful little woman will go about things more simply, but, being blessed with the spirit of duty-doing, will work patiently at one thing at a time, and will not be so sensible of the novelty of beginning as of the pleasure of finishing each, and at last finishing all. A spice of vanity will be evident in others, who like best a brilliant Doll-costume of grown-up fashion; and when the fine dress is soiled, the wearer is uncared for. Or the indolence of more luxurious vanity may have its childish counterpart, when the owner of a costly Doll buys feathered hats for its head and minute powder-boxes for its complexion, but has not the most remote idea of doing a stitch for it with her own hands. With various degrees of dressing and nursing, the affectionate personal interest fades gradually away, through scores of little people who are as callous about the feelings of Dolls as about the feelings of the animals that they throw back through the Ark roof, anyhow, with their legs round each others' necks, until we find at the opposite end of the scale the exceptional girls who never cared for a Doll. Some of these are already unchildlike, and conceal a real weakness for Dolls, because of a shyness of being seen with them; sometimes when they are on the verge of getting past the age of Dolls altogether, child-nature asserts itself, and a Doll appears on the scene—a refreshing escape from self-consciousness to simplicity. Other girls, studious-minded, prefer their books, but can get on well enough with a neighbour's Doll, though without any faith in Doll-life; possibly the *rencontre* ends in the mischievous freaks and personal remarks on Dolly, which Dolly's owner so sensitively resents.

Other girls, again, know more about spinning tops than nursing Dolls. They are the girls in whom, by some droll freak of Nature, one sees a girlish face with something of a boyish look, and in the child an odd reminder of a boy about the figure standing or running, and about the whole manner, which is apt to be bluff, vivacious, happy, but before strangers peculiarly gentle and subdued—exactly like Tom, Jack, and Harry, in their

lamb-like condition during the first drawing-room evening of the holidays. These boyish girls are not gushing in affection, but quietly staunch and warm, having the rare merit of meaning more than they say.

But we have not to deal with freaks of Nature; and return instead to ordinary Doll-loving girls. It is one of the most curious and pleasing facts connected with them and their playthings, that the natural beauty or the unnatural ugliness of Miss Dolly, is not the measure of kindness, except on the first day of choice and adoption. A poor child's rag-bundle may give as much delight, as a waxen, golden-haired baby in a nursery full of toy-luxuries. Again, the new arrival, in all the glory of muslin and spangles, with six new names, and smelling of new wax, may be dearer to the child a year after in a homely-made gown, with chipped nose, and cheeks and eyebrows washed away. Or the child taking at once to her heart the Doll that comes at Christmas, sweet with a mother's love, may never criticise its features, nor ever perceive—as at least one little child refused to perceive,—that the Doll bought secretly in a hurry on Christmas Eve had leather hands with but three fingers on each, defective glass eyesight, and ears in the neck. The child would have known and chosen a pretty face; but the giver and the season glorified its countenance, and it remained a hideous but beloved Doll. Even Dolls' accomplishments do not insure their finding more favour. The artist of child-life, to whom we have referred before, in 'Not to be Beaten,' makes one little girl, with a recumbent wax-baby, boast from her end of the sofa, 'My Doll can open her eyes!' Whereupon the other little girl at the opposite sofa-arm retorts, 'My Doll never shuts hers!' If physical beauty and mechanical acquirements were the passports to affection, the boy-dolls would never have been adopted for their oddity, nor the Japanese babies with eyes aslant and heads bald save for one tuft of hair; nor would the black-faced crew have thrust their woolly heads into the nurseries.

There remains one mystery yet. How is it that the little people who are not credulous about Doll-life, are still not impressed by the human semblance of the toy, when they attack Dolly with the penknife or scissors, to discover, like boy and girl Franksteins, the secrets of her vitality as regards inward squeaks or shutting eyes? How is it that even the callous schoolboy can extract the eyes of that flaxen-haired creature, without being startled by a sense of atrocity? How is it that his sister—who of course did not ever care for Adriana Matilda—can calmly accept possession of Adriana Matilda's eyes as curiosities, once Tommy has taken them out? Or how can she afterwards stuff her pincushion with Adriana Matilda's life-blood? These are awful and unanswerable queries; but this branch of the subject recalls so strongly our childish—imaginary—introduction to the secret chamber of Bluebeard, that we flee from it in horror, only hoping that the helpless damsels will find some knight of the nursery to take up their cause, and snatch them from Tommy next time while yet they are sound; yes, and send them straight to the Children's Hospital or the workhouse Infant Department, not for their own sakes of course, but for the sake of the weak and poor little ones, who would prize

the toys that the children of the rich wantonly destroy.

Our last word about the treatment of Dolls is not our own, but comes from no less an authority than George Eliot. In one of those pages full of close observation of the ways and workings of human nature, she introduces a Doll in the hands of her heroine, a Doll under sad ill-treatment, and so introduced as a tell-tale of character. Maggie Tulliver, when she was still a shock-headed child—now as in after-years, faulty, impetuous, hot-hearted, exceedingly lovable—was wont to take refuge in an attic, to give vent to her childish troubles—those troubles that are described as so intensely heavy, because to children there is but little sense of other coexistent things or of a future. In this long loft under the roof there were cobwebs, and worn-eaten shelves, and a tub behind which she could hide and imagine the vengeance of nobody knowing where she was; and there was also 'the trunk of a large wooden Doll, which once stared with the roundest of eyes and the reddest of cheeks,' but which she now used as a sort of fetic, wreaking upon it her rage, or sorrow, or vexation, driving nails into its head, knocking it upon the floor, grinding it against the brick columns of the chimneys going up through the middle of the loft, and all the while solacing herself by imagining it to be the person who was the absent cause of her trouble.

The whole proceeding—certainly in those pages either an actual or a possible fact—is meant to illustrate a character quite the reverse of cruel, but resolute and rebellious, with the originality of a strong nature. It is a passionate heart giving vent to anger, but really ruled by the need of loving and the power of loving. Can there be a doubt that in the days when the wooden Doll had still its red cheeks and round eyes, before it became the worn-out wooden trunk, there was never Doll more cherished and more hotly defended—even from Tom—than was this much-abused fetic? A Doll of Maggie Tulliver's!—with what kisses and tears it must have been guarded once—and would be still if she had not changed its identity into the detested Aunt Glegg or any one else. As it stands, the passage describing the last dealings of Maggie Tulliver with its unoffending head, is one of the most curious illustrations of the ways of children and the fate of Dolls.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER LV.—LONG LIFE AND PROSPERITY.

THERE is no music, to young ears, so sweet and full of promise as the blithe ringing of the joy-bells on a bridal morn. Not that it is the young only who grow enthusiastic over a wedding. As the merry peal clangs out so joyously from steeple and gray stone belfry, sending the black rooks and daws fluttering and cawing and circling high in air, hearts are stirred that might have been thought for ever dead to the sympathies that love and marriage evoke. The most wonderful women put on the most wonderful bonnets, and add, before cracked, greenish-looking glasses that cannot flatter, some bit of gay ribbon, some queer old trinket, to their usual rusty raiment, before they grace the

bridal ceremony by their presence. Why do they come? Why do they cry? Why do they adore the bride, and admire the bridegroom, and how comes it that they would resent their own exclusion as the bitterest of insults? They never saw bride or groom before; never, perhaps, heard of courtship or troth plight; and will care no more for the mated pair, when once the orange blossoms are faded, than for any other married couple that they elbow in the streets. But for a wedding they have the scent that the vulture of South America has for carrion; and so surely as the vestry door is unlocked, and the curate dons his surplice, they will be there.

It was a grand wedding—a wedding triply grand it should have been, since three couples were to plight their faith that day before the altar of the gray old Church of St Mary—that awakened the big, busy, thriving town of Southampton to a momentary sense that there was something else to care for in the world besides the current business of the carrying trade. Three marriages were to take place in the ancient church, successor, by lineal descent, of that low-browed ecclesiastical edifice, gorgeous with reliquaries and colour and saintly relics, wherein Waltheof the Saxon and William the Norman must have bent their necks in prayer before the shrines, before the king from beyond sea had quite decided to bring the northern English Earl to the sharp discipline of axe and block.

These three couples excited the public interest in very varying degrees. Arthur Lynn was to be married to Julia Carrington. People at large were glad of that. Mr Lynn was clearly a gallant, manly gentleman, and one that deserved his beautiful bride. And Miss Julia was a grand girl, with some generous impulses, as her conduct to Bertram, after the false accusation brought against him had made him dearer than ever to his friends, had proved—a girl marred, but not spoiled, by early flattery and precocious independence, and one who needed but a good husband to insure that she should be a good wife.

There was Margaret Weston, not pretty, comely at the best, but with a dear young honest face that it was pleasant to look upon—a winsome face, as north of Tweed they call it—the face of a good kind girl that loves, and is happy in her love. Her consort, a clerk in Mervyn's employment, and who was to be promoted to a Deputy Managership at the next vacancy, was a worthy young fellow enough, but not of the calibre that hits the popular fancy. Such as knew Miss Margaret were glad she should marry, and that her choice should be a judicious one; but few looked twice at the pink round face and hay-coloured hair of Mr Alfred Mottram.

But it was Bertram Oakley's wedding, Bertram and Rose's wedding, that really stirred the depths of the public sympathy. Something of Bertram's simple nobility of character, something of the adventures, the trials, and the toils through which the bridegroom had made his way, like some charmed knight of the fairy tales of old, whom Terror could not scare, whom Vice could not attract, always loyal, true, and brave, had got noised about, and had exalted the frank-hearted, keen-witted young man to the stature of a hero.

Perhaps the crowds who cheered him were not far wrong in their estimate. Bertram had not a little of the hero in him. Fearless before danger, modest in success, he had ever been merciful to a fallen foe. And then Rose—sweet, blushing Rose, as she clung to that strong arm of the young husband she had chosen—was the very ideal of a bride.

What a crowd in the church! what swarms of well-dressed people competing for pews, jostling in galleries, shouldering one another in the aisles! what admiration for the trim-waisted, soft-cheeked young bride's-maids, in the pretty uniforms chosen for their bewitching display! Louisa Denham was there, of course. The Denshires had begged of her to be their guest at Shirley Villa, for the time, where Rose yet dwelt. It was high summer now. The corn gleamed golden in the fields, ready almost for the sickle. The engagement between Rose and her true lover had been a long one, according to modern standards of engagements. Yet they waited, for Bertram was busy, now in England, now abroad, always on the wing, the life and soul of the fine old House that under his auspices was rising above the heads of its competitors. And Rose had been so patient. Nothing that excellent Mrs Denshire could say had prevented her from doing her duty, and a little more, by bright tiny Alice and curly-headed Hughie, to the last.

'It is not fit that you should do it, dear,' the worthy archeress used to say. 'You are a young lady of position, you know, and our visitor, and are just going to be married to a rich man of whom everybody says that he may aspire to anything.'

'But the darlings love me,' Rose had pleaded; 'and when I am married, and you all come to stay with us, dear Mrs Denshire, I hope you will let their old governess teach them still.'

So grand a wedding had rarely been witnessed within those ancient walls, and will be long remembered in Southampton. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the show, more so than the display ecclesiastical, more than the pretty toilets and blooming cheeks of the bride's-maids, more so than the many guests, the mob of well-dressed people, the rush, and crush, and lashing of whips, and crashing of wheels, the array of smart carriages and satin-skinned horses, was the heartfelt outburst of friendly feeling of the uninvited. There was a holiday at Mervyn's Yard in honour of the occasion. The shipwrights, the miscellaneous toilers in the Firm's employ were there—Long Tom, the big wright from Blackwall, who had fought at Bertram's side when the *Golden Gate* was recaptured from Captain Jack and his gang, at their head. As Bertram left the porch with his lovely little bride on his arm, Long Tom it was who gave the signal of such cheering as rang thunderous through the streets, and scared the black rooks and querulous daws into flying yet higher, in circles, in the air.

'God bless you, Mr Bertram, and her, the pretty lady,' said many a rough voice, Long Tom's the loudest, as the cheering ceased. And when Bertram paused to lift his hat, and bow his thanks for their good-will, and said a kind word as he passed to Long Tom, his old friend, on whom Rose the bride smiled too through tears made glorious by the bridal veil, the big, bold shipwright, like a great baby, as he told himself, drew

his rough hand across his rough eyes, and cried too. Then the carriages drove off, and there was an end of the show.

Years have passed since that joyous wedding-day, years worthily spent, and at the end of every one of which, as the startling bells proclaim the death of the Past, and the birth of the New Year, no lingering feeling of remorse as to wasted time and squandered opportunities, such as haunt some consciences, have beset that of Bertram Oakley. The great firm of which he has so long been the guiding spirit thrives exceedingly, a very centre and beacon-light of intelligent industry, wealthy, and using its wealth in making the world better, fairer, wholesomer, than the old world in which its labours first began. Mr Mervyn lives still, and is still honourably busy in the great Yard that bears his name; but Bertram it is who for some time past has pushed on the great undertakings that have shortened many a weary voyage, and brought far climes and strange shores practically near to one another.

The labourer is worthy of his hire; and the well-won gains of Bertram Oakley have been great, but not often, perhaps, has hard-earned money passed into better keeping. He is the master of a snug estate, and a fair old Hall, on the Hampshire border of the New Forest, where Rose dwells among her fair-haired children, and where her husband is glad to snatch his periods of welcome rest; but his life is too busy to allow him long to enjoy the rural pleasures of squirearchy. They want him in London, at Blackwall, in Southampton, everywhere; but it is with a schoolboy's content as the holidays arrive that he gets back, for a space, to the wife and the prattling pets that wait for his return to the flower-gardens, and the smooth lawn, and the great elms of home.

Elmley—the place, once the residence of a bankrupt baronet, when sickness was a constant winter guest at every labourer's damp fireside, and the whole estate showed in rotten fences, impassable lanes, and other such signs, the tokens of neglect—is not the only tract of English land of which Bertram is the owner. He is lord, too, of the manor of Whitethorn, in Gloucestershire, and owns that upland farm where his yeomen forefathers dwelt, and the village in which his own father was established before his luckless emigration to the land in which he and his wife lie buried. The Whitethorn people recollect how the rich man who had bought the estate, long in the market, shed tears when he made his first pilgrimage there, and entered the little old carpenter's shop in which Richard Oakley, the father he did not remember, yet in absence had never ceased to love, had once lived and worked. They have other reasons—those Whitethorn folks—for treasuring up Bertram's name, for has he not exorcised the Fiends of Ague and hopeless pauperism from their doors; were not their excellent schools, their Dispensary, their Cottage Hospital, his gifts; and have not they seen, thanks to him, a new generation of children growing up around them, fitter to cope with the world than that which preceded them!

Louisa Denham was pressed to make her home beneath her sister's roof. The temptation was great, but the stout-hearted little woman did not yield to it.

'You belong to your husband, now, love!' she said; 'but when you and yours ask the old maiden aunt now and then to Elmley, she will be glad to come.' And indeed she is a frequent visitor there, among those who love her, though she spends most of her life in kindly acts and words to those around her, and a great favourite in all the households of her loving friends.

Crawley, who, on being released, emigrated, has since been heard of, both at Cincinnati and Chicago. He has, it is understood, finally settled in the former city—Porkopolis, as classically minded Americans call it—and it is to be hoped that he may be a worthier citizen of the New World than he has been of the Old.

Nat Lee's grave, according to Bertram's promise, is among those of his respectable progenitors in Dulchester.

Nor were any of those early friends—they were but few—who had held out a helping hand to the former millworker of Blackston, forgotten in the hour of their need. Bertram manages, every year, to take a peep at the hardy old vine that grows beneath what was once his window in the Sanctuary of Westminster, and Mr Browse—who is gruffer than ever—knows well enough where to look for help on what he chooses to style a rainy day.

Bertram has been repeatedly asked, and by important constituencies, more than once, to accept the honours and responsibilities of a seat in Parliament. He has good-humouredly declined, however, to write M.P. after his name, which so many have reason to bless, on the plea that his natural place is not among the talkers, of whom, surely, in the Great Council of the Nation, there are enough and to spare, and that, while he lives, he must work, with head and hands. That he has done so, hitherto, to some purpose, is proved by the well-merited and most complete success—ungrudged by all—of the Merchant Prince.

THE END.

TYPES OF MEN AND HOW THEY CHANGE.

WHETHER there are three or five or any larger number of what are termed 'types' of mankind, seems to be as yet a moot-point among men of science. And as to whether these types, be they few or many, sprang from one or several sources, does not enter into the present inquiry. All admit the Negro, the Mongol, and the Caucasian, to be the most prominent races. And all agree that there is liability to change or modification in some degree. Most scientists are of opinion, apart altogether from the Evolution theory, that the human race as a whole has gradually emerged from a state of savagedom. The opposite of this is maintained by theologians, who hold that, notwithstanding the advance of civilisation among various peoples, there has been a large amount of degeneration from the primitive condition of high-type humanity. But both of these theories necessarily recognise modification, although, according to the scientists, this process is so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and must occupy periods of time of almost fabulous duration.

Some facts which have recently come to light

seem to show that degeneracy, improvement, and apparent immutability, are going on simultaneously, according to the various circumstances affecting different peoples. Permanency of type, or at least extreme slowness of change, is deduced by men of science from the fact that the Negro race has remained unchanged for upwards of three thousand years. Sir Charles Lyell offers the evidence of paintings in Egyptian temples on this point. He says there are 'pictures on the walls in Egypt in which a thousand years or more before the Christian era the Negro and Caucasian physiognomies were portrayed as faithfully and in as strong contrast as if the likeness of these races had been taken yesterday.' There is no gainsaying such a fact as this. But it might be suggested that the conditions under which this seeming fixity of type holds good are not to be set against conditions of a different kind under which it is possible changes might take place. For example, there has been no change of what is termed *habitat* in regard to the Negro race during the long period referred to. And the question as to what would be the effect of transplanting a 'colony of Negroes to the temperate zone, with means of mental culture and other improving influences, cannot yet be satisfactorily answered. Neither, on the other hand, can the result of a colony of Europeans established in the tropics of Africa and subjected to the mental exhaustion of that climate.

While fixity of type appears to be the rule so far as experience shows, it is at the same time worthy of note that there are not wanting some instances which seem to point in the direction of certain influences under which changes may be produced in a comparatively short time. Most people are familiar with the change produced on soldiers during even a short residence in India, how they become quite bronzed by the sun. Of course this is but temporary, and passes off on their return to Europe. The residence of European families in the tropics for several generations is not so common an occurrence as to afford data for forming a judgment; but the change in the colour of the skin, though temporary, indicates what might possibly become permanent in the course of generations. By the way, regarding colour, it is stated on scientific authority that 'the Caucasians are of all complexions, according to the climate. Thus, a native of Northern Europe is fair; of Central, less so; of Southern, swarthy; a Moor, more so; an Arab, olive; and a Hindu, nearly black. Such of the Hindu women as have never been exposed to the sun, are often as fair as the inhabitants of the south of Europe.' At the same time it is stated regarding this race, which embraces all these varieties, that 'fair and auburn hair and blue eyes are peculiar to the Caucasian race.' It would appear from this that colour is by no means so fixed a feature of racial peculiarity as at first sight might be supposed.

An instance of a more conclusive character regarding permanent change of type is to be found in America. It is on a considerable scale, and extending over half-a-dozen generations, and where both climate and speciality of culture have come into play. It is a fact patent to the most common

observation, that the American of city-life in the United States has a type of constitution very different from his Anglo-Saxon forefathers who emigrated thither two hundred years ago. J. W. Jackson in his work on *Ethnology* alludes to this in rather a desponding tone. He says: 'It is perhaps yet almost premature to look for any strongly marked changes in the American population, not only from the limited period during which they have existed as a transatlantic race, but from the fact that the tide of emigration still continues,' and is thus incessantly reintroducing a renewed supply of European elements. Nevertheless, we already see in the model Yankee, a mental and physical transformation so marked that it at once strikes the most inattentive and unscientific observer. Now, among the educated classes and the inhabitants of towns with whom ordinary travellers mingle most, this often assumes the aspect of an especial development of the nervous system at the expense of the sanguineous and the muscular; alimentation and respiration being also subordinated to cerebration; and in so far, it seems merely an approximation to the more intellectual types of Southern Europe.'

But this is only one phase of the matter; for the same continent and the same people show, under a different set of circumstances, an equally interesting variety of modification. Mr Jackson says: 'Among the rural population of the Far West, more especially when of prolonged American descent, a decided approximation to the Indian type is distinctly perceptible.' Regarding these, he anticipates still further change. He adds: 'From especial exposure to climatic influences, these are the classes most likely to be affected by impending organic changes, which, however, must ultimately reach even the artificially trained dwellers of the city, who here, as elsewhere, will have ultimately to be recruited from the country, and who, even in their palaced homes, cannot wholly escape or permanently defy the subtle yet potent forces by which they are everywhere surrounded.' Even more hopelessly, he remarks with reference to the cessation of fresh blood from the mother-country: 'Then will come the long centuries of struggle with climatic influences hostile to Old World organisations, and imperatively demanding that a radically Indian type shall be the only permanent possessors of an Indian soil. Already the model American has largely lost the expanded chest, muscular limbs, bushy beard, and deep-toned voice of his masculine and thoroughly Caucasianised ancestor; in place of whose grand equipoise and calm self-possession, he has become morbidly nervous and excitable. Thus early the fatal symptoms of approaching effeteness are distinctly visible, and the only hope is that these may be the transitory effects of constitutional disease in the process of acclimatisation, rather than the more enduring effects of ethnic proclivity in the race. But a people whose women are old at thirty, never will equal another whose females can be blooming mothers at forty.' Speaking more generally on the same point, he observes that 'a race, by ethnic law operating through soil, climate and other telluric influences, gradually assumes the physical and mental type characteristic of and in a sense native to the region in which they have settled. This, or extinction, is indeed the unavoidable fate of all colonial populations,

widely separated by geographical and climatic intervals from their mother-country.'

To say the least, there seems to be ground for caution in the propounding of theories, regarding either the immutability of race or the extreme slowness of typical changes.

It is quite possible that a similar instance of change of type, though not yet so strongly marked, might be found in the Southern States of America with regard to the Negro population. This would naturally be in the direction of improvement. But several hindrances have occurred here. Fresh cargoes of Negroes were supplied by slave-traders direct from the tropics. The State laws prohibited the slaves from receiving the simplest elements of education, extending in most cases to free coloured people, and the very condition of slavery itself being unfavourable to the cultivation of the mental powers. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, and the fact that the difference of climate does not exceed twenty degrees, there can be little doubt that the Negro population of the United States has decidedly improved in type. The capacity shown by many for acquiring the mechanical trades, and even the higher education, indicates the possibility of further changes in the physical sphere. There has not been time to allow the effects of freedom to be developed; but this will yet afford data for the future scientist, which may be anticipated to point still further in the direction of typical modification.

The portraits depicted on the temple walls in Egypt have also been used as an argument in favour of the extreme antiquity of the human race. In allusion to this inference, Mr Jackson asks: 'What shall we say to the contrast presented by their physical characteristics? Who shall admeasure the gulf of time which separates the high-featured Iranian from the woolly-haired and thick-lipped African?' These are perfectly legitimate questions. But if the supposition be allowable that the original progenitors of the human family were of a type somewhat intermediate between the Iranian and the Negro, and that a colony migrated say a thousand years before the date of the paintings to the centre of Africa, would it not be a little unphilosophical to say that a Negro type could not be developed in that time? If two hundred years is sufficient to transform the Anglo-Saxon into the modern American in a latitude little more than five degrees southwards, why should not a thousand years in the tropics change a Mesopotamian into a Negro, with an interval of thirty-five degrees? The tropics are not conducive to action either bodily or mental, especially the latter; and the brain and nervous system would soon become deteriorated through inaction, while the osseous portion of the frame would develop in undue proportion, just as a tree grows to wood rather than fruit when placed in unfavourable circumstances.

It is rather singular that the author last quoted suggests an appropriate answer to his own questions, on another page: 'If this superior destiny awaits the Negro in the future, why was he so hopelessly immutable in the past? We reply, his history was a case of arrested development arising from unaltered circumstances. He is still the woolly-headed, animal-faced African represented on the tombs of the Pharaohs, because his environment is identical with that of his ancestors.

Change the influences, and in process of time you change their subject-matter. Give this indolent savage new wants, and you stimulate him to fresh exertion for their supply. Give him more enlarged ideas, and they will ultimately eventuate in a grander course of action.'

Allusion might also be made to the generally acknowledged fact, that 'the cradle of mankind' is the East, or at least that Europe was peopled in some instances from Asia. It is on record, for example, that the peoples of Northern Europe—the Scandinavians, &c.—were of Asiatic origin, from the neighbourhood of the Black Sea and the Caspian, and that within a period not earlier than a thousand years before the Christian era. It is hardly necessary to say that the Scandinavians differ very materially from the inhabitants of the region whence they originally came.

These remarks may appear to some to point to conclusions of too speculative a character. But it should be borne in mind that science itself is largely tinged with speculation. The truth on the subject of race and its antiquity is too important to be rested on the meagre collection of facts at present in the possession of scientists. Theories may be propounded, but they must accord with the facts. If the leaders of science claim the right to theorise, and exercise it, why should the lay portion of the public be prevented from following their example? If there be apparent permanency of type in a settled *habitat*, why should modification not be expected under a change?

MY LAST DETECTIVE CASE.

CHAPTER II.

I NEED scarcely say that the 'regular' bad characters of the district had been duly looked after by our people; but there was nothing to connect any of them with the murder; which, take it altogether, was more deficient in clew than any crime I had ever had to deal with. So I was regularly at sea, as one may say; was expected to do something in the matter, to show that I was really at work, but with no more idea what it was I ought to do, or in which direction I ought to turn, than if I had been a baby in arms—a pretty position for a man who had been repeatedly described as an active and intelligent officer.

I shall never forget the aimless, drowsy sort of way in which I first started on my quest; I really felt half inclined to arrest some promising 'rough' on pure spec. Calling up all the mysterious cases I could remember, I thought of one where the eye of the murdered man—a bank manager in Ireland—was examined by a microscope to see if, in accordance with the popular belief, the last thing upon which his living glance fell was permanently fixed on the retina. Had this been possible in the case of old Daryett, I think I should have tried it; but he had been buried a week ago. I recollected, also, that in the case I have quoted, it was proposed to consult a spiritualist; and the idea immediately came into my mind that I would go and see old Mrs Hatherley—Mother Poll, we used to call her—to get her to look in the cards. I laughed at myself for thinking of such a thing; not but what the old girl was very clever; but as I did so, the

idea struck me with wonderful force, that there might, after all, be something in a spiritualist. A spiritualist! one who can read people's thoughts, can see through brick walls, and can make tables walk about—why, there *must* be something in such a person; so why not try one? Suppose I tried two or three; if they failed, I could not be any worse off than I was before I applied to them; while if half I had heard about them was true, I might get some sort of a clew; even a guess would be better than nothing.

The papers had mentioned—which was a pity—putting the announcement into one of those little bits which come after the leading articles, and which no one ever heard of when I was a boy—that 'the Upper Broughton Street mystery had been placed in the experienced hands of the well-known detective, Sergeant Nickham; and it was reported that this shrewd and intelligent officer had already obtained evidence of the most important character.' Now, the reader is perfectly aware that I had not done anything of the kind; but it was clear that if I did not do something, I should get as much undeserved blame, as I was now getting undeserved praise; so I determined to consult a spiritualist.

It may easily be supposed that I was asked a great deal about my plans. The coolness with which persons who have nothing to do with the matter will ask an officer to give them an account of his plans in the most difficult cases, is astonishing. They seldom get much by doing so. Mr Hellip, my lodger, took great interest in my movements, which was perhaps not so very wonderful; yet we had been so distant, that I did not like it so much as he evidently supposed I did, in spite of all his compliments. He was always prophesying my success, and seemed to have a most wonderful estimate of my powers. He made me promise to stand a bottle of wine, the day I received the reward; and after I had done this, he was still more constant in his inquiries. After all, I did not much mind it, knowing, as I have said, what a horrible interest some people take in such affairs; but I found he had taken to cross-question my wife, to see what he could get out of her; which was not fair, and I did not like it. Yet I must advise the reader that while I, having been in the police force more than twenty years, was a great deal too experienced to fall into any trap, nevertheless I am proud to say of Mrs Nickham, as I can say with perfect justice, that he was a great deal likelier to get the truth out of me than from her. For all that, he managed to guess that I had some move in hand; so he told me he should soon have that bottle of wine at my expense, nodding and winking every time he said so, as if he knew all about it.

I found there was a spiritualist who lived in a street turning out of the Marylebone Road; and so, directly I had made up my mind, I set off at once to see him. He was out, the first time I called; so I made an appointment for the next day; and then I found he had been called into the provinces, and was not expected home for a week or a fortnight; therefore, he would not do. I looked up another, and went to him; he was at home, but busy. However, I made an appointment to see him on the next night but one. I was to pay a guinea—a perfect throwing away of the money,

I was convinced, but I had made up my mind to risk it.

There was a young man at this second house, employed as footman or porter, for he was not in livery, and he was very civil to me. I always make it a rule to be civil in return; consequently, I mentioned that I was going to the public-house at the corner, and if he could spare time, I should be glad of his company for five minutes. Now, in point of fact, I had not intended to go to this or any other public-house, as I really wanted to get home to my tea; but seeing him so civil, I made myself agreeable on principle; if I did not want any help from him then, I might on some other occasion, and you never can tell, you know. As it appeared he could spare the time, he went over with me, and said he would take a glass of stout and bitter; but I ordered a whisky and seltzer for him. He was quite struck by such liberality; I could see that. 'My boy!' I thought to myself, 'if I should have to ask you any questions about spiritualistic or mesmerising dodges, you will answer if you can; I will bet a new hat you'll do it.'

We parted very good friends; but careful as he was, I felt as sure and positive he knew I was in the police, as though he had told me so. Very likely he knew my name. I had not thought of this at first; and if I was to try and tell the reader how I came to know it, I daresay I should fail to make myself clear. You can't always put these things on paper; but that my new acquaintance spotted me for a policeman, was a fact, and I could not quite make up my mind, as I rode home, whether it was a lucky or unlucky thing for me that he did so. On the whole, I decided that it was a good job.

The reader will have guessed that I said nothing of what I was about to any one except my wife. I always told her; and many a good hint have I gained by doing so. As to the old proverb about women never keeping secrets, it is the grossest libel I ever came across. If it was worth while, I could tell you now of fifty cases where women did keep secrets in the teeth of temptations which would have made men in their places sell up their own grandfathers and grandmothers. Mrs Nickham highly approved of the mesmerist scheme from the first; and I was glad she did so, although I had certainly expected as much, for I never knew a woman who did not believe in some kind of fortune-telling; and very few men, for that part of it. For the last day or two, I had not seen much of my lodger, as he was laid up with rheumatism, only getting out for an hour or two, when he treated himself to a ride in a cab, by way of exercise, which he could afford to do, as he was very well off. Anyhow, there was no cross-questioning now from him, and I was glad of it.

Well, on the evening arranged, I, of course, went to the spiritualist's, and also, of course, was let in by my friend Charley. I ought to have mentioned his name before. I nodded. He smiled, and said: 'So you are punctual, sir;' and showed me into the parlour. There I found Mr Sievwright, the Professor; but I was surprised to find he did not do the prophesying and vision business himself; he had a young lady-assistant who went into a sort of trance. I suppose I need not explain all the process. Since that time, it has

become so common, that almost every reader must know all about it; what is more to my story is the fact that I could not make anything out of the broken, wandering kind of speech which this young person uttered. I thought then, and think now, that she was really insensible; and it was plain her mind was running on a murder from the first; which was curious, for the interview was half over before I let them know what sort of transaction I was asking about. But what she said was of no more use to me than if she had been talking about a game at cribbage, or of making a plumpudding. It was a dead failure. But I had not expected much from it.

Mr Sievewright was very civil and candid in his style. He said he was afraid the revelation was not distinct enough, but another night it might be better. He would not make any charge, if I liked to come again. I was, of course, equally civil, and said how very clever I thought the young lady was, and how much obliged I felt for the trouble they had both taken, and that I would let them know if I thought of hearing any more. I made up my mind on the spot that I would not come again; but, as I have said, you never can tell when you may want people, and it is not a great deal of trouble to say a few civil words. I bade them 'good-night,' and was let out by Charley, to whom I bade 'good-night' also. I was passing out at the street door as I spoke to him, when, to my astonishment, he slipped out too, and holding the door in his hand, to prevent its slamming, whispered: 'You will excuse me, sir; but I have often seen your face before, although I don't know your name. Ain't you in the police?'

'I am,' I said at once; for there was no use in beating about, as I could see he was in earnest.

'And you are here on business?' he went on.

I nodded, for he was speaking quick and low.

'Wait for me, sir, across the way, at the corner,' he continued, in the same hurried manner. 'I should like to have a word with you, if you don't mind waiting five minutes.'

I promised to wait, and he slipped in again; while I, wondering what was coming now, went over to the corner, where stood the public-house to which I had taken him, and smoked a cigar till he came.

I was always of a reflecting meditative turn; and as I grew older, I became fonder of a quiet interval of thought, which, I believe, is a rule with people who are getting on in life; but I don't know that I ever applied myself to think out anything more thoroughly than I did to guess what on earth this young man could have to say to me; and I was never wider of the mark in any speculation in which I may have indulged. I dismissed at once all expectation that he knew anything about the Upper Broughton Street business, although that had first of all rushed into my mind. I decided that he was going to turn evidence against his employer, and to tell me that I had been done out of my sovereign. I made sure I should not like him any the better for doing this; I might use his information—very likely I should do so; but I like to see people stick to the shop.

He was rather longer absent than the time he had mentioned; but if I had had to wait till twelve o'clock, I should have done it, for it is a rule of mine never to throw a chance away. At last he came: 'Sorry to keep you waiting so long, sir,' he began; 'but I could not get away sooner.'

'All right, my boy,' I said. 'My time is my own, so there is no harm done. But since you are here, suppose we try another seltzer and whisky?'

'Thank ye, sir,' said the young fellow; 'presently I shall feel much obliged for it; but if it is all the same to you, I should like to have a few words with you out here, on the quiet. It would not do for me to be overheard.'

'Aha! it is the spiritualistic business, then,' I thought; but told him I was at his service; so we turned into a quiet crescent which was close by, and he crossed over to the side where the iron railings inclosed a lonely deserted plot of grass, away from the houses; and here, as we walked in the shade of some trees, he began.

'No one is likely to overhear us now,' he said; and I mentally agreed with him; in fact, I thought he was taking a most unreasonable amount of trouble over such a trifling matter. 'You told me, sir, that you were in the police?'

I nodded.

'I have heard a few words passing between Mr Sievewright and Miss Jukes, our clairvoyant, as to your business,' he went on; 'and being in the next room this evening, I heard her while she was in her trance.'

'Well, if you did, you could not make much out of it, unless you are a good deal sharper than I am,' I thought; but I did not say this aloud. I merely said 'Indeed!' and he went on again.

'You are here about a murder, are you not—a murder to which you want a clew?'

'Hullo!' thought I; 'this is what I did not reckon on. What is coming now?' Then I said aloud: 'Suppose I am or am not, what then?'

'But you are,' returned the young fellow; 'and I am not the only one who knows it. *You were watched coming here.*'

'What! to-night!' I exclaimed, quite staggered at this.

'Not that I know of,' he replied; 'but I should say it was more than likely, as you were certainly watched to this place the other day, and I saw the man who was spying; but I did not know what he was after, then.'

'How do you know it now?' I naturally asked.

'Because, when I let you in on the first day that you called, I saw a man go past on the other side of the way. Soon afterwards, I had to let another visitor out, and I saw the man again. I noticed him this time. There was something about him like a man on the lurk, so I looked for him when I let you out.'

'But you were with me then,' I interrupted.

'Quite right, sir,' said Charley; 'but still I looked for him, and I saw him a little way off; so I says to myself: "This don't look like a matter of chance; but if it is, you won't be here when we come out of the *Crown*. If you are slinking about then, I shall know you are on the watch." He was there when we came out; and so, as I am sure it can't be me he's a-watching, it must be you.'

But I saw him again yesterday, in a different part of town.'

'Then I should think it's you he's watching, after all,' I struck in with a laugh, not because I fancied it such a laughable matter, but to see how he took it.

'No, sir,' says he, seriously enough, and shaking his head; 'there's no one thinks me worth watching; but with you it may be different. However, to come to the point, sir. I am here only three days a week, on the reception-days. I fill up my time at another establishment of the same kind, only not so stylish a place, in Clerkenwell. There I am of a little more importance than I am here; in fact, I am the assistant, and help in the experiments, instead of being only a porter. Well, sir, last night that very man—the man I had seen watching you—called there.'

'Called there!' I exclaimed. It is a very bad plan to interrupt a story, but I was fairly surprised into it.

'Yes, he did indeed,' continued Charley; 'and as I was with the proprietor at the time—dressed up, of course—I heard all he said. I did not like his look when close, to him, any more than I had done at first; and he hummed and hawed so much, and fenced about so long before coming to his business, that I was sure he was after no good. We, of course, thought he wanted to consult the clairvoyant—that's me there, you know; and I am a very good one. But after a deal of preface, he said he only wanted to ask a few questions about the way other persons consulted the spiritualist, and what the clairvoyant's powers were. He asked how the clairvoyant answered, and whether he could refer to events which had happened several weeks before; so that if he or any friend of his wanted to inquire about the commission of a crime, was it possible for us to throw any light upon it. I can tell you, sir, that he himself threw as much light upon it as any clairvoyant could; for I saw at once that he must himself have committed some crime, and was afraid you was consulting us in hopes to trace him. Of course, I could not have made such a guess as this, if I had not seen him slinking about after you, or if I had not known you was in the police; no, nor if I hadn't got a pretty good guess as to what you was a-coming to our place here for. You may be sure we did not quite satisfy him; and the end of it was that he has made an appointment for to-morrow night—I was engaged here to-night, as you know—to see the clairvoyant. Now, sir, you may depend upon it that if it is worth his while to spy on you, it's worth your while to look after him; and if it's worth his while to ask about your business with the spiritualists, it's worth your while to find out why he is so anxious.'

'Upon my word!' I exclaimed, when the young fellow had finished, 'you ought to be in the police. I am not joking, Charley, but am in sober earnest. There is not one fellow out of fifty who could have fitted the pieces of the puzzle together as you have done. Right or wrong as it may prove to be, it is so much like the real thing, that it does you credit. I will tell you who I am, and all about my business. My name is Nickham. You have heard of Sergeant Nickham, I dare say.'

'Heard of you! heard of you!' he repeated,

with genuine admiration in his voice, and there really is something delightful in being a popular character. 'I should think I had! Why, then, you must be on the Upper Broughton Street business?'

'I am,' I said; 'and an intelligent young fellow like you might easily be of great use to me. I may as well have you with me thoroughly, and then, if I draw the reward, you shall not be forgotten. This man will come as agreed, I suppose. But should you know him again, if he did not?'

'To a certainty,' returned Charley. 'I know his name, as it is.'

'You know his name!' I exclaimed again. 'I had not expected to hear you say that. What is it?'

'Brake—Mr Herbert Brake,' said Charley.

This was coming to the point, and no mistake; but it was too good to be true.

'Did he give that name of his own accord?' I asked.

'O yes! quite readily,' replied the young fellow.

'And was he a quick-moving, bright-eyed, keen-looking little fellow?' I asked again; 'very dark, with a carefully trimmed moustache?'

'O no; not at all,' he answered.

I expected to hear as much.

'This was a thick-set man, of middle age. He had a big fleshy face, with small eyes, that never looked at you for two seconds together—at least, I never could fix them. He had a way of constantly grinning when he spoke; but he did not look a good-tempered man, for all that.'

Here was exactly Bill Jenkins's account of the stranger over again, and I had a curious feeling of being greatly surprised, and yet, at the same time, of having expected it. Once again, too, I seemed to have been dreaming of such a man. As the description could not in the least apply to the only Mr Herbert Brake who was likely to be concerned in the business, I at once took a greater interest in Charley's account, and in the whole transaction, I may say, than I had previously done; for we looked like getting hold of something tangible at last.

Here, clearly, was a party watching me. I had not believed that at first; but I was certain of it now. This was evidently a party who knew a good deal about the matter; for while he was cunning enough not to drop the least hint as to what crime he was interested in, he was also cunning enough to let fall the name of the man already suspected of the Upper Broughton Street murder; a name which would be sure—he must have argued—to cast additional suspicion on the young fellow, if this visit to the spiritualist's ever got talked about.

It was not a bad idea; but in criminal matters, above everything else, to my thinking, all depends upon how any move is taken. Owing to my having come across my new friend Charley so early, I was able already to decide for certain that young Brake could not be the criminal I was trying to discover; while, as this stranger was anxious to have the young man's name mixed up with the business, he or his friends had a good reason—perhaps the best of reasons—for wishing him to be suspected.

I told Charley I should like to have a night to think the matter over, cautioned him not to say a

word to any one else; and then made an appointment to meet him at the *Two Gridirons*—a house I knew in his own neighbourhood—at one the next day, when I would let him know what I had decided upon. Of course, we had the whisky and seltzer at parting.

SOME QUEER DISHES.

BY DR ARTHUR STRADLING.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

De gustibus non est disputandum is a dictum as trite as the observation that 'one man's meat is another man's poison;' and a glance at the widely different gastronomic tendencies of the human race in various quarters of the globe forcibly brings to our recollection the command that we call no created thing common or unclean. It is related of a distinguished traveller that he once entertained a great African Prince who had been induced to cross the water and behold the wonders of the white man's land. He had already spent some time in England, and was no doubt acquainted with all the masterpieces of the culinary art that British hospitality could afford; therefore, when we hear that his host called his especial attention to some conserve of apricots, we may infer that the sweetmeat was something very choice indeed. 'Yes,' admitted the dusky monarch, after partaking thereof, 'it is good, it is delicious, but—did you ever eat white ants?' The dainty of his native land, still dear to memory, triumphed just then in his imagination over all the impressions of civilisation.

What marvellous variety of tastes, of likes and dislikes with regard to special forms of food, from cannibalism to currant-cake, we find among people physically constituted alike in every respect. This person eats his meat burned to a cinder; that will touch only what is rawly underdone. George III. preferred fish when it was semi-putrid; his successor's weakness was hot plum-bread crumbled up in a quart of cream. Lord Bacon is said to have lived whole weeks at intervals on nothing but oranges; while the elder Pitt could not endure the sight of fruit, and never suffered any to be brought into the room where he was.

It is not, however, to these individual and for the most part personally capricious predilections and distastes that I would ask the reader's attention, but to those substances in common use as articles of diet in certain parts of the world which we from prejudice—or rather, inabitude—look on with little less than abhorrence. This sentiment, by the way, we often find reciprocated among foreign nations who in their turn express astonishment and disgust at some of our preferences. For instance, Miss Bird in her book *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, tells us that the Ainos, the strange little-known aborigines of that weird land, now found only in the island of Yezo, live chiefly on 'a stew of abominable things'—seaweed, slugs, fish, roots, berries, bear, mushrooms, and a

soup made of putty-like clay, boiled with a wild lily-bulb; yet these people thought it 'most disgusting' that the authoress should drink milk and pollute her tea with a fluid having so strong a smell and taste! Each according to his own taste, must have been her mental remark. In Brazil, the goose is considered coarse and unfit for food, and the natives of Malacca will not eat fish of any kind. Antipathies grounded in religious scruples, such as the proverbial detestation of pork which Jews are supposed to entertain, and the fastidiousness of certain castes of Hindus, hardly come under this category; but it may be observed that the Jewish dietetic system, as laid down in the book of Leviticus, has been demonstrated by physiologists to be the most perfect sanitary code that could be devised.

Amongst mammals and birds, it is difficult to say what species are *not* eaten in the countries where they abound. Probably the big cats and dogs would be exceptions, though one hears now and then of mighty hunters broiling a steak from the lion which has just fallen a victim, to their powder and shot; but in China and other parts of the East the smaller domestic varieties are recognised luxuries of the table, and are exposed for sale as such in the markets. In a country so overpopulated as China, every morsel of any substance that is edible is eagerly sought out and devoured, so that not only cats and dogs, but rats, mice, slugs, and almost every living thing in earth, air or water go to feed the half-starved masses. Rats are split open, dried, pressed and powdered with a finely ground white bark, which gives them the appearance of haddocks as they hang in long strings over the vendor's stall.

The birds' nests, convertible into soup, so often quoted, must not be confounded with the industrial products of our own starlings and thrushes, which might be boiled a long time without yielding much nourishment, unless the bird happened to be inside; edible nests really consist of a kind of isinglass, and are constructed by a small sea-bird out of the gelatinous bones of dead and decaying fish. Most of them are brought from some caverns on the sea-shore north of Shanghai; but they are not very plentiful, and there is no great demand for them. The soup is thick, slimy, and glutinous, and is neither so nasty as might be expected nor as nice as could be desired. I have been vividly reminded of it in Brittany by a decoction of 'escargots edibles'—land-snails. By-the-way, the dogs most in favour with the Chinese as 'butcher-meat' are those curious hairless ones, of which a good idea may be formed by looking at the magnificent pair of Rampoor hounds presented by the Prince of Wales to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park on his return from India. How this hairless breed originated is a mystery, but they are found in many tropical countries, and are there usually highly prized by their owners; though extremely delicate and susceptible of cold, they appear to be free from disease—at any rate, the skin is healthy and the baldness not in any way dependent on existing morbid conditions. The tradition is that these naked creatures are the descendants of the sacred dogs worshipped by the ancient Egyptians; and that the peculiarity originated from their being kept perpetually in the temples and bred in and in for centuries.

On the Isthmus of Panama, the tapir and sloth are eaten by the Indians, who also consider the agouti and other small rodents great delicacies. In Paraguay, the capybara, a great amphibious guinea-pig as big as an ordinary porker, is a standard dish; and throughout the whole of South America roast armadillo is highly esteemed, and may be seen in all the cafés and restaurants of the cities, turned on their scaly backs feet uppermost, and the interior filled with a rich sauce composed of lemon and spices—much too greasy for my palate, though the flavour of the animal itself is delicious. I have tasted monkey and parrot in Mexico, and found both very dry and insipid, but I am given to understand that the bird is not to be despised if properly dressed. That most malodorous marsupial the opossum is recognised as an article of food in Rio Grande do Sul and other provinces which it inhabits, where, however, they bury it in the earth until the flesh is free from its characteristic offensive smell before cooking it. Its cousin, the dasyure, is treated in the same way in Australia, where it shares the honours of the table with kangaroo.

It seems an extraordinary thing to speak of eating a skunk, and that, too, in a part of the world where beef and mutton are infinitely more plentiful than bread; yet it is a fact that the Gnachos of the Banda Oriental are in the habit of hunting this creature for the sake of its flesh—nor is this incomprehensible to any one who is acquainted with the true nature of the skunk. The disgusting liquid which it ejects is contained in a gland on the back, and constitutes its weapon of defence. Certainly, the effluvia is the most horrible and enduring that may be conceived, and man and beast will fly from it; but if it be surprised and killed before it has time to use this, and the gland be afterwards extirpated with care, the rest of the body is destitute of all offence. Skunk-skins are largely used by furriers, and beautiful skins they are, and the animal is capable of being domesticated, as it never emits the secretion except when in danger or alarmed. I never ate a skunk, but I have handled a tame one without any olfactory disturbance.

In the West Indies, where meat becomes tainted very rapidly by the agencies of the damp motionless heat, and abundance of insect life, it becomes necessary to cook it almost as soon as it is killed. To obviate the toughness which would result from this, it is wrapped in a large fleshy leaf which has the curious property of softening the muscular fibre and rendering it tender. If left on too long, the juice permeates the meat and disintegrates it altogether, hastening its decay. I do not know the proper name of this leaf—the black people call it *Sangulo*—nor the nature of its action; there is a large tree in the market-place near the King's Wharf at St Thomas. Down in the River Plate, when an *estanciero* wishes to entertain you hospitably, he gives you cow-beef, that being considered the primeest. I spoke just now of meat being more abundant than bread in that land, and this will readily be believed to be the case where a sheep may be bought for half-a-crown, or an ox killed for the sake of a particular 'cut,' and the remainder left to the dogs and foxes. One of the best steaks I ever ate was dug out of a newly-slain bull, with about two square feet of the adjacent hide still adherent to it; in this it was wrapped

and so broiled on the embers of a wood-fire. Whole droves of mares are here boiled down for tallow; but the tongues are preserved for food. Horse-flesh is tough and stringy, and will never rival beef in popular estimation. English mutton bears a great and just reputation for excellence all over the world. This is particularly the case in the West Indies, where a loin or leg constitutes a much grander present than a haunch of venison at home; and the gift of half-a-dozen chops is said to have swayed the destinies of an island.

If he were a bold man who first swallowed an oyster, that was a bolder who first investigated the alimentary properties of a crab. Surely he must have been in the last extremity of hunger when he broke open the hideous spidery crustacean and 'went for' its uncanny internal arrangements. Land crabs, the most destructive pest of tropical countries, are far more delicate in flavour than their seafaring brethren, but are much smaller, and are prepared for the table in a different way. When Desfarge, the great French swindler, escaped by night from the convict prison in Cayenne, he sank up to his waist in a quagmire, and being unable to extricate himself, was eaten alive by these crabs. When sailors catch a shark, they make barometers of the skin, walking-sticks of the backbone, a chimney ornament of the jaw, and eat certain portions of the flesh—partly, no doubt, because it forms a relief to the monotony of salt junk and pea-soup, but chiefly perhaps in the full savage gratification of triumph over their hereditary foe. The fishermen around our own coasts find the back of the dog-fish—which, it may be, has robbed them of their hoped-for catch—a welcome addition to their frugal meals; and if porpoise were a trifle less oily, all three, to my thinking, would be at least as good as sturgeon, of which royal but tasteless fish I once had the privilege to partake. Caviare, though familiar, must certainly be classed also among queer dishes.

Perhaps the most toothsome denizen of the sea (or air) is the flying-fish. Barbadoes is the place to get them—even the bumbout women bring off ready-cooked flying-fish alongside newly arrived ships among their stock-in-trade of bananas, shells, guava-paste and pepper-punch. The Barbadian fishermen catch them at night by means of a net spread after the fashion of a sail in their boats; and it is no uncommon occurrence for one or more to fly in through the open ports of a vessel at sea, when she is low in the water or rolling gently.

Every one knows the big conch shells, some as large as a man's hat, which are brought home from abroad, and stuck about in all sorts of inappropriate places, from grates to greenhouses; and every one has heard that in many lands they are blown like a horn to summon cattle, or used as war-trumpets; but everybody does not know what delicious soup the original inmates of those shells serve to make. Sea as well as land slugs are used for this purpose too.

Concerning the consumption of walrus-meat by arctic voyagers, the only thing to be said is, 'Why shouldn't they?' and though it is a little sickening—especially in hot weather—to think of the merry Greenlander drinking whale-oil convivially, we must remember that in obeying the dictates of his appetite in this respect, he is carrying out a great

physiological principle, and that he imbibes not only nutriment, but fuel and clothing from his oil-flask. I once ate a sole dressed with cod-liver oil, and found it quite palatable, though demanding the addition of more salt than usual; had I not known the nature of the dish before me, I might have mistaken the flavour for that of anchovy sauce. The idea of whale-oil is certainly more tolerable than whale-milk. When the sailors employed in the whale-fisheries happen to kill a mother who is suckling her baby-whale, they collect the milk, sometimes as much as ten gallons in quantity, which they drink. Kurds and Tartars make butter, cheese, and a fermented liquor called *koumiss* of mares' milk.

Wonderful epicures those old Romans must have been, with their confections of larks' tongues, peacocks' brains, and all that sort of thing! Did they invent *pâté de foie gras*? Somehow, I am always reminded of them whenever I see a Strasbourg pie, there seems so close an analogy between the brains-and-tongue banquets and the absurdity and cruelty of making an unfortunate goose ill for the sake of eating his diseased liver. What a sensation it would cause among gourmands should some future sanitary inspector arise and seize and condemn those unhealthy geese as 'unfit for human food!' The great point in a Roman banquet seems to have been surprises. A raised crust was broken open, and singing-birds flew out; or a cover was lifted, and the table was immediately alive with active little crabs, stained bright red with acil. Talking of brains, did you ever taste a prawn's? If not, don't forget to suck the head the next time you eat one, and you will allow that this paper has not been written in vain.

As a contrast to these Sybaritic luxuries, let us turn for a moment to those tribes of Indians who eat earth. Much has been written about this practice, and various speculations and suggestions offered about 'fatty clays' and 'earths rich in organic matter;' but recent research and experiment have shown that the mere presence of solid material in the stomach is sufficient to allay the sensation of hunger for a time, so that in all probability these savages swallow the earth only to appease the cravings of nature until food can be obtained. The hunters and trappers of the Far West make pills of calcined oyster-shell and white of egg, which they swallow occasionally to stave off hunger and its disagreeable concomitants when on a long journey and their rations are exhausted. Tea or coffee would answer the purpose better, as, though affording no nourishment in themselves, they prevent the waste of tissue.

Several years ago I entered an hotel in the city of Rio de Janeiro which displayed the legend 'English Lunch' on its door-post. Not that I particularly expected to find an English lunch there, or, indeed, cared to do so, for in a foreign country I like to eat the food, drink the wine, and as far as possible speak the language and assimilate to the customs of that country. An Englishman, as a rule, never fares well abroad, simply because he always travels with his shell on his back, insisting on beefsteaks and beer, sneering at everything which is not done or seen in Pall Mall or the City, and rarely learning a word of any new tongue beyond what the absolute

requirements of life necessitate. When, therefore, I noted the item 'Aristu,' as I ran my eye down the bill of fare, I demanded the dish at once, as it was unknown to me and, I doubted not, some novelty characteristic of the locality. But I had forgotten that this was English Lunch, and I presently discovered to my enlightenment that Aristu was Anglo-Brazilian for Irish Stew—a remote corruption of words, certainly, but more like the original than was the villainous concoction of yams, garlic, grease, and *virne secca*. This *carne secca*—dried or jerked beef—is exported to the amount of thousands of tons yearly from Monte Video, Rozario, and other parts of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic. In some of the *saladeros* or factories, over a thousand head of cattle are killed daily in the season, one man being usually the executioner of the lot, and killing them by puncturing the spinal cord at the back of the head. The animals are cut up and the flesh piled in great heaps with layers of salt by semi-naked savages, half Basque, half Indian, who have a peculiar knack of causing the flesh to detach itself in flakes from the bone by giving it a slap with their broad cutlass-like knives. Wonderful quickness and dexterity are exhibited in every department of the process, but the whole forms one of the most disgusting spectacles imaginable. Mixed with black beans and *fariña*, or cassava meal, jerked beef becomes the staple food of the lower orders throughout the coasts of South and Central America.

THE DEAD-WATCH.

In the outskirts of the old city of Hofengratz, there stood, and probably stands now in all its solidity, a sombre, heavy-looking building, which never failed to attract the stranger's attention and arouse his inquiring curiosity. It is perhaps the most eccentric institution which a wealthy caprice could devise. An opulent and charitable community has ever been associated with the city; but it is doubtful if wealth could be diverted to a stranger channel. The good people of Hofengratz, at least the well-to-do portion, with a view to avert the horrors of being buried alive, erected, many years ago, this unique building, adjoining the city's cemetery. In it, for a certain time, and on payment of the regulated fees, their dead are watched, after being duly certified as defunct, in order that if any signs of returning life are presented, the sufferers may be restored, instead of being consigned to the earth, alive. It is altogether a most singular establishment. The building is divided into numerous apartments—which in times of epidemic command large premiums—furnished in good style, being replete with every appliance which can appeal alike to the bodily and mental comfort of the living. Here, with grim irony, their corpses are placed for the watch. In each apartment, and near to the body occupying it, is placed a curious and delicate mechanical arrangement, on which rests the motionless hand of the dead, whose slightest pressure or pulsation would be instantaneously communicated to an alarm-bell

fixed in the apartment of the attendant on duty. The alarm sounded, the house-doctor would be immediately summoned to the couch of the reviving patient, and there assist struggling nature with his art. But till the events evolved in this narrative occurred, the authorities possessed no authentic record of such a startling summons to life, and the entire efficacy of their elaborate administration remained untested.

As old Heinrich Upmann, *Geldwechsler* (that is, money-broker), shambled along homewards from the Bourse one afternoon, it was remarked by several of his neighbours that he was unusually merry and jovial, for he smiled here and nodded there with an affability quite uncommon to him.

'Look,' said Koller the tailor to his neighbour, Herr Schafstein the notary—'Look at Old Heinrich! What has come to him, the old curmudgeon? He is all smiles to-day, instead of scowls, as usual.'

'Yes; he is rather strange,' said the notary quietly; 'though I have noticed that when he is smiling, other people's tears are not far distant!'

'What do you mean?' said Koller. 'Is there work for you in view, Mr Notary?'

'I would not inquire too closely into other people's affairs,' sharply replied the notary, 'as it may draw attention to your own. Good-day!'

'Well,' said Koller uneasily, as he watched the departing official, 'that may be good advice or not, as the case may be. I wonder if he knows about my bill of acceptance, which is due next week? I could have given him his answer, though, had I been sure he didn't know. I'll go round to the *Leather Tankard*, and hear the latest news.'

The neighbours were right. Old Heinrich—as he was familiarly called—was very merry, for he had heard good news on 'Change. From the tidings, he knew that discounts would rise, and many to whom he smiled to-day would be coming to him for assistance to-morrow; and better news for him than that, there could not be; so that when he reached home, he went, chuckling, straight to his little back-room, which served for his business apartment, and carefully locked the door, to prepare himself for his expected visitors. How he would vow to his anxious applicant that money was so dear, he could not lend; no, not he; that is, unless the customer would pay double the market-rate. His terms were invariably accepted. People said money was always dear when they wanted Old Heinrich. Yes, it was very dear to him, for he parted with it reluctantly, even on his own terms. In the opinion of the inhabitants, nothing could be added to the rapacious reputation of the old *Geldwechsler*.

So with many a cautious glance round his miserable room, he unlocked his money-chest, to feast on its contents once again before parting with them. They parted company sooner than he anticipated. Koller afterwards said that, shortly before midnight of that day, he saw a man hurriedly leave Upmann's house, as he was passing it on his

way home from the *Leather Tankard*. He called 'Good-night' to him; but the man made no reply. He thought it was Herr Schafstein the notary, and took no further heed of the circumstance, as Schafstein was known to act occasionally as Upmann's agent. Koller's accuracy was doubted on this point, as no reliance, it was said, could be placed on the statement of a man who had been drinking at the *Leather Tankard* all the evening.

However, the news which Old Heinrich had heard was verified next day, for discounts did rise, to the anxiety of many; and his appearance on 'Change was eagerly looked for at his usual hour. But the Bourse closed that day without the customary figure of Heinrich Upmann having been seen there.

Rumours were busily circulated that he was ill. A less charitable report got wind that it was a ruse of Old Upmann to keep out of the way to raise his discount prices. One anxious individual hurried to his office, but could not gain admittance. Then, some uneasiness prevailed; for it was known that he lived by himself, and his neighbours concluded Old Heinrich must be dead. This report was carried to the police next day; and the Commissary proceeded to the premises. But he too failed to obtain admission; and he then determined to break into the house officially; which was done. He found the little back-room locked on the inside. He forced it, and a strange sight met his view. Heinrich Upmann was found in a kneeling posture, crouching over a large chest, which was locked. No traces of a struggle were there; no property apparently missing. The windows were fastened, and no marks existed of thieves having entered the premises. But rumour for once was right. Old Heinrich Upmann was dead! The police concluded he had been strangled, for they found on each side of his throat indented finger-marks, which the doctor declared were made by the powerful pressure of hands, causing suffocation. Here was a mystery to solve for the busy-bodies of Hofengrätz; but no clew was found to elucidate the tragical event.

The official examination of witnesses brought out some of the foregoing facts; but an eye-witness related the following circumstances some time after. The corpse was taken in due order to the Watch-house, and there placed on a couch in one of the dimly lighted apartments before described; and close to it was placed the mechanical contrivance on which rested the right hand of the corpse.

'It was on the fourth night of the watch'—so said my informant—'and I remember it well, for it was my turn of duty. I should have told you, though, that it was the custom on each fresh round of duty to inspect the different apartments occupied, in order to see that none of the arrangements were displaced. Everything that I inspected was in order. It was, as I have said, the fourth night of the watch of Heinrich Upmann's body. The time must have been about one A.M. My room adjoined the apartment wherein he lay. The assistant-apothecary Goetze was discussing with me the subject of suspended animation, and gave several authenticated instances, of which he had read, of the return to life; but none of them referred to the possibility after a death from suffocation as, he instanced, in the case

of Old Heinrich Upmann. He had paused for a moment, when simultaneously we turned startlingly to each other. We had both heard a slight movement in the next room, where Old Upmann's body was resting. We waited for the ringing of the tall-tale bell which would give the unmistakable sign of returning life. It came the next instant; for the bell immediately above our heads suddenly gave a succession of quick ringings! With one accord we rushed to the next room; and in the flickering light of the lamp, we saw Old Upmann's body as I had left it a few hours before. But near it we found another—it was that of Herr Schafstein the notary!

The assistant-physician was summoned; and in the meantime I endeavoured to resuscitate Old Upmann with the remedies at hand; but he was as lifeless as when he was brought in. Schafstein the notary, too, was also dead. What Schafstein's motive was, became the subject of all sorts of speculations, some going the length of surmising that the notary had secretly entered the Watch-house for the purpose of searching the body of Old Upmann for certain documents supposed to be secreted in his clothes! Whether the alarm was given by Old Upmann, none can tell. Some will strongly aver even now that it was a momentary return of his ruling passion of avarice. I have no explanation to give, as Schafstein's body was found on the opposite side of the couch to where the tall-tale was placed, and on which Upmann's hand rested. How he secretly entered the Watch-house is another mystery.

The whole occurrence caused great excitement for some time after; but Koller the tailor always persisted that it was Schafstein the notary whom he saw leave Old Upmann's house that particular night. This persistence increased the mystery; for, as previously stated, the little room where Upmann was found dead was locked on the inside, as also were the windows.

Some time after, however, the police, in completely overhauling the premises, found a curiously hidden door which opened out of the little room on to the landing; and this may have been known to Schafstein, who was intimate with Old Upmann. Indeed, this latter fact, singularly enough, was proved when the police discovered a parcel of valuable securities for money, and among them the acknowledgments of Schafstein's indebtedness to Old Upmann on certain loan transactions.

I should have added, that on the expiry of the allotted time, Old Upmann was interred in the adjoining cemetery, as also was Schafstein the notary; but as no one would pay the fees, the latter's body was not watched. Perhaps, those interested in him thought it more charitable to him not to seek his resuscitation.

CHEAP NOBILITY.

A GERMAN publicist has put himself to the pains of collecting a mass of information upon one of the most curious manifestations of human folly and vanity. He has entered into communication with the advertising agents, authorised and unauthorised—probably for the most part unauthorised—who undertake to gratify that greed for titles, orders, and diplomas which is so largely developed on the continent, and is not wholly unknown in England.

Advertisements are often to be seen in foreign newspapers offering to provide duly qualified persons with aristocratic or literary titles; and one of the most successful traders in this peculiar line, if we can take the frequency of his advertisements as a proof, has his office in London, though we should judge from his name that he is not an Englishman. This gentleman, like most of those in the profession, from time to time issues a 'price-current' of titles, diplomas, and orders; and we have had the advantage of studying one of his later issues. According to his own representation, he must have found some means of acquiring the confidence of a number of sovereign princes and of several princelings who seem to have the right to confer social precedences and dignities upon whomsoever they will; and who also pretend to an inherent capacity of founding knightly orders, converting petty schools into universities, and turning any plain 'Mister,' 'Herr,' or 'Monsieur' into Baron or Count.

The more elevated titles of 'Prince' and 'Duke' are unhappily not within their compass, as these are only conferred by the rulers of great states, such as Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy; and as the sovereigns and exchequers of these states are not under any pressing need of small sums of money, they do no business with the advertising trafficker in titles. It may be supposed that the agent above alluded to is a faithful adherent of the Vatican, as he places at the head of his list, 'Papal Orders and Titles.' Archbishoprics and Bishoprics, we need hardly say, are omitted. The dignities offered to the purchaser are in all cases secular, and proceed from the Pope, not as Bishop of Rome, but as secular ruler of the former States of the Church. The papal Order of St Sylvester (the golden spur) is offered to ambitious Germans for two thousand five hundred marks, or one hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling. The Order of the Holy Sepulchre is cheaper, and may be obtained for five hundred marks less. The degree of a 'Papal Count,' on the other hand, is very much dearer; it is not to be had for less than twenty thousand marks, or one thousand pounds, and the candidate must be able to produce the necessary qualifications. What these qualifications are, is not stated; but they may doubtless be known upon payment of an additional fee.

The Spanish Orders appear to be comparatively cheap, and we presume that the reason is to be found in the general feeling of uncertainty as to the duration of the rival Spanish dynasties. The agent has three sorts at his disposal; and the qualified purchaser may become either a Knight of the Order of Isabella, the Order of Charles III., or the Order of Ferdinand. He can also obtain the Portuguese 'Christus Order' for the trifle of ten thousand marks, or five hundred pounds.

The advertiser is also honoured with the confidence and custom of Mohammedan as well as Christian sovereigns, the Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia empowering him to operate between them and European gentlemen who may be greedy of magnificent Eastern distinctions.

The Sultan, in spite of his chronic need of money, insists upon upholding the Osmanje Order of the First Class at a very high figure; it is not to be procured for less than eighteen thousand marks. But his Ottoman Majesty graciously consents to allow the Third Class of the same Order to be sold by the agent for six thousand marks, or three hundred pounds. The Shah is far less exacting. The Order of the Sun of Nasr Eddin is the very cheapest knighthood in the universe; it costs only five hundred marks, or twenty-five pounds. Any European who purchases it can stick the word 'Chevalier' in front of his surname. There is one drawback—the speculative Shah only confers his 'Suns' in the very cheap shape of photographs; the buyer must subsequently provide himself with the original decoration at his own cost; and the cost is left undefined.

The Emperor of Brazil permits the agent to offer his poetically named Order of the Rose for forty pounds, or eight hundred marks. The knighthood of the Greek Order of the Redeemer, the Servian Order of Takova, and the Montenegrin Order of Danilo, are to be had from our advertiser at the cost of fifty pounds each. The domestic Order of the Star, conferred upon members of the court of the Prince of Monaco, may be obtained through the agency for about thirty-five pounds.

Certain Orders which were formerly conferred by a few privileged noble houses, and which are usually believed to be extinct, may be had at a ridiculous figure. Amongst these latter is the Knighthood of Saint Sauveur du Mont Réal. It is in the gift of the Marquis de Ragny, and it is now offered through the agent for five pounds, or one hundred marks; while the Grand Cross of this Order, the very cheapest legitimate decoration in the world, costs only fifteen shillings.

Countships, Baronies, and diplomas of nobility are somewhat dearer than Orders. All the argumentative eloquence and commercial capacity of the advertiser have failed to prevail upon the little republic of San Marino to sell the aristocratic title of Graf, Grave, Earl, or Count for less than fifteen thousand marks, or seven hundred and fifty pounds; the valid 'Barony' of the same republic, however, may be had for four thousand marks; which shows that the dignity of a Count, in the estimate of this unrepugnant petty republic, is nearly four times as valuable as that of a Baron. The agent assures us that a Barony of the Papal See may be had for two hundred and fifty pounds. Some of these titles, we are informed, convey the stupendous privilege of being familiarly addressed by sovereign princes as 'Cousin.'

The gentlemen who covet academical titles are not forgotten by the advertiser; but it is worthy of note that the university degrees upon his book are derived from America. Even the Doctorate of Philadelphia, in spite of recent exposures, is included in his price-current. It is due to him to say that he solemnly demands 'proper qualifications' from all persons who wish to avail themselves of his mediation. The applicant must give a written reply to certain printed questions as to the 'merits' which he possesses, and the 'services' which he has rendered, especially in the direction of almsgiving and assistance to benevolent institutions.

ADDRESSED TO A MOTHER, ON HER CHILD'S DEATH.

Ask to forget the Past—except
Those happy years
When hope to fear, and joy to grief,
Owed no arrears :
Before thy path became as now
Channelled by tears.

Forgetfulness, to bridge with rest
The now and then,
And silence Memory, should she wake,
To whisper when
You parted—and no more, on earth,
Could meet again.

But in thy sorrow there may lie
Sweet sense of debt ;
Making it faithlessness to Her
E'er to forget
To stir the spices that enbalm
Her memory yet.

And sacred are the golden links
Of the long chain
(Though riveted with scalding tears
And untold pain)
By which thou measurest out thy grief
And count'st Her gain.

Thou wouldst not ask Her, if thou couldst,
With thee to stand
Among the thorns and rocks that strew
This lither strand ;
For thy sweet child rests safe within
The ' Better Land.'

But dreary is the path thou hast
Alone to tread :
And hollow sound thy steps, as if
The shrouded dead
Lay tombed beneath, and sable plumes
Waved overhead.

Healing to common woe, Time bears
Upon his wings ;
But no catholicism to thee,
Methinks he brings.
Sad dirge, and still more sad refrain,
He ever sings.

E. C.

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Price 1½d.

THE ARTS OF TALKING AND LISTENING.

WHEN Miss Burney wrote her novels of Society at the close of the last century, she left it on record that the best conversation of her time was insufferably heavy and stately; but that at a lower level, there were some mysteries of fashionable intercourse which have not wholly disappeared even in our own time. The 'ton misses' she classed in two divisions—the Supercilious and the Voluble. The Supercilious gave other 'misses' short answers: 'No, ma'am;' 'Yes, ma'am;' 'Indeed, I don't know, ma'am'—with long spaces of silence between. The Voluble rattled away on every topic in a breath, from the misfortunes of her friends down to sweetest caps, beautifullest trimmings, and ribbons quite divine; and eked out her ideas with 'Infinite' and 'Prodigious,' in much the same way as even educated people in our own day use 'Awfully' as an unmeaning sign of emphasis. As for 'the man of the ton,' he was still more disagreeable company; a *blasé* air was his characteristic; he was weary of everything, and went to the Oxford Street Pantheon to tell the world his weariness of its music, its talk, and its tea-cups; and his conversation consisted of careless questions, and listless remarks lost in yawns and reveries—like very shallow sand-streams.

After that Georgian era came a period of activity of printed teaching with regard to manners and conversation, when the art of social success was explained, for one shilling or less, in red-and-gilt primers. The little books have shut up and vanished in despair. They found out—better late than never—that they were classed with quack medicines and guides for multiplying commercial capital; and into the *Ilades* of quackery they disappeared. The 'shining in society,' which they professed to teach, is in these days far too dependent upon tangible gold, the recipe for making which was not in the etiquette books. 'Put money in thy purse,' would save many chapters in a new Society primer. But as to the Art of Polite Conversation, which they also professed to know thoroughly, and be able to explain

to all buyers, it certainly ought to be independent of money advantages; yet it is an art that can only be taught in the same sense in which 'duty or cheerfulness, or any other impalpable reality' can be said to be taught—that is, by spirit and precept, rather than by rule.

If we reflect upon the nature of pleasant conversation, there will readily come to mind certain qualities which it ought to possess, and which can be summed up in a few words. It ought to be, in manner natural, lively, and distinct; and the quantity ought to be moderate, for of all monopolies, monopoly of talk is the least endurable. In the matter—which is, of course, far more important than the manner—there should be variety, mutual interest, sympathy, simplicity, candour. Something to talk about, seems to be the great difficulty of talkers. Weather-talk is the refuge of us northerners, favoured by our changeable northern weather; but it is as passing and shapeless as a rain-cloud. Another refuge is to talk of somebody else. As Thackeray says, what would Society do, if it could not talk about the lady who has just gone out at the door? Yet, it is very hard to talk constantly of other people without the sharp remarks that would be cruel if they could be heard; for even very small criticisms are often cruel, as we all know by chance experience; and true hospitality ought not to be able to brook a slighting word of those whom it receives, just as honest friendship refuses to admit even the unkind thought which it would not dare to turn to words within hearing of the friend. A third refuge in dearth of conversation is mutual inquiry, and sympathy carried to a superlative degree, far beyond the bounds of possible sincerity. Mr Punch, who is always among us taking notes, once overheard some of this style of fashionable conversation, and treacherously published his caves-droppings: 'Going to Lady Such-a-one's?'—'Ya-as!'—'So glad!'—'So glad you're glad!'—'So glad you're glad I'm glad!'

The truth is, that pleasant and interesting conversation depends far more upon sincerity and simplicity and absence of self-consciousness, than

upon any natural gifts or studied effort. When there is no self-consciousness, to keep the mind centred in self, either with stagnant vanity of satisfaction, or anxiety as to the impression the all-sufficient self is producing, then there is scope for brightness of thought and quickness of expression. Then comes simplicity, as pre-eminently the greatest charm of any talker, as affectation is the greatest blemish; and with it, too, comes the sympathy of affection or interest. This sympathy is worse than worthless unless it be sincere; it is the sincere desire for information, or for exchanging impressions, that makes pleasant conversation out of commonplace talk. We often feel that people are 'uninteresting to talk to,' when the fault is ours, in selfishly wishing to speak of our special subjects, forgetting that the lives and tastes of others are worth knowing, and different from our own. Scott was wont to say that he had never spoken with any one, even a chance acquaintance in a stage-coach, without hearing something new and worth remembering. The secret of his finding interest everywhere was, undoubtedly, that he himself was a sympathetic talker, more anxious to give a good lead for the other than for himself. The talker who is not sympathetic is always in danger of depriving conversation of its variety; and if he have physical energy enough, he will keep the talk of any number of people to one subject, and that his own.

The conversation ought to be, rightly, the linking together in a larger and slower chain all the many chains of thought of the separate speakers. To hold it long to one subject—unless it be a subject of special interest to the company—is to tie a huge knot in this combined chain, and fasten every one's thoughts there. This feat is generally accomplished by that fearful and wonderful outgrowth of Society known as a Bore. There is no need to describe this terrible being, who is as thoroughly good-natured, faultless, and innocuous in his own self, as he is afflicting to his friends. It is enough to state that the Bore is eminently respectable, often learned, indefatigable, unobservant, and all-absorbing in conversation. Even in fiction, this dreadful but blameless character has never been described; it has to be taken on faith that this man, or that, was a Bore; to develop the character would be to bore the reader.

There are various wise saws that advise unsociable silence to the possessors of tongues. We are all familiar with, 'Speech is silver, but silence is golden;' and fortunately, most of us are of opinion that the saying only holds good for such unhappy occasions as quarrels and the misfortunes of our friends. Other epigrams point to silence as a mask for ignorance, or a discreet stopper to be put upon the dangers of a little knowledge. One imitated from the Greek of Palladas advises:

If you, my foolish friend, by chance 'mid learned wights are flung,
To seem a sage, you only need—Do what? Why,
hold your tongue!

But though the following of this sarcastic advice would be clever, the foolish friend would be more honourable, as well as better company if he tried to learn something from the learned wights. Dull company would indeed be plentiful, if the golden-silence proverbs did not find human tongues too strong for them; and the silence that exists—that

is, not the listening, but the stolid listless silence—is often a mark of dullest metal rather than of gold. 'Comprehensive talkers,' says George Eliot—one of the most observant of talkers or listeners—are apt to be tiresome when we are not athirst for information; but, to be quite fair, we must admit that superior reticence is a good deal due to the lack of matter. Speech is often barren; but silence also does not necessarily brood over a full nest. Your still fowl, blinking at you without remark, may all the while be sitting on one addled nest-egg; and when it takes to cackling, will have nothing to announce but that addled delusion.

But to return from the subject of silence to our own province, which is not the art of silence, but of speech: there have been—and there are still—some brilliant talkers who seized the talk as a monopoly, but who neither kept it upon one subject, nor in any sense bored their friends; and this because, by exceptional wit or wisdom, they could not help but talk, and talk well, so that it was good fortune to listen, and impossible to wrest from them the attention of others. Talent, as Lord Lytton well said, does only what it can; but Genius what it must. And many a man has been a genius of conversation in the circles of his friends. It was true of Macaulay that few others got a hearing when he was present. His vast resources of knowledge made his conversation sound like a versatile never-ending book; and his memory being of almost incredible power and precision, no one was able to record his table-talk, for it would have needed such another memory as his. A great critic of those days, called him the troubadour of dining-rooms, rich in narrative, charming the company with noble speech, but neither witty, like Jerrold; nor humorous, like Sydney Smith; nor poetical, like Moore; nor dreamy, like Coleridge. Sydney Smith, who often sat at the same board with the talkative historian, was quite as voluble, with less of information, but more of wit. 'We both talk a great deal,' he himself once acknowledged, with a laugh; 'but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice. Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself: "Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that!"'

From Sydney Smith's bit of pleasantry, it is clear that Macaulay, like many other great talkers, was a bad listener. If few can equal him in talking, all can excel him in listening; and there are few social arts more truly kind, attractive, and winning, as well as more really valuable, than that of being a perfect listener. A perfect listener is not one who feigns interest, and is secretly indifferent. Unreal interest is always transparent. We detect the fraud in the tone of the interjections; and if interest were true, and the listener alive to the conversation, interjections would give place to words of comment or inquiry. Interjections are, in fact, disappearing from good conversation; and they are always rare in the speech of the quick-witted and educated, amongst whom they are not needed as substitutes for ideas. It is said that women have more social success than men, because they are better listeners; but, for ourselves, we are afraid fair listeners deal largely in unreal interest, and betray their want of true pleasure by a want of resource in following

the speaker's side-courses of thought. At the same time, we must admit that many conversations are hopelessly uninteresting, except to the one that is the leading speaker; and then we yield the palm to women for their tact in turning the talk. It is too often forgotten that there is a pleasure in speaking, and that we need not fear to appear dull if we leave most of the conversation to those whom we desire to entertain. It was said of the late Emperor of the French, when his career was sifted, and his life analysed by public opinion after its sudden close, that he owed a large part of his success, socially and as a diplomatist, to his habit, not of being a good talker, but of being an excellent listener.

Talking and listening, with their immense stores of pleasure, are the easiest of all acquirements, if a kindly genial spirit and the candour of nature take the place of self-exaltation and studied rules and forms. We are speaking, of course, not of Macaulays, Coleridges, and Sydney Smiths, but of ordinary mortals, who have it in their power to swell the common property of cheerfulness, simple wisdom, and true judgment. And as we believe that not only clarity but every other good thing should begin at home, we protest against the too ordinary mistake of thinking any talk good enough for 'among ourselves at home'—anything good enough for the one spot in the world that we can most easily brighten, and the one circle that is most dependent upon us. It is true that there is an air of familiar rest and ownership in the very silence of home-rooms; there is no need there to keep talk going. We like to be at work or to recreate ourselves in our own way, just conscious of the restful presence of those who are dearest to us. When Charlotte Brontë, always sorely tried and weary, was residing at the Belgian school, there was one of her true touches of observation in her noting it as a home-like pleasure, that she was not expected to converse all through the evening; but might be silent as long as she liked. But at home, as well as everywhere else, there is a time to speak as well as a time to be silent; and bright gaiety of conversation, or even a pleasant way of saying what has to be said, lightens many a load for those who have burdens of anxiety to bear.

It is also to be regretted that in another way home talk is neglected. There is a false shame, or a bond of cold custom, that holds back expressions of the gratitude, trust, or affection which the heart really feels. Often beside a deathbed, the bygone years may be bitterly counted up, wherein was sedulously hidden the tenderness in little words and deeds, which might have comforted the whole course of the life now ending; or, all too late, when the grave is closed, truth rushes out in a torrent of love, where love, but half realised before, shrank from transforming itself daily into those little deeds and passing words, which are, after all, the trifles making up the sum of a service of love that is not little. The candour of true friendship is a better thing to make habitual than any brilliance of speech; indeed, mere cleverness of speech is not what we are advocating in commending as a neglected study good talking and listening. Those who are ambitious of the distinctions of wit and brilliance, must seek elsewhere for hints. They may find plenty in the records of the old court of

France and the *salons* during the monarchy—probably the place and period in which extreme polish of witty conversation was most widely cultivated. Even a boy-king, at that time, did not disdain to converse daily for an hour with Madame de Choisy, that he might acquire the art of repartee without which a gentleman would be incomplete. But there are many more profitable studies than that of conversational turns and sharp answers; and tyros in the art ought to be warned by the example of the hero of *Happy Thoughts*, ambitiously attempting to make his dictionary of repartees, beginning with an Abbé and an Abbot, and hoping in time to know what to say to a Fakir, a Footman, and a Fool.

MY LAST DETECTIVE CASE.

CHAPTER III.

It was late when I got home; but Mr Hellip was still up, which was not usual with him; so, hearing me enter, he invited me to step into his room. He explained that having had a long nap in the evening, he could not hope to go to sleep, but was quite glad that it had happened, so, as he wished to congratulate me on my success. I was astonished at such a remark, and asked him his reason for saying so.

'Only that everybody was talking about it in the omnibus to-day,' he replied; 'at least three or four persons said the Upper Broughton Street mystery was likely to be cleared up. I felt quite proud to hear the way in which they all spoke of my friend Mr Nickham.'

'I don't want to be rude, Mr Hellip,' I said; 'but your acquaintances in the omnibus had no more sense than your friend Mr Nickham, and I begin to think he is a perfect flat.'

'Why, you don't mean to say that you have not found a clew?' exclaimed Mr Hellip. 'Surely such a man as yourself'—

'Oh, that will do,' I said, interrupting him; 'we will not have any compliments until they are deserved.' With this, I left him rather abruptly; for I was anything but pleased at his language; I felt as though I could not tell whether he was in earnest or bantering me. I believe I have mentioned before that I was not particularly intimate with Mr Hellip, and his joking did not seem to me to be at all in good taste.

I and others before me had tried various schemes, which came to nothing, to trace out the Upper Broughton Street mystery; but I have not troubled the reader with any particulars of these failures. I never knew our Force at such a loss; none of our men seemed to have an idea in their heads; every hint they gave me was absurd or worn out. I should think if I was advised once to look after little Mr and Mrs Brake, or to arrest the poor old housekeeper with her son Bill Jenkins, I was urged to do so five-and-twenty times.

Bearing in mind the description given by Jenkins of the visitor at Daryett's, I got into the habit of staring into the face of every one I met in the streets or sat opposite to in an omnibus, to see if I could trace any resemblance to the face and figure I had conjured up in my mind. Twice—although I am almost ashamed to confess it—I positively followed what turned out to be very respectable people, because they looked a little like this man.

One proved to be a Quaker, in a large way of business at the West End; while the other lived at Richmond, and I actually went all the way there with him, merely to find that he was a gentleman of private fortune, who had dwelt there for forty years. I merely tell this to show how ready I was to be impressed by such a story as Jenkins told me.

I have said that I always made a friend and adviser of Mrs Nickham, and never did I slight her advice without being sorry for it. Now, on this night when I got home, late as it was, there was my supper ready to the minute. She had a wonderful way of managing in that respect, and she was sitting by the little fire—for the evenings had grown chilly now—working as usual. There had been a small rain falling as I came home, and I was rather uncomfortable; so she chatted until I had eaten my bit of supper and was sitting in my dry slippers, my pipe lighted, and my cold whisky-and-water at my elbow, so that I began to feel all right; then she changed the conversation by saying: 'You have been very careful, I suppose, Dick, not to mention what steps you have taken to any one, especially about this spiritualist business?'

'To be sure I have, my dear,' I answered. 'It is bad enough to know ourselves what a fool I have been, without letting all the world know.'

'Not even your inspector?' she went on.

'The last person in the world!' I said. 'To tell him would be like proclaiming it at Charing Cross.'

Mrs Nickham went on with her work again; but I know her way—of course I do—and I was quite aware she had something more to say. 'I suppose you have not told Mr Hellip that you have been to a spiritualist?' she resumed, after a pause; and I said 'No!' to this as energetically as to the other question.

'You are quite certain he knows nothing about it? May you not have dropped a few words before him, that?'

'Nothing of the kind,' I interrupted—'nothing of the kind, Jane. Mr Hellip has had a great deal too much to say about this business; and what with his jokes and his compliments, I have scarcely been able to be civil to him.'

'Well, Dick,' said my wife, changing her tone again, 'what are you going to do about your friend Charley's appointment?'

This led to a very interesting discussion; the result of which was that we both agreed I should arrange with Charley for my attending the meeting of the next night, unknown to the visitor. I thought she had intended to say something quite different from this; but knowing she always had a reason for what she did, I took no notice.

I met my friend Charley at the *Two Gridirons*, as appointed, when I told him what I intended to do, and what assistance I wanted from him. He could not promise all I asked; so I had to go with him to see the principal. I found this was a very decent old gentleman, who, when he heard my business, was quite willing to assist all he could, until he found I wanted to arrange the answers which were to be given to the visitor. He fairly puzzled me then. He declared that it was wicked and sinful to pretend to have revelations and visions which did not exist. Why, bother it! I thought it was just by doing this

that he and his mates got their living. I had to take very high ground, and point out what an awful crime had been committed, and what a responsibility would rest upon his conscience if he refused to assist me, before he consented. It was but little I wanted done, after all; it was only to lead to further questions on the part of the visitor; and if there was no harm in his inquiries, he could not come to any harm through them, that was plain.

I left home a good while before the time fixed for the interview, which was eight o'clock, as I had to dress and disguise myself before attending the meeting. I took the materials with me in a bag; and by the time I had put on an old dressing-gown which the principal lent me, and with the assistance of Charley, had made myself up with a white-gray wig, white whiskers, some extra lines about my face, and a pair of spectacles, I don't believe any London prig would have known me. So long as I didn't speak, I might have passed for anybody but myself with the sharpest of them, and I reckon the London thieves are as quick a lot as any in the world. The experiment was to come off in the front parlour, which opened with folding-doors into the back-room, and in this latter I was to be sitting at a table as if I was writing. I was placed so that the visitor would be in full view; while, as the only light in my room was behind me, I was comparatively in the shade, and ran but little danger of being discovered.

Punctually at eight o'clock there came a knock at the street-door.

'Here he is!' said Charley; and I went to my seat.

'Mr Nickham,' said the principal hurriedly, 'I am lending myself and my lofty science to deceit. I am not at ease in doing so; and I hope you will always remember that it is only for the sake of justice and to clear the innocent, I have done so.'

There was no time for him to say any more, or for me to make any promises, for the room-door opened and the stranger entered. He took off his hat, and nodded with an easy swagger, first to one, then to the other, as if he had known the people for years. He either did not notice me at first, or thought I had not much to do with the business, so he did not trouble himself about me. But I saw him. By all that's wonderful, it was my lodger, Hellip! It was well for me that I was in the shade, that I wore spectacles, and was painted and made up; for if I had been as visible to him as he was to me, my stare and gasp must have betrayed me. For a few seconds I did not hear what he said, although he was talking rather loudly; I was so astonished at my blindness at not having recognised the description of the man whom I saw every day—a description so exact, that I ought to have identified him, as I now saw, if I had met him casually in the street. Now I understood all his artful inquiries, all his interest, and all his assumed good temper in speaking of the Upper Broughton Street mystery. He was the borrower! Aha! I saw the whole transaction clearly enough now. This mysterious sum of money which the accountant could not trace, must have been lent upon a bill accepted by this man. The bill was nearly due; Daryett had refused to renew—this was proved by an allusion in his book

as to what he intended to do with it—Helliop had killed him to get possession of the bill, and so to save himself.

All this flashed through my mind much quicker than it can here be read, and then—the first shock of surprise being over—I was as cool, and had all my wits about me as completely as when I first entered the house. At the same time, I was quite aware—no one better—that it was one thing to feel certain of any fact in our business—and I never felt more certain of anything than I did of this:—and quite another to have legal proof of it, or to be justified in apprehending a man.

The séance—as I believe it is called—proceeded, Charley on this occasion only pretending to go into a trance, and in answer to the questions put to him by Helliop—of course through the principal, to keep up the delusion—he returned such answers, as arranged with me, as completely staggered my lodger. He did not say anything about a murder, or of Upper Bronghton Street; he only wanted to find out something about a valuable paper which had been lost; but Charley in all his answers referred vaguely, yet unmistakably, to some dreadful crime in connection with the paper, so that Helliop was evidently troubled and alarmed. He varied his questions, endeavouring to get away from this ominous subject; but of course he could not succeed; and then the principal asked Helliop point-blank if the loss of the document was in any way connected with a murder. Helliop forced a hollow laugh, but, as I could see from where I sat, was forced to moisten his lips before he could reply. 'Murder! Ha, ha! Not at all,' he said at last. 'The paper was lost, I expect, on a racecourse.—I won't trouble you with any more questions, thank you. I had no idea your power enabled you to go so far back. I am glad, however, that I came. Good-night, gentlemen.' Saying this, he hurried off, leaving me quite convinced he was the man I wanted; while my companions, as I afterwards found, were greatly prejudiced against him.

'I have aided you, sir,' said the principal, 'although not with much good-will. Yet the result has been so unfavourable to the man who has just left us, that I feel I was justified in doing so. By means which you do not understand, and would perhaps only ridicule if I explained them, I probed the man's mind while he was here, and read his wishes, he not suspecting me. He is a bad man. Whether he has committed the crime you are investigating, or not, I cannot say; but in any case, he has so wicked and cruel a heart that I never wish to see him again.'

I agreed in the estimate of Helliop which the principal had formed; but bad as we might think him, we had no evidence yet upon which I could act; that was the unfortunate part of the case.

I went straight home to tell Mrs Nickham what had happened, and to think over the next best step to take. I let myself in with my latch-key, as, supposing Helliop to have reached home before me, I certainly was not desirous of seeing him before I had made up my mind. The best thing which had suggested itself to me during my ride home was to consult Mrs Brake, telling her my suspicions, and so ascertain if she could give me any tangible evidence.

Seeing a light in our front parlour, which was not often the case, I was about to step in there,

when Mrs Nickham, who had evidently heard me enter, opened the door of our usual sitting-room, which was at the back of the house, and called to me. I went at once to her; and as she carefully closed the door, I was struck by a certain excited, I may almost say wild look in her face, very different from her usual expression.

'What is the matter, my dear?' I began; but she put her finger to her lips, and I was silent directly.

'Speak low, Dick,' she whispered. 'You can't be too careful, for there is no knowing who may be listening at our very keyhole.'

'Ah, Jenny, you are right there!' I returned in the same tone; 'although what makes you suspect anything or anybody, is more than I can understand. Go on.'

'You must sit down and listen for a few minutes, Dick,' she continued. 'I have found out a great deal while you have been away. I can see by your look that you have something to tell me also; but you had better hear me out, Dick. You remember my asking you if you had ever told any one, and especially Mr Helliop, of your visits to the spiritualist? Well, when I asked you, I was quite certain, from some words he had dropped, that he *did* know you had been there. He did not mean me to see this, you may be sure, but I saw it at once. And then it at once flashed upon me that here was the very man who had been described to you—the same broad fleshy face, the same small, cunning, restless eyes, and the same fixed grin. I knew it; yet I did not like to tell my suspicions, especially as I had found something which I hoped might give me a fuller clew.'

'Found something!' I repeated. I was tremendously interested in my wife's narrative, as you may guess.

'Yes, Dick. It was only half a leaf of crumpled note-paper, which I picked up on the stairs,' said Mrs Nickham; 'on it was an address—"Mr Lawrence Jacobs, Stobble Street, South-wark"——'

'Excuse the interruption, my dear!' I exclaimed; 'but I know old Jacobs. He calls himself a pawnbroker, as he certainly is; but he is also one of the most notorious receivers of stolen goods in London, yet so artful, that we have never been able to make anything of him. I beg your pardon, my dear—go on.'

'On the back of this paper,' continued my wife, 'was scrawled: "DEAR VALLY—This party is all right; the wife had better go.—HOCKING." Now, I knew Helliop's Christian name was Valentine, so the paper was clearly for him; and I was confident that it was advice respecting getting rid of some of the stolen property by means of his wife. It, of course, occurred to me that this writing would be missed and looked for, and if not found, some suspicion might be excited, so I copied the writing, and dropped the leaf as nearly as possible where I had found it on the stairs. I was only just in time; for as I kept my eyes and ears open, I saw Mrs Helliop come down presently, look anxiously about, then pick up the paper, and hurry back to her room. Mr Helliop went out alone; but very soon after he had gone, Mrs Helliop went out also. There was no one in the house but Anne, so I told her to put the chain up; and having my bonnet and cloak ready, I slipped out after Mrs Helliop. I easily kept

her in sight until I saw her hail a Borough omnibus, into which she got. I was looking round for a cab, when who should come up but Long Joe—the cabman, you recollect, Dick, whom you spoke up for in the bad half-sovereign case?

I nodded. I remembered the case well enough, Long Joe would have had a twelvemonth certain, if I had not happened to have known something of him; but I did not interrupt my wife.

"Joe, I says," she went on, "I want to follow that omnibus to the Borough." "Right, mum," he says; "you shall follow it to Joricho, if my horse don't give out." Well, we kept it in sight till Mrs Hellip left it. I told Long Joe to wait for me; and I followed her into Stobble Street, as I expected.

"This is really growing interesting," I said; "but I beg your pardon, my dear."

"She went into the pawnbroker's—Jacobs was the name. I followed her," continued my wife—while I drew a long breath, as people do who are hearing an exciting story—"she entered one of the boxes; I entered the next, but kept at the back, determined she should be attended to first. A young man came up to her; but I heard her say that she must see Mr Jacobs himself; and then the master came. No one supposed there was anybody in my box, so the young man went to another part of the shop. There was a little muttering, and then I heard her say: "Twenty pounds; it is worth fifty." I stepped to the front, and looking boldly out, as though I had just come in, saw that she was handing him a watch, which I recognised from the description as the one stolen from Upper Broughton Street."

"My eye!" I exclaimed, quite involuntarily.

"The pawnbroker hastily scrambled it up, but not until I had seen all I wanted," resumed Mrs Nickham. "He scowled savagely at me; but I looked as innocent as a baby, so he thought it was all right, and called his young man to attend to me. Owing to the partition, Mrs Hellip, of course, could not see me from her box. The young man came, and— Would you believe it, Dick? I had not till that moment thought of what excuse I should make. I had to pawn something, and I offered the first thing I thought of. What do you think it was, Dick?"

"Why, you don't mean to say you had to bowl the hoop?" I replied. "To bowl the hoop" is to pawn the wedding-ring, and the term is generally understood in professional circles.

"That's just what I did!" exclaimed my wife. "He lent me five shillings on it, which I think was pretty fair."

"Quite liberal, my dear," I said. "But about Mrs Hellip?"

"Well, there is not much more about her," returned Mrs Nickham. "While the young fellow was making out the ticket and all that, I saw the master pass twenty sovereigns over to her; and then she went out. I got into Long Joe's cab again, and came home. Here is the ticket, Dick, and you must get the ring out to-morrow."

"All right, my dear," I replied. "But now you must hear what I have to say."

"Not yet," interrupted my wife; "there is just a little finish to my story. Did you notice a light in the front parlour?"

"I did."

"Well, then," she went on, "there is a friend of yours in there. You had better go and see who it is; and as Hellip is up-stairs having his supper, you may perhaps get an idea of what I think you ought to do."

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

A LIFE-GUARD.

LOOMING statuesquely obstructive, at the far end of the smaller division of the tunnel-like gateway into St James's Park at the Horse Guards, backed by a sort of white sheet of fog, hanging thick over the Park, this portrait, one dull November day, confronted me, as I turned from Whitehall to make my way to London's little *Champ de Mars*, embellished with its two captive cannon, and frowned down upon by the hideous chimney-like column of the Duke of York.

Very grand was the outline of this man of war—this life-guardsmen. Two long, strong, and straight limbs supported a well-knit, broad-shouldered body, surmounted by a proud and firm-set helmeted head, adorned with a nodding plume, which, from time to time, disturbed the murky air by reason of the conceited jerks and tosses of its owner. The figure looked black as I approached it along the before-mentioned little tunnel; but when I had, with some difficulty, passed the giant, and emerged into the comparative light of the Park, what a change I saw on looking round! The nodding plume was snowy white, the helmet was a glorious mixture of glittering brass and steel, and the scarlet tunic suggested flame and blood to my innocent civilian mind. The hands, encased in the whitest and wickedest-looking gauntlet gloves, seemed made and ready for deeds of daring; the thighs, displayed by the tightest buckskins into which man's nether limbs were ever forced, suggested strength enough for Mars himself; and the enormous jack-boots, with their great cruel spurs, conjured up visions of carnage and rapine.

"A valiant soldier. A man who's hired to kill his country's enemies." Such was this guardian outside the "Abandon-hope" sort of gateway under a clock which never goes wrong, but somehow always seems to be "on strike." Albeit at the time of which I am speaking this soldier, "armed with resolution," was merely explaining to a thick-headed coachman, driving a sort of pill-box brougham, containing an old lady, that he could not drive through the middle archway, sacred to the carriages of the Court and Commander-in-chief. The driver was obstinate, and seemed to doubt the authority of the sentry; and I went near enough to hear the concluding words of that adamant guard: "I beg your pardon, but my duty is to prevent carriages coming this way; it's no use, you can't get through; must go round the other way." With that, the Guardsman took one stride and a half, and planted himself right in front of the lean Rosinante which was between the shafts; and I really thought, for a moment, that the poor quadruped would have gone on its knees before this blazing vision of scarlet and white; that the Jehu would get off his box and fly the scene;

and that the old lady inside, who up till now seemed to have been fast asleep, would wake up and scream. The incident ended mildly, however; for the driver pulled himself together, and turned the dejected horse round, and drove the pill-box off into the fog, and was no more seen.

This sentinel of six feet six smiled a haughty smile at me, as though seeking approbation of his successful defence of the sanctity of the carriage-way. Then he drew the ends of his moustache to the front of the brazen chain which lay along his chin, and said: 'Some people want a lot of talking to before they can be got to understand a simple regulation. I have to turn off no end of carriages from this gate; but even carriages-and-pair go away with fewer words than it took to explain to that *gardener* that he couldn't get through here.' Although there was ineffable scorn in the epithet '*gardener*' which he applied to the unfortunate coachman, there was a good-natured twinkle in the soldier's eye as he spoke—a twinkle which prompted me to offer him a cigar.

'I'm much obliged, I'm sure, sir,' he said, as he took the proffered 'weed' and inserted it into the bosom of his tunic, between the third and fourth buttons from the top. 'I'll smoke this when I go off sentry. It'll be something to do.'

'I suppose you have a dull time of it when you are not on duty?' I said.

'Well, yes; there isn't much to do when we're down on this "Queen's guard." But I'm better off than most of the men in that respect, for I've got an occupation. I draw.'

'Draw!' I returned, surprised. 'What do you draw?'

'Oh, all sorts of things. Look here!' With that, the sentry strode to the side-walk, and pointed out to me some designs roughly scratched on the wall, representing, apparently, companions in arms. 'These,' he said, 'are my work; but a sword-point isn't the best thing to draw with, and a stone wall is hard to work on. But I've lots of drawings, properly done in Indian-ink and water-colours, which I might perhaps have a chance to show you, if you like.'

I said I hoped to have an opportunity of seeing them some day, and with the expression of that hope, I moved away, praying for a quick subsidence of the uncomfortable sensation in the back of my neck caused by too long looking at the giddy height of that glittering helmet.

Some months after this first interview with my artist Life-guard, I was going along Oxford Street, at a time of the day when the pavement in front of Mr Peter Robinson's shop was thronged with people, ladies principally, all on the pleasant business of shopping bent; and it was difficult to make progress through the crowd of millinery and muslin worshippers between the end of Great Portland Street and Regent Circus. While carefully picking my way, so as to avoid, if possible, disturbing any of the fair idolaters, I became aware of a longer pair of legs than mine, whose every movement caused a jingle of spurs—awkward things in a crowd like this—evidently engaged in the same puzzling task of keeping free from entanglement with the daintily costumed multitude; and looking up, I saw the stone-wall-engraving sentry of St James's Park. He nodded familiarly as he caught sight of me, and made a sign with his head which looked like a

beckon, doubtfully given, as if fearful of his own familiarity.

I turned, and followed the red-jacketed giant into a public-house; and when once safely in the bar, I was saluted as follows: 'Well, how are you, sir? I didn't speak to you outside, for people look so when fellows as conspicuous as me fall talking to civilians, and I thought you wouldn't like it. But I've got some of my drawings here, and may be you'd like to see them. They're not the best I've done; but they're fair enough; and as you seemed to have some idea yourself as to what's what of this sort of thing, I thought that you wouldn't mind stopping a bit to see these specimens. No harm done, I hope?'

'Harm? No! What harm should there be?' I replied. 'I am glad to see you; and should like to look at the drawings you have.' I wondered, as I spoke, where the drawings were; for my companion was so tightly buttoned up in his scarlet jacket and blue, red-striped continuations, that I could not see how any drawings could be concealed about his person. However, he soon enlightened me, and pulled down from under his jacket a perfect breast-plate of cartridge-paper in small square sheets, on each of which was, I found on examination, a really clever sketch. Most of the subjects were military, and of these the majority were imaginary incidents in the career of a Life-guardsmen. Maid-servants, masters, mistresses, policemen, street-boys, and Volunteer officers, were all treated in a humorous and spirited way; and some characters in an Irish play at the Adelphi, which the artist had lately seen, were wonderfully done.

While I was looking over the sketches, the Life-guard looked at them too, and the effect they produced upon him was curious and amusing to witness. He regarded his own work with undisguised admiration, expressed in a series of conceited attitudes, which spoke plainly as words his approbation. There was the pose of calm appreciation—bolt upright, legs close together, one arm akimbo, one hand stroking the moustache—as much as to say: 'Yes, that's mine, *all mine!*' that of interrogative wonder—body slightly bent, hands behind tapping his back with his riding-whip—as if asking: 'What do you think of *that*? Beat it if you can;' and that of sympathy with his own wit—legs negligently crossed, one spur pointing upwards, and a languid leaning of his body against the bar, his closed mouth wreathed with smiles, as if moved to mirth at his incomparable funniness. These attitudes, as I have intimated, betokened great conceit in the man; but in such a splendid creature, conceit was no more out of place than pride is in a peacock when it spreads its tail.

As I have said, most of the subjects chosen were pertaining to the life of soldiers; and observing this, I said to my friend: 'You seem very fond of your life. May I ask, if not a rude question, how you came to enlist?'

'Oh, I don't mind telling you a bit. There's nothing very wonderful about it. It wasn't money, or the want of it—or love, or the want of that, that made me become a soldier. There's lots of chaps in our regiment as would have a pretty yarn to spin, if they were to set about telling you how they came to enlist. There's the son of a Sussex parson who was made a soldier through a young schoolmistress in his father's village. There's the

son of a noble Lord who joined ours because of the money-lenders or something of that sort. There's more than one who's taken the shilling because he's broken heads as well as hearts; and I daresay there's many of them did it because they didn't know any other way of keeping themselves straight than to bind themselves with the Queen's Regulations. But it wasn't so with me. I joined because I thought I'd like a soldier's life; and so I do. I was apprenticed to a firm of picture-engravers; and when I'd done my time, I found I'd grown so much bigger than every one else in the shop, that I thought I'd do something with my height like. Every one was obliged to look up to me, and I thought that I'd give them something worth looking at. I always liked the uniform, and I really think that that was the main reason I enlisted. At least, I don't know any other; and I don't repent my choice. I'm in for twelve years; and at the end of that time I shall only be thirty, quite young enough to take to my old trade, if I like. But I shall never have to do that; for I hope to be able to make a living by that time at these sort of things. I'm very fond of music too; I play the piccolo *properly*, and it'll be hard lines if I can't manage to get on at one if not both of these arts.'

Another surprise! Music must now be added to the accomplishments of this very accomplished trooper. He was getting almost beyond me; and dreading lest he should begin comparing the merits of Mozart and Mendelssohn, I brought my companion back to the subject of his sketches, two or three of which I bought of him.

As I rolled up my little purchase, my artist-musician Guardsman asked me what I thought of the position of affairs in Ireland. This was too much. I could not and would not add the craft of politics to the many endowments of this happy soldier 'portrait,' so I somewhat hastily left the bar and its brilliant temporary ornament.

JACQUES.

AN EPISODE OF '91.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

BROAD, bright, summer sunshine over the quaint old town of Vieuxchâtel; and broad, bright, summer sunshine pouring in a dazzling flood across the floor of a squalid chamber in the topmost flight of a house of seven stories. In the squalid room, one broken chair, one broken table, one tattered paillasse—from whose edges the straw peered raggedly—and broadcast on the floor one tattered human figure—a stalwart figure, and not unhandsome, in spite of rags; not unhandsome, in spite even of the signs of constant debauchery borne by the bearded face, or the premature gray sprinkled about the moustache and the untidy hair. Broad summer sunshine streaming full upon the sleeper's face failed to awake him; but his breath was stertorous and disturbed, and he moved and muttered often and uneasily. The man was evidently but the wreck of what he had been; but for all the drunken sleep, the signs of debauchery, the rags he wore, and the squalor of his abiding-place, there was still the touch of a better past about him. The pose of his figure was graceful; and his features, though their first clear-

ness of outline was lost, had still a trace of manly beauty.

It was not an early sunshine which poured into that lofty chamber. The early sunbeams, six hours ago, had touched the discoloured ceiling, and had stolen slowly lower and lower, until they now lay full upon the sleeper's face. As the sun mounted, and its light grew nearer to the edge of the bleared window, it revealed a scrap of paper, and on the scrap of paper a printed name, a name of terror in those days—MARAT. The scrap was crumpled, but from its topmost corner peeped the words 'Salut Public.' Beside it, but nearer the window, and still in shadow, lay the means employed in those days for the preservation of the public health, a carabine and a sabre, and between them a tattered Phrygian cap, misnamed 'of liberty.'

Whilst the sleeper stirred and muttered in his broken slumber, there came so loud a knocking at the door that he started upright, and with half-opened eyes stared about him in alarm; but in a moment severing reality and his dreams, he cried, with something of a rollicking, desperado air, to the knocker to enter. An old woman, with one heavy *subot* in her hand, and the other upon her right foot, obeyed his order.

'You sleep too soundly for health, Citizen Jacques,' said she, leering at him, and shaking the *subot* in her hand towards the door, to indicate that its application had been necessary to awake him. 'Brandy may be a very good doctor, but it is a bad bedfellow, Citizen.'

'What hour is it?' demanded the man sulkily.

'It is within an hour of mid-day,' the old woman responded; 'and you should have been away two hours ago to Postal for Monsieur le Notary.' She dropped her heavy wooden *subot* on the floor as she spoke, and set her foot in it. 'Come man, hurry!'

'Why so much noise?' said Jacques, more sulkily than ever. 'The notary will be in time.'

'It is an odd thing, Citizen,' said the old woman, with a look of malicious enjoyment in her eyes, 'that you, of all men, should be chosen for such an errand.'

Citizen Jacques turned upon her such a look, that the chuckle she had begun died upon her lips. She lowered her eyes, and muttering that she had other things to do than to waste her time there, she left the room in apparent discomfiture.

'Ay,' said Jacques, muttering to himself savagely, 'it is an odd thing. The Citizeness has reason. But I—what was I ever, but a *vaurien*, a fool? You have kicked over your basket, Alnaschar, and there is no market where they will buy the pieces.'

He shook himself together with the gesture a dog uses on leaving water, stuck the cap of liberty on his head with a rakish and defiant air, set his carabine and sabre in a corner of the room, and left the chamber, securing the door behind him. A single flight of stairs traversed downwards, brought him to the street; for though on one side the house was seven stories high, the hillside on which it was built rose so precipitately, that the rambling and picturesque building presented a frontage of one story only to the village road. The whole place drowns in the strong, pure sunshine, and there

were but few people abroad. The village cobbler sat in his stall; the village woodcutter lazily plied his trade in a shady corner; the grocer lounged at his own door; and to each and all of these, as he passed, Citizen Jacques lunged out a 'Good-day,' which had somehow a note of defiance in it. It was noticeable that cobbler and woodcutter and grocer all displayed something of a nervous alacrity in responding to the salutation; and that there was even a propitiatory air about each of them, and a propitiatory tone in the voice of each as they returned the bullying salutation.

The plain fact was that Citizen Jacques, little as he might look like it, was a power in the village. In those days, power lay within the grasp of any man unscrupulous enough to wield it. They were days when the reckless French wit conjugated the verb to suspect—'I am suspect, thou art suspect, he is suspect;' days when no man's life, however virtuous, honourable, patriotic he might be, was worth a minute's purchase, if any ragged and disreputable scoundrel thought it worth while to denounce him to the Committee of Public Safety. And ragged, drunken, and disreputable as he had grown, Jacques Lamballe was esteemed an honest patriot, and his word was weighty. The Republic suited Jacques, as it suited many another person of his type. There was no need for a good patriot to distress himself overmuch with work in those days. A patriot whose affection for his country was beyond dispute or cavil, might, without much difficulty, levy black-mail upon patriots of a type less pronounced. Jacques' wants were few and easily supplied. They were readily supplied also; for though as yet he had denounced nobody, he was pretty generally supposed to be ready to denounce anybody, and it was well to have a friend at court. Not a tongue in the whole wide land of France dare wag against the prodigious tyranny of that mad suspicion; not a head shake against it, for fear it should shake itself off into that grim red basket which lay at the feet of the great overworked national executioner.

But as Jacques walked along, credited by all who watched him with designs of village statecraft, he had no thought of the safety of the great Republic in his mind. 'You have reason, Citizeness,' he said to himself; 'it is an odd thing that I, of all men, should undertake our good Citizen Thurot's business in this matter. My handsome Camille shall be betrothed to-day. Eh well! But when shall my handsome Camille be married? You were scornful, pretty Marie, this three years since, when perhaps I was as good a match for you as handsome Camille himself; and the handsome Camille carries a head no safer on his shoulders than any other citizen of the good Republic, one and indivisible.—Behold me!' cried Citizen Jacques aloud, being clear by this time of the village street, and alone in the wide fields, with none in sight. 'What I am, Mademoiselle, you made me. I am not such a fool as not to know what I am, and I do not bear so poor a heart as to forgive you who spoiled me. And you, Monsieur le Capitaine, had your share in it. For who but you came between us? I was as handsome a man as you, my good Captain. I had better blood in me, if that were worth anything in these days of a good Republic, than ever ran in your veins. And now, see what I am become—a thing for myself to

loathe, and the dogs to bark at! But with this good Republic there come chances for everybody; chances even for *le vaurien Jacques*. Oh, I know the name you give me, Citizens and Citizenesses. You shall go your ways, and that rascal Jacques will take his way; and we shall meet at the end of it, good people, and shall see who has prospered, you or I;' and Citizen Jacques walked on, apparently unsoothed by his own reflections.

The little village of Pastal lay a league before him in the pleasant sunshine. He walked on, muttering every now and then to himself, until he reached the outskirts of the village, when every one who met him offered, in spite of his ragged garb, a swift recognition of the surly salute he flung them as he passed. If anything, cobbler, woodcutter, and grocer in Pastal were a little more subservient to Citizen Jacques than their fellows in Vieuxchâtel had been; and the ragged rascal lounged through the little street like an ill-tempered monarch, nodding right and left to abject subjects. The notary's office being reached, Citizen Jacques rudely pushed open the door and entered, like one who had a right there.

'Citizen Notary,' said he, encountering Maitre Brissot within the room he entered, 'your services are required at Vieuxchâtel;' and he sat down without doffing the Phrygian cap.

'Believe me, Citizen Jacques,' returned Maitre Brissot, a keen-looking, spectacled old gentleman, with a rosy complexion and plump hands, 'you are less welcome than you would make it appear to yourself. Under the rule of our good Republic, a good Citizen's house is his own, my friend.'

'I am as welcome to your house,' responded Jacques, 'as you to my name, Citizen; and half a score of years ago, when I brought good business here, I was welcomer than I should care to be again.'

'Neither you nor your business,' said the notary, 'have been welcome here, Citizen Lamballe, since you took to the wild ways that followed your poor father's death, and would have broken his heart thrice over had he lived to see them.—But who,' he added hastily, as if to prevent his unwelcome visitor from responding, 'is in need of my services at Vieuxchâtel?'

'Oh,' said Jacques, with a somewhat sinister smile, 'I am turned Christian, Maitre Brissot, and am doing good to them that spitefully used me. I carry a little message for an old rival of mine. The handsome Captain marches to-morrow, and must needs be betrothed before he goes; and old Thurot must needs choose me as his messenger for a notary. You may come as soon as you will. I had promised to bring you before noon, and it is noon already.'

The old notary regarded him keenly, and made as if he would have spoken; but turned away, and busied himself in stacking together and locking up a little pile of papers. 'And now,' he said, when his preparations were completed, 'I am at your service, Citizen Lamballe.'

The ragged Citizen led the way—the notary following closely at his heels—bestowing upon the village people, as if in intentional display of his powers, the same contemptuous recognition as before. That the man of law took note of his companion's manner, was evident; but he forbore to speak of it; and the two travelled in silence for half a league, till, being in the widespread fields

again, Jacques turned upon the lawyer with his evil smile. 'They will have a happy married life, do you think, Monsieur Brissot?' he said.

'My friend Lamballe,' returned the notary, 'I am free to say that I do not like your manner. Your errand is discharged, and we may as well say "Good-day."'

Jacques laughed. 'Do you think I would harm the pretty pair?'

The notary regarded him with much distrust, and pushing past him, stepped out rapidly; but his legs were no match for those of Jacques, who, with no apparent quickening of his stride, kept easy pace with him, looking down into the notary's keen yet good-humoured face with an expression of sardonic amusement.

At last, the little man made a decisive pause. 'Take your way, Citizen Lamballe, and I will take mine.'

'What!' cried Jacques, 'not to know that our ways are the same. With what decency could I let my old sweetheart be betrothed, and not be there?'

The notary was about to make a passionate reply, but checked himself, and pursued his way in silence, the ragged Citizen holding on by his side with the old sinister look of enjoyment. The house to which the lawyer had been summoned was that of a man but one remove from the better class of tradespeople. It was a small but comfortable-looking tenement, standing back a little from the road, and its front was covered with the broad leaves of the vine, and promising clusters of half-ripened grapes. Within the porch stood Citizen Thurot, a ripe, healthy, well-to-do personage of middle age, who, disregarding the ragged messenger, strode forth to meet the notary with outstretched hand.

'Aha, Maître Brissot,' he cried cheerfully, 'you are late. Our good Camille marches to-morrow to fight against those rascally Prussians, and must needs be betrothed before he goes. We have expected you this hour back. But better late than never.'

'Why, as for my being late,' returned the notary, 'you must thank your messenger, neighbour Thurot. As soon as I heard the news, I came.' As he spoke the words, he gave a backward wave of the hand to indicate Jacques; and M. Thurot turning for the first time towards that personage, regarded him with great disfavour, and plumping round, walked straight into the house, leaving the notary to follow. The man of law had taken the vagabond's promise to be present at the ceremony as nothing worse than a tasteless jest; and he was considerably surprised when Jacques pushed in before him, and entered the house at its proprietor's heels.

'I think, Citizen Lamballe,' said the notary, 'I am likely to be right in supposing that you have not been invited here.'

'I am going to ask for my letter of invitation now,' returned the vagabond; and he looked so grim, that the little notary, who had at first some idea of opposing his progress, thought better of it, and allowed him to pass in unmolested. 'Let the people of the house deal with him,' said Maître Brissot to himself.

'Your business, my friend?' said M. Thurot, facing round on Jacques as the latter entered.

'I am here,' returned Jacques, with great cool-

ness, 'as a friend of the family! I come to witness to-day's pretty little ceremony; and I am sure you will make my father's son welcome beneath your roof.'

'Your father's son,' cried the host angrily, 'is the one man of all others who ought to be welcome here; but'—

'So I thought,' interrupted Jacques calmly.

The old man broke out: 'Leave my house, and never dare to enter it again!'

'This is the way of the world!' cried Jacques, laughing hoarsely. 'An old friend comes in a blouse, and finds himself unknown; but *sabots* are a good disguise for feet that have sported diamond buckles in their time. I came here in friendship, Citizen Thurot.' He waved his hand and turned; when a young fellow in the dress of a Captain of dragoons entered from an adjoining room and took him by the arm.

'Nay, my father,' said the newcomer. 'If Citizen Lamballe would be one of us, let him stay, for old acquaintance' sake.—And I would fain, Jacques,' he continued, swaying the vagabond gently to and fro by the arm, 'that thou wouldst come with me and fight the enemies of our good Republic. Hast good fighting stuff in thee, man! Come, tell me, what sayest thou?'

'The Republic,' said Jacques darkly, 'has need of servants at home as well as abroad, in these times, and my place is here. But since you ask it, I will stay;' and without further speech he took his seat in a corner, with a smile of triumph directed towards the notary. The shot missed its mark, however; for the old man, with a sniff of very decided meaning, busied himself among his papers, and taking his seat at the table, awaited the advent of the bride. M. Thurot, with no pleased expression of countenance, left the room, returning after a moment's pause with his daughter Marie, a pretty and gentle-looking girl, who, casting one frightened look at Jacques, took her stand by the soldier's side. Two or three of the neighbours stood about the room, and one and all, by their looks, testified surprise at the presence of that ragged figure in the corner. Jacques, however, held his head high, and gave back the looks they lent him with an insolence more than proportionate. The ceremony—leisurely as the old notary went about his business—was soon over; and at its close, Jacques Lamballe resumed his feet, and addressing the newly betrothed soldier, asked with an air of banter: 'And whose corps do you join, my Captain?'

'I join Colonel des Moulins,' responded Camille.

'I had thought it was Colonel la Mort,' returned Jacques with a sinister laugh.

The bride seized her betrothed husband by the arm, with a look of terror at these words of evil omen.

'Take no heed of the scoundrel!' cried old Thurot.

Jacques gave one twirl of the Phrygian cap. 'You are good patriots all,' he said mockingly, 'and I have the honour to bid you good-day.'

As he disappeared, the betrothal party looked at each other with uneasy glances. They were days when even a breath of suspicion might be fatal to the bravest, the best, and the fairest; and all hearts there had read a threat in the swaggering *vaurien's* tone.

CHAPTER II.

The great French Republic contrived in the course of its brief life to change a good many things; but there are matters which are happily beyond the meddling of even a great Republic. The month of Thermidor was recognisable as a French July, notwithstanding its change of name; and in spite of the amazing throes of terror that shook the whole land of France, it was noticeable that July was still acceptable as a pleasant kind of month to make love in. Even in Paris, where, during that awful time the common sewers ran blood, and La Guillotine accounted for scores of victims every day, there were the same old episodes of love with which Phyllis and Corydon were familiar in many leafy Arcadias. A wise man remarks that Nature returns again, though expelled by a pitchfork. In France, in the year 1793 of the Christian era, and the year 2 of the new reign of Liberty and Brotherhood, poor Nature was expelled by a forest of pikes, and kicked out by innumerable blood-stained *sabots*. Yet she returned again; and in the light of her presence, young hearts loved, and young hope gaily fluttered above them—quite in the old way. And if that were so even in that terrible capital and within the very sound of the dread tumbrils, you may be sure that in quiet country places, lovers could now and then find a happy breathing space in the pauses of political and social agonies.

It was not an English lane down which the lovers walked, nor had it an English lane's calm and sequestered beauty; but it had charms of its own, with which they were fully content, and more familiar. For long miles before them, the road ran straight as an arrow, and on each side rose an endless line of tall, gaunt poplars. Between the tree-trunks on one side, the lovers saw an opulent country, smiling with corn and vine; and between the tree-trunks on the other, the summits of the Alps, with eternal snows gleaming white in the sunshine.

Handsome Camille deserved the name the common tongue had given him; and Marie Thurot was more than pretty and engaging enough to justify the fond admiration her lover's glance expressed as he looked downward to the face that nestled at his side. The freedom allotted to any engaged young couple in France, was then, as now, much more circumscribed than it would be in England; but in a quiet little border village like Vieuxchâtel, it was scarcely regarded as a breach of the *convenances* to allow a newly betrothed pair who were to part within four-and-twenty hours of their betrothal, a few unrestricted moments to themselves. And so Camille and Marie were for a little while alone; and in spite of the forebodings which the girl's gentle heart could not resist, they were happier, almost, than they knew. For at such a time it is natural to lovers to think themselves unblest, though there comes a time in life when even lovers' partings are pleasant to remember; only less pleasant, perhaps, than lovers' meetings. Camille spoke of the future hopefully, like a lover, and a soldier of fortune and of the great Republic.

'Colonel des Moulins is my good friend, Marie; and so is General Lebrun. After the engagement at Spitzberg, the General shook hands with me in presence of the staff, and prophesied my rise.'

'But when shall you return, Camille?' asked Marie.

'When the enemies of the Republic are defeated,' returned the young soldier gaily.

'Not till then!' said the girl, clinging with both hands to his arm.

'Why, child,' said the soldier, 'you speak as though that were a work of ages. France will drive this horde of *canaille* before her as the wind drives dust.'

She believed him; but, maiden-like, she had her forebodings. 'But, Camille,' she began, 'people are killed in war sometimes!'

'That is not uncommon,' said Camille drily. But a moment later he burst into a merry laugh, and threw both arms around her. 'Thou art a soldier's bride, sweet child,' he said, 'and must send away thy betrothed with merrier music than a funeral-march in his ears.'

'I will try to be brave,' she answered. 'But oh! it is hard, it is hard, to part!'

'And no less for me than for thee,' said Camille. 'A stout heart, my child!' And what with her tremulous joy at his caresses, and her fears for his future, the tears filled her eyes; and Camille, with the corner of her muslin kerchief, dried them.

The sound of heavy footsteps on the firm road startled the girl from the young soldier's embrace; and Camille, turning, beheld three figures in sabots, blouses, and caps of liberty, marching rapidly towards them. He drew Marie's arm through his own and walked on, suspecting and fearing nothing.

'*Halte là!*' shouted the hoarse voice of Jacques Lamballe.

The soldier's blood tingled for a second or two at the fellow's insolence; but still, suspecting nothing, and fearing nothing, he walked slowly on, with Marie's arm through his.

'In the name of the Republic, halt!' cried the harsh voice behind; and at this the soldier turned haughtily, and faced the rough trio who followed. Jacques, who was in advance, came on with a smile, in which perhaps an observant physiognomist might have found a touch of shame and compunction, and a good deal of that swaggering insolence which in half-brutalised natures is often employed to beat shame and compunction down.

'What would you wish me, Jacques Lamballe?' demanded Camille.

'Citizen Camille Piquet, late Captain in the service of the Republic'—began Jacques, reading from an official paper which he carried in his hand.

'Late Captain! Insolent!' broke in the soldier.

'You are denounced,' Jacques went on, his ugly smile a little broader than before, 'as a traitor to the Republic, and a correspondent with the English Pitt; and are summoned now to appear before the Committee of Public Safety at the Hôtel de Ville of Vieuxchâtel. Surrender your sword.'

The soldier looked slowly from one captor to another. His hand was on his sword-hilt, and his heart was full of sudden desperation. But in the tricolor sash each man wore, there hung a brace of pistols, and each carried a carbine in his hands. He recognised at once the impossibility and the impolicy of resistance. He undid the buckle of his sword-belt with lingering fingers,

eyeing Jacques sternly the while. The messenger of the great Republic would fain have swaggered through with his task; but before that terrible gaze the insolent smile which creased his features died, and his eyes sought the ground. Marie was clinging to her sweetheart with tears and cries.

'Tush, tush, child!' he said gently, but without turning. 'This folly will be over in an hour. The Republic knows its friends.' He stretched out his right hand with the sword depending loosely from its belt, and stood, awaiting the command of his captors. Jacques seized the sword.

'Pierre—to the prisoner's left. Jean—to the rear. March!' he cried. And, with heavy clump of *sabots*, the three marched with their prisoner along the firm summer road towards the village; and Marie, with trembling feet that scarcely obeyed her will, followed them.

SOME QUEER DISHES.

BY DR ARTHUR STRADLING.

PART II.

THE insect world does not yield mankind much in the shape of provender. Locusts, often as thick as one's finger and from two to three inches long, are brayed into a mash with cold water, and eaten with olives in Syria and other parts of the East, in return for the depredations which they commit. John the Baptist lived for a time on locusts and wild honey; and locusts are still used as food in Palestine to this day, the Mosaic law (Lev. xi.) classifying them as clean and lawful to be eaten. In the Weald of Kent, children eat a certain caterpillar when they spy one in the hedges, calling them 'raspberry jams;' they seem to occur in the autumn, or I suppose feed on some particular leaf at that period of the year. The *bonne bouche* is said to exactly resemble the conserve from which they derive their vernacular name, but I never tried one.

Would you eat a reptile? You shudder at the very thought. But what about turtle-soup? This is the only culinary form in which we are familiar with the reptile in England; but on the coast of the Spanish Main, where they are very abundant, and sometimes weigh six or eight hundred pounds apiece, they constitute a standard article of diet with all classes, and turtle-fin, turtle-steak, cutlets of turtle, turtle-pie, stewed, boiled, curried and devilled turtle are found in every house. The choicest Antigua turtle—reputed the best—may be purchased alive and in sound condition at the rate of about three-halfpence per pound-weight—speared ones, which will not live long, for less. In San Juan del Norte, on the coast of Nicaragua, I once had nothing but turtle for four days, and grew to weary of it, long before the time had expired. Sometimes one buys a beautiful fat 'fish,' sound and heavy, which defrauds its purchaser presently by laying fifty or sixty eggs and reducing its weight by about two-thirds. These turtle-eggs are separate and about the size of a hen's, but the shell is soft and membranous and they are nearly globular in shape; the contents, very rich and delicious when boiled or roasted, do not coagulate by heat. I have tasted alligators' eggs, too, but there is a nauseous musky

odour and flavour about them, as there is with the flesh of the reptile itself. Iguanas' eggs are better, but much smaller. Singular to say, the eggs of the ostrich are not at all bad eating, not coarser or stronger to the palate than an ordinary duck's egg.

Next to turtle, perhaps the frog is the best-known edible reptile in Europe. France is, of course, popularly supposed to be *par excellence* the land of frog-eaters, but I doubt it very much. I have tried often in many of the seaport towns to get hold of them, but in vain; and I know that in Paris a dish of dressed frogs is as difficult to obtain, and as expensive as the rarest viands from foreign countries. They may, however, be bought in the fish-market by St Sulpice, and are occasionally exposed for sale in the market of the Faubourg St-Germain. There are many other edible frogs besides the somewhat arbitrarily named *Rana esculenta*. Many a good feed have I had off the hind-quarters—as big as chicken-legs—of the huge striped Dominica frog; and in the Zoological Gardens may be seen some large frogs, not yet identified, which I brought home the other day from Buenos Ayres, having rescued them from the spit in the open market-place. The true iguana or tuberculated lizard—scientifically *Iguana tuberculata*—is the most savoury of its order, and the best adapted for the table, especially if curried or fricasséed. It is a brilliant green creature, ranging from three to five feet in length inclusive of its whip-like tail. It is incredibly swift in running and climbing, and feeds on fruit and vegetables.

There is another edible lizard (*Triton teguixin*) of a dark-brown or black colour mottled with gray and yellow, and living on insects, eggs and small animals, which is also sometimes called iguana in common parlance.

The flesh of the iguana is very delicate, though I scarcely thought so the first time I ate it. It happened in this wise. The ship in which I was stationed was lying for some days at Carthagena, where I was introduced to a man who had just acquired one of the small but exquisitely beautiful islands with which the lagoon is filled; he had found a spring of fresh water there, and had just commenced to clear the jungle with which it was covered. Knowing my mania for reptiles, he offered to send me down in a canoe and give me a long day's snake-hunting there—an offer which I eagerly accepted, and was ready at dawn next morning with my net, bag, and other paraphernalia. But the day wore on without any sign of the canoe, and when it at length arrived late in the afternoon there was barely time to reach the island before nightfall, and the Indians to whom I was intrusted declared they must return to the city the same evening. However, I was determined not to be done out of my trip, so, hearing that such shelter as four upright bamboos supporting a mat of dried palm-leaves could afford already existed there, I added a blanket and something in a small bottle to my equipment, and arranged that my dusky boatmen should leave me on the island all night and return for me the next afternoon. With this understanding they paddled me down, and then bade me 'Adios.'

I didn't find it at all lonely that night—far from it. I believe every winged and creeping abomination that earth produces visited me in those hours of darkness, and had some of me. When I

got up next morning—that is, if the blistered, bloodless residue that emerged from the blanket was sufficient to be dignified with the first personal pronoun—the thought flashed across me that I had missed my dinner the night before, and had no prospect of breakfast where I stood. I was undeniably hungry, but comforting myself with the reflection that I could avenge my appetite on board the ship that evening, I started in quest of snakes, and so passed a fearfully hot but far from unpleasant or unprofitable day. But when night began to settle down again, and no boat was to be seen, I commenced to realise my position. I had now been nearly thirty-six hours without food, and having undergone considerable fatigue, was beginning to experience sundry evidences of my head and stomach ‘failing to connect,’ as Yankees say, and that my legs were setting up an independent volition of their own. My friend had established a colony of turkeys and fowls on his island, but though I kept on calling ‘Cup, cup, cup!’ in the most approved manner, I couldn’t catch one. There was abundance of game, too, but I had no gun; and my search for victuals in all directions round the clearing was rewarded only by the discovery of an earthen pipkin full of some native liqueur—a sort of coarse anisado. Of this I drank a quantity before lying down, and thanks to this and a wood-fire which I kindled, was enabled to pass my second night in comparative tranquillity.

By morning, all my hunger had vanished, but I felt that something graver was taking its place; so I set about in serious earnest to consider what I should eat. It was almost my first voyage to the tropics, and I knew nothing of the nature of the vegetation around me—how to discriminate between poisonous and innocuous roots, fruits, and berries. I tried to trap some crabs, but without success; and my snakes were so small that—Stay! I had noosed two fine iguanas the day before, and had tied them with a running loop to one of the bamboo poles. They had taken refuge on the palm thatch, but to pull them down was the work of a moment, though I got a nasty cut across the cheek from the sharp ridged tail of one of them in doing so. I chopped its head off, skinned it, cleaned it, ‘broiled’ it—that is, held it over my fire till it got smoked and smutty—and ate it; but even under those circumstances it wasn’t nice. What the palate did not approve of, however, the inner man did; and I felt so much better after my meal, that I not only killed and ate the other, but noosed three more into the bargain, which I served in the same way—for the whole of that day and a great part of another passed away before relief arrived.

I was lying down in the afternoon, thinking solemnly of Robinson Crusoe and wondering why he did not eat his goat, when I heard a canoe ground on the beach, and rushing out met my friend, the owner of the now detested isle, and his peccant Indians, who had been drunk and had forgotten all about me, jumping ashore. I went back that night, of course, and before I left, the Indians made a *sancocho* for me—a favourite dish of theirs, consisting of turkey, fowl, jerked beef, yam, plantain, and green maize—pronounced ‘mice’—boiled together in a big pot and eaten with *tortillas*, thin crisp cakes of manioc flour, spread and baked on a flat stone—

the most delightful repast I ever enjoyed, as may be readily imagined.

Perhaps the last thing in the world that most people would choose for a meal is a snake; nevertheless, they are eaten in some parts of the world. The Kaffir and Hottentot devour pythons and even puff-adders and other poisonous species, while the Bushman goes still further, not only eating the snakes themselves, but the flesh of animals which his arrows tipped with the serpents’ venom have brought down. Sir T. Mitchell tells us that the Australian natives are also snake-eaters; and M. Palizot-Beauvois relates that in Kaskaskia—a town on the banks of the Mississippi—he was invited to partake of ‘Musical Jack,’ which proved on investigation to be fried rattlesnakes, decapitated and skinned, and showing a meat as firm and white as chicken. ‘Musical Jack’ was a standard dish in that snake-infested region. Even the Spaniards during their occupation of Louisiana grew accustomed to consider this most venomous reptile a welcome adjunct to their diet, and it is said that the officers in garrison at Fort Adam used to give large sums for the fattest and biggest rattlesnakes which the soldiers caught. In certain districts of France and the Black Forest, a *tisane* or broth of vipers is still held to be a specific for gout and scrofulous affections; and the famous physician, Dr Meade, writing in 1743, recommends powder of dried vipers, viper lozenges, viper-broth and jelly, the flesh of boiled vipers, and ‘viperine salt’ dissolved in wine, for lepra and other cutaneous eruptions. I have eaten the big French viper—*Vipera aspis*, a different species from our own British adder, which, however, exists plentifully on the continent under the name of the ‘little viper’—and Anaconda as well, but remember nothing very distinctive about either.

In this Age of Tin we need not go far afield in search of strange food; all manner of outlandish things are now preserved and sent home to our own doors. The grocer can now supply us with Australian beef and mutton; and kangaroo soup and other foreign delicacies lie on his shelves side by side with Paysandu ox-tongues and Liebig’s Extract from Fraybentos.

I see that tinned pepper-pot is now to be obtained in London, but cannot fancy that it would be much like the real article. Pepper-pot is a favourite relish for breakfast out West, and is eaten with rice like curry; in some of the old families in Demerara it is made to perfection. An iron crock is filled up daily with scraps of meat, fish, almost anything, and various spices, peppers, chillies and other condiments added, the essential one being *casaripe*, a thick, black, treacly fluid extracted from the cassava root. The crock itself is brought to the breakfast-table, and the contents served with a wooden spoon; the mixture is black and fibrous in appearance and intensely hot to the palate, but the *sine quâ non* of excellence in a pepper-pot is that it shall never be allowed to become empty. The quantity it holds is immensely disproportionate to that required for daily consumption—nevertheless, it is filled up every morning, and kept perpetually simmering.

The other day a steamer brought to Bordeaux some joints of antelope, giraffe, hippopotamus and porcupine preserved in ice from the coast of Africa,

destined for a banquet given by an eccentric millionaire in the capital; and Herr Hugo von Koppenfels, the African explorer, now on travel, writes to say that in the rivers about the Gaboon the manatee is hunted for the sake of its flesh to such an extent that before long it will probably become extinct.

But are there no products of sea or land at home which are excluded without reason from our list of food supplies? Certain seaweeds yield a wholesome and nutritious jelly; many fish and molluscs are pronounced uneatable which contain nothing injurious to health, or offensive to the eye or palate; and it is possible that our woods and meadows might afford many herbs and roots capable of being cooked into something more attractive than the mess of boiled watercress and cucumber which cottagers eat in Somersetshire. An infusion of the young leaves of the sloe-bush dried, well known as an adulteration of tea, is by no means a bad substitute for that beverage. With regard to the representatives of our fauna of which I can speak from exceptional gastronomic experience, I may say that I found sea-gull and otter very bitter and fishy; mole and mouse slightly disagreeable, but almost tasteless; squirrel and rat fairly good, and hedgehog remarkably so.

Gipsies are the people for hedgehogs. They have dogs trained for the purpose of catching them, and start on their expeditions at dusk, returning at daybreak with their prickly spoil, after a tramp of many miles perhaps, through the country-side. No doubt the dogs are scientifically trained, and there may be other things besides hedgehogs, in the bag, when it reaches the encampment on the common in the morning. The first I ever tasted I saw cooked outside a gipsy tent, where I squatted on the grass and watched the whole operation. It was killed by a blow on the head; not cut at all, but unrolled and wrapped in a mass of clay, and deposited in a little pit full of hot ashes. Then the fire was piled on the top of this, and in about half-an-hour the roast was announced to be ready. Piggy was disinterred from the ashes and his earthen envelope, now baked hard, broken open; to this the skin adhered, while the 'inside' came out in one lump when a suitable incision was made. My first impressions were certainly favourable, but they were more than confirmed afterwards, when a kind-hearted farmer's wife, hearing of my predilection, dressed several hedgehogs for my special behoof in different ways. We unanimously decided that it was best jugged after the manner of a hare, and it has a really characteristic gamey flavour about it.

One observes that most of the out-of-the-way things that have been eaten are recorded by the experimenter as 'greatly resembling chicken in flavour,' or veal—which is somewhat tantamount to saying they have no flavour at all; but in point of fact it is difficult to draw the line honestly between two extremes. When a man has mustered courage enough to eat an unfamiliar article, he does not like to confess afterwards that it was anything but good; but according to my experience, one rarely has the opportunity of a fair test, because one has almost invariably to cook for one's self. No one else, servants included, will touch the things. Rats, for instance, I firmly believe, would be not only wholesome, but very

nice if properly prepared—not common sewer rats, but such as I ate, barn-fed animals snared in a hop-garden. The flesh, though perfectly white, was dry and tasteless; but then they were only skinned, cleaned, and submitted to the fire without any of the etceteras which make other meats savoury. Dr Kane, Rear-Admiral Beaufort, Captain Inglesfield, and other arctic explorers speak highly of rats as a welcome addition to their supply of food in those dreary latitudes.

LEGENDS OF THE ENGLISH LAKES.

IN addition to the beauties of the scenery, the Lake District possesses an especial interest in the numerous tales and legends associated with almost every height and *how*, every lake and *ghyll*. The very names given to them recall to our minds the times of our Scandinavian forefathers. For instance, Silver How at Grasmere is the Hill of Sölvar, and Butterliphew is the Mound of Butlhar, surnamed Lepr the Nimble. Windermere, Buttermere, and Elterwater are the meres and water called after the ancient Norsemen Windar, Butlhar or Butar, and Eldir.

The belief that these hardy sea-kings selected the mountain-tops for their burial-places, suggests the theme of many a poetic legend; and the fancy still exists that they revisit the place of their sepulture, and make their presence known by musical tones, as of unearthly harps touched by no mortal hands. One of these legends, called 'Sölvar How,' tells how the beautiful 'Dagmar the Dane' on her white steed was allured:

With the firstlings and yearlings, from hill-top and hollow,
Gathering far, the sweet voice of the Phantom to follow—
To them sweeter than murmur of fountain and rill.

The Princess was favoured with a vision of the Phantom 'in all his bright beauty;' and when he left the hill-top which overlooks the placid lake of Grasmere, she followed him—

To hear his wild songs all alone;
And to chase from his lips every accent of sorrow,
As they walked through the dawn of a brighter to-morrow
Into sunlight that heaven upon earth never beamed.

Deaf to her hapless father's entreaties that she would return to his tower at Skelwith, she fled over hollow and hill till they reached the deep chasm of Dungeon Ghyll. Softly the shade glided over; and though some huge rocks falling with a crash, bridged over the gulf, the maiden in vain stretched out an imploring hand. The shade was gone. And

In her bower and in hall there was wailing and sorrow,
And the hills shone renewed with each glorious to-morrow,
But their bright star, their Dagmar, they knew not again.

Equally pathetic is the story of Ermengarde, connected with St Herbert's Isle, on Derwentwater. She had made some tapestry for the altar of St Herbert's Chapel, and rose on Mayday with her love divided between God and the saint. An Elfman

who was passing Ermengarde's window told her she might have her Mayday wish fulfilled if she would ask the two fishes of Bowscale Tarn for 'two tiny scales, of gold and pearly whiteness,' and place them on her heart. But alas! when she placed them in her bosom, the link which secured round her neck the 'simple cross' her mother had given her, was broken. Her thoughts too fondly set on the 'bright angelic air' of the saint, she wandered down Greta's side, and staying for a moment's glance at herself, 'before she looked on him'—

Its broken link dissevering,
Her little cross fell sinking low
Beyond her vain endeavouring.

And then having her in their power,

From the stream two fin-like arms
Leapt up and snatched her wailing,
And dragged her down with all her charms
In anguish unavailing.

The story runs that the misguided maiden is not wholly lost, but waits till

Some bard shall wander by
With harp and song so holy,
That they shall wrench the caves where lie
Her limbs in anguish lowly.

Bowscale Tarn is a little north-east of Blencathra, now called Saddleback. It has long been a tradition in that country-side that it contains two immortal fish. Lord Clifford, 'the Shepherd Lord,' is said to have held intercourse with them, and had authority over them. Readers of the classics will recollect that Martial mentions some fishes in a lake at Paice, in Campania, which were consecrated to Domitian, and knew their master.

Bede, in his *History of the Church of England*, gives a beautiful description of the friendship between St Herbert and St Cuthbert of Farn Isle. When St Cuthbert was near his end, his 'brother Herbert' implored him to pray that they might 'depart hence into heaven together.' And the prayer was granted. In death, they 'were not divided'—on the same day their souls departed from their bodies, and were straight in union in beatific sight and vision.' This was in 687 A.D.; and as late as 1374 we find that the hermit's little oratory or chapel was resorted to in memory of his death, with services and processions. Forty days' indulgence was granted to all those who were present at the mass celebrated by the Vicar of Crosthwaite on the anniversary day.

The story of 'The Cuckoo in Borrowdale' is of a more laughable kind, and a fair specimen of the tales told about those good folks; of whom Mr James Payn says, 'they are the very simplest in the world, their language the broadest, and their notions the narrowest.' Living in their dreary valleys, the Spring was a great joy to the simple dalesmen, and the voice of its harbinger a most welcome sound.

"'Tis the cuckoo!" In the hollow
Up the valley seemed to follow
Spring's fair footsteps that sweet throat,
All the fields put off their sadness;
Trees and hills and skies with gladness
Answering to the cuckoo's note.

It occurred to the natives, that if they built a wall across the entrance to the valley, they might keep the cuckoo within its bounds, and so insure perpetual spring. But, sad to say, when June came and passed, with it passed away the 'indefatigable' bird—

While in stupor and amazement,
Vacantly, from cope to basement,
Glowering at their wall, they stood.

The ingenious plan had failed, 'but 'only because, according to popular belief, from generation to generation, the wall was not built one course higher.' After this, we are not surprised to find that 'the inhabitants of Borrowdale were a proverb, even among their unpolished neighbours, for ignorance.' A similar story is also told of the foolish community known as 'the wise men of Gotham.' Many more or less improbable stories are told of their simplicity, such as mistaking a red-deer for a horned horse, and a mule for a peacock!

'The Tale of the Stirrups,' says Mr J. P. White, in his *Lays and Legends of the English Lake Country*, 'is perhaps a little too absurd even for Borrowdale. A "statesman" brought home from a distant fair or sale what had never before been seen in the dale—a pair of stirrups. Riding home in them, when he reached his own door his feet had become so fastened in them that they could not be got out; so, as there was no help for it, he patiently sat his horse in the pasture for a day or two, his family bringing him food. Then it was proposed to bring them both into the stable, which was done, his family bringing him food as before. At length, it occurred to some one that he might be lifted with the saddle from the horse, and carried thereupon into the house. There the mounted man sat spinning wool in a corner of the kitchen till the return of one of his sons from St Bees' School, whose learning, after due consideration of the case, suggested that the good man should draw his feet out of his shoes; when, to the joy of his family, he was restored to his occupation and to liberty.'

Those who care to study the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland will find instruction and amusement combined in Mr Richardson's *Cumberland Talk*, in Dr Alexander Craig Gibson's *Local Dialects of Grayson, &c.*, and in Mr Dickenson's *Cumbria*. The following anecdote from a paper of Dr Gibson's on the 'Ethnology of the Lakes' will serve as a specimen of the dialect: 'I was walking up the pleasant little village of Branthwaite, and came upon an old-lady villager pottering over something or other in the gutter near her house. Wishing to propitiate her, I remarked that there had been a good deal of rain in the night, for the river was swollen. "Wo co' it a beek," said she very snappishly; and turning her back upon me, called out to her grand-daughter "to bring out t' scapple." And I, with some deference of tone, asked simply, "What may a scapple be?" when the girl came out with a small coal-rake, to which the old dame pointed, saying, "Wha, that's what a scapple may be!" And as I moved away rather sheepishly, I heard her call across the road to a neighbour: "I don't know whar t' doctor's been browte up—he co's t' beek a river, an' doesn't know what a scapple is."

In conclusion, we would commend to our readers' perusal Mr White's *Lays and Legends of the English*

Lake Country, from the poetical portion of which we have given several quotations above; and Mr James Payn's *Lakes in Sunshining*, one of the most charming works on Lakeland ever written.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ON THE USE OF OIL AT SEA.

Dr Benjamin Franklin was a believer in what has been frequently pointed out in this *Journal*, namely, the power of oil to still the agitation of water, and he records several experiments as the ground of his belief. In a letter to Dr Brownrigg in 1773, he mentions that in 1757 he observed the wakes of two ships to be remarkably smooth, while the wakes of all the others were ruffled by the wind, which blew fresh. The captain of Franklin's ship explained this by supposing that the cooks of the two ships had been emptying their greasy water through the scuppers. He was informed by fellow-passengers that the Bermudians when they would strike fish, the Lisbon fishermen when the surf was high on the bar, and Mediterranean divers when the ruffling of the water cut off their light below, were accustomed to use oil to procure a still surface. These instances, however, were hearsay.

The philosopher himself tested the power of oil to smooth water on the pond on Clapham Common, where a teaspoonful of oil, poured on the windward side, produced an instant calm over a space several yards square, and spread until it reached the lee side, 'making all that quarter of the pond, perhaps half an acre, as smooth as a looking-glass.' He states that he repeated the experiment in the country as opportunity offered, and found it constantly to succeed. Two other corroborative hearsay illustrations are mentioned by Franklin. One was, that Sir John Pringle learned in Scotland that herring-fishers could see at a distance where shoals of herring were by the smoothness of the water over them; the supposition being that some oiliness proceeded from the bodies of the herrings. The other story was that the harbour of Newport, Rhode Island, was observed to be always smooth while any whaling-vessels were in it. Franklin goes on to say that he showed his experiment to Count Bentinck of Holland, his son Captain Bentinck, and Professor Allemand, on 'a large piece of water at the head of the Green Park;' and that the Count said he had received a letter from Batavia relative to the saving of a Dutch ship in a storm by pouring oil into the sea. Subsequently, Franklin, with Captain Bentinck and some friends, tested the efficacy of oil on the surf at Portsmouth, by pouring some oil into the sea half a mile from the shore, on a windy day. The experiment was but partially successful, since no material difference was observed in the height or force of the surf upon the shore; but there was a long tract of smoothed, not level water; 'and a wherry, on her way to Portsmouth, seemed to turn into that tract of choice, and to use it from end to end, as a piece of turnpike road.' Franklin accounted for the want of complete success in this instance, by conjecturing that the mechanical force of the waves already raised by the wind must go on until exhausted, as a pendulum continues to swing after the original impulse has been withdrawn. He held, however, that the oil diminished the action of the wind on the waves already raised,

and that it prevented the wind from raising new waves. He seems to accept Pliny's statement, that the seamen of his time stilled the waves by pouring oil into the sea; and he adds: 'It has been of late too much the mode to slight the learning of the ancients. The learned, too, are apt to slight too much the knowledge of the vulgar. The cooling by evaporation was long an instance of the latter. This art of smoothing the waves by oil is an instance of both.'

DAY-DREAMS.

WHERE o'er the network of the trees
A fleecy cloud slow drifts o'er drowsy skies;
Where love-lorn sighs the languid breeze,
And drooping dyes in minor melodies,
Among grass-hidden violets and thyme,
I weary listless lie, low morn'ring some old rhyme.

Soft languors through the pulses creep,
Whilst idle dreams flit in dim purple shade;
E'en love-sick Pan lies stretch'd asleep
This noon, methinks, in cool Arcadian glade:
Silent are shepherds' pipes on hill and vale,
Silent the river slowly winds adown the dale.

What is 't darts down the startled air,
Flashing with gold and gems of lustrous light?
Excalibur, sword strong and fair,
'Tis surely whirling swift through moonlit night—
That last weird night of Arthur. Nay! a ray
Pierces a deep dim nook hid far from the garish day.

But soft! The mad Ophelia sings,
With straws and flowers all tangled in her hair—
How sad, yet sweet, that strain upsprings
And wings its way upon the list'ning air—
'Will he not come again?' Away, away!
A distant wood-dove 'tis, cooing on leafy spray.

Yet heard you not the tearful tone
Of 'Willow, willow,' 'neath you drooping tree,
Where Desdemona sits alone,
Her weary head low bow'd o'er her knee?
Ah, no! 'Tis but a few faint notes a bird
Pipes feebly forth, as if by some sweet memory
stirred.

Now o'er the quaint old German street
The loit'ring shadows scarcely seem to steal,
And merry sings meek Margaret,
At work beside her whirling spinning-wheel,
A ballad of the King of Thule gay—
Thou dreamer! 'tis a stream that bubbles on its way.

Away! thou sweet delusive dream,
That faintly flits before the half-shut eye,
Where, mingling with the flowers, there gleam
Strange elf-like forms begot of Phantasy.
Pans-blossom, Puck, ye tuneful fairy bowers!
Life's flower is too short-lived to waste with you the
hours.

Yet stay! that ye—like silver light
Trembling amid the shimmering summer rain—
To quiv'ring lips and sad eyes bright
With brimming unshed tears of silent pain,
A distant glimpse of sunshine still may bring,
Which, cheering weary wayworn hearts, may bid
them sing.

P. M. CAMPBELL.

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WAXWORK HUMANITY.

It has frequently been our good fortune to visit waxwork exhibitions, and review a bewildering multitude of courtly, heroic, peculiarly wicked, or otherwise 'distinguished' public characters. Their halls of reception are constantly visited from morning till night by an appreciative stream of all classes of visitors. What, we have often inquired of ourself, is the fascination of waxworks, and what draws the public after these waxen kings and murderers, whether in Madame Tussaud's of Baker Street celebrity, or in the large exhibitions at provincial towns, or in travelling shows like the celebrated 'Mrs Jarley's,' that carry waxwork curiosities to village, and market, and fair?

The reasons for interest in wax figures are somewhat complex. Popular interest fastens upon them, not merely because they are likenesses of celebrities; for a gallery of merely historical portraits, a photograph album full of famous faces, would not be a bait to attract one shilling out of every hundred that are paid for seeing the waxworks. Again, the people do not go simply to see the costumes, although those at Madame Tussaud's are gorgeous and costly, and—what is more to the purpose—in many cases interesting for correctness of detail. Nor is it as statues that the figures are sought; the mass of the English-speaking nations are sadly unappreciative of really noble sculpture; statuary has little attraction for them, though art on canvas has; and to statues of famous men they give but very indifferent glances—possibly because most statues of famous men are but indifferent productions, unintentional libels in sooty bronze or unmanageable colossal stone.

Something of all the foregoing reasons may enter into the complex fascination that we are trying to analyse; but we believe the grand attraction is that, at a waxwork exhibition, celebrities are represented in what is supposed to be a life-like manner, and visitors who see them in the wax have an advantage over those who see them in

the flesh; for they can examine them and stare at them at close quarters as long as they like—a popular luxury never possible among the conveniences of real life. One can sit down comfortably directly in front of the highest Lady in the land, her splendid court and charming grandchildren, and examine their features without being sent to the Tower, or even without being turned out as a graceless, hopeless, impertinent clown. One can fearlessly criticise the crowned kings of England. One can walk up boldly to any Public Man, and stand at his elbow without being button-holed and compelled to listen to his own particular hobby. One can pass remarks on the conduct of our Generals, face to face with them, without knowing any more about military matters than a Whitechapel Arab; and one can spend five minutes with the Sultan of Turkey and a couple of Pachas, staring at them, with a blissful freedom from ceremony and the Eastern Question. More than all—one can enter securely into a lair of thieves and murderers, and feel with a chill that they are shockingly like commonplace mortals; nor is there the least danger of their overhearing free remarks, or stooping from the front of the crowded dock close overhead, to take the reckless vengeance of despair, the moment one turns to walk away. We infer from all this that it is the belief in the similitude of the figures to life, the freedom with which we may examine the faces, and the safety of criticism, that constitute the main attraction of a waxwork show.

We have alluded to 'the belief in the similitude of the figures to life,' because it is an open question how like or unlike they are, not only to the persons whose names they bear, but to any flesh-and-blood humanity. Probably the best waxwork exhibition that ever was, is the well-known Madame Tussaud's; and yet nine out of every ten of the 'distinguished characters' are as palpably dead wax as an empty honeycomb. Madame Tussaud herself was, in drawing and modelling, a pupil of a certain M. Curtius, her own uncle, an artist employed by Louis XVI.; and she herself gave instructions to the sadly

famous Madame Elizabeth. This connection accounts for the prominence of the model of the Guillotine, of Marat dead, and of the various beheaded Revolutionists. The collection of Napoleonic relics betokens the sympathy of the old lady and her successors with the Conqueror, whose first step had at least the advantage of restoring order. The sleeping and breathing figure of the youthful Madame St Amaranthe, the royal French groups of this period, and most notably the figure of Voltaire, are this wonderful old lady's own handiwork; therefore we must suppose them to be the most satisfactory and painstaking work ever done in wax; and yet they are in many points far from perfection. After the Reign of Terror, which she had witnessed, Madame Tussaud left France, and exhibited her collection as a travelling show on English ground. At last, she settled down in London, where her successors have multiplied the 'distinguished characters' as fast as occasion called for them; but some still living can remember youthful visits to the show, when the shrewd, clever, and really talented old lady herself received the shillings at the door. Yet with all the care that is taken in producing the wax figures of the best exhibition, to our mind they are but sorry imitations of the reality.

In only two instances, so far as we remember, is there an approach to an appearance of flesh. One of these is a Statesman who is credited with Cromwell's absence of portrait-vanity, and given a rough blotchy cheek—a singular thing in wax, though common enough in nature, and therefore more likely to suggest nature than waxwork. The other is that venturesome explorer who found Livingstone, and who, in the act of finding him, is presented to the public with a quantity of dust upon his face, betokening African sands and scarcity of water. It is the dusty complexion in the one case and the blotch and pimple in the other, that counteract the waxy effect.

Even the highest artists confess that one of their most difficult tasks is the true representation of the tints, and of what is called—somewhat erroneously—in art language, the *texture* of flesh. To imitate the substance and colour of flesh, is the object of all modelling in wax; but the art has made but little progress, perhaps because the difficulty is not recognised. A finely painted portrait by a true artist is more like living humanity in the apparent substance of flesh, in colour, life, and expression, than anything that has ever been made and shaped and set up standing like a human being, in wax. But the artist despises as a mere trick any method of making his work appear deceptive. Uneducated taste is pleased at its own delusion, like a child with a conjurer; and a hand or head 'raised out from the picture' is the highest triumph it knows—until it goes to the waxworks, and there the hand and head of the portrait can be looked at on all sides; and uncritical eyes confound the living and the waxen, and the pleasure of delusion is complete.

We must confess that on entering an exhibition-room full of human-like faces, ranged all round with living people moving about and staring at them to their hearts' content, a peculiar feeling is engendered for the moment, as the music strikes up to a gorgeously dressed assembly that don't

stir. Under these circumstances, a policeman midway towards the door is a six-foot deceiver; and the only way we can account for the success of waxen policemen is partly because the human mind is impressed with the 'divinity that doth hedge' a member of the Force, and partly because it is impossible to grasp the idea that such an extent of uniform contains padding and props, and nothing else. Again, though in another way, in this nervous state consequent on one's sudden introduction to the court circles, it is possible to be deceived by an old gentleman sitting on one of the seats, with black clothes on, and a broad-brimmed hat. The sensation is 'uncanny' when he turns his head slowly round, with fixed eyes, and the feeblest expression, as if complaining. 'I'm very ill—very; and I can't get off the bench! And what is it—all—about?' Upon which, finding that this is Cobbett, we wonder, with a shudder, what that ill-fated man ever did, that while he sleeps peacefully in his grave, posterity should prop him up with his head veering like a weathercock. When Charles Dickens visited this exhibition, he noted what we may call the peculiar manners of waxwork figures—that they appear to be talking except where they are meant to be conversing, and there the silence is oppressive; that instead of walking, they skate about, leaning with one foot forward, till their balance is marvellous; that no matter where one stands, or how one tries, it is impossible to catch the eye of a waxwork.

Continuing our review of the Baker Street exhibition, our own strongest impression from the Hall of Kings has always been the extraordinary family likeness among all the Normans and Plantagenets. Ruddy complexion, brown hair hanging at each side, sandy moustache, large eyes wide apart, gold crown on top, are the kingly characteristics handed on from sire to son, in a beautiful and touching manner, through the whole line. When we turn to the Tudors, the six wives of Henry VIII. presented to the burly monarch all at once, without disturbing his composure, or without spoiling the amiability of any of the half-dozen—except Anne Boleyn, who is deserting the group in disdain, and—dressed in a black hat, black student's gown, and yellow pinafore!—is making for the corner held by William of Wykeham. It is an example of the wonders of waxwork society, and the sublime indifference of all concerned as to time and associations, that instead of leaving the six ladies alone to manage their lord, Edward III. edges his way in from a corner at the back, dragging his beautiful Philippa with him on his arm, to add to the general embarrassment. But the ways of waxwork society are wonderful.

Wonderful, too, are the ways of visitors! On a hot day, when the whole establishment is pervaded by a peculiar deathly odour of warm wax and old clothes, it is wonderful how visitors—chiefly from the country too—find an appetite for the buns and tea, pies and effervescent, displayed at a *buffet* between the wax-smelling court circles and the Chamber of Horrors. What of that black-hung chamber dimly lighted with gas, and full of images of unhappy men and women who outraged God, man, and their own nature, and were cut off by human justice in unspeakable degradation and ruin? What of the hideous casts lining the walls, faces of the dead with the last look

of calm or contortion that came with the death-pang? What of plaster-cast heads, with exposed necks, where the curious may examine the deep dragged mark of the rope? What of the Chamber of Horrors—not alone in this exhibition, supposed to be very rich in horrors, but in any other show? Only this—that we cannot conceive such an institution existing as an adjunct to what is otherwise entertaining and instructive, for any other reason, than because it panders to a morbid, unhealthy, unfeeling curiosity—the same callous curiosity that, on a larger scale, and acting on lower minds, drew in former years a clamorous, unruly, degrading and degraded crowd about the public gallows. The visitors to the Chamber are happily mostly of a thoughtless, indifferent class of sightseers. Any one who visits such sights, thoroughly alive in sense and thought, and interested in every object, must almost certainly be either veritably horrified or self-ashamed.

Come out of the Chamber of Horrors, quick! Take a good look at that living baby in its nurse's arms, and catch a smile of her sparkling eyes. Presto—pass! We are in the healthful, hopeful, innocent world again.

JACQUES.

AN EPISODE OF '33.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER III.

THE members of the Committee of Public Safety, hastily summoned from their several avocations, sat at the Hôtel de Ville. One, a patriotic tanner, filling the hall with the odour of his tan-pits, sat in his shirt sleeves. Another, a butcher, bearing marks of his recent occupation, wore huge boots of greased leather to his thighs, and had a great knife stuck in his leathern girdle. All of them, to the number of eight, were men who lived by the sweat of the brow; all were ignorant and obtuse; and every one amongst them was ripe for any mad suspicion which might assail any man within the limits of France, however noble his record, or however lofty his character. Even to Camille, their faces had a grim and unhelpful look. He assumed the place assigned him, and bowed his head to the rough tribunal, as one who recognised their authority, but was yet conscious of his own innocence. The place was crammed; for, to reach the building, Camille and his captors had marched the whole length of the village street; and everywhere the sight of the familiar Captain of dragoons in custody had excited wild surmises; and from every house he passed in custody, the whole inhabitants—men, women, and children—poured and followed.

'I am under accusation, Citizen Gaudet?' asked the young soldier, addressing the head of the tribunal. 'Who are my accusers? and what is the charge?'

'The charge against you,' returned the President, 'is, that you have held treasonous correspondence against the interests of the Republic with the emissaries of the English Pitt. The evidence against you is here.'

Turning in his seat, the President took hold of something which lay on the floor beside him, and cast it upon the table. Camille recognised his

own valise, and waited. The President, with clumsy fingers unfastened the straps of the valise, and tumbled out its contents upon the table. Amongst them were several papers, which, having been slowly sorted and arranged, were held up before the prisoner.

'Do you know these?' asked the President.

Camille advanced a step with outstretched hand; but the President withdrew the documents, and motioned him back. 'Do you know them?' he demanded.

'Until I have seen them,' returned Camille, 'I cannot tell.'

Men's minds were so strung to suspicion, that even at this common-sense and obvious answer, a murmur ran through the crowded hall, a murmur which bespoke suspicion grown assured.

'Citizen Lamballe,' said the President, 'display the papers to the prisoner. See that he makes no attempt to destroy them.'

The guard on each side of the prisoner laid two brawny hands upon each wrist; and Jacques displayed the papers one by one before him. They were clumsy forgeries, to Camille's eye—forgeries so clumsy, and so ignorantly made, that each document bore for signature the one word 'Pitt,' and they were written in a sprawling and unclerkly hand, in French. Camille having attentively regarded them, spoke.

'I am charged with having these documents in my possession?'

'That is the charge,' returned the President.

'I have no knowledge of them,' returned Camille, 'and they are evidently forgeries.'

'How do you know that?' demanded the President.

Camille unsuspectingly fell into the trap thus set for him. 'The name of the notorious English Pitt,' he answered, 'is William. It is only the habit of the English *milord* to sign himself without the use of a Christian name, and the infamous Pitt, enemy of the great Republic, is a commoner. Moreover, these papers are in French, and not in English. Again, the paper itself is French, and not English. Yet again, the signature and the body of the papers are in the same handwriting, and Pitt is too busy with machinations against the Republic to address a poor Captain of dragoons in his own hand.'

'You are well acquainted with the manners of the English Pitt, Citizen Piquet. You may find that you have defended yourself too well.'

Again an ominous murmur rose from the crowd. 'Monsieur le President,' returned the prisoner, 'since a good citizen of the Republic and a soldier who has shed his blood in her cause, can be charged with treason on evidence so preposterous, I demand my removal, under safe escort, to Paris, where I may encounter judges who can estimate the value of that *griffonnage*.' He nodded his head scornfully towards the papers which lay upon the table.

'Citizen Piquet,' returned the President sternly, 'it is yours to explain how these accusing papers came into your possession.'

'They were never in my possession,' returned Camille.

'They were found here,' returned the President, tapping the valise that lay before him.

'He who hides can find,' returned Camille scornfully.

'That is a defence too obvious to be missed. It was the defence of Edmond Martin at Besançon, of Brasseur at Trouville, of Magnier at Lyons.—How say you, Citizens? Is that not so?'

The conclave of suspicious wisecracks assembled in the interests of public safety, and fully determined to preserve it, though at the cost of half the blood in France, nodded darkly. The attempt to preserve the public safety was, in those days, the grossest and most terrible evil under which France suffered.

'Is any man here,' cried Camille indignantly, 'so mad and blind as not to see the ease with which an enemy can hunt his enemy to death by such a means as this?' He tore his right hand from the grasp of the guard, and pointed at the forged papers on the table with a lofty gesture of scorn and anger. 'Am I—a soldier of the great Republic—I will not boast, but I have bled for her on many fields—as likely to turn traitor to the cause I love and honour above all other earthly things, as any hound who has a grudge against me would be to execute this miserable forgery, and palm it off upon you as being in my possession? Who found these papers? Bring me face to face with my accusers!'

'Citizen Tholer!' cried the President.

Citizen Tholer pushed through the crowd—the landlord of the little inn in which Camille had lodged.

'What do you know of these papers?' demanded the President.

'I found them in the valise of Citizen Captain Piquet,' answered the landlord.

'When?'

'An hour and a half back.'

'And who set you to look in my valise?' demanded Camille.

The President extended his hand, as if to forbid response; but the landlord missed the sign, and answered, readily enough: 'Citizen Jacques Lamballe.'

'So,' said Captain Piquet, turning his eyes upon his enemy, 'you have justified your promise.—Monsieur le President, I appeal to your knowledge of my history and the history of my accuser, and I demand of you, have you not known Lamballe's enmity against me, and the grounds of it?'

'Have you any other defence to offer?' asked the President.

'I disown this tribunal,' cried the soldier hotly. 'As a soldier, I demand to be heard before soldiers. I demand a scrutiny of that worthless rubbish there, by which a villain strives to steal the life of an honest man.'

'Prisoner,' said the President coldly, 'the Committee of Public Safety is authorised to investigate all treasonable cases and to pass sentence. Have you completed your defence?'

'I decline to address further a court so imbecile,' returned Camille. His case was hopeless, and he saw it.

'How say you, Citizens?' began the President; and the members of the tribunal fell to whispering with one another; when the plump notary, with all the roses banished from his cheeks, pushed through the crowd, and cried:

'But, Citizens, it is impossible'—

'Let the Citizen notary be removed,' said one member of the tribunal, with a sideward wave of the hand. 'He had best, for his own sake, be

silent. The Republic tolerates no friend to traitors.'

It was evident which way one vote would go. But there were things as madly and as cruelly unjust as the condemnation of Camille Piquet done twenty times a day in civilised and enlightened Paris; and when once a village caught the treasonous scare, there was no hope for the prisoner, however shadowy the charge against him.

'How say you, Citizens?' asked the President again.

'Death,' said one. 'Death,' said another. 'Death,' said one and all.

'To be removed in safe keeping,' said the President, 'and to the guillotine in four-and-twenty hours.'

A shriek from Marie's lips rent the air of the crowded hall; and Camille, with a white despairing face, cried: 'Vive la République! But,' he added, 'Heaven preserve her from her friends.' Then he turned, and with a firm step, strode through the crowd, closely followed by his guards.

CHAPTER IV.

The place of detention to which the guard conveyed him was a chamber in the house in which Jacques Lamballe had his dwelling. Entering from the crooked village street, they dived down the tortuous stair three stories, and then paused. Three stories below the street on one side, and three stories above the brawling river on the other. Viewed from beyond the river, the great rambling pile of building of which Captain Piquet's prison-chamber formed a part, was curiously picturesque. Overhanging chambers projected from it here and there in the oddest way. There were half-circular turrets dotted about its surface without apparent aim or object; buttressed windows projected from its scarred and time-eaten surface; and every chamber of the seven separate stories which composed the building being in itself lofty, the forehead of the edifice seemed almost to touch the clouds. Jacques, as we have seen already, lived in the topmost story. Camille's window was in a straight line below his, in the fourth story, counting either from the river or the roof.

Arrived at the place of imprisonment, Jacques dismissed his companions, and after a parting jeer at his prisoner, shot the heavy bolt, and mounted guard outside. Camille went at once to the window, and finding its crazy fastenings insecure, broke it open, and looked out, below and aloft. Below him, a sheer fifty feet of wall; above him, a sheer fifty feet of wall, and no way, even for a cat or an ape, to travel by. Satisfied of the hopelessness of escape by this one brief glance, he closed the window impatiently, and sat down, to chew the cud of his own fancy.

One brief hour saw everything so changed! If he could but send a message to his General, a word conveying news of his peril to his Colonel, there might be some hope for him. But now there was not even a hope that his innocence would be avenged. For he knew, no man better, the spirit of the time. He could call to mind a score of cases in which patriotism as unsullied and unselfish as his own had found its reward in death at the hands of ignorance and political fanaticism.

He was prepared to meet death like a Christian and a soldier; but to die under this undeserved shame was bitter and horrible beyond all words. Every now and again he rose up in fiery protest against the injustice of his sentence; but as often as he did so, he fell back into the rough seat provided for him, and sank in a wordless despair.

Meantime, Jacques paced the dusky corridor, chewing the sweeter cud of vengeance—gratified. He had been handsome once, and wealthy, for the place and time, and had the chance of a happy life before him, and had believed that it was but necessary to speak to secure the hand of the only woman he had ever cared for. And she, though below him in birth and wealth, had laughed at his suit; and he had long since found out why. That handsome cadet of dragoons had come between him and his love, and had stolen her affections from him; and for three long years he had waited for revenge. Now that he had it, was it altogether sweet? Strive as he would, he could not close his mind's eyes to the memory of Marie's face, as she had looked at him in the dusty sunlit country road, two hours ago. Strive as he would, he could not close the ears of memory to the cry with which she had responded to the hearing of her lover's doom. He walked, with his carbine tucked under his arm, and his right hand thrown negligently across the barrel, to and fro, to and fro, to and fro, the clank of his heavy *sabots* marking off the swift remaining seconds of his enemy's life, and he himself aware of that, and so haunted by the fancy, that he must needs stand still, fighting accusing conscience down. He walked on again, and still the fancy haunted him. At every clank of the heavy wooden shoes, his enemy a second nearer death! He tried to exult over that awful prospect; but his heart chilled within him, and he had no power to boast about his wicked victory, even to himself. Again the haunting fancy brought him to a stand-still. Drink and play had dulled his emotions, muddled his memory, and frozen his heart; but he could not forget that he had been a man of honour once, and that half-a-dozen years ago the bare mention of such a scoundrel as he now was, would have fired his soul with indignation. Spurred by accusing conscience, he tramped on again, up and down before the prisoner's door, and over and over again the heavy tramp seemed to measure off so remorselessly the brief remaining seconds of his enemy's life, that a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, and his hands grew clammy. It was still broad daylight outside; but the corridor in which Jacques kept watch and ward was dark by this time. He could hear an occasional traumping far above him; and whenever a sound of footsteps came upon the stair, he hoped for his relief from a task which grew rapidly more and more unbearable. A sound of wooden shoes on the stair in the upper story! He listened, hoping for its further descent, but fearing to hear it die away in one of the long corridors. The steps descended another flight; and still he listened, and hoped, and feared. They began upon the third; and he breathed more freely. 'Who goes there? The relief?'

'Not yet, my friend,' said a voice in answer. 'I am a good Republican; but I am not stone neither, and I have said to her again and again:

"It rests with the Citizen Lamballe, and not with me."—Speak for yourself, Citizeness.' And with this enigmatic speech, the owner of the voice retired.

'Who's there?' cried Jacques, after a pause.

'Is that Monsieur Lamballe?' asked a girl's voice. 'Oh, good Monsieur Lamballe, have pity. Permit that I see him once more. It is not much that I ask. It is only to-day that we were betrothed; and he is innocent, Monsieur Lamballe, he is innocent! And he has fought for the Republic, and is faithful to it. Have pity, and let me see him once more.'

The hoarse voice of Jacques Lamballe was hoarser than common as he threw open the door, and cried: 'A visitor for the prisoner Camille Piquet.' Turning to make way for Marie, he caught sight of her agonised face as she passed him; and then closing the door, began his walk of doom again, with every clank of the heavy wooden shoes another second stolen from the fast dwindling span of the prisoner's life. Up and down he went, his thoughts busy with terrors all the while. He could hear the voices of the prisoner and his visitor. He could hear the sound of weeping and the low murmur of Camille's voice of comfort. The voices and his own tormenting thoughts accused him so that he could bear them no longer. He struck the door of the prison chamber roughly open with the butt of his carbine, and thrusting his head through the doorway, cried, with his eyes fixed upon the ground: 'You have had time enough there. You must leave.'

'Another minute, Citizen,' said Camille quietly.

'Be it so,' responded Jacques; and leaving the door open, he set out upon his march again. Turning back at the end of the corridor, he could see the broad band of sunlight streaming across it through the open doorway, with the shadow of two embracing, kneeling figures in it; and though he clamped by as noisily as he could, the loudest clatter of his *sabots* could not cloak from his ears the sound of Camille's voice of prayer. When he turned again, he could see by the shadow on the floor that the prisoner had arisen; and as he passed the doorway with averted eyes, a cry of most eloquent despair and farewell rose alike from Marie and from Camille; and the girl, rushing blindly out, would have fallen, but that Jacques involuntarily reached forth an arm, and, for a moment, supported her. Before that momentary support was withdrawn, the girl looked up, recognised him, and fell upon her knees.

'Oh, good Monsieur Lamballe,' she cried, fawning upon him in a very agony of entreaty, 'he has been betrayed by some enemy. He is innocent! He is innocent! I call the saints to witness he is innocent! Who could have put those wicked, wicked papers to be found there?'

And all on a sudden, a vast unrecognisable tide surged up in the heart of the ruined drunkard, and he took pity on his enemy and her. 'I did!' exclaimed Jacques. 'Yes, Citizen! Yes, Marie, it was I!—Take thou this carbine, Camille Piquet, and rid the earth of a villain. Nay, I will save you yet, though I die for it. I will save you yet.—Hurry away, poor child!' he said hastily. 'Drop thy veil, and hurry. It is dangerous to weep for a condemned enemy of the Republic. Go!'

But Marie made no sign of movement; and

Camille looked at him with folded arms and compressed lips, in silence.

'I see the way,' said Jacques hoarsely and rapidly. 'When night falls, do thou and thy father fly for the Pont de Chevre in the Passe du Diable. Camille and I will follow. It is my business to post the sentry there, and I will see that he is absent.'

'Is one life not enough for you, Jacques Lamballe,' asked Camille, speaking as if a statue spoke, 'but you must needs betray my poor child and her father to the axe?'

Jacques took a step forward, out of the dusk, and into the broad sunlight, and confronted him. A few minutes ago, he could not have looked his late enemy in the eyes, but he did so now. 'I vow to you,' he said, 'that I mean well by you and yours. Believe me,' he cried, seizing Camille by the hand, 'for her sake and your own, believe me.'

The emotion of all three in this strange scene was a product of the country and the time.

'I will trust you,' said Camille. There was that in the man's face and voice which made it impossible to doubt him. The bleared eyes shone once more with genuine feeling, the loose sensual lips were firm, the bloated features quivered.

'I will save you,' said Jacques, 'if I die. If we die together, forgive me.' He knelt at Camille's feet and kissed his hands, and his face was wet with tears.

'I trust you,' said the soldier; 'and I forgive you.—Go with him, Marie, and obey his directions.'

But Marie was for a while unable to move, until by a great effort she collected herself and left the place.

'At the Pont de Chevre in the Passe du Diable!' were Camille's parting words to her.

'Trust me, Piquet!' cried Jacques, as he withdrew, 'and everything shall yet be well.'

'I have put Love as well as Life into your hands,' said Camille; and Jacques withdrew. He locked the prisoner's door, and beating upon the stairs with his carbine, summoned the relief. A man came, grumbling that he was before his time; but Jacques silenced him gruffly, and took his way up-stairs and out at the front-door, returning to the upper room in a little while with a good store of brandy, which he pushed about among his comrades with such effect that before night-fall they were shouting and singing with huge hilarity, and altogether oblivious of the prisoner. By the time when night had grown dark, the good Republicans had drunk to the health of the good Republic often enough to drown all remembrance of her, and by ten o'clock all three were fast asleep.

It was too risky an enterprise to be attempted, or Jacques was willing enough to have withdrawn the solitary sentry who paced before the prisoner's door; but he had a plan in mind which made this unnecessary. Not a hundred yards away from the front of the house was the village well, and Jacques hastening thither through the dense darkness, severed the bucket from the rope with one swift cut of the knife at his girdle, and gathering up the rope upon his arm, severed it again at the drum of the windlass, and crept cautiously back. The sky was a black blank, and not a light shone in the village street. He had

put off his wooden shoes before starting; and reaching the door, and remembering the enterprise he had in view, he slipped his feet into them again, and stole quietly up-stairs. His companions of the guard still slept; and Jacques, setting the candle on the window-ledge overlooking the sheer descent and the babbling river, measured the stolen rope across his own broad chest from finger-tip to finger-tip. He made but ten lengths of it; and counting six feet at a length, there were still forty feet to be covered before the river was reached. The stream in itself was not to be dreaded, for it ran no more than three or four feet deep; but the thought of the vast chasm between the end of the rope and the surface of the river, made him pause. Suddenly he resolved. He tied one end of the rope firmly to a stout iron bar which ran across the window-frame, and cast the coil through the window. There was a light in the prisoner's room by his own order, and he saw his line snake swiftly pass the gleaming window-panes.

'So far good,' he murmured to himself. To a man of strong muscle and resolute nerve, the descent to the criminal's window was an enterprise by no means desperate; but how to get beyond? How to utilise the rope again? How at once to make the fastening secure for the descent, and to release the rope when the descent was made? Jacques had his plan. He seized the candlestick, and set it squarely and firmly on the window-ledge beneath the knot. The flame just kissed it. 'I shall have time,' he muttered, 'if he opens the window quickly; and I will die for him or with him.' He crawled through the window, seized the rope firmly in both hands, and began his descent.

He planted his saboted feet firmly against the gray crumbling stone, and hand under hand went downwards. He dared not look below; and crash on a sudden went his foot through a window pane, with a noise and a nervous shock that had well-nigh cost him his hold. Happily for him, the chamber was untenanted, and on he went downwards and downwards, swinging loose after that experience, and grazing his face and knuckles wofully as he went. By and by, he had to use his feet again; for against one of the quaint projections of the buildings the rope hung taut—with his weight upon it—and when he had passed this point, he saw with sudden terror that he swung four feet clear from the face of the wall. And now the gleam of Camille's chamber window was in his eyes, and he strove to touch the glass with his foot to awake the prisoner's attention. But he was too far away. He thought with a swift shudder of the light above ebbing away at the one slender chance of life he held. He strove again to touch the window, and again he failed. But he noticed now, with a revulsion of hope, that the effort had given an oscillating motion to the cord. He repeated it, and exaggerated it, until his foot struck the frame of the window heavily. Next time, striving to get an additional impetus from the frame itself, he burst the window open with a crash. The prisoner ran forward and caught sight of the swinging figure in the half-darkness beyond. 'Seize me!' gasped Jacques in a hoarse whisper; and when he next swung near, Camille clutched and dragged him into the room, but only just in time; for, with a trail of fire, the upper end of

the rope fell through the darkness of the night at that moment, and dropped with a hiss into the river. But Jacques still held the saving cord in his half-numbered hands, and began rapidly to fix it to the window stanchion. 'Down!' he whispered. 'Down for your life!'

'What was that?' returned Camille in the same low tones. 'That trail of fire?'

'I placed a candle beneath the knot above,' said Jacques, 'trusting to reach you before it had burned through. The rope was too short to be of use otherwise. Go down!'

Camille seized the rope and dropped into the darkness, and Jacques followed; and in almost as little time as it takes to write it, they stood safe on the far side of the river—wet and breathless.

'You know the country?' whispered Jacques.

'I could traverse every foot if I were blind,' whispered Camille.

'This way, then,' said the other; and the two set out together. Jacques had lost his *sabots* in the stream; but the loss was a gain to him, for he went silently now, and Camille's quiet step was like a cat's for stealthiness. Without a word, they traversed the black night for two leagues, breasting the hill road which led across the near border into peaceful Switzerland. Jacques had been true to his promise, and had held back the frontier sentry for the night; but as they neared the Pont de Chevre, a voice rang out with 'Qui va là?' and neither of the fugitives answering, a shot followed.

'Run!' moaned Jacques. 'I am hit!'

'Not I,' said Camille, 'without the man that saved me.'

He caught up Jacques' burly figure, and staggered on.

'Run!' moaned Jacques again. 'If I saved you, I betrayed you. Run! you are within five hundred yards of safety. The sentry dare not fire across the bridge.' Another shot was fired. It whistled so close beside Camille's head, that his right ear tingled; but he held on to his burden still, and tore along the narrow and difficult way, as though he bore in his arms not a dying enemy, but every hope of life and love the world could give him. The bridge was passed, and the shelter of the rocks beyond it gained, when a voice cried 'Camille!' and M. Thurot, followed by his daughter, stepped into the road. At that instant, the first gleam of moonlight the night had known irradiated the scene.

'Lay me down,' panted Jacques. Camille obeyed him gently. 'I said I would save you if I died for it. I have saved you, and I die for it.—Do you know,' he questioned the old man, 'why I bade your daughter fly, and bring you with her?'

'To join Camille,' said the old man, bending over him.

'Not so,' said Jacques. 'I had denounced you both for arrest to-morrow. Tell me you forgive me!'

They knelt about him, and they spoke the words he waited for, and spoke them from the heart. And even in hearing them he breathed his last.

Many a year afterwards, when France was prosperous and content, a gray-haired General of cavalry, by name Camille Piquet, made a journey

to that place; and on the spot where Jacques had breathed his last, he set up a plain marble cross, with this inscription only—'July 24, 1793. He sinned and he amended.'

THE RECENT SHETLAND DISASTER.

BY A SHETLAND LADY.

CALM and bright broke the morning of the 20th July last, cheering the heart of many a Shetland fisherman, and bringing the promise of favourable fishing weather. Hitherto, the deep-sea fishing, or *Haaf* as it is called, had proved a failure, owing to the continued unsettled stormy season. An adverse summer had succeeded a winter of almost unprecedented severity, during which intense frost and deep snow had reigned supreme from the beginning of October till April. There is little wonder, therefore, that this fine calm morning lured many to try once more if the deep sea would yield up its harvest. Necessity drove them on. In many cases, the live-stock had been greatly reduced by the severe protracted winter; even the hardy native horses had succumbed; and if bad fishing weather continued, starvation both for man and beast would stare them in the face.

Our household happened to rise very early on that particular morning, as my husband was going south; and as no steamer called that day at our island (Unst), he had to leave by a small boat, in order to catch the steamer, due about one P.M. at Parravoe, in the neighbouring island of Yell. 'There goes Nickie Johnson again, poor fellow, to try the fishing,' remarked my husband, as we both looked out together upon the lovely scene. The bright blue ocean was certainly tempting, as it lay sparkling in the early sunshine. Nothing either in the atmosphere or in the gentle ripple on the water warned the poor fishermen that, though wind and water were resting, this was but the calm before the storm.

There was not a boat's crew in all the many islands but went forth that morning with hope once more dawning in their hearts. In cases where a fisherman happened to be ill, the crew was hastily made up by a willing substitute who offered to go in place of the ailing man, and every one felt that such a morning should not be lost; so all the able-bodied men from many a hamlet round hopefully embarked, leaving the women to indulge in more cheerful thoughts and words than had been possible for many a day. There was no foreboding of evil, to mar the pleasures of anticipation; the weather was settled-looking. Shetland had no warning of the predicted storm, having been cut off for six months from all telegraphic communication with the south.

My husband left for the south; while those at home took advantage of the favourable weather to visit a neighbouring isle with some friends. Returning homewards in the afternoon, the *voe* was as smooth as a mirror; and there was not a sound to disturb this ominous calm save the gentle plash of our oars, which served as an accompaniment to our voices, as they rose and fell in the well-known old song, *Weel may the Boatie row*. Very heartily did each one sing the

line, 'Better luck attend the boat,' for truly this was the first day that seemed to give promise of luck to the Shetland craft. *There's nae Luck about the House* was also sung with great animation; for we had all felt the parting with our especial head of the house, on this our day of pleasure. No anxiety accompanied this feeling; his temporary absence was just what is termed in Shetland 'a great miss.' But, alas! how many happy wives in our islands, who that day were singing, or feeling in their hearts the words of this song, were doomed never again to welcome home their beloved 'guidman.' For some, it was destined there should be wailing instead of welcoming—the drapery of woe in place of the festive garments.

Just as the last hour of the 20th July was passing away, the storm broke with sudden violence, and the poor fishermen, exposed to the fury of the elements, were suddenly engaged in a battle for life. Alas, for the poor women, rudely waked from sleep, to find that the howling wind was no dream, but a dread reality! When daylight broke upon the 21st, groups of women could be seen along the shores, anxiously straining their eyes for the first glimpse of the returning boats. As first, one, and then another, hove in sight and came in, the excitement was intense. As they listened to the recital of each fisherman's experiences of what had proved to be the most frightful night that had ever been encountered by the present generation of fishermen, the hearts of those whose loved ones had returned to tell their thrilling tale, swelled within them with overflowing gratitude for their preservation. All the anguish of hope deferred agitated the bosoms of those whose friends were yet battling with the waves, or—and this little word *or*, when it crossed their minds, turned the anguish into despair. Many a sad, weary mile was that day trodden over the isle by feet that seldom left the fireside. Excitement gave strength to the aged and infirm; and a spirit of restlessness impelled those whose dear ones were still amissing, to wander from point to point, where tidings were most likely to be heard.

By four o'clock, all the boats in Unst had returned but two, and whispers began to be heard of wreckage which had been recognised by some as belonging to one of the missing boats. Before nightfall, the agony of suspense was ended for some; the relatives of one boat's crew had the joy of hearing that their loved ones were safe on an adjoining island; while, beyond doubt, all the brave hearts that had manned the other boat had perished. Over one hamlet, the rays of joy and happiness mingled with the beams of the setting sun; while in the other, the hope of happiness was extinguished with the sunset, and the long sad night of grief and desolation set in.

Thus ended that sad 21st of July. But I feel that it is as impossible for me to describe what my own feelings were on that dreadful day, as it must be for any one but a dweller in these islands to understand the strange thrill of excitement, alternating between joy and sorrow, hope and despair, that seemed to pervade the very atmosphere. Yet what was the loss which our island sustained, compared with the neighbouring one of Yell? In that island, there was lamentation and woe; six boats were lost, leaving thirty-six desti-

tute families. It was terrible, indeed, to hear the account of that awful night from the survivors; and the wonder is that the loss was not greater, considering the frail nature of the Shetland open boat. The much safer decked boats these poor fishermen cannot yet afford to use. A number of the wealthier class now employ large double-decked Scotch-mainland boats; and it is worthy of note that of these, not one was lost that night.

There is not a Shetlander but feels most deeply the heartfelt sympathy and noble generosity which all classes in the south have shown towards the poor bereaved families in these islands; and while I write, a fund has been raised, which has turned out to be amply sufficient not only to secure from want those left destitute by the present disaster, but also for future emergencies. But in common with many others, I could have wished that, instead of a fund being raised for relieving the wants of those whom the sea has made widows and orphans, something could have been done to *prevent* so many widows and orphans being made. I think I may safely say that, thanks to the response which the appeal for aid has received, not one of the bereaved will suffer from want, which otherwise would have overtaken them. But what human sympathy or charity can heal the broken-hearted widow? She may receive money with gratitude, for without money her helpless children would die of starvation; but her life must henceforth be overshadowed with sadness. Could not some part of the money collected be funded, to assist the poor fishermen to get larger and safer boats? These boats, now used by the wealthier merchants, cost four hundred pounds, a sum far beyond the reach of the common Shetlander. But some system could surely be introduced by which safe boats might be provided for those willing to pay an annual sum for their use. Why should not fishing-boats be open to inspection as well as larger vessels, which have now all to bear the charmed mark 'Plimsoll'? Surely the lives of the one boat's crew are as valuable to their friends as those of the other.

I merely offer these suggestions from the point of view of a Shetland wife. While doing so, I truly sympathise with those who so lately were happy wives also; and feel most keenly at the same time how much more the preservation of my husband's life is to me, than any assistance which could have been given, had he also perished in the storm. I would close this brief narrative by expressing the hope that those kind friends in the south who have shown their sympathy, not in words only, but in deeds, may be able to suggest some plan by which safer boats may be brought within the reach of my poor countrymen.

[Since the above was written, the fishing population of Scotland—and indeed elsewhere in the British Isles—have again had to suffer from the terrible devastation of wind and waves. On Friday, the 14th of October, a terrific storm of wind broke over Scotland, falling with fearful effect on that portion of the east coast between the mouths of the Forth and the Tweed. In a few hours the work of destruction was done, many boats being overwhelmed and sunk or dashed to pieces on the rocky coast. In all, about one hundred and ninety-five lives have been lost, leaving

behind to mourn for them about one hundred widows, and nearly three hundred orphan children. The sympathy of the country has been strongly awakened for the fishermen by the sad catastrophe, and all that money is able to do to make up for the great loss which so many poor families have sustained, is being done with no unsparing or ungrudging hand.

Still, the problem for the future is, can nothing be done to render deep-sea fishing less liable to such terrible and disastrous visitations? For instance, in all the correspondence which has taken place in the daily press on the subject, we have observed no reference to what has often been urged in these pages namely, the use of oil at sea in allaying the *broken water* during a storm. We cannot help thinking that had the boats caught in the recent storm carried each of them a bag or two of oil, which could have been floated alongside, punctured so as to allow the oil gradually to escape, some of the boats that were swamped in the surf might have weathered the storm in safety; for it has been proved that waves, by the timely spreading of oil—or even the liver of the larger fish, such as cod, if such be in the boat—are kept from breaking, and the boats would thus, probably, have been enabled to ride out the storm. People are, in general, singularly averse to accepting innovations on old customs and habits; but when the innovation, as in this case, is so cheap and simple, and can in no circumstances do any harm, while it may be the means of saving many valuable lives, it is surely to be regretted that some practical steps are not taken by those connected with the fisheries to insist that every fishing-boat shall carry a supply of oil in case of emergency, and thus have the matter fairly and fully put to the test.—Ed.]

MY LAST DETECTIVE CASE.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS speech from my wife staggered me more than all I had heard before; but of course I got up and went to the parlour at once, she following me; and there, to my astonishment, I found Big Ned Hoker, one of our constables, and reputed to be the strongest man in the division. He was in plain clothes; but of course I knew him well.

'Why, how did you come here?' was my very natural inquiry.

'Mrs Nickham called for me in a cab, sergeant,' replied Hoker; 'told me you would want me to assist in a capture.'

'Yes,' said Mrs Nickham; 'that's just how it is, Dick. You have surely enough evidence now. Hellip is in the house—the watch can be seized in Stobble Street. To-morrow he may be a hundred miles away—so may the watch. Hellip may have had his suspicions of you, as you have had them of him.'

Yes; she was right. She always is; her equal for clearness and decision I never did see.

It was as well she brought Big Ned with her; for although I may say without any boasting that I was not afraid of Hellip or any one else, yet I knew I was not the man I had been, while Hellip was likely to prove a desperate and dangerous

customer. A few hurried questions told me that Hoker had come fully provided for a service of danger. He had with him not only his staff and bracelets—by which I mean handcuffs—but a revolver, and I always kept similar auxiliaries in the house; so I resolved to lose no time, but to make the capture at once. As I was saying this, a cab dashed up to my door at a great rate, and a thundering knock followed. My wife hastened to the door before the servant could come, and admitted a stranger, who, saying hurriedly, 'Mr Hellip,' dashed past her, and ran upstairs. This I saw through the partly opened door of the room in which we were; but I was a great deal more surprised to see Mrs Nickham slip after him stealthily, and nearly as quickly as he had gone up. I stared at Ned; he was not a very ready person at any time, so he could do no better than stare at me in return.

There was a momentary bustle above; but before we had time to speculate upon it, Mrs Nickham ran lightly down the stairs—I had not known her run so quickly or lightly for years—and quite rushed into the parlour. 'Nickham!' she exclaimed, in a whisper; 'it is Jacobs!—the pawnbroker. I knew him, and followed him up-stairs. I heard him say: "Hellip! I am afraid we are in an awful mess. One of my safest customers tells me he saw the wife of Nickham the detective leave our shop, just after your wife left. What could she have wanted there?"—"Nickham!" says Hellip; "why, he is my landlord! He lives here—he is in the house now."—"Then I am blessed if he is not trapping you," said Jacobs; "and you had better clear out of this."—"My wife did not stay to hear any more, but hurried down; and by a bustle which was soon heard up-stairs, it seemed probable that Hellip was about to take his friend's advice.'

Directly afterwards, I heard his door open; there was no time to be lost; so, stepping into the hall, I was just in time to see Hellip coming down, followed by a man, whom I knew at once as the pawnbroker, he being, indeed, an old acquaintance. Jacobs started and slunk back, as, by the light of the hall-gas, he saw me come out to meet them; but Hellip pushed resolutely on.

'Mr Hellip,' I said, 'I cannot allow you to leave the house. I must ask you to see the inspector with me, to give some explanations, which I hope will satisfy him.'

'Get out of my way,' he cried, 'or I'll lay you senseless on your own floor.' As he spoke, he drew his hand from his coat-pocket, and I saw that he held a life-preserver.

'Don't let us have any violence, Hellip,' said the pawnbroker, who was trembling with fear; 'there is no occasion.'

'Shut up, you fool!' exclaimed Hellip savagely. 'You are a dead man, Nickham, if you try to stop me, or to follow me an inch.' He raised his life-preserver as he spoke. I had my hand upon my pistol; but there was no occasion to draw it, for, having passed by the folding-doors from the front parlour to the back, Big Ned at this moment stepped from the latter room into the passage, and reaching Hellip in a single stride, flung his arms around him with a grip which held him as helpless as a child. I followed this up by clicking the handcuffs on him before he could recover from

his astonishment sufficiently to make a struggle, or to disengage his arms, which Hoker held pinioned as if in the grasp of a boa-constrictor.

'Oh, my eye!' I heard Jacobs groan, as he saw this done; 'it's all up! There's Big Ned Hoker has got him, and Sergeant Nickham knows—Oh, Mrs Hellip'—to my lodger's wife, who had now come anxiously forward—'Oh, Mrs Hellip, why did you not tell me you lodged in Sergeant Nickham's house!'

It was too late to ask such questions now. Mrs Hellip burst into a flood of tears.

Hellip himself did not speak a syllable, although, by the motion of his lips, I could tell how bitterly he was anathematising us. I have often seen such symptoms. His disagreeable fixed smile was completely gone, and he wore instead a more savage expression than I ever remember to have seen in all my experience, on the worst of faces. I knew his mood was dangerous, so I told Big Ned to stand by him, giving him a hint as to what was in the man's mind, while I attended to Jacobs and Mrs Hellip.

There was not much trouble with these, except for the pawnbroker, who was disposed to resist being handcuffed. I got them on, however; and by that time our girl had opened the door and told the cabman he was wanted. Luckily, the cab was a four-wheeler. Only think of Jacobs having provided it so opportunely! I would not attempt to start, however, until the officer on the beat had come up. We sent the girl off to find him and get another cab, for I had no faith in Hellip's keeping quiet; he was too quiet indeed, to please me. When he saw what my intention was, and saw the extra officer come in, he spoke; it was only one sentence that he said, and was addressed to me. I need not repeat it; it was too awful to go into print; but in all my life I had never seemed to hear the language of bitter hate and balked revenge till then.

Big Ned, with the second officer and the two men went into the first cab; I followed in the other with Mrs Hellip; and I am happy to say we lodged them all in safety at the station-house; though not without some difficulty with Hellip, who, handcuffed as he was, might have done some mischief, had Big Ned been alone.

There is not very much more to be said about Hellip. The possession of the watch would no doubt have been sufficient to convict him; but we easily got hold of the man who had recommended Jacobs as a safe buyer—he who wrote the note of which Mrs Nickham made such good use. This man—Hocking—had, it turned out, been security for the money borrowed of Daryett; so he did not stand in a very safe position, as he soon saw, and consequently was anxious to tell all he could against Hellip, to save himself. He declared that Hellip had deceived him about the bill, which he said had been duly taken up, and in proof showed it to Hocking. However this really might have been, Hocking's evidence was accepted, and then there was no chance for Hellip.

Of course the reader knows that Daryett's house was robbed, and himself murdered, to get this bill, which Hellip was totally unable to meet. Then the latter's sudden interest in my movements was of course to enable him to know if I was likely

to get on the right track. So was his rheumatism a sham, and his rides in cabs all a blind; he was watching me hour after hour, and that is how he found I was consulting the spiritualists. Being extremely superstitious, as many criminals are, he took the alarm, and determined to see for himself what power these people had. The reader knows the result, and that he would have been wiser had he left well alone. He was tried at the next assizes, and paid the penalty of his crimes with his life. I never experienced less pity for any man who had been through my hands, as, although he had lived in my house, I had never felt the slightest friendship for Hellip, and indeed never cared to talk to him.

I did not forget Charley the 'clairvoyant,' who had fairly earned a share of the reward; but although I satisfied him, I did not fare so badly. Mrs Nickham was presented with a very handsome testimonial for her conduct in the matter of Jacobs, by several influential firms who had long been trying to catch the crafty old rascal. He got seven years; I don't suppose he lived through it.

My story may be said to have ended with the apprehension of Hellip; but I was destined to hear a little more about the case, in a most uncommon manner, more than a twelvemonth after. The incident interested me so much, that I think the reader will be pleased to hear it. I had left the police altogether; for, as I have hinted, I expected to receive my pension at the end of the year. I did get it; and was presented with a silver cup by the division, together with a complimentary address on vellum, which is framed and hung up in my front parlour.

I had left the service about six months, when, one afternoon, a cab drove up to my house; and I saw a gentleman get slowly out and come to the door. He asked for me, and when shown in, began by saying: 'I believe I am speaking to Mr Nickham, the celebrated detective, who was engaged in the Upper Broughton Street case?'

'I am—or was Sergeant Nickham,' I said; 'but I have left the police now, and must refer you to the authorities for any information.'—

'Not for my particular information,' he went on, interrupting me without any ceremony, though I observed that he spoke with some difficulty, as if he had blown himself. 'I want to ask about Mr and Mrs Brake, who were at first suspected of the murder. What kind of people are they?'

I was able to give a very favourable report of the young couple, and added, that I considered Mrs Brake had been hardly used.

'So do I,' said my visitor, speaking slowly. 'Your account pleases me very much; and I shall go and live with them. My name is Daryett; I have just returned from Australia. I am heir to the miserable old creature who was killed in Upper Broughton Street.'

From what the old gentleman had so far said, I could see some good for Mr and Mrs Brake directly; but I was not prepared for what followed.

'The money is no good to me, sergeant,' he continued. 'I have enough of my own, having been of late a lucky man; but anyhow, I don't care for wealth or success now. My wife and only child died just as my luck turned; and a chill, which I caught last year, has settled on my lungs,

so that I know I cannot live long. I have no friends there that I care for; so I took a fancy that I would come over to the old country, and end my days with some one akin to me. I thought, from all I had heard of you, that you were a respectable man, and am glad to find you speak so well of these people.'

And actually this man, who proved to be what he announced himself—old Daryett's heir, from Australia—went to Mr Brake, made himself known, insisted on living with the young couple, took a larger house, so that they should not be inconvenienced, and settled down with them.

Little Mrs Brake called upon me several times to say how they were getting on; at her second visit, she was accompanied by a servant, smart and little like herself, carrying a baby. (We never had any children; but I was always amused to see how proud mothers, especially little mothers, like Mrs Brake, are of their babies; as if no other babies had ever been heard of before.) She always thanked me for my kindness in speaking well of them to Mr Daryett, and attributed a great deal more credit to me over the affair, than I ever deserved. She told me also that the poor fellow's foreboding was too true, as he was gradually sinking.

At last, she came dressed in black. The Australian was dead. He had left them nearly the whole of his own wealth, in addition to his inheritance from old Daryett; so that, after all, the young couple were a great deal better off than if the miserable old fellow had done all they expected. To my surprise, the Australian had left me nineteen guineas, a sum which did not pay legacy duty; and, in consideration of my report to him, for which I had already been sufficiently thanked, Mrs Brake presented my wife with a silver teapot, milk-jug, sugar-basin, and tongs; which could not have been bought—for I asked a friend in the trade—under five-and-forty pounds. It was very handsome of the young people, who soon after moved away, and went to live a long way off in the country. Although I never saw them again, I heard once or twice of them, but not of late years; however, I heard they were living in very good style, on their own property.

So I reckon that, taking all things into consideration, there was a satisfactory finish to My Last Detective Case.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE late disastrous gale, which wrought such havoc on both sea and land, particularly among the fleets of fishing-boats on the east coast of Great Britain, has been the means of calling forth many suggestions as to the precautions to be taken for averting these calamities. Telegraphy should be improved, a larger class of fishing-boats ought to be employed, and so forth. But what signifies these and other recommendations, if fishermen will not pay scrupulous attention to storm-warnings, but rush off to sea in defiance of indications that foretell speedily coming disaster—nay, who even neglect to carry with them a bladderful of

oil to allay the devouring surf? As regards telegraphy, those whose lives are spent ashore, and to whom a storm means inconvenience rather than risk, are loud in their demands that our electric wires should be carried underground instead of overhead. Germany, at the cost of half a million of money, has just completed this necessary reform in the telegraphic system; and Great Britain, it is thought, should not lag behind in such a useful work.

It is the opinion of electricians that the buried wires, although more costly at the outset, would prove to be an economy in the end. Our wealthy railway Companies might surely lead the way in this reform. When we consider that our boasted block system is dependent upon the perfection of the electrical apparatus, and that many lives may be lost through the break-down of wires and posts, to say nothing of the obstruction caused by their wreckage across the rails, we may justly maintain that the change ought to be adopted.

The first electrical tramway in the United Kingdom has been commenced at Portrush in Ireland, by the ceremony of turning the first sod. The tramway will be under the direct auspices of Dr W. C. Siemens, who is not only a director of the Company, but a large shareholder. The chairman, Dr Traill, calculates the cost of haulage by horses at about elevenpence per mile, by steam-power about sevenpence, but by electricity he considers that the working expenses need not reach one penny per mile. In anticipating this enormous reduction in the cost of working, he takes into consideration the circumstance that each car will carry its own locomotive power, saving thereby the cost of fuel and of stokers and drivers, and what is more important, the absence of heavy engines to wear away, by their friction, the permanent way.

Major Lauer of the Austrian Engineers has been experimenting upon a new method of blasting rocks without following the usual plan of drilling them with holes for the reception of the cartridges. The cartridge used is a cylinder charged with dynamite, which is simply placed against the rock to be shattered. Its explosion is brought about by electrical agency, and the system is said to work well and economically. The rock is split into such small fragments, that the debris is easily removable, and the expense of drilling is altogether saved.

Tidings of a new explosive also reach us from Austria. The invention of an English engineer, the new compound is intended to replace gunpowder in the use of small-arms. The initial velocity is said to be much greater than with gunpowder; it does not foul or heat the barrel of the weapon, and the smoke of the discharge is almost nil.

Some novel experiments have lately been carried out at Woolwich Arsenal, with a view to test the effect of limiting the recoil of heavy ordnance. The gun chosen for the test was one of the new

six-inch breechloaders, which, for safety's sake, was mounted inside the bursting cell built for the destruction of the *Thunderer* gun. Behind the gun were fixed hydraulic buffers, which, by suitable attachments, limited the recoil of the weapon to any desired extent. Altogether, six rounds were fired; the recoil allowed varying from six inches in the first discharge to nothing at all in the last. The gun seemed to suffer in no way from this unwonted treatment; but the velocity of the projectile showed a slight increase. These curious experiments will shatter many old theories respecting the recoil of heavy guns, and will probably lead to many important modifications in structures designed for defence.

The *Scientific American* publishes two photographs, which, if not particularly pleasant to look upon, form a good illustration of the marvellous rapidity of the gelatine process. One of these pictures represents a mule, belonging to an engineering school at New York, which it had become necessary to destroy. The opportunity of killing it was taken advantage of for the benefit of the students. The poor animal is seen standing with a dynamite cartridge fixed on its forehead, in connection with a battery and a photographic camera, so arranged, that at the instant of explosion, the photographic plate can record the occurrence. The other picture depicts the moment of execution. The mule is headless, but has not yet had time to fall.

The recent outbreak of cholera among the pilgrims at Mecca will not surprise those who have had the good fortune to read a book lately published, *Six Months at Mecca*, written by Mr T. F. Keane. The author is one of two or three Christians who have risked their lives in performing, for the sake of curiosity and adventure, this celebrated pilgrimage. The description which he gives of the filthy habits of these devotees—among whom the principle of vitality, as exhibited even in the most objectionable of insect pests, is considered sacred—is almost beyond belief. He also speaks of the nauseous flavour of the water from the renowned well Zem Zem—which tradition asserts is Hagar's well in the wilderness—of which every true believer is bound to drink copiously. A sample of this water has lately been received in England, and subjected to analysis; and was found to be a most horrible compound, rich in sewage. There need be no wonder, then, that cholera is found under such conditions; the only wonder is that Mecca is ever free from its ravages.

In a letter to the *Times*, 'A Brazilian' corroborates the remarkable results obtained by M. de Lacerda in his endeavours to find a specific for the bites of poisonous snakes, which cannot but be regarded as of immense interest to the world at large, and especially to India, where the lives of so many thousands of human beings are annually sacrificed to the bites of poisonous reptiles. The remedy consists in injecting into the wound a one per cent. solution of permanganate of potash—a preparation which is better known under the name of *Condy's Fluid*. In carrying out these experiments upon dogs, the subjects were first inoculated with the poison, and afterwards with the antidote. In only two out of thirty cases did the remedy fail to act, and in these the fatal

result was traced to the poor condition of the victims. When the remedy was applied immediately after the poison, the dogs showed no symptoms of injury beyond a very transient agitation. In other cases, where the poison was allowed to get some hold of the system before the antidote was administered, the symptoms rapidly subsided; but there was some prostration manifested for about half an hour afterwards. As a proof that the poison used was in an active condition, other animals, not treated with the antidote, quickly succumbed to its influence. The *Rio Journals* have since published an account of three cases in which human beings, bitten by poisonous snakes, were thus cured.

In an outbreak of fire, more can be done towards its extinction in the first few minutes than at any subsequent period. It is, therefore, a matter of considerable importance to have at hand the means of coping with the infant before he becomes a giant, and one or two contrivances which may be styled domestic fire-engines, have been invented to meet this want. One of these, Dick's Chemical Fire engine, has lately been the subject of some experiments on a vacant piece of ground near the Thames Embankment. A large pool of tar and petroleum was extinguished by it in sixteen seconds after ignition. A naphtha-sprinkled stack of boards and shavings was put out by two engines in twenty-six seconds, including the time occupied in preparing the machines for action. The principle of the contrivance, which is of the well-known 'Extincteur' pattern, is based on the suffocating power of carbonic acid. A vessel filled with an alkaline liquid, is charged, on the alarm of fire, with carbonic acid by the breaking of a contained bottle of vitriol. This is done by the forcible depression of a rod on the outside of the case. A tap is turned, and the liquid—a deadly foe to every kind of combustion—is projected with great force in any required direction. The experiments referred to were conducted by Mr J. Sinclair of Leadenhall Street, London.

The late appalling catastrophe at the theatre at Nice, when so many persons were burned to death, has once more called attention to the very inadequate provision which is generally made against such occurrences in places of public resort. The Berlin police authorities have lately issued some stringent rules to which the theatres in their jurisdiction must conform. From these regulations we select the most important: Each theatre must be in telegraphic communication with the nearest fire-brigade station. The separate gas systems of the stage and the body of the theatre must each be capable of control from the outside of the building. Solid fire-proof walls must encircle the stage, and the proscenium opening must have a metallic curtain only to be raised during rehearsal and performance. All doors and other openings between stage and different rooms must be fire-proof, and open outwards only.

One very necessary precaution is not mentioned. We mean periodic attention to the state of the hose and fittings provided in all large buildings in case of fire. In many such places, we are accustomed to see brightly burnished brass taps and hydrants—with rolls of hose neatly hung up beside them—upon which the most fastidious could not find a spot of dirt. But how would this dried up leathern hose behave when suddenly

uncoiled and subjected to the pressure of a head of water? In all probability, it would burst at the moment when it could do most good. More than one large fire has lately defied the efforts of its first discoverers, by the sudden bursting of the long neglected piping. Fire-drill—in which all employes should have a defined place—ought to be the rule in every large establishment, if only for the purpose of using the hose and keeping it in order.

The use of the electric light in theatres will, it is hoped, do away with the exceptional risks to which such buildings are liable. The introduction of the new light is likely to cause a great revolution in the beautiful art of scene-painting, which, in the hands of such men as Stanfield, Telbin, and others, has been brought to such perfection in this country. Hitherto, it was customary, in order to correct the yellow glare of gas, to use a preponderance of blue in the various tints; and any one who has had the opportunity of seeing such work by the light of day, is at once struck with this peculiar feature. Purple shadows are no longer purple, but are nearly bright blue. Foliage which looks natural enough by gaslight, is by daylight a confused patchwork of green and blue; indeed, 'scene-painting' has, probably from this cause, become a term of reproach which is occasionally applied to the efforts of the aspiring artist. The introduction of electricity has changed all this, and scenic artists are asking what they are to do. It is clear that their simple remedy is to paint their scenes by daylight, or by the electric beam which is to illuminate them when finished.

The establishment of a public Aquarium in most important cities has naturally given a great impetus to the study of the habits of fishes. It has long been a disputed point whether fishes are subject to the phenomenon of sleep, and rather a difficult one to determine, seeing that the creatures have eyes to which no closing lids are attached. It seems certain, however, from observations conducted in the Berlin Aquarium, that carp at least are under the power of Morpheus. In October, they commence a kind of winter sleep, placing themselves in unusual attitudes near the bottom of the tank, and refusing to rouse themselves unless food is offered to them. Even this bait does not succeed with some, who require, like certain higher animals, a good shaking before they will 'get up.' That this state cannot be ascribed to any abnormal condition of health, is proved by the readiness with which food is taken, and by the general good condition of the fishes.

Mr S. G. Colquhoun, of 1 Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, has patented a new form of Continuous Brake, which, from a model we have seen, seems worthy of the attention of railway engineers. Unlike other brakes, it is intended more especially for goods and mineral trains, which are now dependent upon the very inadequate power represented by the handbrakes on the engine and guard's van. It is evident that this feeble force can have but little control over a heavy train of trucks when proceeding down a steep incline; and it is to meet this want that the new brake is now brought forward. Each truck is furnished with an independent brake, which is always 'on,' except when the pull of the engine on the couplers—with which the brake is in contact—releases it. Thus, so long as the engine

is exerting its pulling power, the wheels of the trucks are free; but directly this pull is removed, the brakes grip the wheels, and they are soon brought to a stand-still. An electric catch on each truck—under the control of the driver—releases the wheels, when it is desired to back the train. The model, we understand, may be seen at Messrs Thomson & Co.'s, patent agents, 96 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

Another contrivance against accidents of a different class is represented by Smith's Steam Sentinel Safety-valve for boilers. The valve may be described as a combination of the ordinary safety-valve, pressure indicator, and steam-whistle, for it sounds an alarm when the normal pressure is exceeded. It can be fixed to any boiler in a couple of hours, at very slight expense; and when fixed, it cannot be tampered with. When we consider that in England alone more than one hundred boiler explosions, resulting in fearful destruction to life and property, annually occur, we must acknowledge the importance of any simple means for preventing such disasters.

The Phylloxera congress which met at Bordeaux last month, will be watched with interest not only by the people of France, but by the inhabitants of all civilised countries. The threatened extinction of a great industry, such as vine cultivation presents, is a matter of such serious importance to thousands of breadwinners and those dependent upon them, that even the most callous cannot regard it with indifference. The Phylloxera has already utterly destroyed one quarter of the vineyards of France, and it is said that an equal area will soon have to be rooted up on account of its ravages. There are, probably, many who will rejoice that so many thousands of acres may be thus made available for bread-stuffs, and crops which they would describe as being of far more importance than the grape. But, as a matter of fact, the vine will flourish on coarse, stony soils which will not produce even the ubiquitous weed. In other words, if the vines fail, the ground is quite useless for any other purpose. It is noticeable that although the Phylloxera scare has been before the eyes of the growers for about twenty years, only a few thousand acres in the whole of the country have been subjected to any remedial measures. Whether the remedies tried give promise of success, or whether any new method of coping with the plague has been found, we shall soon learn from the Bordeaux congress of practical men.

In 1866, the Society of Arts, London, initiated a scheme for placing memorial tablets on such houses in the Metropolis as had formed the homes of persons eminent in arts, manufactures, and commerce. The following year, the first tablet was erected by the Society in Holles Street, Cavendish Square, upon the house where Byron was born. Nineteen others have since been put up in various streets; six of them, in commemoration of Barry, Hogarth, Newton, Peter the Great, Sheridan, and Walpole, having made their appearance within the current year. The Society have further prevailed upon the corporation of London to co-operate in this useful work, and such tablets will also be erected within the City boundaries. There was some difficulty found in deciding upon the house which was to be honoured with the name of Samuel Johnson, for the great lexico-

grapher seems to have changed his abode no less than seventeen times. The house in Gough Square, where he chiefly compiled the Dictionary, was chosen as the most fitting place for his memorial tablet.

A new compound for artificial building-stone has been produced by MM. Grunzweig and Hartmann. They mix pulverised cork, clay, lime, water-glass solution, and hair together, force the mass into moulds, and dry it by heat. The result is a stone of extreme lightness, non-absorbent of moisture, and not subject to decomposition. Where clay is not at hand, it can be replaced by dry earth, volcanic tufa, or cement.

M. Tissandier, the balloonist, artist, and editor of *La Nature*, publishes in his periodical an interesting paper concerning Carrier-pigeons. One Society alone numbers one hundred and forty members, possessing about four thousand birds. The President of this little clique was the first to offer pigeons to the government during the siege of Paris, since which time the Minister of War has been careful to encourage such societies. Valuable prizes are offered for long flights, and until lately, the city of Paris gave an annual subvention of one thousand francs to the federation. It is stated that pigeons have been known to fly between Bordeaux and Paris in seven hours.

A good illustration of the value of Professor Hughes's Induction Balance, from a surgical point of view, is afforded by a little episode which is reported from the Paris Electrical Exhibition. Mr. Elisha Gray—an electrician whose name is well known in connection with the early days of telephonic apparatus—seemed to doubt the efficiency of the new instrument, and as a test, challenged Professor Hughes to point out by its aid the situation of a metallic splinter which had been buried in one of his fingers for the past thirty years. Professor Hughes accepted the challenge; and one after another, Mr. Gray's fingers were submitted to the scrutiny of the instrument. The contrivance gave its sign when the first finger of the right hand was brought within its influence; and Mr. Gray at once admitted that it told the truth.

The people of Boulogne have just erected a statue of Frédéric Sauvage, whom they credit with the invention of the screw-propeller. In 1832 he constructed a screw, as an improved mode of propulsion for a number of paddle-steamers which the French government were then building. That Sauvage conceived the idea, is not open to doubt; but unfortunately for his claim to the invention, many others before his time had conceived it too. Ninety years ago, James Watt suggested that one of his steam-engines should be used for driving such a propeller. In 1816, Trevethick patented a screw-propeller; and twenty years afterwards it was perfected by Pettit Smith, who was the first to suggest the place it should occupy above the keel of a vessel. In America there are other claimants to the honour of the invention; and doubtless other countries can boast of similar men. The fact seems to be that the screw-propeller is one of those contrivances which are likely to strike a mechanical mind as a naturally easy manner of compassing a certain end, its ultimate perfection growing out of the crude ideas and experiments of many workers, of whom Frédéric Sauvage was one.

A locomotive engine which will burn naphtha in lieu of coal is about to be tried on the railway

between New York and Chicago. In order that the water may be well distributed between the heating surfaces, the boiler has no fewer than two thousand one hundred and seventy-four copper tubes. The result of this experiment will be looked forward to with interest by the engineering world.

Some curious observations have lately been occupying the attention of Professor Dufour, of Morges—namely, the deformed aspect of reflected images in large sheets of still water, owing to the rotundity of the earth. The tower of Montreux as seen from Morges, pictured on the placid face of the Lake of Geneva, is so distorted as to be hardly recognisable. The appearance can, of course, only be seen on very calm days. Had it been more frequent, it would long ago have attracted attention.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A LOFTY SCOTTISH OBSERVATORY.

Meteorologists attach very considerable value to weather observations made at high levels; hence both in Europe and America steps have been taken for the establishment of scientific observatories on various elevated situations. Following up this object, an observatory was towards the beginning of last summer planted on the top of the highest mountain in Great Britain—Ben Nevis, whose summit is four thousand four hundred and six feet above the level of the sea. This mountain forms one of the wildest and ruggedest ascents in Scotland, snow lying on it for the greater part of the year, its north-eastern side being flanked by a terrific precipice fifteen hundred feet in sheer descent. Mr. C. L. Wragge, the resident observer at Fort-William, has had charge of the lofty observatory established on the summit of the mountain; and from the 1st of June to the 13th of October, a journey was made to the top every day, without a single exception, by Mr. Wragge or an assistant, and careful readings made of the several instruments placed there. But in the terrific storm that swept over Scotland on the 14th of the last-mentioned month, the canvas roof of the observatory on the top of the Ben was torn off by the wind, and the little hut wrecked. On October 27, therefore, Mr. Wragge thought it prudent to ascend the mountain and remove for the season such of the instruments as could not safely be left there throughout the winter.

The ascent and descent of the mountain for this purpose occupied nearly twelve hours. Mr. Wragge and an experienced guide left Fort-William at 5.30 in the morning; the air, though cold, being clear, dry, and exhilarating. At seventeen hundred feet above the sea-level, ground-frost and ice were encountered, and the Ben was seen to be well covered with snow. At two thousand feet they had reached the snow limit; and as the air was still calm, and clear, the views obtained of snow-covered mountains and dark precipices, with the green valleys below and the blue sea beyond, were magnificent. There is a spring of water near the summit, named Buchan's Well, after the Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society; and this was reached at 8.20, nearly three hours after starting. The well was covered in by a snow-drift to the depth of two feet; and when this was removed the

water was found to be clear and unfrozen, though with a temperature of twenty-eight degrees. Its usual temperature had ranged from thirty-six to thirty-nine degrees. Curiously enough, at this great height, the climbers found in the snow the track of a hill-fox, which had evidently been ascending the mountain, as they came on it again some two hundred feet higher. At four thousand feet they reached the Plateau of Storms, so called from the violent gales that habitually sweep across it from the north-east, and which sorely try the strength and nerve of those who make the ascent. The summit was finally gained a little before nine o'clock. The top of the Ben was found to be covered with snow to the depth of six inches, and the sides of the great precipice to the north-east were thickly coated with snow, beaten into them by the force of the north-easterly gales.

It took some hours' hard work to obtain possession of the different instruments, some of them being coated with ice several feet in thickness. Arrangements having been made for descending the mountain, three instruments were left behind—namely, the barometer, which, with its case, was surrounded with a large cairn of stones; and the maximum and minimum self-registering thermometers, which were set by Mr Wragge for the winter, though an endeavour is to be made to ascend the mountain and obtain monthly readings of these. The wet, dry, and radiation thermometers, as also the rain-gauge, were carefully packed and carried down. The travellers quitted the summit a little after two o'clock, and reached Fort-William safely at five o'clock.

'This exploit,' says the *Scotsman* (to an article in which we are indebted for the above details), 'is an appropriate finish to an important and, in some respects, unexampled piece of work.' Mr Wragge has been successful in placing at the disposal of the Meteorological Society a valuable series of observations taken on the highest elevation in these isles, and complete for four months; and if the work is to be resumed next season, it is to be hoped means will be granted to insure to the brave observer all the safety and comfort which in the circumstances are practicable.

THE WRECK REGISTER FOR 1879-80.

In the offices of the Board of Trade, a Register is kept of all the wrecks and other casualties which may happen around our coasts during the year. The Register for 1879-80 is now published, showing that there were in that period two thousand five hundred and nineteen 'wrecks,' under which term is included every kind of maritime disaster. It is curious to note that the number of wrecks for 1880 is more than double that of 1855; and this increase is only partially accounted for by the fact that during the interval the total tonnage of British shipping has doubled also; the fact being that it was to be expected that improved methods of shipbuilding, and the advance in scientific appliances, would have tended to the increased security of vessels, and consequently of human life. Taking an average of years, the increase is found to be still greater than a mere comparison of the two years 1855 and 1880 brings out. In the five years from 1855 to 1859, the average number of wrecks annually was one thousand two hundred and four; while in the

five years from 1876 to 1880, the average was three thousand four hundred and sixteen. That is, the number of disasters at sea now is treble what it was twenty years ago. The mere increase in the number of ships is not sufficient to account for this great increase; but a significant entry in the Register for 1880 may be held as throwing some light on the question. Out of the two thousand five hundred and nineteen disasters, six hundred and three, or one-fourth of the whole, were due to collisions between vessels; suggesting the suspicion that the haste and hurry attending modern commerce have infected the seafaring classes, and that there is a lack of caution on the part of officers in avoiding collisions during foggy weather, or in entering or leaving port.

In one respect, however, there is cause for congratulation, and that is in the comparatively small number of lives lost by wreckage in 1880. In the eleven hundred and forty-one wrecks of 1855, there were four hundred and six lives lost; while in the two thousand five hundred and nineteen wrecks of 1880, there were only two hundred and thirty-one lives lost. So that, if the destruction to vessels by wreck and otherwise seems to be greatly increased within these twenty years, the reverse process has happily taken place with respect to the lives of sailors and passengers. This pleasant result, so far as our coasts are concerned, is mainly due to the life-boat agencies now in operation. The importance of this means of saving life is most clearly shown when we state that while two hundred and thirty-one lives were lost by wrecks last year, no fewer than two thousand nine hundred and twenty-three lives were saved by the life-boats. We are glad to see, from the Board of Trade Chart, that almost every port on the east coast of England and Scotland is supplied with a life-boat; while on the west coast, and the corresponding shores of Ireland, a large number is also now planted down. There are still many localities where life-boats could be most advantageously placed; and to those who have aided or are aiding in the truly philanthropic objects of the National Life-boat Institution, no more satisfactory proof can be given of the great advantages which that Institution affords to the seafaring community, than the record of lives saved as above.

THE STUDY OF DENTAL SURGERY.

The study of dental surgery was for many years left in a most low and unsatisfactory condition, and we are glad to observe that increased attention is now being called to the subject. At last meeting of the International Medical Congress, a paper on *The Study of Dental Surgery*, was read by Mr John Tomes, F.R.S., L.D.S. Eng., &c., which paper has since been issued separately as a pamphlet (London: John Bale & Sons). In the first and second decades of this century, dental practitioners were, says Mr Tomes, few in number, and for the most part members of the medical profession. But the knowledge which these practitioners had of the subject was gleaned in a casual and uncertain way, no special course of study having been then thought necessary to qualify a young doctor or an apothecary's boy to extract teeth, and do the other work of the dental surgeon. After a time it came to be acknowledged among dental practitioners that the system of training—or rather want

of system—was unsatisfactory, and that something more than mere manipulative skill was necessary before the dentist could be held as fully equipped for his profession. In the pamphlet before us, Mr. Tomes goes very fully into the details of the curriculum now laid down for dental students, which curriculum should be known to all who look forward to assuming dental surgery as a profession. The consequence of this reform in the teaching of dentistry will also be of advantage to the public, as it secures that those who enter the ranks of the profession shall be duly qualified for the work they have to perform.

NOBLE INSTANCE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

In the daily experiences of life, we so often meet with what is mean and selfish, that we are apt to credit our common humanity with a greater share of bad than of good qualities. It is reassuring, therefore, to find now and again in the diversified chapter of accidents that makes up life, some example of unequalled self-abnegation, of willing self-sacrifice, that is not shaken in its resolution even in sight of death. The following is one of such. The *Cyprian*, commanded by Captain John Alexander Strachan, left Liverpool on Thursday, October 13, for the Mediterranean. Not long after setting out, she encountered a heavy gale, which gradually increased to a perfect hurricane. On the following day, after all her steering-gear had been carried away, and one boiler tube having burst, she became unmanageable, and was driven ashore on the coast of Carnarvonshire. There were on board twenty-eight persons, including one poor lad, a 'stowaway,' who had, as the term implies, managed to conceal himself among the ship's cargo before starting, ready to take whatever reception should be accorded him when discovered by the sailors—that is, if hunger and thirst did not in the meantime drive him to forestall discovery. Before the ship struck, what life-belts were on board were distributed among the crew, one being reserved for Captain Strachan; and one after another, the crew had plunged into the boiling surf, to be hurled by it to the shore, as affording the only chance of saving their lives. The captain remained to the last, and was about to follow the example of the others, when his eye fell for the first time on the poor shivering 'stow-away,' whom terror had driven forth from his hiding-place. But the captain at that moment had no word of anger or blame for the little waif. Taking up the life-belt intended for himself, he fastened it securely round the lad, bidding him leap into the sea; he himself following, but without a life-belt. The poor boy was carried safely to the shore; the noble-hearted man perished. Let us hope there still are in the world, in Addison's phrase, 'troops of heroes' that can thus 'undistinguished die.'

THE CHILDREN'S SCRAP-BOOK MISSION.

Now that the long evenings have returned, the Secretary of the above Mission is again asking for pictures, scraps, and cards of all kinds, for the decoration of the Scrap-books which are made up by this agency for the poor children of London. We are informed that more than one thousand Books have been prepared by ladies and children

in all parts of the country, and given away to children in Homes and Hospitals, as also to sick children in the districts of two City missionaries, who have rendered valuable assistance in the distribution of these Books. Ladies with spare time would find pleasant employment in aiding this philanthropic work; and we are sure the Secretary will be glad to enroll the names of any of our readers as workers in the cause, if they will communicate with him at the address of the Mission, 24 Richmond Terrace, Clapham Road, S.W.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

THE old man sits at his cottage door,
In the gleam of the dying day;
His heart is calm as the silent shore,
When the winds have passed away;
His thoughts as still as the fragrant breeze
That whispers of peace to the azure seas.

His is the beauty of earth and air,
The glow of the twilight hours;
He feels that glory everywhere
Is breathing from woodland flowers;
And his heart grows young, though his years are old,
At the wondrous sight of the sunset gold!

For Memory comes with a gentle hand,
And beareth on Fancy's wings
His thoughts to her own immortal land,
Where the Past for ever sings
Of joys that brightened the fair days fled,
Ere friendships faded with friends long dead.

And the Past, though sad, for the love that is gone,
Is sweet to the old man's mind;
Like the birds that sang in those years, have flown
The hopes he hath left behind;
Yet Memory brings from each bygone day
Some gift of peace for his lonely way!

And the children love that old man dear
As he sits in the twilight there,
Listing a music they cannot hear,
From the sea and the voiceful air;
And gather around, like gladsome flowers,
As he tells them tales of the vanished hours.

And so the Present is made more bright
By the lessons the Past hath taught;
As the East reflects the wondrous light
Of the West, by sunset brought;
And though his vision is growing dim,
God maketh his pathway bright to him.

His age is peace; yet he joys to think
That a deeper than earth can know
Shall be his, when his tranquil soul shall drink
Of a balmy twilight glow,
In that happier Home, where his thoughts at last
Shall yearn no more for the distant Past!

D. R. W.

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EARTH WORMS.

EVERY one is more or less fully aware of the importance of 'little things;' but few indeed have any adequate conception of the great results effected by the long-continued operation of seemingly insignificant agencies. It is a well-known fact that many of the once famous cities of antiquity have long since disappeared, some of these cities so vast that it is quite impossible the stones of them can have been all removed. Yet where we may have reason to believe that some few centuries ago a city stood, we find to-day a green expanse of pasture-land, with here and there perhaps a few rounded knolls or mounds relieving the flatness of the scene. Turning up the sod beneath us, we probably find a fine black loam, suggestive of a deep rich virgin soil; but digging deeper, we may strike upon the marble plinth of a ruined column, or the tesserae of some old mosaic pavement. The fact that in the course of years great cities are found thus buried many feet below the ground, must often have appeared a mystery to many. We confess to having been frequently puzzled by this strange problem, but without ever obtaining a satisfactory solution of the difficulty till recently; and the explanation was then as unexpected as it possibly could be. Yet, however incredible it may appear, we have it on the trustworthy authority of Darwin that the key to the whole mystery is supplied by the one word, worms; and in his latest work, *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits* (London: John Murray), we have abundant proof of the hitherto unrecognised importance of this humble creature.

Forty-four years ago, a paper 'On the Formation of Mould' was read before the Geological Society by Mr Charles Darwin; but so novel were the views expressed in it, that the author's conclusions were received with something like incredulity. Convinced, however, of the truth of what he had written, Mr Darwin determined to investigate the question fully, and so place

his former conclusions beyond the possibility of doubt. Meantime, the world in general had forgotten all about his paper, so that the information contained in the present volume comes upon us almost in the light of a revelation. It is a trite but truthful saying, that people generally know least about the things with which they are most familiar; and this statement receives abundant confirmation from the facts which Darwin brings before us, showing how stupendous is the work accomplished by the agency of worms, and how inadequately the importance of these little creatures in the economy of nature has hitherto been recognised.

In his earlier observations Mr Darwin discovered that small fragments of burnt marl, cinders, &c., which had been strewed over the surface of several meadows, were found after a few years at a depth of some inches below the turf, but still forming an unbroken layer. This apparent sinking of superficial bodies he found was due to the large quantity of fine earth brought up to the surface by worms, in the form of castings, which soon cover up any object left on the surface. He was thus led to the startling conclusion, that all the vegetable mould over the country has passed many times through the intestinal canal of worms; and hence the term 'animal mould' would be more appropriate than the common one of 'vegetable mould.'

After dealing with the subject and the criticisms of his early paper, Mr Darwin goes on to describe the habits and structure of the common earthworm. As every one knows, worms live in holes or burrows in the ground. The interior of these they coat with leaves, to prevent their bodies from coming into contact with the cold damp earth; and as a rule they lie motionless close to the mouth of these holes, so that by looking carefully, one can see their heads quite near the surface of the ground. In winter, however, they completely close the entrance to their holes, and go deeper down, to be beyond the reach of birds or frost, their burrows being often found to penetrate the earth to the depth of even five or six feet. It is

chiefly during the evening and the night, when the earth is moist, that they leave their holes in search of food. They are not at all particular what they feed upon; but such preference as they do exhibit is in favour of cabbage leaves and similar vegetable substances.

The experiments to which Mr Darwin subjected them in order to discover the existence and development of their senses, are particularly interesting. To sound they are absolutely insensible; and not even Orpheus himself could have charmed them with his melodies; for not only did they show the greatest indifference when subjected to the torture of a tin whistle, or the notes of a piano, but even the blast of a bassoon failed to make the slightest impression upon them. With regard to vibrations, however, they manifest extreme sensitiveness; for when the ground is beaten, they will instantly retreat; and if disturbed beneath them, they will quickly crawl out of their holes, probably under the impression that their enemy the mole is after them. This sensitiveness of the worm to vibrations, while unconscious of sounds, was proved by Mr Darwin in a simple and effective manner. Though the tones of the piano did not affect them when separate from it, yet when the pots containing their burrows were placed on the piano itself, the moment any note was struck, the worms instantly disappeared within their burrows. They were thus shown to be sensible of the vibrations, though not of the sounds.

Although destitute of eyes, earthworms are sensitive to intense light; and when the bull's-eye of a lantern is directed upon the creature, it retreats instantly. Their sense of smell, on the other hand, is very limited and weak; for it has been ascertained that not even the odour of tobacco juice or the strong perfume of millefleurs is sufficient to attract their attention; while pieces of cabbage, onions, and raw meat buried in flower-pots near them, did not remain long undiscovered. As already stated, they show a certain preference for particular kinds of food, preferring red cabbage to green, and celery and carrots before either. Of all their senses, however, that of touch, including the perception of vibrations, appears to be the most highly developed.

Regarding their digestive powers, we find they are omnivorous, and drag into their holes anything that appears at all edible, showing no particular objection even to such articles as rose-thorns or splinters of glass. The leaves which they get hold of, they smear over with an alkaline fluid, which partially digests them before they are actually introduced into the body; a fact remarkable as being the only instance recorded of any animal of digestion outside the stomach. But the earthworm does not depend altogether upon meat and leaves for its existence; it finds nourishment in the very soil. Its mouth consists simply of two lips; and as it has no teeth, the particles of sand do not interfere with its mastication, so it goes on swallowing earth, which in its passage through the intestines has all the digestible ingredients thoroughly extracted from it. The indigestible portions are then ejected in the form of little heaps called worm-casts, which every one who lives in the country or possesses a garden

must be quite familiar with. The fine earth brought up to the surface in these little heaps of worm excreta is afterwards spread out by wind and rain more or less uniformly over the ground; the actual weight of these castings thrown up during twelve months being calculated in one case to amount to as much as eighteen and one-eighth tons per acre. Multiplying this by years, we can readily understand how surface objects will soon be covered up, or appear to sink into the ground; and numerous instances are given by Mr Darwin of stones and walls and pavements which have thus been slowly undermined and sunk by worms. Thus we have at any rate one explanation of the hitherto mysterious fact, that the ruins of old cities have been found so far beneath the surface that the soil has been ploughed and reploughed for years without the least suspicion of the existence of the ancient monuments below.

Mr Darwin, in this connection, furnishes a number of striking illustrations of this burying or covering process in regard to fields which a number of years ago were thickly strewn with stones on the surface, and which stones in course of time entirely disappeared. A field near his own residence was ploughed in 1811, and afterwards allowed to remain in pasture; and so thickly covered was the surface with stones, some of them half as large as a child's head, that it was called 'the stony field.' Thirty years afterwards, a cutting was made in the field, when these stones were found to be covered by about two inches of mould, and a man might have ridden a horse from one end of the field to the other without the shoes of the steed striking a single stone. Mr Darwin traces this change entirely to the agency of worms. We would take leave to suggest, however, that perhaps frost has also something to do with this sinking of stones, small and large, into the soil. We all know that frost acts very powerfully on the soil, raising the surface and the stones upon it considerably above their normal level. When the thaw comes, the softer portions of the soil are probably the first to be affected; and as these soften, heavy objects, such as stones, will tend to sink to a lower level than before, and might thus be gradually covered by the surrounding earth. We would not venture, in the face of Mr Darwin's experiments, to withdraw from the worms their share in this transposition of things; yet we would submit that the action of frost is a factor in the change not to be lost sight of.

While, therefore, Mr Darwin regards the earthworm as a preserver of the records of old time, this comparatively humble creature is nevertheless one of the chief agents in the destruction of the land surface of the globe. The rains and the frost act powerfully upon the higher portions of the land; and the glacier and the mountain torrent carry down the materials of the disintegrated rocks; but these when brought down to the lower grounds might remain there for ages longer than they do but for the agency of worms. In the first place the particles of stone and earth which are swallowed by worms are acted on both chemically and mechanically during the process of digestion; then, again, as the old worm burrows collapse and fresh castings are brought to the surface, the whole layer of mould is subjected

to a slow circulation, during which the friction of the particles of earth on one another still further reduces their size. Thus the soil becomes finer and finer; and as the ordinary means of disintegration, namely, running water and the waves of the sea, act with less and less power on rock fragments the smaller they are, we see how great is the assistance which worms lend in the decomposition and disintegration of the soil. The area of cultivable soil is also thus extended, because castings thrown up either during a shower or shortly before rain, are washed down any inclined surface; while during dry weather strong winds blow these little pellets of excreta from one place to another.

There are many other interesting portions of the book which we have not touched upon, but we cannot omit referring to those which treat of the experiments planned and carried out by Mr Darwin with a view to determining whether or not the actions of worms were guided by anything approaching to Intelligence. His chief experiment in this direction had relation to the habit which worms have of plugging up the mouths of their burrows with leaves, bits of paper, feathers, tufts of wool and horse-hair, pebbles, &c. This is one of their strongest instincts, and a worm has been known to drag, with its sucker-like mouth, a stone weighing two ounces over a gravel-walk to the mouth of its burrow. In order to determine the extent of the apparent intelligence displayed in these plugging operations, Mr Darwin observed carefully how worms dragged leaves into their burrows; whether by their tips, or bases, or middle parts. It seemed, he says, 'more especially desirable to do this in the case of plants not natives to our country; for although the habit of dragging leaves into their burrows is undoubtedly instinctive with worms, yet instinct could not tell them how to act in the case of leaves about which their progenitors knew nothing. If, moreover, worms acted solely through instinct or an unvarying inherited impulse, they would draw all kinds of leaves into their burrows in the same manner. If they have no such definite instinct, we might suspect that chance would determine whether the tip, base, or middle was seized. If both these alternatives are excluded, intelligence alone is left; unless the worm in each case first tries many different methods, and follows that alone which proves possible or the most easy; but to act in this manner and to try different methods, makes a near approach to intelligence.'

So argued Mr Darwin with regard to the conclusions that might be drawn from the experiments he was about to make. And this is how he carried out his experiments. First, he offered the worms leaves of various shapes, both of indigenous and exotic species, and the result undoubtedly established the fact that the part of the leaf which the worm seized for the purpose of dragging the whole into its burrow was *not* a matter of chance; and that, in an overwhelming majority of cases, that part of the leaf was seized which would offer least resistance to being drawn into the burrow. After a great number of experiments with leaves of various shapes and sizes—all which experiments supported the above conclusion—Mr Darwin made a further series of experiments by cutting writing-paper into long triangles, short at the base, and offering these to the worms to plug up their

burrows. The result was the same as before; nearly three times as many were drawn in by the apex as by the base. 'We may therefore conclude,' he says, 'that the manner in which the triangles are drawn into the burrows is not a matter of chance.' He further argues that if worms are able to judge, either before or after having drawn an object close to the mouths of their burrows, how best to drag it in, they must acquire some notion of its general shape. This notion, he thinks, they may acquire by their sense of touch, which, as already mentioned, is very fine. Hence, 'if worms have the power of acquiring some notion, however rude, of the shape of an object and of their burrows, as seems to be the case, they deserve to be called intelligent; for they then act, in nearly the same manner as would a man under similar circumstances.'

We have said enough, we trust, to interest the reader in the subject, and perhaps induce him to read Mr Darwin's book for himself; and in conclusion we may just briefly sum up the chief purposes the worm fulfils in the economy of nature.

Earthworms we know are valuable as food for birds and fishes; and to worms our thanks are due for assisting to preserve many an ancient monument which has thrown light upon the history of the past. They are ploughers and tillers of the soil, for they are constantly turning it over and loosening it; thus fitting it for seedlings to take root and for roots to penetrate with ease. By their constant labours, the soil is exposed to the improving action of the air and atmospheric agencies; it is enriched by mixture with partially digested leaves and other organic matter dragged into their burrows; and the rain which falls upon the ground sinks deeper through the loosened soil than it might otherwise have done. But their chief work is to sift the finer from the coarser particles, and by their castings to produce a layer of the finest mould, thus proving themselves co-operators with the farmer and the gardener as cultivators and fertilisers of the soil.

Thus in considering all the facts which prove the importance of worms, we may conclude in Mr Darwin's own words: 'It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organised creatures.'

THE STORY OF A THUMB-MARK.

I.

'You'll be sorry for this, uncle!' The speaker was a young man—little more than a lad indeed, to judge by his smooth face, though in figure he was stalwart and well set up. He spoke passionately, as he closed the door and came out. He did not go back to his desk in the counting-house, but passed straight from his uncle's private office to the street, snatching his hat from the wall in the passage as he left.

'Another row with the governor. Mark my words,' said one of the clerks to his neighbour; 'that young fellow will come to no good.'

The 'governor' thus referred to was sole representative and proprietor of the firm of Anthony

Greig & Co., situated in one of our large seaport towns in the west of England. Nearly a hundred men and women were employed in the factory; and the firm's trade-mark, a ship in full sail, was known all the world over on their packages of flour, meal, and biscuits. Greig's biscuits were sucked by babies everywhere, from England to the antipodes, from Shanghai to San Francisco; ladies crumbled Greig's biscuits and dipped them daintily into their wine; sailors smashed Greig's hard bake with their fists; even dogs, horses, and cattle were supplied with specially prepared confections, guaranteed to possess the qualities both of food and medicine.

Young Anthony Greig occupied a desk in his uncle's office amongst the other clerks. He was advancing through all the grades of the business, till he should be judged fit to hold a share in the firm. But young Anthony was by no means so patient as his uncle desired him to be, nor so steady. Twice he had been forced to appeal to his uncle to extricate him from his debts—gambling debts. And old Anthony was not disposed to be a lenient judge of his nephew's faults.

That day, there had been a third and most serious encounter. Young Greig was involved to the extent of about ninety pounds. He had tried in vain to 'do a bill' on his own account; and he was not sufficiently demoralised as yet to take less legitimate means of solving his difficulties. His uncle, however, did not appreciate at its true value the lad's straightforwardness. Flexibility was not one of the old man's characteristics, and he had already warned the young one that he would not help him a third time. The nephew pleaded his case with the utmost importunity; but in vain. 'I gave you fair and serious warning. You have seen fit to disregard it. Do you think that I am as great a fool as you are yourself? If you don't respect my word, at least I will. Go! Go, I say!' he thundered, as the young man hesitated. So that all the clerks, from the manager down to the odd man who went messages, heard the row, as they called it, between the governor and young Mr Anthony.

As for the old man, he hardened his heart, and persuaded himself he had acted for the best. The boy would ruin himself, if allowed to persevere in such courses. Better strike once and for all. But as the day wore on, things presented themselves rather differently to his mind. There was little tenderness in his nature; but his sense of justice told him that, after all, the young fellow had acted, at any rate, in a straightforward way; he might have done infinitely worse. He wished the lad had not taken so absolutely his command to go, and half persuaded himself he had not meant it—that he only had intended to order him back to his desk. Meanwhile, he busied himself with work; and on his return from the market, remained poring over his ledger—his private ledger—until it was time to close the office.

'I shall stay an hour or two to-night, Mr Sinnott;

you can dismiss when ready. Send James for something for dinner—as usual.'

It was no extraordinary circumstance for Mr Greig to remain late at the office, as this order would indicate. He was a hard worker, like many successful men; and it is hard to say whether such are successful because they work hard, or work hard because they are successful.

At ten o'clock that night, young Anthony entered the sitting-room of his friend Beesley, living in apartments in Harrington Street. He was pale and discomposed. 'I've had a row with the governor, Dick. I can't pay up, and he wouldn't help me. I want you to give me a night's lodging; I can't go home.'

At eight o'clock the next morning, the women who came to sweep out the office, found old Anthony Greig face forward upon his open desk—dead.

II.

'Miss Grace is in the drawing-room; and says you are to go up, if you please, sir,' said the servant to a black-bearded, rather sprucely attired man, who entered the hall with the air of a frequent visitor.

'Mr Greig in?' he asked, taking off his gloves, and arranging the blue silk handkerchief in his breast-pocket.

'No, sir. Neither Mr Greig nor Mr Anthony hev come in to dinner. Miss Grace doesn't know what *can* have kept them.' The prim little domestic had a way of italicising her speech in a most arbitrary mode.

'Papa must be staying at the office again to-night, Robert; and Tony has not been home; and I'm very glad you have come.'

'So am I,' said the young gentleman thus warmly welcomed. 'And so you have been nursing the cat all afternoon, eh?'

'Well, it isn't a miracle of observation to find that out; Susie certainly does leave a part of her fur wherever she goes.'

The gentleman thus addressed plumed himself somewhat upon his detective-like powers of observation; and the young lady seems to have known this, for she went on to say: 'But I have been reading—perhaps you can also guess what?' and Miss Greig put her hands behind her, inclined her head to one side, and assumed generally a saucy and critical air, whilst her companion peered about. 'Oh, you are quite cold in your search!' she continued. 'It isn't at that side of the room at all.'

'Well, you barely give a fellow a chance, everything is so neatly put away on the shelves. However, I think I have got it. *Sibylle*—isn't that the book in question?'

'How could you guess?'

'Oh, easily enough. It does not need much cleverness to infer that you had been reading a certain book, with a binding very much warped by that intolerable habit of yours of taking a book to the fire and toasting its poor back until it withers like a martyr at the stake.'

'Books are made to be used. But is this faculty of observation really useful? It makes one feel almost uncomfortable, as if you were an officer of a private inquisition, holding judgment upon everybody around you.'

'If it's useful to any one, it ought to be to me. Permit me to inform you that I am a lawyer—Robert Slater, of the firm of Farrell, Aliman, and Farrell. My head is my only capital—in the economic sense as well as literally—ahem! Now, I think clever guessing comes by practice as much as by gift. If you waste your time over acrostics or chess problems, you will get very smart in solving them. Well, then, clever guessing may prove very useful to one in my position. I could give you dozens of cases successfully defended or supported which turned on a happy inference.—Here is Aunt Margaret.'

Miss Steel had been busy with some household matters, she being housekeeper in her brother-in-law's house. 'What can have kept Anthony till this hour!' she ejaculated; and then perceiving Mr Slater, she shook hands, and sat down.

'Shall you sit up for Mr Greig?' he inquired, as Grace, an hour or so later, shut the piano and extinguished the candles.

'I think not. He prefers that we should not do so.'

'In that case, I must say good-night. It is nearly eleven.'

To be partner in a firm of solicitors of the standing of Farrell & Co., was a great thing for a young man like Slater. He was only four-and-twenty, but looked half-a-dozen years older. Naturally smart and self-confident, his rapid career had in some ways spoiled him. He had been the clever boy of his family, and had been petted and spoiled, as is not unusual in such cases. And yet he was a lovable man.

The Slaters and the Greigs had been neighbours for years, though at present they resided at some distance apart. It was through Anthony Greig's influence that young Slater was introduced to the firm of solicitors of which he had become a member; and between Robert Slater and Grace Greig there was a kind of half-under-tood engagement.

III.

Mr Slater had business in a neighbouring town the next day. It was past mid-day when he returned; but his intention of going direct to his favourite restaurant—he was the happy possessor of a robust appetite, which renewed itself thrice a day with the regularity of clockwork—was frustrated by an item of news on a broadsheet. The evening papers had bloomed quite prematurely into existence a full hour before the sun had reached the meridian, in their anxiety to tell the story of what was called, in the manner dear to reporters:

'A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—A shocking occurrence has happened in our midst. A gentleman known and respected by multitudes of his fellow-townsmen, Mr Anthony Greig, of the firm of Greig & Co., was found this morning dead in his office. The body was discovered early this morning by the women-servants. The dead man was lying forward on the desk in the private office. In the absence of medical testimony, which will be forthcoming at the inquest, conjecture is at fault; but the majority incline to the belief that his death was not due to natural causes.

'Later.—It is now certain that not apoplexy, as some supposed, but strangulation, was the cause

of Anthony Greig's death. He has also been stabbed; but the wound is not of itself sufficient to have caused death. It was the habit of the deceased occasionally to remain late at the office, and this was the case last evening. We understand that the circumstances point to the supposition that the murder was accomplished between six and nine o'clock last night; but whether the motive of the deed was plunder or revenge, is not as yet evident. *So far, nothing has been missed from the cash drawers or the safes, the keys of which were found, apparently untouched, hanging from the lock of the open desk. The doors and windows show no signs of having been forced. The police are making diligent inquiries, and it is said have discovered a clue, the nature of which has not transpired.

The late Mr Greig led a retired life, and his name came but seldom before the public. His death will be sadly felt by a large circle of friends. His career has been one of unceasing and unassuming business energy; and though he took but a small share in the political affairs of his native town, he was amongst the most generous supporters of all local charities. Quite a gloom has been thrown over the town by this tragic occurrence, and this is intensified by certain sinister suspicions, which we refrain even from hinting or mentioning, except for the sake of hoping that they are groundless.'

Thunder-struck by the intelligence, Mr Slater hurried at once to the factory. Things were, to all appearance, going on as usual; that is to say, the machinery was in full action, and the clerks were all present in the office. The managing clerk, Mr Sinnott, an elderly man, painstaking and assiduous, kept things going for the sake of one or two large contracts in execution; but only the necessary current work was being done in the office. Many stood at their desks listless and distraught. A few continued to write the absolutely necessary correspondence, and all that was said was spoken in hushed whispers.

'What is this terrible news, Mr Sinnott?' asked Slater as he entered the office. 'I have been out of town, and have just heard it. Does Miss Greig—Have you sent word to the house? Where is young Mr Anthony?'

Sinnott looked up, and methodically laid down his pen. Then in a whisper: 'Come this way, Mr Slater. Mr Farrell has been here. I sent for you, and he came. This is shocking, is it not?' He led him aside, out of hearing of the others, and proceeded: 'This is a more awful affair than you imagine. Carson the detective has it in hand. There is no doubt of its being a murder, and the worst is, it has been done without breaking locks and without robbery. What does it point to, Mr Robert?'

'Why! that whoever did it, must have been on the premises, I suppose.'

'And took nothing! Perhaps rather it means, that whoever did it, had the means of entering the premises; and Sinnott, who was fat and comfortable-looking, shivered nervously and coughed.

'You don't mean to say'—began Slater.

'No; I don't say anything. But I'll tell you what others will say. Young Mr Anthony will

be accused of this, as sure as you and I are here. I don't believe it of him. Of course, I can't believe it; but things look very black, very black indeed. Yesterday, they quarrelled on the same old subject. I don't think the amount of Mr Anthony's debts was much; but his uncle seemed to lose temper. We heard very high words when the door opened, and he came out in the most excited manner. The last expression every one in the office heard was: "You'll be sorry for this, uncle;" and off he went. Now, there is his desk just as he left it yesterday, except for one thing. There was a white-handled pocket-knife there then. To-day, it is covered with blood, lying'—Sinnott pointed expressively with his fat forefinger to the inner room.

'Where is Anthony?'

'That's the worst of all. Mr Anthony is missing. Add that to the fact of the quarrel, the threat, the knife, and to the singular fact that nothing has been stolen or violated—and what is the conclusion?'

Mr Slater shook his head ominously, and his looks belied his words as he answered: 'Oh, well; let us hope Anthony can refute all this. It looks bad enough; but we can't say till we have heard his own account of his doings.—Here is Carson now.'

The detective was a tall, blue-eyed, light-bearded man, of about five-and-thirty. He drew himself up with the air of stretching himself, as he held the door and closed it, and then strode leisurely into the office.

'Well, Mr Carson, this is a bad business.'

'It is indeed, sir—as bad a business as I've seen. I suppose your people will take up the case for the young man. I've found him; he'll be at the coroner's court in the morning.'

The three then repaired to the room of the deceased, Carson removing his hat and placing it on a chair. There was a desk in the middle of the room, of the kind called cylinder desks. A few pictures were on the walls; a safe stood behind the desk, its massive iron painted in imitation of walnut; and beside the safe there was a door, seldom used, communicating with the factory.

The most careful search had failed to reveal anything except the white-handled knife, now in safe custody at the police office.

'What do you make of it, Carson?'

'Nothing, sir. There's not a trace to lay hold of, except, maybe, it does look a little queer that the knife should have been forgotten. Seems to me, if I'd ha' done it, I might praps have forgot a handkerchief or a jemmy; but the knife itself would be the last thing to be forgotten. Curious thing, too, is those keys sticking in the desk there. If they have been used to open the safe and take anything'—

'Everything is in order,' put in Sinnott.

'Well, I say if the keys have been used, it must have been by a cool hand, to go and stick the right one in the desk again, as if nothing had happened. It looks precious like suicide, to me.'

'Well, there's nothing more to be done here, I suppose,' said Mr Slater. 'Leave everything as it is, Mr Sinnott. Those things can go back to the restaurant. Poor man, he little thought that this would be his last meal.— Well, let us go.'

'The inquest is to-morrow morning at ten, sir,' said Carson.

'Very well; I shall be there.' So saying, Mr Slater disappeared.

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

WHAT is to be done with the Chinese in the Western States of America? is a question which has for some time been puzzling American statesmen. In San Francisco, the Celestials are thirty thousand strong; and nearly every third person you meet in the streets is a Chinaman, trotting along in his black felt hat, blue linen blouse, awkward-looking shoes, loose white stockings, and inevitable pigtail. Very strong the cry of interested parties: 'John Chinaman must go. He is over-running the country; he is ruining the market; he is quarrelsome, ill-tempered, and dishonest; he is a confirmed gambler, and a slave to opium-smoking; he earns money in America, and takes or sends it back to his own country to spend; his clothes he imports from China, also the rice which is his staple article of diet, and even the opium he smokes. Instead of spending his money in an open, free-handed way, encouraging trade, he lives so frugally, and saves so carefully, that when he returns to his native country—which is the ambition of every Celestial to do—he leaves America so much the poorer for his having been there.' So his enemies say. But this argument does not hold good. They seem to forget that he leaves the country so much the richer for all his patient, careful labour.

But all partisanship is apt to be one-sided, and John's enemies too frequently will refuse to utter a word in his praise. He is altogether a great nuisance to them; he is not wanted, and he must go. Even Sambo—in happy forgetfulness that until very recently *he*, as a freeman, was barely tolerated—even Sambo echoes the pitiless cry: 'Chinaman must go.' But ask the opinion of any disinterested party, and you will hear a very different story. Or ask the thrifty housewife, who will tell you that she can buy her pumpkins, her tomatoes, &c., at the door from John for half the price she has to give to a white man. Or ask those who have employed him as a domestic servant, and they will tell you he is cleanly, industrious, and faithful. He is, in fact, frugal and hard-working, and in the main a quiet and peaceable citizen; and when he does quarrel, it is generally with one of his own fellows.

We confess to a feeling of great sympathy with poor John, who, especially in San Francisco, is often treated both harshly and unjustly. Perhaps, in that not too orderly city, his presence is the most felt; and it is no uncommon thing for him to be wantonly attacked in the street, and mobbed and stoned by the young roughs, men and boys, who abound there, and are known in slang phrase as 'Hoodleums.' There is something pleasant and childlike about his ready, good-humoured laugh, and queer-sounding 'pidgen' English; something quaint and picturesque about his costume, his slim undersized figure, his shaven head, glittering oblique eyes, slender brown hands—adorned in some instances with nails of portentous length—and his unfailing pigtail, whose coarse black hair is cunningly eked out with plaited braid or thread until it appears to reach below his knees.

But then we are not an inhabitant of San Francisco; the father of a family, for instance, who has sons to place in the way of earning their living, and finding great difficulty in doing so, because John is there first. Possibly under these circumstances we might find our sympathy largely tempered by jealousy under the promptings of self-interest. 'They fill up all the places,' an intelligent San Franciscan complained to us; 'until a man like me, with lads to provide for, hardly knows where to turn. A Chinaman will earn seventy-five cents a day, and save out of it, and a white man cannot do it. But then they live upon rice, and their dress costs them next to nothing.'

That John earns seventy-five cents per diem and saves out of it, is true; but is he to blame for this? His tastes are economical, and his living of the simplest. He does not smoke ten-cent cigars, nor drive a 'buggy' in the park on Sundays, as seems to be the approved fashions in San Francisco for young men of all degrees. Besides this, he is not above putting his hand to many kinds of work which the free and independent republican seems to consider derogatory to his dignity, and an infraction of his somewhat obtrusive creed, that he is as good as any man he meets—and rather better. John is the almost universal laundress out West; he is also a barber, a baker, a shopkeeper, a domestic servant, a road-maker, a worker on the railway-line—in short, anything and everything to which he can turn his hand, with apparently not a particle of fear that his dignity will suffer thereby.

John is gregarious, and he and his fellows mostly congregate in their own special quarter of the city, popularly known as Chinatown; and a most interesting tour of inspection can be made there by the visitor, provided he go under the escort of some officer of the law, without whom it would not be safe to venture into some parts of the town. The one who accompanied us—a party of six, who set off one evening about eight o'clock—was armed with a double-barrelled pistol, a six-chambered revolver, and a pocketful of cartridges. But then, as he explained, it was more as a precautionary measure against any white roughs, than from any fear of the more harmless Chinamen.

Chinatown occupies a hilly part of the city, where two or three respectably large, and tolerably well-paved streets slope steeply down, and are crossed and intersected by narrow alleys and court-yards, where dwellings are crowded together, dingy, close, and almost unimaginably dirty. On the right, as you ascend one of these steep streets, stands the *Globe Hotel*, a large and imposing structure, originally intended to serve the purposes of an ordinary hotel, but which has now fallen entirely into the hands of the Chinese, who, crowded together, setting all sanitary laws at defiance, have turned the place into a veritable rookery. It is easy to see, as you walk along the streets of Chinatown, that you are not in an ordinary neighbourhood. It is the exception to meet with a white face. The stores have a curious foreign appearance; and the names over the windows are not such as one usually sees in an English-speaking town—Chin Lee, Sam Lung, Ho Sing, Wang Lo, and so forth.

The better streets boast some really good shops.

At the highest end of one, you can see a corner store, filled with all sorts of tempting native wares—fans, toys, cunningly carved work, and any amount of china nicknacks, teapots, vases, &c. A little below is a silversmith's shop, where silver ornaments, beautifully hand-worked, can be bought for a mere trifle. Next door to this you come upon a goldsmith's store, where several men are busy at work, cutting, carving, inlaying gold-thread; and all with such patient microscopic care, that you almost wonder that the slender brown fingers do not give way, or still more, that the eyesight does not fail. Upon being asked to show some of the finished wares, the master of the store carefully extracted from behind his counter an old cigar-box, from which he drew several articles with jealous care—rings, earrings, brooches, and ornaments for the hair. Upon a small gold ring being selected, he took it, weighed it, charged the ordinary rate at which gold is sold, and added a dollar for the workmanship; which, seeing that the ring was hand-made, and engraved with flowers and dominoes, seemed anything but an extortionate price.

Below this store you enter a barber's shop, where you see one man having his head shaved; another his pigtail replaited; while on the left, one of the operators appears to be shaving the inner part of the eyelids of his customer. It is not a pleasant process to watch, for it makes one shudder at the bare idea of the slightest slip of the razor. But both are apparently quite oblivious of our entrance. The hand of the operator does not shake a hair's-breadth: whilst his patient sits unmoved, nor trembles for his eyesight, confident in the other's skill.

Greengrocery stores, stores for wool and fuel, bakers' and confectioners' stores, cigar and opium stores, abound. On the opposite side, is a large and flourishing restaurant, which we entered, and which was conducted—according to the name over the window—by a certain Mr Bun Sun Low. The ground-floor appeared to be devoted to cooking and confectionery, and everything was temptingly fresh and clean. In the background, two Chinamen were employed over a heap of dark-looking bulbs, which they were peeling and slicing. It is a root indigenous to China, and largely used in their cookery. They hospitably invited us to taste it; and the taste was by no means unpleasant. The inner part was white, and in flavour something between a cocoa and a Brazil nut. Up-stairs, we found a large room like the one below, spotlessly clean, painted red, and furnished with carved ebony chairs and tables; exactly in the style so much in vogue in England at the present time. The window opened upon a broad balcony overlooking the street, and lighted by fantastic Chinese lanterns. Mr Bun Sun Low was not long in spreading the table for tea—a clean white cloth, delicate cups and saucers, with large teaspoons of finest china; and two dishes of preserved fruit as accessories. He laughed good-humouredly at the ladies of our party, who insisted upon drinking milk with their tea; and politely instructed our barbarian ignorance in the proper method of making and pouring out his fragrant infusion.

In the street outside, all was still noisy and busy when we once more sallied forth. The people were still going about their various busi-

nesses, men, women, and children; not many women, however, for it is considered a disgrace for a Chinese woman to come over to America, and those you meet are mostly belonging to the poorer and more degraded class. We were told that John finds considerable difficulty in persuading any white woman to marry him, and that hitherto only a few Irishwomen have been prevailed upon to try the experiment. We are almost inclined to wonder at their reluctance; for, we hear, he makes a kind and careful husband, and abstains from intoxicating drinks.

As you pass them in the street, it is not easy to tell the men from the women; for the men are almost without exception beardless, and dress exactly the same; though the women, having, according to Chinese belief, no souls, and therefore not requiring anything by which to pull them up into paradise, do not sport pig-tails, but wear their smooth satiny hair in broad shining braids. They also wear earrings, which, we were informed, a man may not do until he attains to the dignity of grandfatherhood.

To the theatre next, which is open nearly every night, and where plays are acted that drag their slow length through a whole fortnight; a trial of patience, one would suppose, both for actors and audience. On this particular evening, however, there was a 'church benefit,' and the house was crowded to the very doors, so that our party could not even obtain standing-room, and had to be content with a momentary glimpse of one or two fantastic figures in gorgeous dress, promenading and gesticulating upon the tiny stage.

The joss-houses, or Chinese places of worship, are by no means remarkable for their beauty, being generally dark and gloomy, with not the slightest pretension to any artistic design in their construction. Indeed, the joss-image is frequently placed in a dreary room on the first floor of some unpretending house. Sometimes there is more than one—a large bronze joss for the men to worship, and a smaller one for the women. There are always a large bronze bell and a drum, which perform some part in the worship; while a sort of pastile, in the shape of little bundles of wood, is placed in front of the joss, set on fire, and left to smoulder, by way of incense.

In some of the side streets and courts which we explored, the scenes met with almost beggar description. The squalor, the poverty, the filthiness, and the misery of the poor creatures crowded together, were dreadful in the extreme.

But it was in the thieves' quarter where misery, over-crowding, and lack of fresh air found their deepest depth. There you descended a flight of steps, and entered a tiny room, more like a cupboard than anything else, where an elderly man sat at work mending his lamp. Beyond that was another cupboard, untenanted at the time; and when you had gone through that, you came upon a third, where a man sat cross-legged, eating rice out of a basin by means of chop-sticks. The atmosphere of this last room is better imagined than described, for window or ventilation it had none. These men were thieves, who rest during the day, and when night comes, sally out on their predatory excursions.

The regulation supposed to be in force is that each person shall have five hundred cubic feet of air; but that is only in theory; and in many

houses in Chinatown you may see the people packed in bunks two feet six inches high, one above another, three stories in a low room, and all smoking opium. The inspector informed us that a white man is fined if discovered indulging in the practice; but with John, the offence is condoned. It is curious to watch them prepare the precious morsel, placing it carefully at the end of a long pin, warming and twisting it over the flame of the lamp until it is of the proper consistency, and then packing it into the bowl of the pipe with the precision of long practice, to be slowly consumed in a few clouds of thick blue smoke. With some, it will require several of these pipefuls to reduce them to the state of dead sleep in which we saw some men lying.

No doubt, John is a sad slave to this vice of opium-smoking; and besides this, he has another fault, which cannot be passed over without mention. He is a confirmed gambler, and the taste seems to be born with him. It often bears sad fruits for him; as, for example, when he will squander away at some game of chance—usually dominoes—the hoarded earnings of years. One of our friends, crossing from San Francisco to Shanghai, told us of a young Chinaman who had been out for some years, and who, having earned five hundred dollars (one hundred pounds), was returning to his native land to buy a wife—according to Celestial custom—and live on his fortune for the rest of his life. But before the boat reached her destination, the poor foolish fellow had gambled away the entire sum; and in despair, threw himself overboard, and was drowned.

It was midnight when we turned away from Chinatown; and it was a relief to get out into the open street, and leave behind us the unlovely sights and unsavoury odours, the squalor, the dirt, the poverty, and the wretchedness of that most miserable quarter. Beyond, the streets were silent and almost deserted; the cloudless sky was spangled with glittering stars, shining over the sleeping city, the quiet bay, and the distant 'Golden Gate.'

The inspector, walking by our side, expatiated largely upon the wrongs inflicted on the white man by the presence of the Chinese, and re-echoed the cry: 'John must go.' But to say of a people thirty thousand strong that they must go, is one thing, and to make them do it, is another; and the difficult question still remains for the future to solve—What is to be done with John?

SKETCHES OF SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER.

A COUNTRY MINISTER.

A MAN might not necessarily be held up to public ridicule as altogether ignorant of the science of geography, even if he should be compelled to admit, in the course of an examination, that he had never heard of the village of Heatherton. Ifeatherton is not a large village; it is not even a middle-sized village; and in spite of the railway which has been constructed within these last few years so as to pass at a very short distance from it, it is drifting slowly to decay. It is still, nevertheless, a place of some importance—to its inhabitants. Indeed, it would not surprise the

present writer to learn that by some of these simple souls their slowly decaying, inconsiderable, out-of-the-way country village is held to be the very centre of the universe. To some of them, at any rate, its good name and fame are very precious, and there are little episodes in its history to which they never refer; or if they do refer to them by any chance, it is with a degree of hesitation and an amount of unwillingness very obvious to an inquirer armed with some previous knowledge otherwise obtained. At the present time, for instance, when the ecclesiastical chronology of the place is in any way brought into conversation, it does not seem singular to the younger generation to hear it stated confidently that the Rev. John French was succeeded in the ministry by the Rev. John Robertson, and so on, without a break, down to the present much respected pastor. Fifty years ago it was different, and it required some explanation—very difficult to be obtained, however—as to how the spiritual wants of the congregation were ministered to during the three years that intervened between the sudden passing away of worthy Mr French (which event we noted in our sketch of Puir Miss French) and the settlement in Heatherton of Mr Robertson.

Shortly after the sudden and unexpected death of Mr French, the choice of the congregation fell with singular unanimity, and even cordiality, on a young man of great promise and remarkably good looks, the Rev. Henry Youatt. He seemed, and probably was, about twenty-five years of age when he came to Heatherton; but although he had only obtained his probationer's licence a few months before, he came recommended by so many pious and influential ministers by whom he had been known, that we might well flatter ourselves our choice had not been misdirected. For some time after his ordination and induction into the pastorate, it seemed as if his stay among us was likely to be of the shortest; and indeed, we could hardly hope that a young man endowed with the gifts and graces possessed by Mr Youatt could for long escape the prying eyes of congregations with much more of worldly temptation and advantage at their disposal than we could ever pretend to offer. But it was from the mere fact that for some months after being 'placed' he made no effort to settle among us, coming from somewhere every Saturday, and going away as vaguely on Monday morning, that we argued thus early a short term for his ministry amongst us.

This was—and we all felt it to be so—an eminently unsatisfactory state of affairs. James, more frequently called Jeames, Monk, the dooce and much respected, as well as wise and witty ruling elder, had been heard to declare that this would never do. This had been repeated with every degree of emphasis by the whole congregation, down to auld Kirsty Baird, who in spite, or probably in consequence of her deafness, took her seat every Sunday on the pulpit stairs, where she made audible comments from the voluminous folds of her scarlet cloak on such portion of the sermon as seemed to reach her brain.

It was determined, therefore, to appeal to Mr Youatt for some information as to when he intended to take up his residence in the manse, which had cost a considerable sum to the parish, and was gaining nothing by standing unoccupied. To the deputation of elders who waited on

him, Mr Youatt was all frankness; but while professing his willingness, nay, anxiety to live in our midst, declared himself entirely unprepared to take up his abode, single man as he was, and with no immediate intention of getting married, in such a huge caravanserai as the Auld Loan Manse. It was, he said, equally preposterous to expect him to wander from door to door up and down Heatherton in search of a lodging; he, a minister, and not yet personally acquainted with many of his flock, might in such a quest fall into quaint or even mortifying mistakes. But if the deputation would be good enough to take the trouble to find him fitting lodgings, he declared himself willing to be bound by their choice; and when opportunity offered, the manse and glebe might be managed by the same deputation, so as to bring in whatever might be possible, for the benefit alike of minister and flock. Jeames Monk, by position and nature head and spokesman of the deputation, was a man possessed of a fine vein of humour; and such an opportunity as this for taking sly hits at our young, good-looking, and unmarried minister was not likely to be thrown away. The minister, on his part, took Jeames's banter in excellent form, tossing back what he could with a shy, bashful grace and good-nature, extremely captivating to the kindly, unsophisticated, rustic heart. In the end, the deputation did their share of what they undertook to do with exemplary care and diligence; as a consequence of which, Mr Youatt was in a few weeks installed, almost as comfortably as he could possibly have been in the manse, under the roof of the sadly afflicted, but still brave and even cheerful Widow Garroway.

Widow, or, as she was more commonly called, Lady, Garroway was an active little woman of not less than fifty-five years, and it might be a trifle over. Her title of 'Lady' was due to the fact that the house in which she lived, with one or two other houses, were her own property—just as we call a male owner of property a lord or 'laird.' To her husband, who had now been four or five years dead, she had brought four children, of whom only the eldest and the youngest were still alive. Of this eldest son, little had been heard and nothing at all seen in Heatherton for a great many years, he having entered at a very early age into some commercial relations with the 'golden South Americas,' which detained him in that quarter of the globe, until completely shattered health had sent him back, but not to Heatherton. The south of England—almost as distant from us as his former dwelling-place—his doctors pointed out to him as the most likely place in which to recruit his wasted frame; and in the south of England he accordingly took up his abode. After seeing him fairly established in his new home, his mother returned to her own cares and duties, leaving behind her as nurse and companion to her ailing brother, her youngest child, Maggie, a girl at that time of seventeen summers.

Lady Garroway was much too clear-sighted a woman to deceive herself with the belief that any place or clime could lengthen to any great extent the years of her first-born and only surviving son; but what she suffered from this knowledge, she suffered in secret, and still faced the world with such silent heroism of endurance as made

her very generally and tenderly respected. Had we not all sympathised, each as his nature permitted, with the happy mother, when her two younger sons were in one day ordained to preach the Word, and were sent forth from our own village kirk to carry the glad tidings to heathens yearning for the light? Either, or both, might have had comfortable manse and Christian flocks at home; but they had made up their minds, and as missionaries they went forth—to perish. In a short time—so short that it almost seemed as if famine had been in the land of his sojourn—word came that David, his mother's favourite, had fallen a victim to the barbarity of the natives. The mother's eyes had not ceased shedding floods of secret tears for this first 'vacant chair,' when news was brought that Robert had gone down with the wreck of the ship that was carrying him to Madagascar. Old Mr Garroway, framed of less stubborn material than his much more fragile-looking helpmeet, sickened under this double blow, and died in less than twelve months after the last of his two younger sons. Could we help pitying a woman who had had such a load of troubles to bear? or admiring one who bore them so bravely, so silently, and with such pious resignation? Here, now, was the last of her three sons sunning himself for a few brief days in a southern watering-place, before laying himself down to rest for ever; and yet the mother bore herself as only a brave woman could, doing her duty with the old regularity, the old unselfishness, and the same high sense as before of being 'ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye.' It was said—with what truth it were hard to tell—that she felt very keenly the absence of her pretty, blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter Maggie—Maggie, who was to her as the light of her life and as the apple of her eye; but this trouble she also bore uncomplainingly.

It was in profound compassion for her loneliness, and with no thought of worldly gain, that Jeames Monk proposed to his colleagues that advances should be made to Lady Garroway with a view to her accepting as a lodger, with a motherly eye to his temporal well-being, our young and pleasant, but somewhat bashful minister, the Rev. Henry Youatt. To the surprise of many, if not of all, she fell in with the proposals of doudce Jeames Monk with an alacrity that the most sanguine of the committee had not ventured to anticipate.

When the necessary terms and dates were fixed, she set about the arrangements for her new lodger's reception with all her former vigour and practical knowledge of household economy. Her crowning triumph in this direction was achieved in the selection and fitting-up of what was to be the young minister's study. This she converted, out of a large and somewhat awkward closet, into a really pretty if small room; but above all, looking out into a garden which for its size would bear favourable comparison with Laird Lindsay's, and was the wonder of the village and many miles around. When completed, the curious were for a few days permitted to look at this semi-sacred chamber; and many a rustic gazed with awe into what was to be the manufactory of the sermons under which he was for some time destined to sit. Into this study, Lady Garroway conveyed out of the parlour bookcases all of their contents

that could by possibility be construed as bearing on the sacred calling of her lodger. Others she brought, not because they were religious, but because they were beyond her own comprehension, being in learned languages, and the property of her dead sons.

When Mr Youatt actually settled down in our midst, we were quickly satisfied of what was only suspected before, that this minister belonged to a class from which very few of the Scotch ministers of our humble acquaintance were recruited—the class of gentlemen. Mr Youatt was not merely one of ourselves, with a more or less thickly-laid-on lacker of learning, but was one who bore about with him all the graces and advantages of good birth and high breeding. Some weeks after his settlement in the house of Lady Garroway, two stately ladies visited him, with intent, as it would seem, to pass sentence of approval or condemnation on lodging and landlady. These two ladies—one old, the other young, both with bearing and manners to frighten and subdue the average Heather-tonian—could find no word of approval too intense for quiet little Lady Garroway and her belongings. She showed them over her house with the fine courtesy of the little lady she was, and with the innocent pride of the managing woman and careful housewife she was equally well known to be. Genuine exclamations of pure pleasure and surprise broke from them, as the village widow displayed her shelves of snow-white napery 'with sprigs of summer laid between the folds;' and there was no falling-off in their admiration till her duties as show-woman ended at the bottom of her trimly kept and unique garden.

The two ladies went away, therefore, content as it would seem, to leave the gentle young minister in such good hands. Not long after, it began to be whispered about that the elder was the mother, the younger the affianced bride of Mr Youatt. Whether this was or was not the case, no one seemed to know for certain; but it was not a matter to concern any among us very nearly, so no one could make excuse to ask the question either of Lady Garroway or her lodger. These rumours very soon ceased to float about as rumours; but doubtless they settled down as more or less well-founded scraps of information in the popular mind. Other doings took their turn as themes of village gossip; and before many months, Mr Youatt's name was in the general mouth, rivalling in a measure no less a person than Laird Lindsay himself.

Laird Lindsay was not of the real old stock of the village lairds and lords of the manor, having amassed his fortune in the sufficiently unheroic business of school-keeping and the authorship of school-books. Although he had obtained his property by comparatively recent purchase, he was a man of an overbearing disposition, and with sufficient power to make us feel his tyranny acutely. In a dispute which had arisen between us and the Laird as to certain rights of common which seemed secured to us by immemorial custom, the Laird had beaten us outright and punished us heavily. This was before the coming of Mr Youatt. Now, however, he laid claim to the village school; dismissed the schoolmaster with scant ceremony; placed a nominee of his own in the situation; and made changes in the

system of education as hitherto carried on, absolutely startling to the village mind from their suddenness, extent, and, as many were disposed to think, absurdity.

At an open-air 'mote' held at this time to consider what steps should be taken in this new emergency, the shadow of our defeat lay heavily upon us. Those who had been our bravest in that fierce struggle were evidently cowed before a blow had been struck in this; and there cannot be a doubt that the school would have been surrendered to the tender mercies of Laird Lindsay without further parley, but for the gallant part assumed at the critical moment, without noise or bravado, by our young minister. In his hands we felt our rights and privileges safe. That our confidence was not misplaced was abundantly proved by the fact, that in less than six months Laird Lindsay was totally routed, his nominee sent adrift, and our own worthy old friend, Dominie Purvis, reinstalled in his former position. To render the service more valuable still, Mr Youatt took all this upon himself, without causing us one penny of expense; and when the school-room was once more handed over to us, a small debt that had accumulated on it some years before, was also found to have been silently discharged by the generous young minister. If anything was likely to add to a popularity earned by such a public service as this, Mr Youatt was found to be capable of that also. After the affair of the school, it was pretty confidently predicted that the minister would now be as ready to interfere, and probably as hard to bear, as the Laird himself; that from a respectable elementary school, such as was at the time common enough in Scotland, it was likely to degenerate, under the influence of this clever minister, into something between an old-fashioned dame's, and a new-fashioned Sunday school. Nothing of the kind ever happened. Mr Youatt scorned to take advantage of the service he had rendered to the whole community, to exalt either his cloth or his creed at the expense of those who were neither ministers nor seceders. His duties as one of the trustees (*ex officio*) were fulfilled with a strict regard to the letter of the founder's instructions, and rather with a modest deference than otherwise to the opinions of his co-trustees.

His appearance on the 'green' was a phenomenon new to Heatherton; and the less new it became, it grew to be the more welcome. Himself a practised and skilful athlete, his presence at and interest in our village evening sports gave them a value and importance in our eyes they certainly did not formerly possess. It was probably in his speedy total suppression of the almost ceaseless quarrelling and fighting among the young gymnasts, that his value in this quarter was most thoroughly felt, and highly appreciated by the rest of the community. If, as was pretty broadly hinted, this was not effected without an exhibition of carnal skill on his own part that very effectually astonished the most flagrant transgressors, his services in that respect lost none of their value in our eyes.

It was on the 'green,' and while we were secretly deliberating as to the form a testimonial should assume which we felt constrained to present to him, that the crown and seal were set on his great public services. While the burn was in

'spate,' and roaring to the top of its highest bank, a child fell into the turbid flood, and was being rapidly carried downwards. Mr Youatt did not stop to consider what the consequences might be to himself, heated as he was with violent athletic exercise; he did not even stop—as was very pertinently remarked afterwards—to consider that it was the child of the one man in all Heatherton who scoffed at ministers and their work, whose life was in imminent peril; he boldly plunged in, and gallantly succeeded in rescuing the child. We were bound to admire his spirit and pluck; and in little more than one short year after he came amongst us, he received at our hands a public banquet to commemorate that among other things, and to solemnly indorse, as it were, his wide and well-deserved popularity. Whether anything resulted from his sudden immersion, is not very well assured; but about this time, it was observed that Mr Youatt began to have a look of unhappiness quite foreign to him. It was also observed that the hardened weaver whose child he had rescued became a great favourite with Mr Youatt, without, however, making any appreciable change for the better in his attendance at kirk or chapel.

When the minister was at his busiest in the controversy with Laird Lindsay, news reached Lady Garroway, his landlady—or mother, as he had got quite naturally long ago to call her—that her last surviving son was not likely to be any more gladdened by a sight of her, unless she came to him now, and with no loss of time. This news, or something like it—perhaps not quite so urgent—had been for some time expected by the brave little woman; but not the less was she quite prepared to leave her lodger to his own resources, with no attendance save the little maid, for the indefinite time it might all to her to be absent. But he—not for a moment would he listen to excuse or talk of further, or indeed of any hired help; she should go, and go at once; take the little maid with her, for her own personal convenience, and leave him to what he called his own 'devious courses.' And so it was ultimately arranged. But as luck would have it, for the greatest part of the week of Lady Garroway's return from the funeral of her son—whose bedside she just reached in time to close his eyes—Mr Youatt was to be in attendance in Edinburgh, waiting for the decision, and helping with local information, in the great case of Lindsay *versus* The Trustees of Heatherton School. So it came that his landlady was not missed by him while she was away.

On returning from Edinburgh, the duty—never omitted by him—of noticing with a few words of kindly greeting the little maid who opened the door for him, was gone through with something of more solemnity than usual, on account of the mourning which she now wore. From her he passed into the parlour, to offer what he could of sympathetic condolence to his sorely stricken friend. But it was not Lady Garroway who was here to receive him. It was Maggie. He felt it like the flash of an inspiration. Her name was familiar to him, from her mother's oft-repeated, half-involuntary allusions to her 'one ewe lamb;' but his wildest dreams never brought before his mind's eye such a Maggie as this. This was a lady—he needed but one glance to satisfy himself of that—a lady, too,

of such grace of form and beauty of feature as it had scarcely ever fallen to his lot to see united in one person. He was at first taken by surprise; but was soon reassured by the composure of the lady as she introduced herself, which she did, by saying simply: 'I am Maggie.' On this, he also introduced himself; and a little later on, when Lady Garroway made her appearance, she found her children—as she was pleased to call them—enjoying each other's society with the ease and confidence of old friends. The remainder of the day was spent in the company of the mother and her daughter. But when Mr Youatt retired for the night, and was seated in the privacy of his own room, he was compelled to admit to himself that a new and powerful element had that day been introduced into his life—an element of such potential force, that if not at once eliminated, threatened to make shipwreck of his hopes, and drive him he knew not whither.

For although he had not wooed, he had won the stately lady who, as we have already intimated, had once visited him along with his mother; had asked and obtained the promise of her hand; and was bound by all laws of honour at least, to implement his plighted troth. For the wooing, that other stately and strong-willed lady had taken pains to relieve her son of that trouble, and he, with a heart untouched, had a strong desire to do his mother's pleasure. But here was danger of a serious complication; and he felt as if misery was to be his only possible portion henceforth. To-morrow, he said to himself with a sigh, he should break it as gently as he could to kindly little Lady Garroway, that he must go away from under her roof, grown almost sacred to him—away from her own tender, loving, motherly care; away—but this he would not say to Lady Garroway, only to himself—out of the power of her daughter's golden hair and winking eyes, and speech of silver sound—away from all these things, never to come back again. When he had fairly resolved that this was his only safe course, he retired for the night. Now, Mr Youatt was an athlete, with unimpaired digestion, and with him to go to bed meant to go to sleep. But this night his sleep was troubled, and he dreamed. He dreamed more than once or twice that the cold and stately young lady came to his bedside with a colder face and a statelier mien than ever, and reproached him, in tones of icy coldness, with meditated deceit, and treachery and wrong. This was not a very pleasant or restful night for him; but it wore away, and morning came; and many mornings came and went, yet the gentle breaking to Lady Garroway had never taken place, and still he sunned himself in the light of her daughter's beauty. At length a day came when, in consequence of some heedless words in one of his letters, the two stately ladies came to visit him once again. There were few exclamations of pleasant surprise on this occasion, however; and the elder lady determined to deliver her son from temptation by the most summary process known to her—his almost immediate marriage with the object of her choice.

'It will never do, my dear,' she said to the stately young lady, 'to leave Henry to the mercy of this young person, who is really pretty in her own way, and may be designing, in the way common to all her class. We will arrange to have

the marriage solemnised here, and with as little delay as possible; and when you are both settled in the manse, all danger will be past, as well as a very heavy responsibility off my hands.' And straightway she sought the study of her son.

His mind at this moment was actually busy with the same subject as his mother's, but not, it must be confessed, full of the same calm confidence as to the result. He had half resolved to kneel down at his mother's feet, to tell her that he could never marry this woman of her choice, and to beg to be relieved of a burden that had now become impossible for him to bear with happiness or honour. But her very first words froze anew the current of his speech, and he heard what she had to say with the calmness of a man who recognises in what he hears, or sees, the overmastering will of Fate. He heard her to the end, as if her story related to some one altogether distinct from himself; and he caught himself repeating the day mentioned by his mother as that fixed by herself for his marriage, as if it were the date of some historical event he was anxious to impress on his memory. When she rose to go, he rose also, but spoke no word of affirmation, protest, or dissent.

On the following day, the two ladies returned to their home, leaving him for a short time free to follow what in happier times he was wont to call his 'devious courses.' And now, at last, he did what it was his duty to have done many months before, or else to have withdrawn himself where the necessity for doing it at all could never have arisen—he poured out his almost bursting heart before Maggie Garroway. He told her all, without drawback or reservation; and took whatever of comfort he could gather from the confession that in the process was also wrung from her. When the Sunday morning came, and Maggie Garroway went to the kirk side by side with the Rev. Henry Youatt, as had been their invariable custom since her coming home, do you think that any one of all the church-goers who looked on their quiet handsome faces, could have guessed what molten seas of passion were slumbering underneath? It is not likely, or, to that keen observer, I am afraid the Rev. Henry's sermon—good and eloquent as it really was—would have carried lessons far other and deeper than those intended by the preacher.

Before another Sunday came round, it was known to all the parish that the following Wednesday was to be Mr Youatt's wedding-day. On that Sunday morning, for the first time since his arrival, he allowed himself to be somewhat behind his usual time. Douce James Monk made some humorous remark on this as on every other occasion, and threatened in a few minutes to 'go up the Loan and fetch him by the lug.' James did certainly go, as promised, 'up the Loan;' but truth compels me to state that he did not bring Mr Youatt back 'by the lug,' nor otherwise. He found the Lady Garroway and her little maid wringing their hands in an agony of despair at the mysterious disappearance of the minister and Maggie.

The pawky James put off little time in the house of Lady Garroway; he was a keen-eyed old fellow, this ruling elder, and took in the whole story at a glance. He went back by himself 'down the Loan' to the kirk, held short consultation with his brother office-bearers, then climbed

into the lower pulpit, dispossessing from his seat the precentor. Here he read a chapter to the wondering congregation, extemporised, to the best of his ability, a prayer, not deficient in length or fervour, and dismissed them.

The wild rumours and surmises that had spread on the disappearance of Mr Youatt and Maggie Garroway had almost had time to become historical, before a printed paper, affixed to the kirk door, revived them afresh in all their pristine absurdity. This was an extract from the proceedings of the Synod, and merely set forth that at the late meeting of that body, on the motion of Thomas Asterisk, minister, seconded by John Blank, elder, the Rev. Henry Youatt, late minister of Heatherton, had been deposed from the holy office of the ministry.

A party, which fortunately turned out more noisy than numerous, clamoured fiercely for a time against this decision of the Synod, as being high-handed and tyrannical, and wholly unwarranted by anything in the character or conduct of Mr Youatt. They pointed out that some English lawyer whose name I have forgotten—it was probably all a pure invention—had, when a young man, run away with the lady who became his wife, which did not stand in the way of his eventually becoming Lord High Chancellor. This may or may not have been the case; but as Mr Youatt himself took no steps in the matter, his noisy friends soon dropped into silence, and it became possible after a while to draw a decent veil over the whole transaction.

After some years, Mrs Youatt appeared again in Heatherton, more beautiful, if possible, as matron than even she had been as maid, and bringing with her, of all persons in the world, the little servant-girl, a full-grown woman now, who had mysteriously disappeared on the afternoon of the very same Sunday as Mrs Youatt herself. The latter eventually nursed her mother, old Lady Garroway, through the many weeks of illness that terminated in her death. Douce Jeames Monk attended the funeral, and walked from the house to the graveyard and back again with a grand, foreign-looking gentleman, fearfully and wonderfully bearded. The shy old elder was never heard to mention any names; but as he proceeded to manage for the new owner all the heritable property left by the deceased, shrewd guesses were not wanting. At length the Elder, contrary to his usual custom, dropped a letter into the Heatherton post-office. The old post-mistress was unable to decipher the name of the foreign town to which it was addressed; but she was prepared to take her oath as to the person, and that his name was Henry Youatt, Esquire. I do not know whether this was considered satisfactory; but it was all the general public of Heatherton ever learned of their deposed minister.

OUR BLIND FRIENDS.

It has been the writer's privilege for many years to have had frequent and intimate intercourse with a pretty large circle of our blind fellow-countrymen. And as his experiences have been of a somewhat interesting character to himself, perhaps the reader may desire to be made acquainted with a few of them.

It is unnecessary to offer many general remarks

on blindness. All are more or less impressed with the innumerable blessings enjoyed through the possession of sight, and what a calamity the deprivation of it would be to us. When we consider not only the amount of knowledge and enjoyment derived from its unimpaired possession, but how, to the vast majority of the human race, its very possession is a necessity of mere living, we can perhaps more fully understand the seriousness of its loss. As with most of the thousand-and-one forms of physical suffering, all classes and conditions of mankind find that it is no respecter of persons. Yet it is undeniable that with certain classes, particular kinds of suffering predominate. It is so with blindness. How common it is, from the accidents of their circumstances, for the respectable and struggling poor to be afflicted in this respect; and it is only those to any extent acquainted with these circumstances, who can understand their difficulties and hardships, when so afflicted. It occasionally happens, in the case of a poor man losing his sight, whether by accident or disease, that for months his mind is depressed and almost overwhelmed at the prospect before him; and especially is this the case with those having others dependent on them; yet, notwithstanding this, such is the wonderful elasticity of the human mind, as a general rule, under this form of suffering, as under lighter forms, that it can eventually throw off its temporary depression and lethargy, and, like a summer sky after the thunderstorm has passed, resume its brightness and serenity.

The blind have the reputation of being noted for their general cheerfulness and patience; and deservedly so. On many of their faces may be remarked the habitual smile. Indeed, it almost seems as if the smile had become stereotyped. This is at least indicative of a fair share of contentment and happiness, which is as much as their seeing brethren can possibly expect to attain. They are also in general humorous, have a keen sense of the ludicrous, and are ever ready for a laugh, if you are willing to indulge them, or are willing to be indulged. In the virtue of patience, they are often far ahead of sighted mortals. This is manifested in various ways. Indeed, there is no other class in whom the exercise of this virtue is in more constant demand. As a class, they are to a large extent isolated from their fellows. We have observed them on a fine afternoon standing for hours near some busy thoroughfare of the city, immovable as statues, and listening to the traffic surging past. This is often how they enjoy the sun and air of heaven. But if any of their seeing neighbours will only ask them for a walk into the country, there are none fonder of walking and company than the blind.

We have briefly indicated one or two phases of character in which the blind, shall we say, excel their seeing fellows; but there is another which may be referred to, and that is memory. We have had experience of some curious instances; such as, of a man repeating almost word for word any sermon he might hear in church; another repeating chapter after chapter from one of Scott's novels, after hearing it read; and of another, a decided poet in his own eyes, if the expression may be pardoned, composing verses innumerable

during the night in bed, and retaining them in his mind until he could get some one with sufficient patience to write them down. Another man we know accomplished a feat of memory which we think deserves to be recorded. It is sometimes maintained by those who are hostile to the Shorter Catechism being taught in our public schools, that few remember or could repeat much of its contents after having reached the years of maturity. One day this argument was brought against it in the presence of a blind man whose age would be at least fifty. He at once questioned this statement; and after a few words, the blind man and his friends agreed to meet next day and put his assertion to the test, namely, that he would repeat the Catechism from beginning to end without a mistake, if they would forfeit a certain small sum of money in the event of his doing so. The blind man, like themselves, had given little attention to the Catechism since leaving school as a boy; but he had good faith in the strength of his memory. He accordingly set about his task at home by getting it read over a few times; and next day fulfilled the bargain, to the entire satisfaction of his friends. A fifth man has a wonderful memory for dates, &c., and also seems to have an inexhaustible fund of humorous stories, principally Scotch, and to have a special knack of telling them too.

We may here refer to the subject of dreams as having some connection with memory, inasmuch as the former are largely dependent on the latter. Our blind friends have their dreams; but they are different from the dreams of their seeing friends in one important respect. They are known as *blind dreams*. To the uninitiated, this expression may require some little explanation. Suppose by some accident a man loses his sight. For a considerable time after, his dreams are the same as heretofore. He sees in his dreams the loved faces and the familiar scenes on which his eyes were wont to rest, unchanged. By-and-by, this is altered. Gradually, these impressions fade, and a time comes when his very dreams are *blind*. Gone are the loved faces and places, and he sees them no more in this world.

It has often been remarked with what confidence, and even boldness, the blind will venture alone through the busiest streets of our large cities, and how few are the accidents that befall them. We have heard the expression that a special providence protects drunk men and children; and the blind may be included. No doubt, their safety from accidents to a great extent is due to that confidence, combined with their acuteness in hearing and detecting the sounds of danger. But it need scarcely be said that accidents do occur, sometimes of a serious, but oftener of a humorous character; of the former, even involving the loss of life; but happily very serious results are the exception. Frequently the escapes are remarkable, one or two instances of which may be given. We knew of a blind man walking right into the open grating beneath a shopkeeper's window, falling a depth of about twelve feet, and being lifted out none the worse. Of another who walked into the unprotected foundation of a building; and when the alarmed spectators ran forward and looked down, he was seen coolly groping about for the small bundle he was carrying when he fell.

A desperate struggle for life once overtook a blind man under painful circumstances. One winter's day he had been a short distance into the country, and was returning to the city at night, and alone. He thought he was sure of the road, and all unconscious of danger, held on his way. But unfortunately as it turned out, he had diverged from his road, and ere long went plunging headlong into the canal. Here was a situation for a blind man. But this in itself would have been a comparatively small matter to him, as he was an ordinary good swimmer, and could have scrambled out without much difficulty. But what was his horror, having tried both banks, to find that he was inclosed between solid stone parapets. Vainly he tried, by stretching his arm to its utmost, to discover the height. To no purpose did he swim about. He now felt he was getting exhausted, and determined to make a final effort, if his life was to be saved. Swimming with all his might to the opposite parapet, on the first touch of the wall he made a spring from the water, in the hope that he might clutch the edge of the masonry, and draw himself up. He fell back into the cold water almost hopeless. Recovering himself, he again made the attempt, and again failed. But, like a hero, he made one more supreme effort, and the third time succeeded.

We here think it might not be out of place to refer to a few of the ludicrous accidents that occasionally occur, and which none enjoy and speak of more than the blind themselves. A large and heavy ox was being driven through one of our streets. The poor brute had evidently travelled a long way, and was much fatigued. At length it could go no farther, staggered forward and fell on the pavement, and there it lay. All unconscious of the misfortunes of the ox, on came a blind man with head in the air, and smoking his pipe. The few people who were about did not observe the man's approach till he fell prostrate over the broad back of the ox. No sooner was he down, than with a cry of terror he scrambled up, and started back some distance. The people speedily explained to him the cause of his alarm; and were not a little amused at the reply he made, that when he felt the broad, warm, hairy mass, he could not for his life conceive what it was.

Another blind man we saw walking bang against a man reading a poster on the wall, with a basket of two hundred eggs nicely balanced on his head. It is needless to say that the man and the eggs were the sufferers. And so did a baker and his bread come to grief in the same manner. No doubt, these accidents are very serious to the parties immediately concerned; but we can scarcely be blamed in thinking they have also a ludicrous aspect.

There is a certain class of Scotchwomen who are adepts at making black puddings. One of these had been going home with a large tin can of sheep's blood for that purpose. On reaching the iron railings, on her way, of one of our large accidents hospitals, just at the gate she put down her can on the pavement, prompted, no doubt, to take a rest, and also that she might gratify her curiosity by having a peep through the hospital railings. Of course, on came the inevitable blind man, like her Nemesis, and upset the blood on the pavement, and all unconscious of the serious mis-

hap, passed on his way. About half an hour afterwards, we had occasion to repass that way, and found an old Irishwoman gazing at the sheep's blood, raising her hands, and otherwise expending a great amount of sympathy, under the delusion that some fellow-creature had met with a fearful accident, and had just been conveyed to the hospital.

Much pleasanter is the following incident. In one of our institutions for the Blind, a party of visitors were being conducted through the industrial departments by one of the blind men; and as is usual with visitors, they were lavish in their praises of their industry and cleverness. One of them rather extravagantly remarking that they could do anything—to this the blind man, with grim humour, replied, that there was one thing at least in which they signally failed, namely, landscape painting.

Our next story, unfortunately does not present our blind friends in quite so innocent a light. Three men, two of them blind, were drinking together one night in the room of a public-house, and as is too often the result of such convivial meetings, one of the blind men quarrelled and came to blows with the man who could see. Here was likely to be a battle, not by any means on equal terms. But the other blind man was equal to the occasion. That the man who could see should have no undue advantage over his less fortunate opponent, up jumped the blind friend and turned off the gas; and so they pommelled each other in a harmless way for a time.

We have given an illustration of the warlike passion; as an offset, we could give many illustrations of that gentler passion love, for the blind are eminent disciples of Cupid and Hymen. As a rule, a respectable blind man has no difficulty in getting a seeing wife, and very often with good looks to boot. And when we consider the delicacy of touch in the finger-tips of the blind, the latter is not to be wondered at. Blind men, however, do not always marry wives who see. We know of many instances in which both husband and wife are blind, and have managed to rear families without the occurrence of any serious mishap either to themselves or the children. And the cases are rare in which the latter are defective in sight. Only lately, the marriage took place of a blind couple somewhat advanced in years, she being his second wife, and he her third blind husband. The marriage was not wanting in the elements of romance, for in their young days they had courted, and parted, blind in a double sense.

We will conclude with a courtship, but in this case will not vouch for its truth. A blind man on several occasions met a widow, who was not, however, like himself, blind, and latterly concluded that she would make him a good wife. He resolved that he would 'pop the question' without loss of time. Accordingly, one evening found him in the widow's house for that purpose, when his suit was entirely successful. But so elated was he with his success, that on leaving her door, he forgot he was up a flight of stairs. The staircase window being very low, and happening to be open, he felt the air on his heated brow, and at once stepped out without thinking where he was, and so fell into the court below. The widow hearing the noise, ran down greatly alarmed; but was

fully reassured that no bones were broken, by his remark: 'Maggie, ye hae a big step to your door!'

CHILDREN'S DOLLERIES.

THE interest shown in the droll doings and amusing observations of little folks, is proved by the success of recent works on the subject. Most of us have some time or another heard children come out with as comical things as any, invented or otherwise, that we see chronicled. Not long since, a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of the kind referred to, of which his six-year-old boy was the hero. He says: 'I keep a shop, and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to go up-stairs to my cash-box. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy: "Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything;" and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he sang out: "Pa, he didn't steal anything—I watched him." You may imagine what a position I was in.'

Children's questions are often no less embarrassing than they are amusing, as may be instanced in the story of the mercenary little boy who overheard a conversation respecting a wedding that was soon to take place. At breakfast next morning he recalled the subject by asking the following question: 'Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?'—A little one returning from the 'Zoo' through Regent's Park with a friend of the writers, pointed to some flowers growing there, and inquired if they were *true* ones; meaning, of course, with his thoughts on the animals he had just seen, the reverse of wild.—At a whale exhibition, a youngster is said to have asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them, why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner.

'You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't want to walk out and get drowned,' was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.

It is related of another infant inquirer who was looking with great interest at a foaming pan of milk, that he suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, where do cows get the milk from?'—'Where do you get your tears?' was the answer.—After a thoughtful silence—in which the mention of tears had evidently recalled certain associations—he again broke out: 'Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?'—On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved.—'Do you know how I get into bed so quick, mamma?' said a little girl.—'No, darling; how do you?' was the reply.—'Why, I put one foot on the bed, and then holler out "Rats!" and scare myself right in.'—A lady, when admiring the stars on a bright night in a tropical climate, was suddenly asked in the most innocent way by her little son of five years old if those were the nails that held up heaven.

Apt replies of little people when scolded or questioned find many illustrations, as, for example, when a little girl, after being sharply reproved by her mother for some misconduct, said after a

moment's pause: 'I should sink, mamma, from the way you treat me, you was my step-mover.'—A four-year-old boy lying in a bed in which his brother was also to sleep, replied, when his mother exclaimed: 'Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what will poor Harry do?' 'Well, mother, Harry has got both sides.'—Another youngster of about the same age, seated at the table, said: 'Mamma, may I have some sarlines?'—'Wait till I'm ready, child.' 'Why, Ma, it's me 'at wants 'em,' was the comment, in tones of surprise.—A boy who had always refused to eat oatmeal, in spite of his mother's urgings that it was a strengthening diet, suddenly surprised her one morning by eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. Upon his mother asking for an explanation, he replied: 'I am bound to eat oatmeal till I am strong enough to whip Johnny Scott.'

Little Freddie when visiting a neighbour's house was offered a piece of bread-and-butter, which he accepted, but without any show of gratitude.—'What do you say, Freddie?' hinted the lady, expecting him to say, 'Thank you.'—'I say it ain't cake,' was the impetuous response.—The father of a family, after reading from the morning paper that the cold the night before was intense, the thermometer registering many degrees below freezing-point, said: 'Now, children, I suppose you are taught all about that at school. Which of you can tell me what the freezing-point is?'—'The point of my nose, papa,' was the prompt reply from one of the youngsters.

A gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply. 'Well, why won't you tell me what you think of me?'—'Cause I don't want to get licked,' was the answer.—An American mother, who fondly put the query to her young son, 'What would you do without a mother, Tom?' was dumfounded with the reply: 'Do as I liked, Ma.'—A mother once showed her child a beautiful doll, a St John, of fine make and colour. 'See,' she said, 'he has been very good; and heaven always rewards the good by making them beautiful.'—'Oh,' said the child, lifting its shoulders, 'don't believe that, mamma. This little St John looks very meek because he's all glued up; but if he could only move, you'd see!'

A little girl one morning remarked to her mamma that her 'button-shoes were hurting;' and probably thought relief might come by changing right to left. 'Why, Lucy, you've put them on the wrong feet!'—Puzzled and just ready to cry, she exclaimed: 'What'll I do, mamma? They're all the feet I've got!'—An affectionate mother noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked what her handkerchief was for, and received for answer: 'It's to shake at the ladies in the street; that's what papa does with his.'

A nurse asked a little boy how much he loved her.—'How much is twelve-and-sixpence?' was the response. This was a sum he had lately heard his father mention, and in his childish notion, seemed the fittest standard wherewith to gauge the capacity of anything.—'Which of you two is the nicest?' was the question put by a gentleman about to give some sweets to twin sisters of tender

years. 'She is,' instantly replied both, pointing simultaneously to one another; an instance of polite self-denial that affords a strong contrast to the usual thoughtless egotism of youngsters.

Children's remarks are at times even more entertaining than their comical queries and replies. One of two children who were amusing themselves by colouring pictures, suddenly exclaimed: 'Well, how stupid of me to paint that cow blue!'—'Oh, it's blue with the cold!' quickly observed the other.—A little girl on being told something which greatly amused her, vowed that 'she would remember it the whole of her life, and when she forgot it, would write it down.'—A canary had begun to twitter a little after moulting, but was unable to sing its entire tune. A little four-year-old, after listening to one of the bird's vain attempts to master his tune, said very composedly: 'Mamma, birdie only sang half a verse.'—Canaries bring to mind their enemies the cats. A gentleman had a cat which gave birth to five kittens. On ordering three of them to be drowned, his little boy said: 'Pa, do not drown them in cold water. Warm it first; they may catch cold before they are dead.'—A relative of the writer's crossing the Channel when he was a very small boy, suffered much from sea-sickness. Hearing a good deal of talk on board about the motion of the steamer, he confidentially informed his parents on landing, that 'if he had a boat, he wouldn't have any motion to it.'

The following remark of a little girl shows an opinion of her elders the reverse of flattering. 'O dear!' she exclaimed to her doll, 'I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in all my life. Why don't you act like grown folks, and be still and stupid for a while?'—In contrast to this was the delicate compliment paid by an American boy to his mother. The family were discussing at the supper-table the qualities which go to make up the good wife. Nobody thought the little fellow had been listening or could understand the talk, until he leaned over the table and kissed his mother, and said: 'Mamma, when I get big enough, I'm going to marry a lady just like you.'

O LADY MINE.

FROM THE GREEK OF PAULUS SILENTIARI'S.

O Lady mine! there needs no crowning rose,
No trailing robe, no gemmed circle rare;
Thou'rt fairer than the pearl; and brighter flows
Than gold, the sunny torrent of thy hair.

Though India's jacinth glow with dusky flame,
It pales before thy lustrous love-lit eyes,
The wondrous zone, sweet Aphrodite's fauc,
Beneath thy grace and dewy lips, I prize.

• Thy willing slave, I faint and fade away;
Life's sun sinks slowly in the humid west;
But in thy smile, gleams Hope's deluding ray,
And like pale Vesper, lulls my heart to rest.
JAMES MILLINGTON.

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OUR LIGHTHOUSES.

LIGHTHOUSES as now constructed on the coast of the British Islands should be classed among the marvels of architectural ingenuity. The creation of a structure of this kind is on almost all occasions a severe test of engineering skill and persevering endurance. The difficulties experienced are frequently almost insurmountable; and human industry can have no nobler monuments than the massive piles which stand exposed to the full fury of the winds and waves on the jagged rocks which surround our coasts.

The Eddystone Lighthouse is now being rebuilt; but what could be a grander example of man's skill and enterprise than Smeaton's great work on that rock! Commenced in 1759, and completed in the face of almost superhuman obstacles, it has stood securely in the midst of the Atlantic breakers for more than a hundred years. Of late years it has been frequently surveyed, but was not finally condemned until 1877, when Mr Isaac Douglas of the Trinity House reported that it was not destined to exist much longer. Owing to very considerable tremor, which occurred with each wave-stroke during heavy storms from the westward, fears were then entertained for the safety of the structure, particularly as sea-water had frequently been driven through the joints of the masonry. The upper part had been strengthened in 1839 and 1865 with internal wrought-iron bars, extending from the lantern-floor downwards to the solid portion of the tower. On the last occasion, it was found that the chief mischief arose from the upward strike of the sea at the cornice; but repairs were effected, and further leakage prevented. The tower is still sound; but unfortunately the rock on which the lighthouse is built has been seriously undermined by the sea. The cause of this is said to be chiefly the incessant straining of the rock by the heavy sea-strokes on the tower. It was therefore resolved to erect another lighthouse, of larger dimensions; and a good foundation for this purpose was found to exist about one hundred

and twenty feet off the old site. Among other improvements which were thought to be desirable was the elevation of the light for a range of nineteen nautical miles, so that it might be extended more towards the Channel Rock, and made to overlap the range of the neighbouring Lizard light to the westward. In the old lighthouse, too, it was found that the sea rose in stormy weather above the top of the lantern, thus often eclipsing the light, and altering its distinctive character. This is a matter of greater importance in the present day than it was at the time of the erection of the structure, from the enormous increase in shipping, and the additional lighthouses which have been established, each having a distinctive character. The power of a light in so important a position as the Eddystone Rock, ought to be of the highest class; and since the capacity of the present tower is insufficient for this purpose, as well as for the provision of a first-class fog-signal, ample considerations existed in favour of a new lighthouse being built. The work is now progressing very favourably in the face of the immense difficulties which must attend such a task in such a place. It has been suggested that Smeaton's building should be re-erected on the mainland, when the time comes for it to be taken down, as doubtless it will be, upon the completion of the new lighthouse. It would not be difficult to find some point on the coast on which the venerable building might be erected, and do good service for another hundred years: while its preservation would be a just and fitting tribute to the memory of the great engineer with whose name it must always be associated.

During the greater part of the time in which it has done such good service, four keepers have been attached to it, three being constantly on the spot, and one on shore. They were relieved from Plymouth by steamer once a month; and the average annual cost of maintaining the lighthouse was about five hundred and eighty-five pounds.

A good example of the dangers incurred by those engaged in the construction of lighthouses, exists in the circumstances under which one, since

completed, was commenced in 1867, on a rock beyond the Isle of Sein, off Cape Finisterre, Brittany. The rock is of hard gneiss, from forty to fifty feet in length, and about twenty-five feet in breadth. The preliminary work was done by fishermen of the Isle of Sein, whose familiarity with those waters enabled them to reach the rock when no one else could do so. The *modus operandi* which these fishermen adopted was as follows: When opportunity offered, two of them, wearing cork belts, got out of their boats, and lay upon the rocks, which they clutched with one hand, while they made holes at intervals of three feet with the other hand. While they were doing this, they were covered with spray, and sometimes they were swept off the rock altogether, and had to be recovered by their boats. In 1867, only eight hours' work could be accomplished upon the rock, and only fifteen holes were made. Next year, forty holes were made. In 1869, the building was commenced. In 1878, the tower was forty feet above the highest tides; and eventually, after more than twelve years had been occupied by its construction, it stood completed ninety feet above them. This is by no means a solitary or singular instance of the hazardous and tedious character of this work. Smeaton's difficulties when building the Eddystone Lighthouse, and Stevenson's when engaged in the construction of that on the Bell Rock, are familiar to nearly all of us, and have been detailed by themselves. Of more modern lighthouses, the most remarkable instances in this respect are the Skerryvore, on the south-west coast of Scotland, and the still more recent construction on the Dhuheartach Rock. In mentioning these cases we are impelled to refer to the services of the Stevenson family. The father, who built the lighthouse on the Bell Rock, had three sons who distinguished themselves in the same line of art. To Alan Stevenson is due the Skerryvore; and to his brothers, Thomas and David Stevenson, who succeeded to his fame, belongs the merit of the construction on Dhuheartach; this last a perfect wonder of engineering, for the rock had not a foot of landing, and operations were carried on with difficulty beyond all ordinary experience. No fewer than two thousand five hundred tons of granite were conveyed from Erraid, a small island south-west of Mull, and ten miles distant, and successfully placed on this almost inaccessible rock. The chief hindrance, which attends this work is the difficulty of keeping the foundations of the structure from being carried away by the sea; the winter gales often, as in the case of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, undoing the work of the summer and autumn, and carrying out to sea blocks of stone many tons in weight.

If lighthouse-building requires perseverance and endurance, lighthouse-keeping requires the exercise of the same rare qualities in degrees scarcely less striking. We are essentially a maritime nation; and all those who look after the safety of our seamen, and facilitate the merchant service of the world by rendering navigation on our coasts less perilous, deserve well of us. It is difficult to realise to the full the horrors and the privations which must attend the life of a lighthouse-keeper. In most isolated lighthouses, it has been found strictly necessary

to have three men on the spot at one time, in order to lessen the terrible loneliness of such a situation. Many tales of horror are extant concerning lighthouses. In one well-authenticated instance, one of the keepers went mad during a hurricane and killed his companion; and on another occasion, in the same lighthouse, one of the keepers being drowned, the other, overcome by the horrors of his situation, committed suicide. Happily, however, nowadays occurrences of this kind are exceedingly rare, and the service is filled by intelligent and trustworthy men, who take a pride in their duties and are reconciled to their life. The usual arrangement is for one of them to be on shore for a week or a fortnight at a time; while the others, whether they are two or three, are on duty in the lighthouse; in this way all the keepers have frequent relaxation from the rigour of their life. In most lighthouses, small libraries are now provided, and supplied with books and magazines, which are a most invaluable source of amusement to the keepers when off duty. It would be difficult for any one to find a better or easier way of alleviating the hardships of a most deserving class of men, than to send off parcels of books and papers occasionally to some of these desolate stations, and such kindness would certainly be heartily appreciated.

If those on shore are awed by the terrible violence of the winds and waves during a tempest, what must be the experiences of men who live in a building exposed to the full fury of the heavy ocean breakers! When we look at a lighthouse in calm weather, it is almost impossible to realise that the sea sometimes breaks over the lantern. Such is, however, frequently the case, and an instance of this occurred not long after the completion of the Bishop's Rock Light, which is erected on a rock beyond the Scilly Islands, far out in the Atlantic. One of the builders told of a heavy sea striking under the lantern and carrying away the fog-bell, which hung by a stout arm of iron nearly three inches square. A few years ago the lighthouse keepers on this rock were in a terrible predicament during a hurricane, the violence of which was described as being fearful. The lighthouse was struck by enormous waves in quick succession, each causing a noise like the discharge of cannon, and making the massive stone building rock to and fro, so that every article fell away from its place. One fearful sea broke the great lens in several pieces, and another smashed the cylinders of the spare light, while sand from the bottom, thirty fathoms deep, was found heaped up on the lighthouse gallery. The power of these unbroken masses of water is so great that lately, at Wick, one of these shocks moved 'a concrete block of four hundred tons built up *in situ*.'

There is now an influential movement on foot to establish telegraphic communication between lighthouses, lightships, and the shore. It is certainly a question of the greatest moment, and it is impossible to say how many valuable lives, and what an immense quantity of property, might be saved if such a means of communication existed between lighthouses, lightships, and harbours and life-boat stations. Only very recently, a meeting was held at the Mansion House, and was presided over by the Lord Mayor, at which the following resolution was carried unanimously: 'That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is a

matter of urgent necessity that electric communication should be established between the various lighthouses, light-vessels, and the shore, in order that more speedy intimation of vessels wrecked and life and property in peril may be afforded to those ready to come to the rescue.' Steps were also taken to bring the matter under the attention of the government. The question is certainly one of national interest. At the present time, the signals from the lightships, by means of guns and rockets, only convey the tidings that a ship is on shore or in distress, and it is impossible to estimate the amount of help needed, or the position of the wreck—both matters of vital importance. Thus, two or three lifeboats at some dangerous points of the coast may proceed to the same vessel, which may prove to be only a fishing-smack; while a large passenger-ship may at the same time be left unaided, or with only the assistance of one boat. In the same way, if the position of a wreck could be made known, much, and, in many cases, most invaluable time, which is now frequently lost while making out her whereabouts, would be saved.

Another question of great importance is the best method of giving a distinctive character to lighthouses. The one final cause and purpose of a lighthouse is to make known to mariners with unmistakable precision a certain spot to be shunned as dangerous. If such exactitude is wanting, it may but help to lure them into positive peril. Of our coast-lights, about ninety per cent. are fixed, and it has been said that in many cases these may but too possibly be mistaken for something else. As is well known, our revolving lights may fairly be said in general to answer their purpose. They revolve in different periods; combinations of colour are employed; and there are also flashing lights. In the Admiralty list of lights, some are mentioned as both fixed and flashing; and of these, there are several varieties. Such 'fixed and flashing' lights are not now considered to be wholly satisfactory beacons, when the flashes occur at intervals of five or six minutes; since it is quite possible for a steamer travelling at sixteen or seventeen knots to miss the flashes, and mistake the position of the light. A revolving light is much better, and is gradually being more generally adopted. It can be seen at a greater distance, and is more easily distinguishable. Sir W. Thomson has successfully advocated this system, and has pointed out various improvements which might be made in existing revolving lights. He thinks that an eclipse of from fifty to sixty seconds is too long in dirty weather, and that the watching eye might easily let it slip before its bearings have been taken. He suggests that greater regularity should be aimed at in the periods of revolving lights, and he considers coloured distinction to be unsatisfactory, because it is so easy to mistake coloured lighthouses for the port-side lights of passing ships, and because instances have been known of red railway lights, and even those of apothecaries' shops, having been confounded with harbour lights.

Among other improvements in lighthouses, one of the best is the plan of making each spell out its name—on the familiar telegraphic alphabet principle—by a system of dot-and-dash eclipses, so that a seaman could at once tell at what light

he was looking. The movements for effecting these changes would, of course, be automatic, and the plan has already had seven years' trial on Belfast Lough. Sir W. Thomson's own Craigmoor light, in the Firth of Clyde, is another good example of this principle. Here a long and a short eclipse alternate twice; and there is then a short pause, giving sixteen seconds of unbroken light. This combination of four eclipses is made conventionally to denote the letter C, the initial of Craigmoor.

It would be easy to increase the utility of lighthouses. There is no reason why a light should merely tell ships that they are off a certain point of the coast. It could tell more; it could tell which way the tide was running, information which would be of great value to homeward-bound ships. Another idea is that lighthouses at particular hours of the night could give signals which would tell the Greenwich time, and thus enable vessels to correct their longitude. In our narrow seas, liable to alternate fog and storm, and crowded with the merchant navies of all nations, every effort should be made to render casualties less probable, and to lessen the perils to which those are exposed 'that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.'

[Many difficulties naturally surround a question upon the settlement of which may depend the lives of many of our fellow-creatures. The difficulties that stand in the way of signalling by means of 'dot and dash' are greater than at first sight appear; and the following opinions on the subject, communicated to us by the captain of a vessel, have at least the merit of being from one possessed of practical knowledge:

'I am convinced,' he writes, 'that the only thing requisite in determining the character of lighthouse lights is to make them as simple as possible, and if practicable, let no two lights on the same coast have the same characteristic. Let the mariner feel confident, when he sees, for instance, a bright fixed light on a certain coast, that it must be such and such a light; for the simple reason that there is no other of the same character on that coast. He is then certain of his position; and surely plenty of combinations of the fixed, revolving, and intermittent lights either white or red can be conceived for our longest coast-line, without having two alike, unless at such a distance apart as to make mistake impossible. Certainly the "dot-and-dash" system, so far as it has been applied, has been successful, for the reason that it is as yet the distinctive characteristic of a certain light to which it has been applied, and is easily distinguishable. But place all our coast-lights under the same system, and the distinctive feature of this one light is obliterated, and the mariner confounded.

'Few people would credit the difficulty often experienced of timing a light at sea, it seems so easy a matter to distinguish between five, seven, fifteen, or twenty seconds; but standing on a steamer's bridge and holding on with both hands to keep one's self from rolling over the side, while a glimpse of the light is only caught when the vessel lifts on a sea, makes it no easy matter; and it is often impossible to judge the duration of one of our present half-minute revolving lights to within five or even ten seconds. It is only by

the merest guesswork, and the important knowledge that there is no other light of similar or nearly similar duration near your position, that you are able to say that that light is so and so. In such a case the "dot-and-dash" system would be worse than useless; so that of whatever duration our flashing and revolving lights may be, let no two of the same character be near each other of such duration as not to be clearly unmistakable one for the other.

'Again, the danger is urged of mistaking lighthouse lights for a steamer's mast-head light; and in answer to that I say that the only description of lighthouse light liable to be so mistaken is the white fixed light, though in clear weather it is unmistakable, owing to its superior brilliancy, for anything but what it is. In thick weather, a steamer's mast-head light, in order to illuminate the fog, as lighthouse lights invariably do, would have to be so close that the side-lights would also be visible.

'Our present system is now almost as perfect as possible. Let us stick to the distinctive feature of each light, so as to produce as little chance of mistaken identity as possible, and let science do its best to increase the power and brilliancy of our lighthouse lights, so as to make them even more distinctly visible, as in the case of the Lizard lighthouse *reflector*, which I have seen in the sky for more than two hours before the lights themselves were visible from the deck. I feel confident that any attempt to do away with the distinct individuality of our various lights will only lead to disaster. As they are at present, each of our lighthouse lights carries its name to the utmost limit of its range as unmistakably as possible, and will continue to do so as long as the peculiar characteristic of each light is maintained, but only till then. Make them all indicate their names by the "dot-and-dash" system, and I for one would not like to be the mariner whose safety depended upon his ability, on a dark dirty night, to distinguish the difference between a dot and a dash.'

THE COUNTER-SYNDICATE.

CHAPTER I.—A BRUIN STORM.

THE financial house of Fox, Smiles, and Naylum was known wherever the echoes of British commerce reverberated. Bank managers bowed before it; merchants held it in reverence; traders regarded it with something like awe. Its ramifications were vast; its sources of information were generally exact; its advices of the coming plethoras and scarcities of produce so early, that it played a master-part in the transactions of the City. It was linked with great financial houses in the capitals of the world; and through them it worked out the wondrous changes that came over the markets on which it operated. On a certain day in a certain year, now remote, Mr Smiles, who attended to the secret correspondence, wrote to the trusty agents of the firm in Paris, Messieurs De Predatour, Tontail, & Cie, the following laconic note: '*Sell one hundred thousand bags Costa-Rica Coffee, to arrive October and November.*' A similar note was forwarded to Herren Sharfmann und Geldmacher, the well-

known brokers of Hamburg. Another to the same purport was despatched to Messrs Buldose Brothers & Co., hailing from New York, Boston, and San Francisco, U.S.

In the meantime, Mr Fox saw Mr Box, the broker of Mincing Lane.

'A hundred thousand bags!' cried the latter, amazed—and he was not easily amazed—at the orders confided to him by Messrs Fox, Smiles, and Naylum. 'Why, my dear sir, it will quite demoralise the market!'

Mr Fox was a clean-shaven man, but not the faintest ripple of feeling responded on his face, to the astonishment of Mr Box. 'A hundred thousand bags Costa-Rica, delivered by the twelfth proximo,' repeated Mr Fox calmly. 'Of course you will sell as quietly as you can. We have every desire to keep the market firm. I trust implicitly to your judgment, Mr Box.'

'It is the greatest thing ever attempted in my time,' said the broker when alone. He was old, and undrilled in the ways of cablegram-trimmed commerce, then just beginning its career.

Mr Box went about that day in a musing mood, and he was not a musing man. He sold parcel after parcel of Costa-Rica Coffee, and by the afternoon twenty thousand bags were disposed of, for the market was bare of the article. The next day, under a thaw of price, more was sold; and by the end of the week, the City and the great northern towns had enabled the broker to complete his commission.

But the market had grown very unstable, and coffee of all descriptions was singularly perturbed. The talk among merchants was unusually animated. Where was this vast stock of coffee lying? Had some speculators been accumulating a heap, which was now launched upon the market by pressure of the banks? Had they been misled by West Indian advices? Was a big collapse impending, that would cause a financial storm? If so, to your tents, O Israel!

Brokers were agitated too. A sort of mania seemed to be running through the coffee world. At Havre and Brest, there reigned an unaccountable depression, consequent upon what seemed forced sales of Costa-Rica. The produce market at Paris was electrical, for a rumour ran that a gigantic lot of Costa-Rica had been thrown upon the Hamburg market, which staggered under it alarmingly.

But most astounding of all was the news coming from New York. Coffee had there begun to run downwards, and it appeared that Boston and San Francisco were deluged with selling orders. Strange, very strange; everywhere people were offering coffee, especially Costa-Rica sorts.

Mr Quick, the confidential clerk of Messrs Fox, Smiles, and Naylum, was one of the lesser magnates of the City. People supposed him to be acquainted with all the ramifications of the great house he served. But that was not correct. There were confidences too sacred even for his highly remunerated fidelity to be intrusted with. He knew many marvellous things connected with the commercial mysteries of his firm, but he did not know all. His employers had faith in his ignorance of their secret transactions. Now, Mr Quick had as strong a desire to be a

millionaire as any man then inhabiting the purlieus of the City. He had, too, a genius for financial intrigue, and extraordinary grasp of commercial affairs in their most complicated entanglements. These gifts had caused his unprecedented advancement in ten years from the position of junior clerk to that he now occupied. No firm was readier to reward business ability exercised on their especial behalf, than Fox & Co. Perceiving Mr Quick's abilities, he was advanced from post to post, from stipend to stipend, until he was everything but a partner in the concern.

Being under no illusion of personal unworthiness, he thought the crowning step of at least a small partnership in the ladder of advancement his simple due. Messrs Fox, Smiles, and Naylum thought quite otherwise, especially Mr Naylum, who had risen from the counting-house himself, and who had been jealous of Mr Quick for some time. Mr Smiles also was averse. Mr Quick had offended him also by being too clever. In a big transaction in spice, Mr Quick had foretold disaster, against the opinion of Mr Smiles, who was sanguine of a rise. The disaster came; for the shrewdest miscalculate now and then. Only Mr Fox was favourable to taking the ambitious clerk into a small partnership, though even he grudged that the splendid harvests reaped by himself and the others should be diminished by a further 'divide.'

So Mr Quick was informed that he must be content to be simply the highly esteemed jackal of the establishment, as the lions were unwilling to admit him to share their honours and glory. He received the verdict with becoming fortitude, and retired to ponder how he should compass, by indirect means, that denied him otherwise.

This happened about three months before Messrs Fox, Smiles, and Naylum became large sellers of coffee.

A fortnight after Mr Box the broker had executed his leviathan commission, young Box, his son, met Mr Quick at the lunch-table both frequented, though they rarely came in contact there. Young Box, like most young City men, was unusually wise for his years. At twenty-two he knew more than his father, who had frequented Mincing Lane for forty years.

'I say, Quick,' he said, observing the latter looking for a seat, 'come here;' pointing to a chair beside his own.

Mr Box lunched copiously, as hearty young men who can afford delicacies of meat and drink, are apt to do. This morning he had won a sovereign from a friend at the cheerful game of 'Nap,' as they came to the City in the train. Strong in the consciousness of his deserts for this achievement, he had treated himself to a small bottle of Mumm's champagne, a drink he preferred to all others, though he was sadly limited in this pleasure by the small allowance his father permitted.

Rather to the annoyance of Mr Quick, who was not a companionable man, and who had, besides, but a small opinion of young Box, the youngster insisted on his sharing a bottle of champagne with him. The hospitality would have been almost rudely declined, for Mr Quick

was in an irritable mood, as clever people often are, but for the remark which closed the invitation: 'If your governors liked, they could drown us both in champagne, after this last go!'

Mr Quick cast a rapid glance at the leering eyes of his companion. He sat down, and the waiter filled his glass. By the time the bottle was emptied, young Box wanted two things—a cigar in the smoking-room, and a further talk with Mr Quick, who had shown a singular appreciativeness of the young gentleman's smart chatter about the coffee market. No man could excel Mr Quick in suave attentiveness, when it suited his purpose, or could more favourably excite self-admiration in another. And Box looked upon Mr Quick as one of the young City heroes, who had fought his way to the front in something like a miraculous manner. Everybody admitted that he would become one of the big men of the future, and it gratified young Box to be seen in his company. So they went to the smoking-room, which was empty; and under the influence of a brace of cheroots and a couple of glasses of Chartreuse, Box laid bare all the movements of the coffee transaction, supposing, of course, that Mr Quick knew all about them. He revelled with vulpine delight at the tremendous results of the tactics of Fox, Smiles, and Naylum upon all the markets. Such smartness was worthy of all praise; and the youngster hugged himself with the supreme satisfaction, that his father had a share in the business. Young Box was a true child of the age he lived in.

Mr Quick had been away for a holiday on a fishing excursion, and was quite unaware of what had taken place in his absence. He invited young Box to look him up at his lodgings, and sent him away from the *été-à-tête* in the smoking-room almost delirious with self-conceit.

That night, Mr Quick stayed late at the office. Before leaving, he had a perfect grasp of the coffee production and consumption for the previous three years. He smiled strangely as the totals emerged from his calculations; and when the whole problem was worked out, a strong exclamation burst from him, and he said: 'Now, Mr Smiles, you shall acknowledge your master.'

During the ensuing fortnight, the coffee market went tumbling about in queer zigzag fashion; now down with a plunge, now up with a sharp rebound. In the words of broker Box, it was demoralised. The great impact of Fox, Smiles, and Naylum had led to hundreds of smaller impacts from various quarters. Hebrews in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, and elsewhere, hearing what was going on in London, Paris, Hamburg, and New York, became most anxious to show due sympathy with the movements of those great markets. Other citizens likewise manifested an eagerness to further lower the price of coffee of all descriptions, but chiefly Costa-Ricas, and sold largely upon speculative account.

So the game went on right merrily. The great bears* became the parents of a wonder-

* Although commercial slang has a currency beyond the purlieus of the Exchanges, many of our readers may not know the exact import of the terms 'bull' and 'bear.' The former is a speculator who buys stocks or

fully numerous family of little bears of the most diverse nationalities. Even Turkey had some of them; for with the downfall of Costa-Rica sorts, Mocha fell profoundly, and the followers of the Prophet were enabled to enjoy their one permitted stimulant at a price so equitable, that quite a burst of gratitude ran through the streets of Constantinople, and grocers rose to unwonted altitudes in popular estimation.

Those who took part in the coffee earthquake, as some one called it, will never forget those stirring times; far beyond the confines of the coffee markets did the shocks and tremors range. Other commodities were affected. Tea, for instance, began to show coquettish conduct unknown to the oldest brokers; sugar palpitated from China to Peru; chickory went crazy. Old traders declared that if coffee was to be sold at the prices it had fallen to, chickory would be henceforward a mere historical article.

But the strangest characteristics of this fevered time were the absurd paragraphs and leaders which appeared in the newspapers. One was headed:

'Good News for Coffee-drinkers.—It has hitherto been supposed that the coffee shrub is limited to the regions now devoted to its cultivation, and that it can only be grown under special conditions of climate and soil. Also that the species is limited to a few varieties. This has been recently proved inaccurate. The great German traveller and *sarant*, Professor Weissaliedinge, has discovered in Central America vast forests of a coffee-bearing tree, most of which grow upwards of fifty feet high! It is said that the size of the berries is four times that of ordinary coffee, and that the flavour of this new species is superior to the most aromatic kinds grown in Arabia. The immense supplies from this source will soon place coffee in abundance upon the tables of the poorest classes, and convert a luxury into a common necessary of life.'

This paragraph went the round of the provincial press, and created a flutter in the breasts of the grocers whose eyes fell upon it. No wonder that chickory and other substances employed to modify the powerful effects of unsophisticated coffee, fell into discredit. If coffee were to become as abundant as the paragraph alleged, it would be taking an advantage of the public to mix it at all.

Another paragraph was entitled:

'A Revolution on the Breakfast Table.—Hitherto the world has depended upon the bounty of Nature for the beverages that grace the morning meal. But Science, which neither slumbers nor sleeps, has just won a triumph, that threatens to abolish the Chinese leaf, the Arabian berry, and the seductive Theobroma nut, and render mankind independent of similar vegetable productions

commodities in the hope that when the fortnightly day of settlement comes round, the price of the stock or commodities will have risen, in which case he will pocket as profit the 'difference' between the price at which he bought and the price on the day of settlement. A 'bear,' on the contrary, sells largely first, and buys afterwards at a lower price when the market has become glutted. Of course, if the price should rise when it is expected to fall, and *vice versa*, the 'bull' or the 'bear' must pay the 'difference' when it is against him. A 'syndicate' is a combination of 'bulls' or 'bears,' and is a new method of commercial speculation.

altogether. The great French chemist, M. Syntheseur, after twenty years' researches, has demonstrated that *theine* and *caffeine*, the essential principles of tea and coffee, are merely forms of nitrogen. These he has succeeded in making in enormous quantities. All that was wanted to produce tea and coffee in the chemist's laboratory was a woody fibre that would absorb *theine* and *caffeine* in the right proportions. This has been the difficulty with which M. Syntheseur has struggled. It has now been overcome by one of the pupils of the great *sarant*, who by accident spilled some laboratory *caffeine* upon a heap of sawdust. In a few hours the mixture became so completely transformed into a substance resembling ordinary coffee, that one of the porters of the establishment, supposing it to be the veritable article, made an infusion of it for his breakfast. The extraordinary aroma attracted the attention of M. Syntheseur's gifted pupil, who found thus, by pure hazard, that missing link in the great chain which the Professor commenced to forge twenty years ago.

'We understand this chemically manufactured coffee can be sold retail at a penny per pound! Moreover, the gain of the public will be the greater, because, owing to sawdust being already in a pulverised state, coffee-mills will no longer be required. Of course, the method of preparing chemical coffee is a scientific secret; but it is said that a gigantic Limited Liability Company, having depôts in every country of the world, is now in process of formation to work the patents of M. Syntheseur.

'Sawdust, hitherto considered little better than rubbish, and of no use whatever, beyond spreading on the floors of butchers' shops, has now risen to importance. Here is another waste product of our industries proving of priceless worth! We have long known that Baron Liebig was in the habit of making quatern loaves out of deal planks, and that a billet of wood furnished a staff in a double sense, namely, a cudgel for defending the outer man, and a French-roll for keeping the stomach in awe. But that sawdust should take the place of our Congous, Mochas, and Theobromas, is, as we have before said, a Revolution on the Breakfast Table.'

These paragraphs were shown to Mr Quick, who read them with an eye that lost something of its habitual hardness, while his mouth assumed a quite unwonted genial curve.

INDIA IN THE RAINS.

BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

I MENTIONED on a former occasion that the most trying period in the Indian 'hot weather' was the interval of calm between the north-east and south-west monsoons. That lull has arrived, and Nature, exhausted by the fierce heat of May, seems overpowered; the heavens above us are as brass, and the earth as iron; animal life is in a state of quiescence—even the crows hop or fly about dejectedly with gaping beaks. The trees are in absolute rest, longing for a breath to bring movement to their leaves and twigs, wondering, perhaps, why the subsoil moisture, which they have been so patiently distilling into the atmosphere for months past, is not returning in grateful showers,

to wash their dust-begrimed leaves, and open out their breathing pores. The earth is hard as adamant, and of a uniform whitish brown; green is nowhere visible, except in cultivated patches, or in the neighbourhood of wells; and the shadow of death, as it were, rests on the land.

Yet the enforced sterility is not absolute; the Mudar (*Calotropis gigantea*), for instance, rejoices in the most sterile wastes, and exhibits its large leathery leaves, pink and white flower bunches, and singular pods, as a proof of the presence of a beneficent Providence. And if you closely examine the surface of the arid soil, you will discover numerous specimens of a diminutive convolvulus, displaying its tiny leaves and delicate pinkish-white flowers, as another proof that life is struggling for existence amid the prevailing death. Many a time, like Mungo Park's moss, that humble little plant has read me a lesson of patience and encouragement; and you feel that if such a diminutive and humble plant can rejoice amid the surrounding sterility, its joy will in due time be imparted to the wastes around.

And so it happens. The eager observer of the southern sky is at last rewarded by seeing in mid-June, or earlier, a few cirrhus clouds adorning the sunset; in a day or two they have coalesced into cirrho-stratus, which the setting sun gilds with effulgence; another day or two develops them into cumulous masses, into the dark interiors of which the sun flings his parting rays. We watch on into night, and see these depths illumined by distant lightning; and now we know that the monsoon is approaching, and that we shall soon hear the noise of its chariot-wheels. Next day, the greater portion of the southern sky is veiled with cirrho-cumulus, and we feel the breath of the approaching blast in grateful puffs of cool air. During that night, or at the latest, next day, deliverance arrives. During daytime you may notice the heavens waxing 'black with clouds,' from which suddenly a dazzling flash of lightning leaps out, immediately followed perhaps by a deafening roar of thunder. Then the storm comes on; flash follows flash, and peal succeeds peal in awful grandeur, and the labouring clouds discharge their burden in tremendous rain. Oh, the joy of that downpour, and how eagerly we throw open every door to admit the delicious breeze! The glad watchword on every lip is now, 'The rains are in;' and Nature re-echoes the welcome. How delicious the smell of dust laid by rain! You feel as if you could not sniff it up sufficiently. And how strange the cleanliness which meets you on all sides. It seems that spring green has set in everywhere in a moment, for the lately dust-begrimed trees stand out bravely in their legitimate verdure, rejoicing in the cleansing and invigorating bath they have enjoyed.

The first downpour often lasts for twenty-four hours; and when you go abroad, you are amazed at the change in the landscape. Those white, arid wastes which dazzled your eye, are now clothed in the most delicate emerald green; all the humbler classes of vegetation seem to be engaged in a race for existence, each vying with its neighbour in assuming the verdant garments necessary for the struggle. Look at the roadside ditches, and you will see sights equally amazing. Before the rains, they were simply shallow trenches, obscured by dust from the road, and apparently

utterly void of life, animal or vegetable. Observe them now, lined with pools of pellucid water, resting on vegetation rank and green, and teeming with animal life, aquatic larvæ of all kinds, small fish and frogs. Among the last, you will probably see a huge green-and-yellow bull-frog, six to eight inches long, either submerged in the water, his nose and eyes alone exposed, or resting on the bank waterwards. If you approach him quietly, you may catch him in his song of jubilation at the arrival of the rains, his cheeks puffing out as large as plums, and the sound carrying you back to your school-days. Whence came this sudden life, and where were its components a week ago? Our attempts at answer land us in one of the greatest puzzles afforded by India—the question of fish-showers, two of which I have seen.

It is easy enough to account for the larvæ of aquatic insects, and not difficult to understand that their eggs and the frogs may have lain dormant in the mud, awaiting 'the scent of water.' But whence, in the first instance, came the fish? This is hardly the place for ventilating this question, so I will merely describe briefly two fish-showers, and then narrate two facts which may throw light on the subject.

During the rains of 1864, I was residing at Arrah, in a large house with a flat roof, and during a heavy shower, the cry was raised by my servants that fish were falling from heaven. I rushed out, and found the compound (court-yard) strewn with small dead fish, from two to three inches in length; while from the roof, two or three bucketfuls were procured. Whence came the fish? Undoubtedly, from the sky; but how they got there, I am not prepared to state, unless they may have been carried into the air from their native element, by a water-spout. Arrah is situated in the corner where the Sone enters the Ganges, and is about seven miles from either river—the only possible sources of the fish.

The second fall occurred four years after at Patna—which is about one to two miles from the Ganges—and also during the rains. On starting on my rounds one morning, I drove over a bridge crossing a then dry watercourse. During my absence, heavy rain fell; and on my returning home, I found the watercourse full, and a crowd of natives shovelling out quantities of the same small fish, all dead.

Another curious fact relating to fishes. On one occasion, while stationed at Arrah, I came across a specimen of the climbing perch (*Anabas scandens*) struggling along the road at least half a mile from the Sone, to which I had it transferred alive and vigorous. It may have embarked on that strange journey to spawn, leaving its eggs in a roadside ditch; but then a difficulty arises in its being alone.

I have often come across vagrant turtle miles from any water, and on one occasion found a nest, the young from which might have been found in a roadside pool, occasioning curiosity as to how they got there.

Insect life starts into profuse existence on the setting in of the rains, and often occasions us great annoyance at dinner-time; the white table-cloth and the careless presence of lamps thereon affording irresistible attraction to countless hordes of invaders, among which winged termites—that is, white ants—stand pre-eminent; and their invasion

is very remarkable. You have recently arrived in the country, are living in a *kutch* house (built of sun-dried bricks and mud-mortar), have made yourself comfortable therein, and are going to have your first dinner-party. All your nick-nacks are proudly displayed on your table, and in its centre blazes your lamp, just unpacked. The dinner-hour approaches, and you nervously take a look round to see that all is right. One or two insects, new to you, are fluttering about the lamp, or on the table, and in brushing them off, you perhaps notice that the same insects are swarming out of a corner or from the floor. Your guests arrive; and while receiving and marshalling them in to dinner, the insect invasion has assumed formidable proportions, so that when you sit down to soup, you find the air around the lamp alive with termites, and your fair cloth covered with them. Every *stup*-plate is stuffed with them, as also your glasses of sherry. In despair, you appeal to the company, or to your table attendant; and are advised to remove the lamp at once from the table. On doing so, the invaders on the wing are diverted; and then you notice that the thousands on the table have dropped their wings broadcast, and are now chasing one another about. In comparative darkness, you finish your dinner, and adjourn to the drawing-room. When your guests have left, curiosity takes you back to the dining-room; and you find the table and the site of the removed lamp strewn with myriads of wings, and their owners nowhere.

Watch the insects outside, and the sight is equally wonderful. From a spot in the ground where you would least expect it, you find one or two termites fluttering into the air; watch them narrowly, and you will find a minute hole, far too minute for the hordes which are squeezing out of it and then rising into the air. Around the hole, half-a-dozen wingless workers are fussing frantically. But let us watch the perfect insects, and return afterwards to the workers. Soon we see a pyramidal cloud of insects in the air, the apex resting over the hole. This becomes denser and spreads wider as the breeze catches their wings. News of the flight have been telegraphed far and wide. Sparrows and crows, fly-catchers and king-crows, kites and mynas, flock to the scene, and gorge on the fliers. (Kites feast laboriously; every termite is individually seized with the talons, and then disposed of by the beak.) If evening is setting in, bats and even frugivorous flying-foxes join in the revel, and termites are devoured in myriads. Turn again to the hole whence the last termite has emerged, and you will find the workers busily engaged in plastering it up again, and destroying all traces of the flight. The few survivors of the swarm seek the earth, drop their wings, and disappear. The dropping of the wings is a marvellous process; two pair, with all their machinery of blood-vessels, nerves, and ligaments, are instantaneously dispensed with, and the insect seems livelier than before; and this mutilation occurs precisely at the exact moment. Seize a termite by the wings at the wrong moment, and he will struggle violently to escape, the wings remaining firm in your grasp. Seize it at the right moment, and you will see it lift its body upwards and backwards like an earwig, deliberately unhook its wings, and so escape.

Here is another incident of the rain period. You are sitting at dinner with all your doors open, and suddenly you hear a familiar sound, and a beetle is wheeling 'his droning flight' around the room. *Flop!* he falls on the table half-stunned. You seize him, and are amazed at the strength of his struggles, and still further at the squeak he utters; showing that he must have vocal organs—like the death's-head moth, which squeaks loudly when touched. Examine him, and you will find that he is the Egyptian scarab (*Scarabeus sacer*) or dung beetle, varying in size from half an inch to an inch and a half long, and relatively, I believe, the most powerful animal in the world. Take an inch specimen, and place him on the tablecloth under a full quart bottle of wine or beer. Presently, you will see the bottle move; and if unchecked, it will slide mysteriously across the table, pushed by the giant beneath in its efforts to escape.

Yet one other incident. Towards the close of the rainy season, generally in September, 'flying-bugs' appear on the scene, attracted as usual by the light; small black and shining heteropterous insects, surcharged with a disagreeably powerful odour, which they generously distribute all around. You may encounter a flight when out driving in the evening, and perhaps feel something creeping in your whiskers. On raising your hand to eject the intruder, your nose is overpowered, and your fingers defiled, with the odour.

These insect visitations are undoubtedly a trial; but they are not confined to India; for in Scotland, both at Arran and Lasswade, I have been put to flight by midges, which were infinitely more ferocious than those out here.

▲ Travelling in the rains, away from the rail, is just as serious as it used to be in old times, especially if your vehicle be the palkee. It is no joke to be caught by the rains on a journey, and have to put up with the shelter of a *serai* (roadside hut) or a tree, because the nullah ahead of you, which yesterday was a dry watercourse, is now a formidable stream. No joke, in the midst of pelting rain, the thickest darkness, and the roar of thunder, to have your palkee put down in the road—itsself a stream—because your torch has been saturated and extinguished, and the bearers have lost both their way and their heads. No joke, under these circumstances, to try and keep yourself dry. Not only will the driving rain come in at every chink, but the splash from the road gradually wets you from below. So the weary night-hours pass, and the gloomy break of day finds you quite alone. The bearers have gone off in quest of shelter, and will suit their convenience in returning to you; and, wet and weary, you must do your best, until the rain lifts a little, to permit of your onward progress.

How well I recollect being thus caught in 1854 on the road from Meerut to Umballa! Anxious to push on, I had reached the *dák* bungalow at Jagádrée, and thrown myself on a bed to sleep while breakfast was being prepared. I had hardly done so, when a terrific crash of thunder made me jump to my feet, ushering in a storm which effectually dissipated all ideas of rest. When the afternoon starting-hour arrived, the bearers told me it was useless proceeding, as all the rivers and nullahs between Jagádrée and Umballa—and they are not a few—would be impassable. With the obstinacy of youth, I

determined on proceeding, notwithstanding the heavy rain, and I then encountered the experience above described.

When my bearers did come back, they told me that a raft had been prepared for my transit, which cheered me considerably. Presently, I was told that it was ready, and poked out my head to see.

'Where is the raft?' I inquired.

'Here, my lord;' pointing to nine round earthen pots lashed together into a square with bamboos and twine, the whole concern floating uneasily on the troubled stream.

'Am I to cross on that?' I feebly inquired.

'Yes, my lord. There are no boats on this nullah.'

Alarmed at the nature of the vessel which was now to carry Caesar and his fortunes, I determined that the latter should go first; and so my two boxes were lashed to the frail structure, and two men swam over with it. Caesar's chariot (the palkee) then followed successfully, and then that hero's turn came. Assisted by the bearers, he squatted on the wet globe of the central pot, carefully arranged the centre of gravity, with stolid dignity closed his eyes, set his teeth, and grasping the slippery pots, launched out on the flood, his legion of bearers swimming around and guiding the frail raft. That the voyage was successful is evident from the commentary now penned, which may further announce that on that memorable day, without bridges and without boats, Caesar crossed more rivers, each in a different fashion, than has fallen to most heroes in a lifetime.

The temperature during the rains is very pleasant; but when a break occurs, allowing the sun to come out and evaporation to set in, it becomes very muggy, the still air being laden with moisture. Then it is that prickly-heat adds its quota of annoyance to those predisposed to that troublesome affection. But taken all round, the rains are a pleasant season, and a happy preparation for the full enjoyment of our unequalled cold weather, some account of which I shall give in my concluding paper.

THE STORY OF A THUMB-MARK.

IV.

ELIJAH CARSON the detective was a somewhat remarkable man. As he sat down, you might not have noticed anything particularly striking in his appearance, beyond a look of concentration in his face. Nor did his looks belie his character. He was a man of inventive resource, of tenacity of purpose; and in the pursuit of his profession, he took an enthusiastic interest. And at present, called to investigate the mysterious murder of Anthony Greig, he had no other purpose than to demonstrate the crime as it really happened. He had been sent on the case when the first intelligence arrived; and his first object was to find young Anthony Greig. In this he anticipated little difficulty, for he was informed, by one of the clerks who had seen Beesley, that Greig was about to proceed to London. Acting on this information, and hoping to overtake the fugitive before he should reach the Metropolis, he lost no time in getting to the railway platform. He had a photograph of the young man with him; and with this

and the description received from Sinnott, he felt fairly confident of finding Greig, if not on the journey, in London itself. Conning the picture, Carson paced the platform, and mentally had his eye on scores of people at once. The optical battery of Argus himself could scarcely have more carefully scrutinised the numerous intending passengers than did his one pair of steel-gray eyes. Suddenly, his face lost its appearance of effort, as with a smile he jumped into a compartment occupied by a young fellow, morosely sitting in one corner, and smoking.

'Mr Greig, I believe?' said Carson, scanning curiously the other's face.

He started; but was not unusually disconcerted as he replied: 'That is my name. But I—really—I really don't recall your name.'

'Carson—Elijah Carson. You don't know me. I am sent to bring you back. There is no help for it. Take care what you say; you are not bound to criminate yourself.'

'Carson the detective?'

Carson nodded affirmatively.

'What is wrong, then? I am going to London; and I don't recognise your right to prevent me. I have debts; but they are not legal debts, if that is what you are after.'

'Pooh! that is nothing. This morning, Mr Anthony Greig, of Greig & Co., Limehouse Street, was found in his office, dead.'

The look of utter dismay that covered the young fellow's face was no effort of a guilty actor to counterfeit surprise. 'My uncle dead!' he exclaimed.

'The lad's no more a murderer than I am,' thought Carson, as he scanned the pale and discomposed countenance before him. 'Come, come,' he said aloud; 'men have been murdered before this. The question is, Who did it? I don't mind telling you that your disappearance led to suspicion; and as soon as I could find your intended route, I went off after you.'

'Murdered!' groaned the lad, as the pair quitted the train and slowly retired from the platform. 'I know nothing of this.'

'Ay, that is the word; though there is just a chance it was suicide. Now, listen, and take my advice. If—mark, I only say if—you did it, keep your own counsel; you will have enough to stand against without my evidence. If you are innocent—well, you needn't swear to it now—give the clearest possible account of your doings since yesterday. Tell your solicitor everything; and if you like to trust me—he offered his long nervous hand as he spoke—'if you like to trust me, my lad, I am your friend. First impressions count for a good deal in these cases; and mine are, that you are all right.'

Greig warmly grasped the offered hand. 'Thanks,' said he. 'I have nothing to conceal. I quarrelled with my uncle yesterday about my debts; betting, you know.' (Carson nodded.) 'I suppose that is why, when I disappeared, I was suspected. Oh, my poor uncle! I was his heir—my cousin Grace and I. He told me so. Why should I have been such a fool as to vex him as I did?'

Carson frowned. 'You know you are his heir, you say? Nothing, no money or valuables were stolen; your knife was found on the desk; you have a key of the office; no violence has been done to the premises. All this looks very bad

against you. Now, collect yourself. Where were you yesterday and last night? Who saw you? Account clearly to me for the time spent since you left your uncle. And don't tell me, I warn you, for your own sake, anything but the facts.'

'I'll tell you just what I did. After the scene I had with him in the morning, I walked out of the office—I don't know where; but I know I got to Allenton Hotel, and got some dinner there. I could not go home; and I went back to Limehouse Street at six o'clock, and waited for him to come out. But he stayed late.' I waited, I should think, more than an hour—yes, two hours, for I remember eight o'clock striking. I was walking up and down; and at last, when I came in view of the window again, it was dark, and as no one came out, I thought I had missed my uncle. Then I walked fast homewards, to overtake him'—

'Did you see nobody, or rather did anybody see you, whilst waiting outside?'

'O yes. Several of the workpeople passed. Tim, the man with one arm, who was hurt by the machinery, passed me; and so did Morris the cooper.'

'Notice you?'

'O yes. "Good-evening, Mr. Anthony," or something of that kind, they said.'

'Well, you were saying you walked home'—

'Yes, very fast, to overtake him—my uncle. I wondered at still missing him, and was much annoyed. I would not go in. I saw Robert—Mr. Slater, I mean, the solicitor—leave the house; but I avoided him; and then I went to a friend's place, James Beesley, in Harrington Street; he has apartments there. I stayed with him all night, and told him my difficulties.'

'Of your own accord, or did he ask you?'

'Oh, he asked me. He asked me what was the matter with me. And then I told him of the scene I had had; and that I was going to clear off to London, and stop that atrocious betting.'

'Does your friend, Mr. Beesley, bet?'

'O yes. I told him to let our friends know I had decamped. It's shabby, I know; but what else was there for it? After all, it's only a rough-and-ready way of bankruptcy.'

They were by this time on their way back to where the unfortunate young fellow was to be lodged for the night, pending the coroner's inquest next morning. Little more passed between the two, except that occasionally Carson asked a question as he ruminated on the various bearings of the case. He was convinced the young man was not trying to deceive him; but he could not help wishing that the jury who would try the case had seen the lad's face on first hearing of his uncle's death. The world at large judges by facts, and not impressions.

v.

On the morning after the body of Anthony Greig had been found, the inquest was held, and his nephew was arraigned as the suspected murderer of the old man. After the usual preliminaries of inspecting the body, and the like, evidence was led as to the circumstances under which the deceased might have met his death; and notwithstanding the keen cross-examination of witnesses by Mr. Slater, on behalf of the young

man placed at the bar, the evidence all pointed in one direction, namely, the implication of young Anthony Greig as the murderer of his uncle. The quarrel on the previous day between the uncle and nephew was spoken of, and the threat repeated with which the young man was heard to take leave of his relative. Tim, the one-armed man, and Morris the cooper, bore witness to the fact that they had seen the accused loitering about the works on the evening of the murder, and that shortly after he had disappeared, the light in his uncle's room was seen to have been put out. They had naturally thought that young Anthony was simply waiting to accompany his uncle home; and it was not till they had heard that the young man's knife had been found beside the body of the deceased, that they remembered that the accused was seen by them as stated. The two men gave their testimony with evident reluctance, as young Anthony was rather a favourite among the workpeople; but the evidence was too clear to be set aside, and the jury had no hesitation in committing the young man for trial on the capital charge of murder.

While the final formalities of the inquest were being proceeded with, Mr. Slater sat at the table with an anxious and thoughtful look upon his face. No doubt, his thoughts were away with the daughter of the dead man, whose natural anguish over her father's lamentable end would be heightened and embittered by the thought that her own cousin, who had lived under the same roof with them, had evidently been the guilty instrument of the old man's death. Mr. Slater had seen Miss Grace that morning, and had assured her that nothing would be left undone on his part to clear the name of her cousin from the awful charge that lay against it, as both of them were convinced that, whatever differences may have existed between the old man and his nephew, the latter was utterly incapable of the crime of which he was suspected. But now, after hearing the evidence that had been led, the young lawyer was somewhat staggered and shaken in his belief in the innocence of young Anthony; and as he recalled to mind the succession of blackening circumstances which linked the accused with the crime charged against him, he felt that any attempts to save him would be all but hopeless.

As he sat thus, his eye fell upon the various articles produced at the inquest, and now ranged upon the table, having to do with the condition in which the body of the deceased was found; and among these was the white-handled pocket-knife, stained with blood, which had belonged to the young man accused of the crime. It was one of the fatal links in the chain of evidence against him. But there were other articles likewise blood-stained, and among these was a sheet of paper on which the old man had written the date, preliminary to commencing a letter to some correspondent or other. The letter was never written; for the hand of the murderer had clutched him then, and the sheet was now dabbled with the life-blood of the unfortunate old man. With a kind of morbid curiosity, Robert Slater put out his hand and took up the letter. As he looked at it, his eye assumed its wonted clear and eager expression, and for a moment it seemed as if he was about to rise and request the coroner to stay pro-

ceedings. But second thoughts were apparently against this, and he kept his seat. In a few minutes the Court rose, and the young man at the bar was led away in the custody of the police, to await his trial at the next assizes.

As the people were leaving the court-room, Mr Slater leant over to Carson the detective, whispered something, and pointed with his finger to the letter which he had just been examining. Carson, so incited, took up the paper, and placing it among the other articles, carried the whole with him out of court.

The young lawyer followed closely at his heels. When they had reached the detective's private room, the latter laid down the articles which he had carried thither, and singled out the letter to which Mr Slater had directed his attention. He looked at it scrutinisingly for a few minutes, and then turning to the lawyer, said: 'I see nothing here of any consequence. There are various blood-stains on the sheet, but nothing which seems to point to anything particular.'

Mr Slater took the letter in his hand. 'Do you see that blotch, as if made with half-dried blood?' he asked, pointing to a large oval stain near the inner edge of the sheet of paper. 'Well, don't you observe it is the impression of a man's thumb? It is that of the left hand, if I mistake not. See, there are the grooves or furrows of the skin distinctly marked; and if you open up the double sheet you will find a similar finger-mark on the reverse side. But the latter is not so well defined as the print of the thumb; and I think this will be of use to us.'

'I see what you point out,' said Carson; 'but what purpose can these markings serve?'

'I will tell you,' said the lawyer. 'Just the other week I was reading in a scientific journal that the arrangement of the grooves or furrows on the skin of the finger, shown in such an impression as this, is not the same in all men, but that every individual may be distinguished by the characteristic markings thus obtained. In China, for instance, all holders of public offices, and especially soldiers, are known by their finger-mark, and several cases of crime and desertion have been detected by reference to these marks. Besides, when any one possesses the finger-mark of any individual not otherwise known to him, it is found to be impossible for another man to personate that individual, because a comparison of their finger-marks would at once detect the deception.'

'But how will this serve you in this case?' asked the detective, naturally cautious as to admitting the force of evidence of such a novel kind.

'In this way,' said Mr Slater. 'We must take means to get the finger-mark of every man in the establishment of Greig & Co., as also that of the deceased man, and of his nephew. This can easily be done; and thereafter, by an idea which has occurred to me, namely, by photographing each impression, we will arrive at the fact whether or not any one of these marks agrees with the mark on this sheet of paper. Meantime, the utmost secrecy will be necessary as to our intentions, so that none of the workmen take alarm, and escape us.'

'But why,' said the detective, 'should the workmen be specially singled out, and not the clerks also?'

'Because,' answered the lawyer, 'I am all but certain the two impressions on this sheet of paper have been produced by the finger and thumb of a man who uses tools, and has a hard hand. The furrow-markings are broad and flattened, and the great size of the thumb is extremely noticeable; and by these together I am led to think that we have got a clue to the person who committed the murder, and that that person is not young Anthony Greig, however darkly circumstances may appear against him at present.'

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

To be equal to the occasion, is undoubtedly a natural gift, and there is apparently no royal road to its attainment. The possessors, however, of such an inestimable blessing are somewhat few and far between. Without a doubt, many of us can refer back, not perhaps without feelings of regret, to more than one occasion on which we might have made a very appropriate remark or observation—only, we didn't think of it at the time. When we did think of it, it was too late; we had allowed the golden opportunity to slip by; in fact, we were not equal to the occasion.

To be equal to the occasion, admits of no particular length of time for thinking, or beating about the bush for an answer; the reply, to have effect, must be almost instantaneous. Some years ago, when the seas were infested by a lawless crew, the captain of an English vessel sailed from a Spanish port with a number of passengers aboard, and among them was a timid Frenchman, who evinced the greatest fear lest the vessel should be taken by one of the Saltee rovers, and they should all be made slaves to the Moors. 'Don't you be at all alarmed, my good sir,' cried the captain; 'for before I'd allow my ship to fall into the hands of those confounded piratical rascals, I'd blow her into the air.' Unfortunately for us, the account closes here; otherwise, it would be highly interesting to learn, whether the nervous foreigner altogether approved of this ingenious plan of escaping from the clutches of these marauding gentry. It was an instance, however, on the part of the captain, although rather startling in its character, of being equal to the occasion.

In the *Antiquary*, the learned Mr Oldbuck asks his gallant nephew whether the men of his regiment would not feel renewed heart and courage if, at the close of a toiling day, they found they were bivouacking near the tomb of some famous hero. The answer of the young soldier was not only amusing, but exhibited an amount of forethought not often met with. 'My conviction is,' said he, 'that they would feel not only more encouraged, but much better pleased, if they found themselves near a poultry-yard.'

There was once a soldier in the army of the Duke of Marlborough who, taking the name of that distinguished General, was severely reprimanded for it. 'How am I to blame, General?' said the soldier. 'I had the choice of names, and I selected the one I now bear. If I had known one more illustrious than yours, I should have taken it.' What, really, could the gallant General be expected to say, in return for so flattering an admission?—why, merely this, that the man was equal to the occasion.

Indeed, the army affords numerous instances of

promptitude in words as well as actions, military command and discipline occasionally requiring it. It may be sufficient, however, for our present purpose, and by way of illustration, to introduce those only of a somewhat humorous character.

A young ensign residing in lodgings the rooms of which were very small, was visited by a fashionable friend, who had no sooner entered the apartment, than he exclaimed: 'Why, Harry, old boy, how long have you lived in this diminutive nutshell?' 'Well, my dear fellow,' replied the other archly, 'I am sorry to say, not quite long enough to become a kernel.' To use a military phrase, the above might be termed the 'light artillery' of conversation. Equally as good was the reply of a private of the Galloway Rifles, who was standing sentry, when an officer, noticing that he had a bruised face and an unmistakable black-eye, accosted him, and charged him at once with having been fighting. 'Please, sir,' replied the soldier, 'I believe it was principally for that, that you specially engaged me.' Dry humour such as this is seldom met with; and we are disposed to conclude that the officer, if not a rigid martinet, would decide not to pursue the inquiry further, but would treasure up the smart reply, as a joke for the camp in general, and his own private friends in particular. To us, it may recall those famous lines by Herbert:

All things are big with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

It may not, perhaps, be generally known that our heavy troops at the battle of Waterloo had no defensive armour; but soon after, a Committee of the House of Commons sat to consider the best sort of costume necessary for heavy dragoons and such-like, when a stalwart lifeguardsman who was under examination, on being asked what armour he should like to adopt on another similar occasion, replied: 'Well, gentlemen, if you ask my candid opinion, you can have it at once. I think I should certainly prefer, if called upon to do duty again in a like manner, to put in an appearance in my shirt-sleeves!' This quite upset the gravity of the assembled conclave; and the subject remained in abeyance for some time after.

To the Army, the Church, and the Law, we are principally indebted for various whimsical examples. We have read of a celebrated man, a very popular preacher, who, a few years ago, was asked to lash the prevailing folly, the 'invisible' bonnet. He did so, as follows: 'I have been requested to rebuke the bonnets of the present day.' At this startling announcement, one might have heard a pin drop. Wandering thoughts were immediately arrested; and scanning the ladies of the congregation, he added: 'But really, I see none!'—a more bitter rebuke than any other words could possibly have conveyed.

'Tom Brown' tells us, a divine ought to adapt his sermon as an astronomer does his almanac, to the meridian of the place and people where he lives. So thought, evidently, a French priest, who had usually a very small modicum of hearers. One day while preaching at the church in his village, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking and cackling up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer

find fault with the people of his district for non-attendance; because, though they did not think proper to come themselves, they were thoughtful enough to send their representatives.

It was a saying of Lord Brongham's, that a lawyer was a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself. The following may be considered a specimen of a lawyer being equal to the occasion. A gentleman, while bathing in the sea, saw his lawyer rise up at his side, after a long dive. After an exchange of salutations had briefly passed—'By the way,' said he, 'how about Gunter? Have you taken out a warrant against him?'—'He is in quod,' replied the lawyer, and dived again, showing his heels as a parting view to his client. Nor did the latter hear more of the interview with his lawyer until he got his account, which, amongst other matters, contained the entry: 'To consultation at sea, anent the incarceration of Gunter, six and eightpence.'

On the bench, the notorious Judge Jeffreys talked fluently and with spirit; but his weakness was that he could not reprehend without scolding. His voice and visage, too, made him a terror to real offenders, and formidable indeed to all. Pointing with his cane to a man who was about being tried, he said, somewhat excitedly: 'There is a great rogue at the end of my cane!' The man to whom he pointed, looked at him, and coolly asked: 'At which end, my lord?' His lordship seemed petrified. The prisoner was equal to the occasion.

Bishop Horne used to say: 'It is expedient to have an acquaintance with those who have looked into the world; who know men, understand business, and can give you good intelligence and good advice when they are wanted.' A couple of lawyers engaged in a case were overheard discussing the issue. 'At all events we have justice on our side,' said the younger and more enthusiastic lawyer—'in this, I think, is something irresistible, and needs nothing to help it out.' To which the senior counsel replied: 'Yes, yes; that's all very well in its way, and perfectly true; but what we really want is the Chief-Justice on our side.'

Now and then will occur a play upon words or names, and in this as in everything else capable of exciting hearty laughter, there must be absurdity. Mr Justice Hayes, as is well known, was a wit. On the trial of a cause of 'Woodcock v. Bird,' before Lord Chief-Justice Jervis at Warwick, the Chief-Justice having remarked that it was a pity that two 'Birds' should not live in harmony, Hayes replied: 'Yes, it is, my lord; but my client complains of the length of the plaintiff's bill!'

There is no action in the behaviour of one individual towards another, of which human nature is more impatient than of contempt, it being a thing made up of these two ingredients—an undervaluing of a man upon a belief of his utter uselessness and inability; and a spiteful endeavour to engage the rest of the world in the same belief and slight esteem of him. It is related of a negro minstrel that, being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by the attorney, who wished to break down his evidence. 'You are in the negro-minstrel business, I believe?' inquired the lawyer. 'Yes,

sir.—‘Is it not a rather low calling?’ demanded the lawyer. ‘I don’t know but what it is, sir,’ replied the minstrel; ‘but it is so much better than my father’s, that I am rather proud of it.’—‘What was your father’s calling?’ ‘He was a lawyer, sir.’ The learned man asked no more questions.

It was Milton who said: ‘Prudence is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place.’ Of a certainty, there are those who do not lose their presence of mind, or appear in the least way disconcerted, or even intimidated, by obstacles that occasionally crop up in the daily course of life, but remain perfectly cool and passive under the worst of mishaps. In an opera, Beard, a celebrated singer, had to look towards the side and say: ‘I see him approach this way;’ but unfortunately, the person expected was not forthcoming. Beard, in order to give his friend time to go round, came forward, and pulling out his watch, said: ‘No; I am mistaken; it is another person; in fact, it wants one minute to the appointed time. I know he will be here; for he is ever punctual.’ Not a creature detected the liberal finesse save the prompter.

Sometimes we are surprised not only to hear, but to learn something from a quarter where we should have least expected it. By the statute 6th George II. c. 37, it was made felony, without benefit of clergy, to destroy an ash-tree. Dr Ash, a great wit and intimate friend of Swift, was once wet through with the rain, and upon going into an inn where he was well known, asked the waiter to take off his coat for him; upon which the waiter started, and politely refused to do anything of the kind, for, said he, ‘It is felony, sir, to strip an ash!’ The Doctor used to say he would have given fifty pounds to be the author of that pun. The waiter was equal to the occasion.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

A SPIDER.

A HARMLESS-looking, quiet, little gray man, carrying an innocent sort of reticule, may be observed on many a fine morning, ay, and on many a stormy one too, tripping daintily along Pall-Mall, along Cockspur Street, by Charing Cross; and then to the right, down Whitehall. Muttering to himself as he goes along, it is evident that his thoughts are introspective, and that the ‘throngs of men’ among whom he moves at this busy hour interest him not at all. Not by any means a remarkable man is this portrait. He is below the middle height, is dressed in respectable speckly ‘Oxford mixture,’ his trousers and his comfortable double-breasted overcoat being of that semi-clerical tint. He wears a tall hat, nicely brushed, with a narrow hat-band which lends a tinge of subdued melancholy to his appearance. He has spotty-gray cloth gloves of robust make on his hands, one of which carries a substantial umbrella, while the other holds the reticule alluded to. His face is rather benign, and not ill-favoured, except for his eyes, which look as if they never closed in sleep, so restless and sharp are they. His hair is like his

clothes, of an undecided gray; his whiskers of the same colour, are well trimmed, and cut so as to nearly meet under his lower lip, as if the right and left sides, hastening to greet each other in a cordial sort of way, were stopped by the little round chin, on which not a hair is allowed to grow.

Down Whitehall he walks. The carriage of the First Lord, as it drives sharply through the gateway of the Admiralty, arrests him for a moment in his progress; but the stoppage does not cause him to show any interest in the vehicle or its occupant. The blazing mounted sentries at the Horse Guards do not secure a glance from the restless eyes of the bearer of the black bag, who continues his sharp little trot until he reaches Downing Street. Here he turns the corner, and going a few yards up this quiet retreat of Diplomacy, stops, and takes his stand on the curb-stone. He plants his umbrella firmly down, and gazes in a placid way at the highly ornamented façade of the Home Office opposite.

Not a minute has elapsed after the arrival of the spider, ere the fly appears. Out from the grand doorway of a government office close at hand comes a fashionably dressed young gentleman, with a rosebud in his coat, and a slight flush on his cheeks—not exactly a flush of health, but rather a blush of perplexity and shame at the business he has in hand with the speckled smug at the corner. Turning sharp to the right, he walks, with a step rather too light and independent to be natural, straight to the sacrifice about to be made, in which he himself is to be the victim, the bag-carrier the executioner and priest.

The latter draws his chubby, white but plebeian-looking right hand from its hot cloth case, and gives four fingers to the victim, on whom he smiles complacently as he says: ‘Good morning, Mr ‘Ampton’—he is sparing in the use of the letter *h*—‘ow are you?’ As he asks this simple question with ‘a smile that is pensive and child-like,’ his restless little red eyes wander along the street, and across the great broad road of Whitehall to the distant Mansard roof of Montague House, as though for a moment he thinks that he has mistaken his *métier*, and that his rôle in life should have been that of an architect, instead of that of financial agent to government office fledglings, whom, to do him justice, he plucks ere even they have strong feathers for pulling.

A commonplace answer to his commonplace question having been given, the roaming eyes return home from their journey across the road, so to speak, and their owner’s gaze suddenly takes a higher flight, over his companion’s right shoulder in an oblique direction, as he says in a gentle nervous tone: ‘Ow about those tickets for the theatre, Mr ‘Ampton?’

‘I’ve told you, Mr Jackson, a hundred times, if I’ve told you once, that I never have orders for the theatre. When I go, I pay, and I am not in the way of getting tickets for free admission. I

know lots of fellows *do* get them; and I am sure some such fortunate beggars must be in your book, so that it is not necessary for you to come to me for such things.—Well now, you got my letter yesterday, I see; can you do what I ask?

The fly has come to the point with a rush. He already begins to feel rather uncomfortable, and he wants to cut the interview short, albeit he dares not look at the spider, but busies himself with arranging the flower in his button-hole, which gives the spider an opportunity to cease for a moment his study of the clouds, and allow his eyes to 'take in' the young man before him on their way downwards from space to the square of pavement immediately in front of his golosh-covered feet.

Then the gentle executioner draws a little diagram on the ground with the point of his umbrella, and speaking more to that Gampish article than to his interrogator, says: 'Well, you know, Mr 'Ampton, there's a little interest on that last bit of paper. It isn't much, and I daresay we can arrange it comfortable for you; and I have brought a fresh one that you can take in and sign. It's all right. I've put it all together, so as not to make any confusion. I've got so many little affairs with my friends when one bit of paper can show at a glance 'ow we stand. There now, take it, and look at it. I'm not 'ard on anybody. You'll be satisfied, I know.' Here the little man puts his umbrella under his arm and opens the bag—that receptacle which holds blood in bonds, young men's sighs, tears, and curses hidden behind the signatures hastily scrawled on the oblong slips of ominous blue paper!—and produces two of the slips, which he hands to the impatient client. 'Ere they are, Mr 'Ampton. That's the old—you see I've entered the interest you paid me last, on the back—that, you see, is for forty. Now, suppose we say I'll let you 'ave five, and you take up the old bit o' paper, and sign this new one, and then we'll be all right up to date.'

'But this bill, my dear sir, is for fifty!' exclaims the other, 'and I asked you for ten. Am I to sign for other ten pounds and receive only five? Oh, this is too much! I can't do it, I really can't.'

'But the interest, Mr 'Ampton, the interest, in these 'ard times! You'll find it all correct, if you just go in and work it out, Mr 'Ampton. I'll go and take a walk on the Embankment, and I'll come back in ten minutes, and then I know you'll see that I'm not 'ard upon you. I wouldn't be 'ard on any one for anything.'

'Oh, well, make it seven then, and I'll sign,' says the victim, who makes an effort to get something nearer what he requires for the sacrifice which his signature will carry with it.

'Five-ten.' This in the blandest way, with a sudden look of interest in a statue stepping out of a niche in the building opposite.

'No; six pounds ten; not a penny less—and then I'll see whether I can get any orders for the theatre.'

'Now, Mr 'Ampton, Mr 'Ampton, you are really too bad. I can't *give* money away. I tell you what I'll do—I'll say *six*.' This last offer is actually accompanied by a gentle dig administered by

the spider to the fly on the middle button of the latter's frock coat; and a sort of little ricochet movement on the part of the former, as he looks straight at his victim for the first time.

'All right, then; six;' and away flies the fly to sign the new paper, which he soon brings out again; upon receiving which the financier produces a little chain purse, from which he extracts six sovereigns, already done up in paper, which he hands to the victim, saying: 'You won't forget the tickets, will you?'

'Oh, all right. Good morning.'

'Good morning, Mr 'Ampton;' and the sucked one goes off to his ten-to-four duties; while the sucker goes on to the Embankment to look at the penny steamers and to admire the flowers!

Nature is full of contrarieties; otherwise, it would seem odd that an awful little money-grubber such as the subject of this sketch should take pleasure in the growth of trees and flowers; but so it is. This man, who, like a veritable vampire, exists on the blood of his victims, is quite an authority on roses! He has ninety-nine different kinds of this flower, which have bloomed and withered year after year in the money-lender's garden at Wimbledon. Prizes have been gained by him at local flower-shows, where his roses have competed with those of the honest merchant and the unsophisticated local magnates; and his cleverness at rearing them is often the talk of the gardeners of the neighbourhood. Works of art too are collected by this sixty per-cent. monger; and on the walls of his vulgar little villa hang 'bits' by Copley Fielding, 'old' Chrome, and Clarkson Stanfield; while copies of the antique in statuettes stand upon his shelves. This man knows the money value of all these possessions; but we doubt whether they give him pleasure in any other way. For had he any real perception of what is beautiful and good, how could he sit among these things evening after evening, as he does, weaving the meshes in which he chains his victims, manufacturing gyves, and with his iniquitous per-cent. exactions, arranging racks as heavy and as cruel as those of Torquemada and the Inquisition of old?

The man is not pleasant; and it would be well if it were possible to shut him up for ever with his roses, his canvases, and his curiosities, so that he might cease to trot round public offices, where his presence is as deadly as the breath of typhus itself.

THE ENGLISH AVALANCHE OF 1836.

In the year 1836, there happened a calamity which created a considerable stir throughout England. An avalanche which then occurred brought the same devastation to property and life as we are apt to consider peculiar to the lands of perpetual snow. The town of Lewes is known more or less to most travellers, and was the seat of the disaster. It is bounded by the South Downs. A part of the range is detached, and known by the name of 'Cliffe Hills,' the height of which is about three hundred feet above the roadway, and the row of cottages built at the base. The ascent to this line of hills is by steps cut in the chalk at the back of the

houses; while on the other end of what is known as South Street, a pit, from which the chalk had been excavated, stands, and then stood facing the whole height of the hill. Over its edge, the snow had drifted, and accumulated in an immense mass, the wind having swept it thither from the hill-top, till it overhung the cottages in the street below. In its magnitude and purity, it presented an object of interest and beauty, and attracted great attention. But as this increased in bulk—from the continued drift, rather than from fresh falls—some apprehension was expressed lest it should become detached. Those, however, who were warned of their danger, as dwelling in houses immediately beneath this vast accumulation, appeared to be most stolid in the matter! It is ever hard for the ignorant to realise a thing unknown; and when an aged man was urged to move from his fireside, he made answer that he 'had not lived eighty years to be afraid of a snowball;' while another refused to make preparation for moving 'till the thaw set in.' Those who watched the spot did so with a growing fear; and many endeavoured to rouse those most concerned, to the fact that it was no longer safe to inhabit houses so evidently imperilled. But words of warning availed little; and no advantage was taken of the offers made by those who had rooms or buildings to spare, into which household things might be stored. Thaw was the only thing known, and in many cases the only way ever heard of, in which snow was 'done away with;' so folks were willing to wait, till their experience was increased by knowledge, or till they fell victims to the fool-hardiness they displayed.

On the morning of December 27, about ten o'clock, just as the habits of daily life were being resumed in that doomed quarter, the avalanche began to move downwards, and at last burst from the hillside in one fell swoop, in its descending force driving seven cottages from their foundation, and carrying them more than twenty feet from their original standing-place. Anxious thoughts concerning the fate of the inmates filled every mind, and a crowd soon collected. Order was at once taken; and many set to work, under guidance, to clear away the snow which covered the houses, which had been removed from their sites apparently intact. A high wall on the other side of the road, behind which, some thirty feet off, the river Onse had a back-water wharf, having been broken down, a place of refuge for the snow was thus secured. It is needless to enter into the state of confusion, the anxiety of relatives, and the strange characteristics which displayed themselves at the time. It is pleasanter to note how the emergency was met by 'master-mind' and 'ready-aid.' An ironmonger whose warnings had been unheeded, was most prompt in putting his stock of spades and shovels at the disposal of the workmen, who were soon enrolled as volunteers, under able captaincy. Those who were so employed have been heard to say, when telling the story of the memorable event, that they never could have worked if they

had not been 'obliged to mind what was said.' They were unnerved and sickened when they came to the body of a neighbour. Sometimes faint groans were heard directing their labours; and on this being known among the crowd, the anxiety of those who had missing relatives found vent in some fresh outburst. It soon became evident that the houses were completely crushed in at the back; and it was found that the sloping roofs added much to the difficulty of extricating those who were found to be pressed under the timber and debris.

The neighbouring workhouse furnished without any delay, blankets, stretchers, and whatever was needed; and thither were also removed the bodies of the dead or injured. Every assistance required was there rendered by the medical men of the town, as well as by the nurses. But eight were dug out lifeless, ere the spot could be reached from which the groans proceeded; while the gloom of grief and the tension of excitement mingled and extended among the workers, the relatives, and all who were there assembled.

The old man who had refused to take warning was the first discovered; he had been apparently suffocated, and had never moved from the chair in which he sat when he was vainly warned a short time before of the coming catastrophe. A woman had with some difficulty been persuaded to leave her house with her two children, and she then insisted on returning again 'for a shawl to wrap her baby in.' On being expostulated with, she said: 'The snow won't fall in that minute.' She re-entered her house, and was crushed beneath its ruins; but the baby that was the object of her care, was removed unhurt from her bosom. This incident, which formed a part of the detail of newspaper record, attracted the attention of a lady known in that day as a popular writer (the Hon. Mrs Norton), and she instituted inquiries as to the correctness of the statements; and finding them satisfactorily answered, she made arrangements to adopt the child whose early days were so romantically tinged.

But to return to the scene of the catastrophe, where active labours were carried on throughout the day. It had been one of the objects to ascertain how many were really missing. The evidence of neighbours had to be taken by those who acted as superintendents of the workmen; and fifteen was the number of persons found to have been in the houses at the time of the avalanche. By four P.M., when the light of the winter's day had well-nigh gone, fourteen had been extricated, and then faint groans were again heard, telling that the fifteenth was still alive. It now became necessary to reverse the order of working; for it was seen that a mass of snow still remained at the top of the hill, from which that already fallen had become detached, and that this was also threatening to come down. The snow from the broken houses had therefore to be thrown against the hillside instead of into the river, in order to break the force of that which was expected to fall. A relay of watchers was hereupon employed to take the signals given by those who were on the top of the hill, and pass the signals to the workmen who might otherwise be buried under any fresh downfall. Scarcely had the word 'Run!' been shouted, than a second mass came thundering down, enveloping some in thick snow, or

well-nigh blinding them by the rebounding particles; but happily no more serious incident occurred. Others came immediately forward; and soon the last of those buried was discovered, still alive, but much injured. He was a lad of about fourteen years old. The ruins of the cottage that had been his home had bruised him severely, and a rafter which had fallen on his leg, had broken it in two places—yet no vital part was injured. As soon as his head was uncovered, he pitifully cried for something to drink. Before he could be released from the position in which he had been buried for nearly seven hours, the rafter had to be sawn asunder; an operation that caused great anxiety, from the fear that the removal of the timber might cause a heavier portion to press on his chest, and deprive him of that life to which he seemed about to be restored. At last, in a state of extreme exhaustion, he was released, and taken to the workhouse. One little child, beside that already mentioned, escaped uninjured. Five had fractured limbs or severe bruises. Eight were killed, and those were buried in the churchyard of South Malling, an outlying parish of the town of Lewes, where a marble tablet in the church thus records the event:

This Tablet is placed by Subscription, to record an Awful Instance of the Uncertainty of Human Life. On the Morning of December 27, 1836, the poor houses of this Parish were destroyed by a Mass of Snow falling from the Hill above, and the following eight Individuals were buried beneath the Ruins: William Geer, aged 82; Phoebe Barn-dur, 45; Mary Taylor, 42; Susan Hayward, 34; M. A. Budgeman, 28; Jane Boaks, 25; Joseph Wood, 15; Mary Budgeman, 11. Their Remains are interred on the north side of this Church. 'Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not!—Luke xii. 40.

The funeral, no less than the catastrophe that caused the deaths, is still riveted in the memories of the older dwellers in the neighbourhood. As the snow still continued to obstruct the roads, a deep cutting was made for the wagons which took the usual place of hearse in melancholy cortège. Sorrowful as the circumstance appeared to all, thankfulness from the first was expressed that 'the fall' was not in the night; for though the danger had been pointed out to the inmates of the ill-fated cottages, above forty persons had slept in them; and marvellous escapes were recorded of those who were away at the time. One woman often has told how she was called from her 'washing-up' to see how beautiful the snow was on the top of the hill; but after walking across the road, she had not time to turn round and look up, for she was pushed forward by the falling mass. Thus narrowly did she escape the fate of kinsfolk and friends.

Voluntary contributions of nearly four hundred pounds quickly placed a fund in the hands of 'Directors,' which enabled them to grant assistance to the families of the sufferers, and to carry on the exploration of the ruins. The clearing away of the debris revealed the fact, that among some of the residents an attempt had been made to keep Christmas as a festive season. Pieces of cake, pudding, and other eatables were scattered among earthenware, apparel, bricks, and broken

timber. Nearly all the furniture was damaged. This was collected, and placed in an empty house, where owners were invited to see if they could identify their own possessions. Many articles, spliced and repaired, remain valued as relics, and serve to recall the sensational episodes that occurred at the time of the great English Avalanche of 1836.

S N O W.

WRAPPED in a dead, deep silence lie the moors,
Beneath their shroud of white. Unbroken calm
Reigns o'er the wide expanse, whose deadness seems
The very grave of life!

The leaden sky
Teems with its snowy burden; 'mid the furze,
With this fair, pure, white penthouse overhead,
Crouch the packed moor-fowl and the shivering hare,
In that instinctive fellowship which comes
Of common hardship—each intent to find
Some scanty fragment for a needful meal.

Here, with knit brows, courageously, along
The scarce-distinguished path, the shepherd plods,
Now glancing upwards at the threatening sky,
Now scanning, for some wanderer from his flock,
The landscape round; and ever and anon,
To keep his spirits up, he whistles loud
Some tune discordant, as he picks his way.

And see! Upon the sombre forest-lands,
The tall, gaunt trees stand forth like sentinels
Around a slumbering camp; their meagre arms,
Swayed by the wind, the gathered snow-flakes shower
In powdery softness down.

The lowlands lie
Hidden beneath their snow-dress; scarce a fox
Or rabbit is astir; the famished birds
Nestle within the ivy that enshrouds
The farmhouse walls; the cattle all are stalled
Warm in the byre; and in the straw-yard crowd
Together the plough-horses.

Snow, snow, snow,
On moor and wold, on woodland, and in glade,
On city-roof, on country-cottage thatch,
Winter's 'regalia,' crisp, bright, sparkling Snow!

A. H. B.

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LONDON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

OUR broad sanded beach is alive with multitudinous waves, avant-couriers of the storm now merrily raging in the German Ocean. The wind has worn round due east since mid-day, and the force of it has increased hour by hour, until now, at nightfall, it is blowing half a gale. All other noises are hushed in the ceaseless roar of wind and wave. Fitfully through the foaming mist, the red lights of the Guard-ship gleam like huge carbuncles, in reply to our own brilliant disk in the lighthouse at the mouth of the river. The spindrift, rent in shreds by the driving blast, flies through the upper air in tatters. No rain has fallen as yet; but the wind-borne spray of the conflicting waters descends in showers of thin vapour, which quickly penetrates the thickest garment. Out yonder on the jetty and alongside the outer edge of the esplanade may be discovered sundry fishermen, completely clothed in tarpaulins—looking like massive blocks of polished jet—making fast their small craft in safe anchorage. It is indeed a wild night. Closing the heavy shutters, I draw the curtains and make all snug. Familiar with the storm and its tempestuous riot, I draw my chair nearer to the blazing fire, where, amidst the fumes of the thrice-blessed weed, I dream of home—the dear old home of my childhood. No longer sensible of the freaks of 'rude Boreas,' I gently subside into quiet contemplation of old scenes and old memories, of tender hearts and sweet companionships.

I am dwelling, in memory, in an old red brick London mansion, built in the reign of the Third William. It is situated in a courtyard in one of the lanes leading from Lombard Street to Thames Street. Originally erected for the occupation of some City magnate, it still bears the impress of massive respectability. The walls of every room in the house, from the hall upwards, are covered with dark oak panelling. The principal apartments on the first floor, including the staircase, have painted ceilings; and the floors consist of coloured woods inlaid to various pat-

terns. The stairway leading to these is ten feet wide, furnished with a huge hand-rail and mighty balusters. The cellarage is co-extensive with the foundation. Taken altogether, a fair specimen of the kind of habitation our not very remote ancestors affected.

Here, now, within two hundred yards of the sounding sea, I can recall vividly the dimensions and outlook of the little room in the upper story that I occupied as a bedchamber; the low pitched roof having a large supporting beam, which passed across the ceiling; the two iron lattices filled with diamond-shaped pieces of glass in a framework of lead; the seats under the windows with hinged tops; and over and above all, the blue glazed Dutch tiles, fastened in each jamb of the fireplace, illustrating the histories of Joseph and his Brethren, and of Abraham and Isaac. Here, in the quiet hours of the night or early morning, I have lain awake, listening to the chimes in the tower of the old Royal Exchange, as they broke into the well-remembered tunes of *There's no Bed about the House*, or the *Roust Beef of Old England*. Sometimes the faint cry of the neighbouring watchman calling the hour, would creep up to my airy resting-place, as I lay bewildered and half frightened. I call to mind also the mortal dread that used to possess me in my wakeful moments, if I heard a footfall in any of the passages leading in my direction. As the door had merely a latch, but no fastening, I naturally concluded that if any thieves should break into the house, my removal among other articles of value would be certain and immediate.

As these and other kindred associations well up in my memory after the lapse of so many years, it has occurred to me as a pleasant task that I should record, for the delectation of my children and my children's children, some of the more curious reminiscences of an earlier day.

To those who can recall the aspect, habits, and conditions of life in this our 'City' of London some sixty years ago, the change both in appearance and manners must of necessity be amazing. Even a cursory glance at a few of the alterations that

have taken place within that period, reminds one in some measure of the effect produced by a dissolving view, or the transformation scene in a pantomime. The larger number of our more prominent mercantile celebrities had become migratory; no longer resident in their houses of business, they had withdrawn either to the more fashionable locality of the west end, or to some pleasant suburb mildly suggestive of the far-off delights of the country. Still there were many remaining who did not disdain to dwell above the roomy warehouse or behind the well-stocked shop. Every seventh day our numerous churches were compactly filled with an attentive congregation: it being common ground on which the various classes of the community elected to meet for the performance of good offices and the exercise of civilities. As most of the inhabitants of the parish were known to each other, at least by sight, the meeting maintained its character as a friendly gathering met for worship, rather than that of a mere promiscuous assembly. On ordinary days, the men-folk were up betimes assiduously engaged in their various vocations; whilst the wives, with that indomitable pluck native to the sex, were not above turning up their sleeves and donning the large white apron, preparatory to the performance of their share of household duty.

We had no cabs, omnibuses, steamboats, or railways, the means of conveyance to any given point being limited to the hackney-coach, the wagon, the stage-coach, or the ferry-boat. Occasionally, on a summer evening, when the warehouse was closed and the shutters securely fastened, the master and mistress of the establishment would perhaps bend their steps to the water-side stairs at old London Bridge, Dowgate, Queenhithe, or Blackfriars, whence they could take boat for a pleasant row up the river as far as Lambeth, Vauxhall, or Chelsea, where there were pretty little taverns with gardens running down to the water's edge; and seats, provided with sweet climbing plants, the scent of which was grateful to the civic nostrils. (The watermen at this period plying on the Thames between the above-named bridges, were largely employed by the Fire Assurance Companies of the City to man their engines when attending the various fires, and as each Company supplied its own men with a distinctive uniform and badge—closely resembling the pattern of 'Doggett's' coat and badge—they presented a very picturesque appearance.) Or they might take the stage at the 'Pewter Platter' in Gracechurch Street, or the 'Flower Pot' in Bishopsgate, for a ride to Hackney, Homerton, Kingsland, or Tottenham.

For those who chose to pace afoot, there were the 'Shepherd and Shepherdess' fields, or the open ground about Highbury, even as far as Canonbury Tower. The south and south-eastern suburbs were not so much frequented by the citizens. The main artery leading to these districts was the Old Bridge, the approach to which was at the foot of Fish Street Hill, adjoining the church. The pathways were narrow and ill paved, and its roadway was always crowded with huge country wagons, cumlous carts, and hackneys. Every half-dozen yards or so, you were met with a cry of 'By your leave,' and thrust either into the carriage-way or against the

balustrades, to make room for the heavily laden porter. (Our 'porters' were at that date quite a class by themselves, not by any means to be confounded with their brethren who were licensed by 'ticket' for the delivery of messages or private letters. They were great in stature and strong of limb; and their usual employment consisted in the conveyance of heavy goods from one warehouse to another by means of a 'knot.' This was an article usually composed of hemp, tightly compressed into a pillow-like shape, with rounded corners; covered with canvas of the thickest kind, it was thrown on the shoulders and fastened round the forehead by means of a loop, which kept it in its place. By this expedient the bearer was enabled to carry his box or bale on a level with his head, thus giving him at once more ease and greater security. They had stations and 'houses of call' where they could be found at any moment; and the authorities, mindful of their laborious occupation, had fixed in all the principal streets a number of resting-places, each with this inscription painted over it: 'Do not leave your goods.') The Southwark side of the water once gained, you had to run the gantlet of the Borough High Street, packed to repletion with market-carts and enormous wains, bound to or returning from the Weald of Kent or the South-western counties; so that it was not until you reached St George's Church that anything like a free passage could be obtained.

In all the contracted turnings that branched out of the larger thoroughfares, dirt and obscurity were conspicuous, especially after nightfall. Gas had but recently been introduced, and the Corporation had entered upon its use with timidity, looking at it more perhaps in the light of an experiment liable to failure, than as a predestined issue. To make our 'darkness visible,' we invoked the aid of oil and tallow. Under these circumstances, the 'lanplighter' became an important personage, an institution, in fact, not to be ignored. His duties consisted in keeping clean and replenishing the lamps committed to his charge. To accomplish this he carried with him in the early part of the day a supply of oil; a small can, to which was affixed a long thin tube; cottons, and a bundle of rags: which articles, together with a slender ladder, constituted his working apparatus. As the day waned, he would traverse the ground again with his ladder only, and a lighted torch, by means of which the wicks were ignited, and our illumination professionally secured for the night. The lamps were invariably fixed to the wall, the light itself being projected some eighteen inches or two feet over the path by means of a branch containing a circular socket, a specimen of which may still be seen in Fly Place, Holborn.

How to light a fire without the aid of a lucifer-match would be a very pretty problem for the present generation to solve. Fifty years ago, the secret was an open one, patent to everybody. My elder readers will not need to be reminded of the 'tinder-box' with its 'flint and steel.' For the information of my younger friends, I will venture to explain the process. First as to the 'box' and its contents. Imagine a small iron case about the circumference of a small cheese-plate, two inches deep, with a lid, but without a top; the lid being a size smaller than the box itself, to allow of its

resting upon the tinder at the bottom. The next step was to procure a piece of rag, or best of all a fragment of an old cotton stocking, which was held over the fire until it was nearly consumed, care being taken that the expiring blaze should be shed in the box, when the lid was quickly placed upon it, crushing the last remaining spark. Here then was sufficient tinder for a fortnight's use. How to procure a light from the charred remains, was a question to be discussed in the early morning before your fire could be kindled. Your 'steel,' which had a short half-circular handle, was a piece of metal about five inches long and one inch in width, ready either to receive sharp blows from the flint, or to deliver them. The sparks falling from the quick contact would set the tinder aglow, when, by the immediate application of a match tipped with brimstone (the Scottish *spunk*), the coveted flame was obtained. This was our primitive method of making 'the pot to boil' in the days when George IV. was king.

As the police force had not yet sprung into existence, the nightly safety of his devout Majesty's loyal subjects was placed under the immediate care and control of the 'watch.' Every city ward could boast of its 'lock-up' and its relay of constables; the supervision of the whole body of which was invested in a Committee held periodically at the Guildhall. The rank and file of these city guardians were generally selected from amongst the poorer inhabitants of the parish they were appointed to guard; and thus it was that they became familiarly known to, and were so long tolerated by, the home-dwellers in their several districts. The larger houses of business, banks, &c., invariably employed a private watchman, sometimes two, for their own special security. This fact was, of course, well understood by the chief constable, whose efforts for the preservation of peace and the protection of property could only be discovered in results. The staff at his disposal being none of the largest, he was unable to divert his attention to those localities more exposed to the noise of the drunken brawler, or the more serious depredations of the midnight thief. Indeed, under the best management, the materials of which the force was composed were so miserably inefficient that failure in the endeavour to gain the desired end was the almost invariable result. A vicious system married to a method of 'masterly inactivity,' led to the introduction of Sir Robert Peel's police bill, with its cheerful reminder that we might now 'rest and be thankful.'

Admitting that the ancient 'Charley' was the father of the modern 'Bobby,' it must be confessed that the usual signs of parentage were rather remote. I doubt exceedingly, if the venerable sire could revisit the glimpses of the moon, or be brought face to face with the son begotten half a century ago, whether he would recognise him. Costume and manners have effected such a transformation that it would seem impossible. From recollection I will try to present you with a full-length portrait of 'our' watchman, who was a very fair type of his class. He was fifty-five years of age, civil, but unintelligent, much given to strong drinks, not tall, yet able-bodied, and fully possessed with the importance of his office; a slouched hat, not unfrequently tied under

his chin with a coloured handkerchief if the wind or rain was troublesome; clothed in a long gabardine, not unlike a modern ulster, he carried a stave, a rattle, and a lighted lantern similar to those used in stables. Thus equipped he started on his round, calling aloud the hour, and describing the weather, as thus: 'Half-past two in the morning and a cloudy sky,' or with such other addenda or embellishments he might deem necessary. If the monotony of this proceeding became too wearisome, or the elemental war continued to rage with unabated violence, he retired to his 'box,' there to enjoy the pipe of peace and the slumber of the just, until the neighbouring chimes recalled him to a sense of neglected duty, when he would start on his well-worn way retraced. A description of one of these shelters will suffice for all: imagine a movable wooden structure like a sentry-box, only that instead of being open in front it was furnished with two half-doors, and a seat inside. Whilst traversing the streets, the watchman left this securely fastened; but on his return the lantern was suspended in the space occupied by the upper half, in order that the casual wayfarer might be apprised that Justice was not dead but only slumbering.

In the matter of holidays we were not deficient: it is true that the 'red-letter days' of old so dearly prized were slowly passing away; but they had not quitted us altogether. Easter and Whitsuntide were still something more than mere names; and Twelfth-night, with its sweet memories of frosted cake, its coloured characters, and its game of forfeits, was yet an abiding joy. Or May-day, beloved by the sweeps, who, tricked out in lawdri finery, would parade the streets and indulge in grotesque dancing, while their maidens, also daintily attired, gathered coppers in long ladders which they carried for that purpose. Time's landmarks generally seemed to carry with them at least a lively remembrance, if not a strict observance. Birthdays were cheerfully recognised as a pleasant pretext for family reunions; the ties of relationship appeared to bear an additional sacredness, a deeper sense of responsibility than at present prevails. Our servants, too, claimed to recognise the blessings of domesticity by long services faithfully rendered.

Our postal service, without being so comprehensive in its various ramifications as at present, was infinitely more costly to the general public. The principal office in London was located in Lombard Street, the same premises indeed as those now occupied by the branch. We had a 'twopenny' post which included London and its suburbs, and a 'general' post which covered the whole of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Continent. There was no uniform fee for letters carried beyond the London district, but each missive was charged upon its own merits, having regard to weight and distance. On two nights in each week—Tuesday and Friday—the foreign mails were made up and despatched. The mail coaches gathered their precious freights from the southern side of the building, opposite St Swithin's Lane; and thence, heralded by a flourish on the horn of the guard, they proceeded on their several ways. The scene, as may be supposed, was a busy one. Four horses were attached to each vehicle; the driver and guard—personable men

—were superbly attired in scarlet coats richly embroidered with gold lace. The bags were placed under the care of the guard, who in case of an attack on the road was furnished with a loaded blunderbuss and a pair of pistols. This precaution was by no means unnecessary in those days; the roads were dark and for the most part unprotected, and the race of highwaymen was by no means extinct. As a rule we had but one delivery of country letters during the day, and that was usually the first; those posted in town—that is, the ‘twopenny’—were left more frequently. The ‘general’ postman wore a red coat without lace, and the ‘twopenny’ ditto sported a blue one; each garment being liberally garnished with metal buttons of a gold colour. Another peculiarity deserves mention: in order to facilitate the night collection, a red-coated man paraded the principal streets with a large leathern bag and a bell; the ringing of which was a summons to merchants and others to deliver to the bearer all those letters that were at the moment ready to be posted.

Certain of our recreations I have already glanced at in touching upon the occasional travels we undertook in search of ‘fresh fields and pastures new;’ but now and again an admonitory notion that some little change might be beneficial, would suddenly resolve itself into a temporary exodus for some place of entertainment, where amusement and recreation might be combined. White Conduit House, situated in the northern suburb of Pentonville, was a very popular place of resort, much affected by the middle class of citizens in those days. In addition to the trim gardens—‘where hot rolls and butter were supplied with your tea’—there was good music and a large concert-room, where some of the best Metropolitan singers might occasionally be listened to. Highbury Barn, also in the same neighbourhood, had its congenial attractions, beside a fine bowling-green. Indeed, without straying so far abroad, it was just possible that a visit to the Rosemary Branch Gardens in Hoxton—at that time surrounded by fields—would be amply satisfying. To those desirous of seeing the wonderful *Madam Saqui* in her midnight rope ascent, amidst a blaze of fireworks, or hearing popular singing, there was Vauxhall and its twenty thousand lamps!

Theatrical entertainments were not as a rule much patronised by the city-folk, owing possibly to a deficiency of dramatic instinct. There was, however, no want of attraction in this direction: Kean was at Drury Lane, Macready and Charles Kemble at Covent Garden, and Liston at the new theatre in the Haymarket; but notwithstanding, I do not remember that our visits were by any means frequent, excepting perhaps during the run of the pantomimes, and then mainly on account of the children. Home-loving and law-abiding, the long dreary nights were spent either in the parlour at home, or maybe at the fireside of the cosy tavern hard by, where the affairs of the parish were canvassed, politics discussed, and general good fellowship cultivated. A brown jug of foaming stout, with its companion pipe of aldermanic dimensions, a glass or so of brandy or rum-and-water, were the usual liquors. Wines of any kind were rarely indulged in; they were reserved for home consumption, over the family game of whist or cribbage; but punch was not ignored,

especially after the welcome display of a succulent leg of mutton and trimmings, or the materials connected with a tripe supper! The merry meal despatched, there was a song or two, until the drowsy cry of the watchman in the distance would rouse the dull echo of the street with a ‘Half-past eleven o’clock and a windy night,’ when the ‘jolly companions every one’ would shake each other by the hand and depart, each to his homely nest.

THE COUNTER-SYNDICATE.

CHAPTER II.—BULLS IN COUNCIL.

A MONTH after the opening of the coffee campaign, Mr Quick invited a few friends to spend the evening at his lodgings in Russell Square. They were of mixed nationalities—Americans, Germans, French, and Dutch. Most had reached middle age; some were under thirty, notably Mr Box, Junior, who looked like a boy beside bald heads and gray whiskers. All the party were connected with the money world and commerce. Mr Quick was the only lodger, for he disliked neighbours, who might have interfered with the privacy his affairs demanded. Pleasure and business combined to make the reunion agreeable in the extreme.

‘How stands the record now?’ asked an elderly gentleman, with a faint American accent, as he put the end of his cigar aside.

Mr Quick had been running up some long lines of figures; he raised his head, saying: ‘Upwards of a million bags have been sold in excess of those in existence. We hold about half the stocks of Europe; and if we could induce Grosschnabel and his connections to join us, we should be absolute masters of the situation. I dare not approach him, for he and Naylum run together. But unless we can secure his co-operation, we must be content with little fishes instead of great whales.’

‘I will see Grosschnabel,’ said another elderly gentleman, with a benevolent expression of face. He was the well-known Mr Lupus of Boston and Philadelphia, then travelling in Europe, and amusing himself with a little business as a pastime. ‘I know Grosschnabel intimately; and he is not the man to run with any one into a pit. He would sell Moses for Mohammed any day, if he saw financial justification at the end of the transaction.—You will pardon me for saying so, Mr Steinhertz,’ he added, turning to a high-nosed, bilious-looking German beside him.

‘No offence to me, Mr Lupus. Wenn a man goes on de Bourse, he must forget many dings, and remember oder days denn diss.’

‘How have you fixed Boston?’ asked Mr Quick.

‘Every ounce of its coffee is in our hands; and by Friday we shall hold five-sixths of all in the States. A cousin of mine,’ continued Mr Lupus with his benevolent smile, ‘has got into a beautiful mess. He will come out of this coffee pool as truly ruined as Jeff Davis. He has given me invaluable information by cable, believing me in the swim with him.’

‘And Paris, Monsieur Griffe?’ demanded Mr Quick, from a little restless, dark-skinned man sitting opposite.

'*Paris est bien aimable pour nous*,' replied the Frenchman, smiling. 'I have made such a combination as never was dreamed of, even by Mirès in his greatest moments. You will be pleased to learn, gentlemen, that every cup of *café* drunk for some time in my beloved France, will be taxed on your behalf. We shall not only *écarter* the bears beyond anything known, but we shall push the market up to the highest point on record. A friend of mine, in the Ministry of Commerce, for certain considerations goes with us. When we are ready, he will let this pretty *canard* fly through the French press; for we can use that admirable instrument on our side of the Channel also.' With this cheering intelligence he winked at Mr Quick wickedly, and drew from his pocket-book a slip of paper, and read aloud as follows: "'It is said to be the intention of the Minister of Finance to add twenty centimes per kilogramme to the impost upon coffee, to enable him to lessen the burdens upon bread-stuffs. The latter are the most important items in the consumption of the masses, and the Emperor has their well-being ever at heart. Coffee is in a great measure a luxury of the rich, and it is only right that they, and not the working classes, should bear the heavy charges required for maintaining our great nation at the head of civilisation.'"—What do you think of that? As soon as the *canard* appears, all the coffee in France will make a huge jump in price, and we shall make a double *coup*.'

'Bravo, bravissimo!' cried several of the party, clapping their hands.

'In Germany, all goes well,' said Mr Steinherz, after the effect of M. Griffe's communication had subsided. 'From de Veser to de Danube, we march like de gross Fritz. Mein Gott! vat a combination we have made! Venn I dink of de baddles of Finance, I dink dey are more wonderful, tausand times, den de baddles of Fritz, Napoleon, or Caesar! Vat plunder, vat prizes! Gentlemen, if we can make doo or dree more of dem combinations, we shall be de masters of de world.'

Mr Steinherz was not an enthusiast; but a *furor* had infected the room by M. Griffe's excited manner of narrating. Mr Steinherz had risen rapidly from the deepest poverty a German Jew living on the Russian frontier can know, to the power and affluence of a cosmopolitan financier. After wandering through half the countries of Europe, he had settled as a Parisian waiter in a *café* in the Place de la Bourse. There he had picked up many things besides ten centime pieces, and made his first stroke upon the French funds. He soon discarded the white apron, and took his place among the leaders of the *petite Bourse*; and by-and-by helped to float an Algerian Colonisation scheme. By this he gained a vast sum. His present mode of doing business was by moving a large mass of capital upon any of the great *certainties* of the commercial wheel of fortune. He had large influence with a group of bankers, and could control an immense region in an occult but most effective manner. His chief residence was at Frankfurt, where he had established a popular bank, having branches in every part of Germany. His clients were small-tradesmen and farmers. M. Griffe, an old acquaintance, had introduced him

to Mr Quick; and he proved an admirably useful member of the syndicate.

'Don't you think we should get possession of Italy?' inquired young Box, at the first opportunity of obtaining a hearing, and eager to make a telling suggestion upon the veterans before him. 'I think with Italy our winnings would be much larger still. I know an Italian.'

'Italy!' ejaculated M. Griffe with a condemnatory shrug. 'Italy is a laffl where peasants make their own coffee of roasted roots, and nobles make it of burnt corn. Italy! No!' He said this with a snap, that made young Box blush.

'Italy,' exclaimed Mr Steinherz with sudden gravity.—'Italy is not an honest contree. Vat lies dese Italians tell! I vas invited to open a branch of my bank in Milan, to lend money to shopkeepers and farmers. Vell, de first client vatever came vas a nice old priest, vo wanted to borrow tausand lire upon a picture by Leonardo da Vinci. He said his leedle nephew vas going to the University of Pisa, and wanted money for his studies. De picture vas de last one of de gallery of his family of nobles, gone poorer and poorer. Vell, de picture vas a *chef-d'œuvre* of course. It vas in de priest's cell in his monastery, just out of de town. I went to see it myself. It vas splendid! Moses taking a last look from Pisgah! I wanted to buy it; bud de old priest would not sell. No; only leave it as a pledge for de tausand lire. Vell, I could see it vas worth fifty tausand francs, so I agreed to lend de tausand lire at twenty per cent. for a year. De old priest accepted my terms very villing; bud he did not vant his friends and de monks to know of de transaction. So it vas arranged dat I should send my servants vid de money after dark, and den nobody would see de picture taken away. De money vas to be in coin. Vell, all went right. De old priest vas at de door of de monastery, a poor half-ruined building. My men gave him de bag vid de tausand lire, and he took dem into his cell to sign de receipts. De picture vas not large, about four feet square. While my men vere putting de cloth over it, de candle fell out de priest's hands on to de floor. He went away to get a light; bud he did not come back. My men waited and waited long time; bud he did not come back. At last, Joseph, my oldest man, went into de corridor, and left Isaac behind him while he looked for de priest. Now, dese men vere two honest Jews, relations of mine from Poland. Vell, at last Joseph found de door going into de street; bud just as he got to it, two *birri*—dat is policemen—jumps on him! He calls out; and Isaac, hearing de noise, runs out to him. De policemen jumps on him too; and he had de picture in his hands. Denn dere is an awful row. De monks and de prior and de people come out; lights are brought; and my servants are charged mit stealing, stealing, stealing!'

'But where was the old priest?' cried Mr Quick, much interested in this story.

'He vas gone!' answered Mr Steinherz indignantly.

'Gone! where?' demanded all the party.

'I do not know. Bud I would give twenty tausand francs to catch him now. It turned out dat he vas not a priest at all, bud a beggar,

vo had lived about de monast'ry and helped de sacristan, doing leadle commissions for him. De picture belonged to de monast'ry, and vas being cleaned in an empty cell; and de old man had taken me to see it vinn de monks vere at dinner. Mein Gott! vat a schvindler dat beggar vas!

'And you lost your money, I suppose?' said Mr Lupus very calmly.

'Being in Italy, I should dink so,' retorted Mr Steinherz scornfully, raising his eyebrows.

'Bud dat vas not de vorst. My servants vere taken to prison. I waited for dem till midnight: for I wanted to put de picture in de safe, after it vas taken out of de frame. Venn de glock struck twelve, I heard a knock at de door. I open it. But instead of Joseph and Isaac, six policemen run in, and before I can speak, I am fastened in a chair by some of dem; my keys taken from me, my papers seized; my office searched. Den I go to prison also!'

Looks of astonishment and sympathy passed round the circle of listeners.

'And dere I remained,' continued Mr Steinherz with a sigh, 'for six days; until de Consul got me out, by proving dat I vas an honest banker and not a thief at all.'

There was something grotesque in the mixture of resignation and indignation with which the banker closed this phrase. Young Box had much ado to prevent a burst of laughter, and stooped to pick up an imaginary pin, to hide his face.

'Ah! but wait; dat is not all,' said Mr Steinherz, seeming to find a solace in relating his woes. (The party had turned towards the table, supposing he had finished.) 'Venn I got back to my office, vat a desolation! All de money gone! De police, or somebody else, had robbed me of more dan ten tausand francs; and I could never, never get any satisfaction. Altogeder dat affair cost me more dan twenty tausand francs; for I had to shut up de branch bank vitout doing any business vatever! All sorts of people used to come in, pretending to vant money, but only to see de Tedesco banker, as dey called me, vo had tried to steal a picture from a monast'ry! Everybody believed dat I had bribed de police to get me out of prison. So I had to leave Milan, defrauded, deluded, and disgraced; vich, I tell you, gentlemen, is very hart for a man like me to bear.'

'A bas l'Italie!' cried Monsieur Griffe energetically.

'I have no doubt the beggar, the monks, and the police were in collusion to fleece you,' said a Mr Bellamy decisively. 'Accept my congratulations that you came so well out of the affair. If you had been in the Papal States, you might have been stripped of your ultimate centime. I have had transactions with Italians, and have lived in the country. No one but a business man knows what the Italians are capable of. Our little syndicate is smart in its way; but I assure you the Italians can do yet smarter things. I will put one of those fellows against four of the 'cutest men of the state of Maine, and he will clean them neater than ants can a bone. My opinion is that we keep clear of that boot-shaped country; for whatever stranger puts his foot into it has to pay dearly for getting it out again.—But, gentlemen, we are going wide of the business.'

'So I was going to observe, some time ago,' said Mr Lupus, who disliked any deviation from the straight path of commerce. 'Mr Steinherz no doubt feels strong on the subject of Italy; but the purpose of our meeting is to enhance the price of coffee. I have a little suggestion to offer. The bears have used the newspapers with consummate skill, for which I tender them my high esteem and continuous thanks. Our friend Monsieur Griffe will use those potent instruments in France on our side. But I think we must employ them here too, as soon as the reaction has fairly started. Remember, gentlemen, the secret of modern commerce is to bring transactions to a speedy close. Those who dally teach the world to be as wise as themselves. In the next four weeks our pile must be made and stored, or we shall have to share the winnings with outsiders. Besides, I shall be in another boat very soon, and it is my habit to do only one thing at a time.—My friend Stubbins,' he added, putting on his spectacles, and drawing a printer's proof from his bundle of papers—'my friend, as you know, Mr Quick, edits the *International Produce Market Guardian*, in which I have an interest. Now, he has written for me this article, which will appear at the right moment:

"Collapse of the Coffee Scare.—At last the trade and the public show signs of returning good sense, and coffee is therefore returning to its normal quotations. It is almost incredible that, in this nineteenth century, such a number of gullible people could be found, as have furnished the victims to one of the most glaring commercial *ruses* ever perpetrated. Coffee, which is one of the steadiest articles of consumption, has lately been 'rigged' to use one of those odious Americanisms now tainting our commercial vocabulary, by a great financial house in our midst. This establishment, hitherto pursuing the noble course of old-fashioned British trade, has suddenly entered upon the system invented by a school of financial desperadoes in the United States. Fictitious sales of Costa-Rica coffee to an enormous amount have been made, not in England alone, but on the continent and in the chief cities of America. The result of this Herculean operation, as we know to our cost, is the startling fall in the price of all descriptions of coffee, though, of course, Costa-Rica has suffered most.

'Merchants, brokers, retailers, have quite lost their heads during this purely fictitious panic; so that the gamblers have had everything their own way, and the vast public of two continents have been utterly at their mercy. The 'bearing' of the markets has been carried to a most audacious length; and now that the tension is being removed, we shall witness a gigantic rise in prices. Either by the artfulness of the operators for a fall, or by the unconscious assistance of inflamed imaginations, the most Gulliverian fables have been running through the provincial press during the crisis. One of these precious concoctions states that a German travelling botanist has discovered a wonderful coffee forest in Central America. The trees are said to be upwards of fifty feet high! Such a forest is so obviously of Münchhausen origin, that it should have excited the incredulity of even babes

and sucklings. But strange, passing strange, the graybeards of the Royal Exchange and Mincing Lane have swallowed it as gospel-truth, and coffee has changed hands at figures that should only be known in the buying and selling of Hanwell or Colney Hatch.

"But a still more impudent paragraph, evidently coined by the 'riggers,' has appeared in all the newspapers; not those confined to rural localities, for even Metropolitan editors have given it the hospitality of their columns. It declares that a French chemist has found a method of creating coffee in his laboratory, which will reduce the price of the article to zero! This requires unusual powers of swallowing to get down. But what shall we say of the other part of the alleged invention, namely, that SAWDUST is to be the medium for absorbing the chemist's coffee essence!! Can the force of folly further go?

"The outrageous consumption of coffee during the innings of the bears, has made desperate havoc among the stocks of coffee all over the world. Extravagance is generally followed by penury, and the betrayed public will perhaps have to pay five shillings a pound for its coffee in the near future. This is the serious side of the affair. The bears have succeeded in creating a coffee famine, and it is to be hoped that they will be dragged before the deceived and plundered community, and denounced as they deserve. In the meantime, our advice to the trade is—buy coffee while you can."

"Masterly!" "Superb!" "Glorious!" were echoed round the table, when Mr Lupus finished reading. He had not changed a muscle of his face, nor varied the inflections of his voice during the whole time. This had aggravated the risibility of young Box so much, that he wriggled in a hundred contortions, and finally roared as he reeled, holding sides, round the room.

The party retired to sleep the sleep of the just. The next day they rose endowed with a supply of energy that bewildered Mincing Lane and the tea and coffee marts of Europe, Asia, and America.

PLATE-GLASS.

ONE of the most conspicuous features of our modern streets is the extensive employment of large squares of plate-glass for the windows, in place of the old-fashioned and much smaller panes of common or sheet glass. And this does not apply only to large cities and rapidly increasing suburbs; the change may be observed in quiet market towns, and even in villages. The rustic shopkeeper in these days catches something of the ambitious and enterprising spirit of the times, and is not satisfied until his old-fashioned, small-paned windows—to peep into which the small boys had to stand on tiptoe—have been replaced by a stylish shop-front, with sheets of plate-glass reaching nearly to the ground.

We cannot deny that the broad reflecting surfaces of large plate-glass windows give a handsome and attractive appearance to our city streets; but we have sometimes been disposed to regret the zeal of the village trader, whose quaint and unassuming little windows were so much more in

keeping with rustic surroundings, than the pretentious modern shop-front which has too often taken their place.

A recent visit to one of the largest plate-glass works in the north of England gave us an opportunity of carefully observing the different stages of the manufacture; and we shall endeavour to help the reader to picture the process for himself.

The town in which the works are situated was by no means picturesque or attractive-looking. It seemed to be chiefly made up of huge factories with tall chimneys, that smoked vigorously; large bare spaces around them, more or less under water; and rows of workpeople's cottages. The atmosphere of the place, too, was peculiar; it reminded one of the air of a room which had been recently fumigated by burning sulphur in it; but there were occasional reminiscences of various other of the disagreeable smells of a chemical laboratory. Our walk to the works lay through narrow and extremely dirty streets; so that, what with the irritation of our eyes, throats, and chests by the sulphurous air, and that of our temper by the muddy footways, we arrived at our destination in a severely critical frame of mind. All feelings of annoyance, however, soon gave place to those of interest and admiration, as we were conducted by a courteous foreman through the various sheds in which this instructive manufacture is carried on.

Plate-glass is made from a mixture of limestone, sand, soda or potash, baryta, arsenic, and other minerals, which are finely ground, and carefully mixed together. The prepared mixture is called 'batch' by the workmen. It is a dark, greenish-black, earthy powder, which looks as little likely to change into a beautiful transparent substance, as Cinderella's pumpkin into a glass coach. But fire is a wonderful transformer, and it is by melting this greenish-black powder in crucibles that glass is produced. When we mention crucibles, our reader will at once picture to himself those little vessels, not much larger than breakfast cups, into which, in days of yore, the alchemist's devoted wife would drop her wedding-ring, in order to aid her anxious husband in his search for the philosopher's stone. But the crucibles made at the plate-glass works are, like everything else there, on a large scale. They stand about three and a half feet high, and are some three feet across the top, becoming somewhat narrower below, and looking like gigantic flower-pots with immensely thick walls. We saw them being fashioned by hand out of fire-clay of the finest quality, and very carefully kneaded. Several small boys were working this clay into rolls of the size of an ordinary rollypoly pudding. With these the men were building up the sides of crucibles, layer upon layer, taking great care to exclude any bubbles of air, which, if left in the clay, would cause the pots to break when heated. When finished, the pots are kept several months in a

drying-room; they are then baked in a furnace, which is heated to as high temperature as they will have to bear when in use.

After inspecting the manufacture of the crucibles, we were conducted to an extremely torrid region, where a number of furnaces were blazing away. Each furnace is really a gas-fire, in the midst of which are placed one or more of the crucibles, filled with the greenish-black powder. The gas—ordinary coal-gas, manufactured on the premises—is mingled in due proportions with atmospheric air; and when ignited in the furnace, it heats the latter hotter than any coal-fire would do. This substitution of gas for coal as a fuel is in accordance with the method of Dr Siemens, and has been found—so our guide told us—to have many advantages. Peeping through the chinks of a furnace-door, we saw a fiery, glowing mass. This was a crucible at a bright-red heat. The greenish-black 'batch,' with which it had been filled some hours previously, was now a red-hot molten mass, of about the consistence of treacle.

As it had now attained its proper condition of fluidity, the men came and fastened some iron gear around the neck of the crucible, hoisted it out of the furnace, and placed it on a truck. This was immediately run along a tramway—we hurrying after it—to another shed, where the casting of the glass was to take place. This was the most exciting incident of the manufacture. Eight or ten men again threw some tackle around the glowing crucible, hoisted it into the air above a large, flat, cast-iron table, and then tilted it over. The luminous contents of the crucible flowed out in a sluggish stream, and formed an irregular doughy mass at one end of the table. The crucible was instantly hoisted away; and a heavy iron roller was rapidly rolled over the soft yielding mass, causing it to spread out into a wavy sheet, covering the entire table. Our guide explained that the height of the roller above the table could be regulated, so that the glass should be of the required thickness; and that the width of the plate was determined by iron bars placed along each side of the table. The sheet which we saw cast was about twelve feet long, nine feet wide, and an inch thick.

The next step in the process is the cooling of the glass. It must not be treated as we should treat a plate of toffee in similar circumstances, by letting it simply stand in a cold place. If the glass were allowed to lose its heat rapidly, it would become too brittle to be of any use. Accordingly, within five minutes of its being rolled out—as soon, indeed, as it was solidified enough to bear removal—the still glowing sheet was lifted from the table, and with long shovels, was pushed through a slit in the wall, which was then carefully stopped up, and we saw it no more. Our guide explained to us that the sheet had been slipped into an oven, which was at a good red-heat, and that the fire would be allowed to die out very gradually. In this way, the glass would take fully a week to cool down; and by this process of annealing, as it is called, it would attain the requisite amount of durability.

From an oven which had cooled down, we saw the men remove a sheet of glass, and bear it off

to be ground and polished. Six men carried it, three on each side, the glass being held up perpendicularly between the two files of men by means of three leather bands or slings passing underneath it. Each man held one end of a sling in one hand, and steadied the sheet with the other. It was interesting to observe what admirable time the men always kept while thus carrying the large plates of glass from one department to another. They had evidently been well drilled; and the necessity for this was obvious, since a man who did not keep step would be liable to thrust his shoulder against the glass, with results which might be serious to the plate, himself, and his comrades. With measured steps and slow, then, the men preceded us to the examining-room. Here we could observe that the annealed plate was semi-opaque and its surfaces rough and undulating. Plate-glass in this crude condition is largely used for glazing roofs, and in other cases where light without transparency is required. In the examining-room, the plate was carefully inspected, to see whether it presented any defects. Had there been any serious ones, it would have been cut up into the largest pieces which could be obtained free from flaws. Our plate, however, was perfect; and after its rough edges had been taken off, it was at once conveyed to an adjoining building to be ground.

The grinding-room, which was a large shed fully a hundred yards long, had a most bewildering aspect when we first entered it. It looked as if the floor were made up of numberless separate pieces, each piece executing a dance round and round on its own account, without regard to the time its neighbours might be keeping. A little attention, however, soon enabled us to unravel this mysterious maze of moving matter. Ranged up and down the room were twenty-eight pairs of low stone tables. Resting upon each table, and cemented to it by means of plaster-of-Paris, was a sheet of glass to be ground. Lying flat on the sheet was a wooden frame, looking like three ordinary doors fastened loosely together side by side. This tripartite frame was kept moving round and round over the glass by means of a horizontal revolving crank, with which one end of it was connected by an iron rod. The movements of the frame were steadied and limited by an ingenious arrangement of chains passing from its upper surface to the roof. It was the constant rotatory movement of these fifty-six frames which at first sight gave the room such a strangely unstable appearance. The frames were lined with iron underneath; and men and boys were constantly employed in throwing sand under them, while a jet of water played over each frame; so that wet sand was thus kept continually present between the iron and the glass. By this means, the surface of the glass was rubbed away until all unevennesses had been removed. It takes about seven hours to grind both surfaces of the plates sufficiently. When this has been done, the glass is found to have lost nearly half its thickness. Its surfaces are now even and comparatively smooth, but covered with fine scratches, and by no means clear and transparent.

We were next conducted into a shed in which the second part of the polishing process is carried on. This is called the smoothing-room, and the machinery here appeared to be entirely super-

intended by women and girls. In this room, as in the grinding-shed, were a large number of low stone tables or slabs, on each of which a sheet of glass lay cemented. Another sheet of glass was placed upon this, and the upper plate was kept moving over the under one in a circle by means of machinery similar to that which worked the grinding-frames. Instead of sand, the plates in the smoothing-room were supplied with fine emery powder, and by their prolonged movement over each other they both became much improved in appearance.

Although, when it leaves this second room, the glass has attained a high degree of smoothness, it is still wanting in that perfect polish and transparency which are so much desired. It is therefore submitted to a third process, the polishing proper. This is accomplished by means of very beautiful machinery. The plate of glass is laid upon a table, and above it a horizontal frame moves slowly backwards and forwards, on the under surface of which are a large number of rubbers, arranged in four rows. While the rubbers move to and fro, the table itself moves slowly from side to side, and thus every part of the surface of the glass is brought evenly and regularly under the action of the rubbers. The rubbers are covered with felt, which is kept moist and supplied with polishing-powder, consisting of red oxide of iron. This beautiful process raises the surface of the glass to the highest degree of smoothness and polish.

From the polishing-room the plates are carried, in the careful manner already described, to a shed where women are engaged in washing off the red oxide and in giving them a final rubbing-up. They are then conveyed to the warehouse, where they are packed, and whence they are despatched as required to all parts of the world.

Here our interesting inspection came to an end. We had followed the greenish-black, earthy powder in its various transformations, until we saw its final product in these beautiful sheets of plate-glass, ready for use in mirror or shop-front, hotel or mansion, steamer or railway carriage.

THE STORY OF A THUMB-MARK.

VI.

NEXT morning, a little after ten o'clock, Mr Slater and Mr Carson entered with a few assistants, the counting-house of the manufacturing works of Greig & Co. After a little conversation with Mr Sinnott the head-clerk, and measures having been taken to ascertain that all the workmen were on the premises, orders were issued by Mr Carson to his assistants to watch the several doors leading from the works, while Mr Sinnott sent a message to the men that they were requested to meet him in the warehouse immediately. At once the machinery of the place was brought to a stand, and one by one, as they were free to go, the workmen filed into the warehouse, each with an anxious and curious look on his face, as if all felt instinctively that the meeting had something to do with the mysterious death of their late master.

When all were assembled, Mr Sinnott ordered the doors of the room to be locked, and briefly stated to them that what he did was under warrant of the authorities, Mr Carson having been sent, along

with Mr Slater, to carry out certain investigations of a legal kind. He hoped the men would frankly lend their assistance so far as it was asked, as it was of importance to each and all of them that the murderer of their late master should be discovered, so as to free innocent men from an injurious and painful suspicion.

One or two of the men at once signified their willingness to serve the ends of justice so far as they could do so; but the bulk of them stood silent and awed, as if they would rather have been free from the scrutiny to which they believed themselves about to be subjected.

Mr Slater and Mr Carson proceeded without loss of time to carry out the object of their visit. A smooth tablet had been prepared, with a thin coating of colouring matter on the surface, and it was explained to the men that it was desired to obtain from each of them an impression of the thumb of the left hand. This was done, as Mr Slater showed, by first colouring the ball of the thumb by pressing it on the tablet, and then transferring the mark to a sheet of paper, by next pressing the thumb thereon. The process was of the simplest kind, and the work was soon begun. Each man, after giving the required mark on a separate sheet of paper, duly numbered, was desired to write on the same his name and address, whereupon the paper was handed to a photographer, who was present with his apparatus, and a photograph taken on glass of each individual mark.

The work, though carried out as expeditiously as possible, still took a considerable time, there being in all twenty-four such impressions taken. When the work was at length so far completed, the photographer stretched a white screen in the room; the shutters were closed to exclude the light, and the apparatus which had been used in photographing was now exchanged for a magic-lantern.

While these preliminaries were being adjusted, a painful silence was observed by all; and as the stream of white light from the lantern fell upon the faces of the men as they stood huddled together on the floor, giving to each countenance a wan and pallid look, it was evident that each felt himself to be all but face to face with some strange and as yet incomprehensible mystery.

Meantime the photographer was forwarding his work, and all eyes were now directed to the screen. 'There is thumb-mark No. 1, the original one, Mr Slater,' said the operator, as a maze of lines in coarse network grew upon the screen, after a few fitful jerks and alternate apparitions and effacements.

'That,' said Mr Slater, addressing the men, 'is the key to what we are in search of to-day. We will be fair and above-board with you, now that we have got the work thus far done. The lines which you see cast upon the screen are the magnified impression of a mark in blood on a sheet of paper which was found on the desk at which your master, two mornings ago, was found sitting dead. It is the thumb-mark of a man—of the man, I believe, who committed the murder; and as it has been shown by scientific men that every individual may be known by the peculiar and special arrangement of the furrows on the skin of the fingers, we have come to ascertain if any one of the thumb-marks which you have given us

to-day agrees with the lines and markings of that now shown on the screen before you.'

None of the men spoke in reply to Mr Slater, only a curious sound, as of a stifled groan or a muttered threat, issued from a dark corner of the room; but the individual from whom the sound proceeded could not be ascertained, though more than one head was scrutinisingly turned in the direction whence it came.

Mr Slater, turning to the photographer, said: 'You can now go on. Produce No. 2.'

The operator placed another slip of glass in the camera, and over the first maze appeared a second on the screen. The two were obviously distinct. 'Can you make the figures coincide?' asked Mr Slater—'superpose one over the other, I mean.' This was done, and the mesh became involved and mixed. 'That will do; try No. 3,' continued Mr Slater. 'No. 3's name is Donovan. There is a smooth blotch in the middle of his thumb-mark. That's not it. Try the next—No. 4, Roper. Roper has apparently been cutting cake-tobacco and his epidermis at the same time. Just look at those gashes running up and down. Roper is acquitted.'

And so on they proceeded with the examination of these strange signatures made by the various employés of the firm. They had examined in vain more than half the specimens procured; yet Mr Slater was by this time firmly convinced of the validity of the proof, if indeed the proof hoped for should be forthcoming; so various, and so markedly and unmistakably characteristic, were the different sign-manuals thrown upon the screen.

'No. 17, Charles Packs,' called the photographer, putting in another slip.

'Hollo!' cried Mr Slater; 'are you sure you have got both in the lantern?'

'Quite sure; but they are superposed. Now I make them separate—it is the same thumb-impression.'

'Charles Packs, thou art the man!' said the lawyer solemnly.

Every eye in the room turned in search of Packs, and in another second he was dragged from the dark corner whence the muffled sound had shortly before been heard to proceed, and placed before Mr Slater. He was a sullen-looking man, rather undersized, but powerfully built. He stood stolid and dumb, without lifting his eyes.

Mr Slater, addressing him, said: 'Charles Packs, you stand here before your fellow-workmen, under the terrible suspicion of being a murderer. You have seen the experiments we have made, and you have witnessed the result; what have you to say?'

The man was silent. At one time his lips moved as if about to speak; but he seemed unable to utter a word. Mr Carson approached him, and in another moment he was handcuffed, and led away. Not a man in the room but felt that only a sense of guilt on the part of Packs could account for his shame and silence when the charge of murder was thus made against him.

An hour afterwards, a message was brought to Mr Slater, that Packs wished to speak with him. He went at once to the prison, and found the man in his cell, utterly stricken in spirit. 'My sin,' he said to the lawyer, 'has found me out.'

And thereupon he proceeded to make a clear confession of his guilt. He had entered his old master's room for the purpose of robbing him, and he ended by taking his life. He had counted upon the possibility of such a crime being the result of his attempt; and had picked up young Anthony's knife as he passed his desk on his way to commit the deed. But in the course of the struggle that ensued, the knife dropped out of his hand, after a slight wound had been inflicted on the old man, and the unfortunate victim had been cruelly garrotted. Being aware of the quarrel between old Anthony and his nephew, Packs had left the knife where it had been found, in order to cast suspicion upon the young man. Yet after all, as the wretched man admitted, he did not succeed in committing the robbery he had planned; for the sound of a footstep outside had scared him, and he rushed off without waiting to effect his purpose. The unexpected result of that day's investigation had staggered and unmanned him; and he did not now care how soon an end was put to his career of falsehood and crime.

Subsequent inquiries elicited the fact that Packs was only an assumed name; and that the same man, under the name of Sullivan, had been long known to the police, and been more than once convicted of robberies and assaults. He had worked in the establishment of Greig & Co. for about a year, during which time he had always been an object of suspicion, more or less, to his fellow-workers. At the subsequent assizes he was found guilty of the murder of Anthony Greig, and paid the last penalty of the law.

Meantime, the incrimination and confession of the murderer brought relief to young Anthony Greig and to his cousin Grace. Robert Slater, by his management of the case, worked himself into distinction, and his business increased accordingly. And by way of strengthening the ties which thus united his fortunes to some extent with that of Greig & Co., he before long married Miss Grace, who inwardly admires, though outwardly she occasionally complains of, her husband's rather too acute faculties of observation.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

FANTASTIC FRIENDSHIPS.—PART II.

THE first if not the chief fact to be noticed in studying animal life is that animals vary as much in temperament and disposition as human beings do. The differences of disposition, and variations of mood to which all living creatures are subject, will account for many of the apparently whimsical attachments formed between animals of opposite species, as well as of proclivities presumed antagonistic, and which cannot be explained on the grounds of education, habit, or want of companionship. The member of the one species doubtless discovers that sympathy in the action of another family which he cannot find in his own. Few students appear to perceive that many animals possess natures and amiable tendencies quite different from those popularly supposed to characterise their own particular species, and that these feelings may prompt them to contract friendships with animals

of other species similarly disposed. If man would only recognise the probability of the nobler qualities being existent in brute creatures, and endeavour to call them forth, the records of gallant deeds performed by animals would be rapidly enlarged.

Save by a few special observers, the cat's nature is supposed to be a compound of cruelty and cunning, and yet our records prove the fallacy of generalising from this popular theory. Anecdotes of the fidelity and amiableness of the cat are only outnumbered by those appertaining to the dog; their friendships are strong and enduring. The Rev. F. O. Morris, in his *Natural History Anecdotes*, cites a remarkable instance, communicated to him by Mr E. Pollock of Sligo, of a terrier's rescue by a cat. A bulldog had seized a little terrier by the throat, and although beaten and hustled by a crowd of people, would not let go his hold. Suddenly, a cat that lived in the same house as the terrier, and was always fed with it, sprang through the mob, and fastening on to the dog's head and throat, lacerated him so severely, that he was forced to let the terrier go just as it was on the point of being choked. By kind treatment, it was ultimately revived. Strange to say, the opportune deliverer had kittens at the time, yet, for her poor little friend's sake, she risked everything. As indeed has been pointed out by naturalists, affection will outweigh the strongest impulses of nature in animals, inducing them even to forego all food, and perish of hunger or grief, for the loss or absence of a friend, while for the help or protection of an ally they will risk their own safety.

Cats and dogs, when on friendly terms, will occasionally combine against a common foe. The Rev. L. Jenyns was informed by a lady correspondent that a little Blenheim spaniel of hers once accompanied her to the house of a relation, and when being taken into the kitchen to be fed, two large cats flew at it and scratched it severely. During the lady's stay at this house, the spaniel gradually contrived to form a friendship with the gardener's cat, and one day persuaded it to follow him into the kitchen, where, finding one of his enemies alone, he set at it, and, assisted by his feline ally, gave it a sound drubbing. The two victors then remained in possession of the field until the other foe appeared, when they both fell upon it, and drove it too from the kitchen. During the remainder of the visit, the spaniel and the gardener's cat continued their friendship for each other, eating off the same plate in undisturbed amity.

Nearly every one can point to singular instances of close friendships formed between dogs and cats; and some very remarkable accounts of their attachments for other animals have been recorded in this *Journal*; but certainly no one can tell of a more eccentric choice of a companion than that related by Jesse the naturalist. The anecdote was told him by an engineer of repute, who, during a nine years' residence in the United States, had charge of the construction of some extensive works, one being the erection of a beacon in a river swamp. During the progress of the work, a young alligator

was caught, and became the property of the engineer. This strange pet he tamed thoroughly, so that it followed him about the house like a dog, even contriving to scramble up-stairs after him. It displayed great affection for its master; but its chief friend, when taken to New York, was a cat. The attachment was reciprocated, and nothing seemed to disturb the friendship of the curious couple. When the cat reposed before the fire, the alligator would place himself close to Puss, and go to sleep. When Puss chanced to be away, the alligator would become restless and unhappy; but as soon as she returned, regained his spirits.

White, in his ever interesting *Natural History of Selborne*, records a strange instance of a cat's affection for a leveret, and although it is not so unhackneyed, nor, as in the preceding cases, so singular an attachment, having been evidently induced in the first place by necessity, it is too appropriate a fact to be passed by untold. About the time that a friend of White's had a little leveret given to him which was so helpless it had to be fed with milk in a spoon, his cat was deprived of her helpless young. Suddenly the hare disappeared, and was supposed to have fallen a prey to some of its natural enemies. About a fortnight after its loss, as White's friend was sitting in his garden, he noticed his cat trotting towards him with tail erect and self-satisfied mien, uttering little notes of complacency, such as cats use towards their kittens; whilst gamboling after her came the leveret, which Puss had adopted, and henceforth continued to support in the most affectionate and motherly manner.

Mrs Lee, to whom we are indebted for many suggestive anecdotes of animal life, tells a still more wonderful tale of a friendship made by a cat with a canary! Both these creatures belonged to the narrator's mother-in-law, and, as presumed natural enemies, were carefully kept apart. The bird was only allowed out of its cage when grinnalkin was shut out; but one day, to the lady's consternation, she beheld the cat in the room, and the canary perched on its back. However, Puss seemed friendly, and the bird fearless; and so they were left undisturbed for the while, and on several other occasions disported together affectionately. One morning, when they were in their mistress's bedroom, the lady was horrified to hear the trusted cat give a low growl, and seizing the bird in her mouth, jump on to the bed, where it stood, with bristling hair, glaring eyes, and stiffened tail. At this moment, the lady beheld a strange cat creeping cautiously into the room. She drove it away; and as soon as it had disappeared, her own faithful Puss deposited her little feathered friend upon the bed quite uninjured, it having only been taken up to preserve it from the claws of the intruder.

Attachments between cats and birds are by no means so rare as might be supposed, although it is noticed that it is generally in the case of one especial favourite bird, or of those domesticated with it, that the feline companion foregoes her usual instincts. The Rev. F. O. Morris tells us of a remarkable friendship that existed on a farm near Leipsic between a cat and a chicken. The four-footed companion of the bird was almost constantly with her favourite, and guarded it from every danger. When the chicken grew up, the cat still remained on friendly terms with it; and

when the poultry were summoned for feeding, Puss always attended, and would not permit any of the fowls to approach till her favourite hen had first satisfied her appetite, after which they were allowed to feed unmolested. Bishop Stanley mentions a case of a poor little kitten whose mother had been killed, taking up its abode with some fowls and their young, and becoming so friendly with them, that sometimes it might be seen playfully catching at their feet, as if about to bite them, whilst they playfully pecked at their singular companion in return. Sometimes the kitten would hide behind a bush or shrub, and then unexpectedly springing into the midst of them, without their displaying any fear, would purr and rub against their sides. One particular hen, however, was the kitten's especial favourite, and every day she would accompany it to its nest, and lie down outside, to wait for its reappearance.

One of the most remarkable instances of a cat's friendship for the feathered race is related by the late Mr Kingston in his *Stories of Animal Sagacity*. In a loft where Puss was rearing her kittens, a pigeon had built her nest. The bird had frequently lost her eggs and young through the depredations of the rats; and this, it is surmised, had prompted her to build her nest close by the cat's snug quarters. Puss offered no objections; and in a little while the two matrons became quite sociable, feeding out of the same dish, and displaying much affection for each other. The strangest part of the matter was, that when Puss was absent, the pigeon constituted herself defender of the kittens, flying at any one who attempted to approach them, and striving with beak and wings to drive the intruder away. Subsequently, when neither her own brood nor the kittens required her further care, she was often seen fluttering close to her feline friend, when Puss was making her excursions abroad. Surely, no more marvellous instance of affection and gratitude overcoming the instincts of nature, is on record!

Enough has been said to prove that cats can sympathise with the most affectionate impulses of other animals; so, with one more curious case, we must turn to the strange attachments formed between other members of the brute creation. Mr Kingston is also our authority for the following anecdote. A frog that had found its way into a country house, had been kindly treated by the servants, doubtless with a view to its diminishing the beetles or other intruders, and had been permitted to take up its residence in the kitchen. As the winter evenings approached, the frog was wont to come forth from its place of refuge and bask on the hearth before the fire. A favourite old cat, that had a long-established right to a place on the hearth, took a liking for her strange companion, and became accustomed to its nestling under her cosy fur; when froggy left its hole, it would hop towards Puss, who constituted herself its defender, and attempted to guard it against all intruders. The ultimate fate of the curious couple is left untold.

The fidelity of the horse is a favourite theme of the naturalist. Frequently, a dog or a cat is the object of the attachment, probably from the fact that those are the animals they are chiefly brought into contact with; but their

devotedness to their masters or attendants, and their gentleness to children, have formed the groundwork of a hundred tales. Youatt mentions many instances of attachments between horses and animals of other species, such as that of Duncannon, a well-known racer, for a sheep, which it would lift into the manger to share its fodder, but would permit no one else to molest it in any way. Chillaby, another famous horse, which only one groom ever dared to approach, had also a favourite lamb that it loved and tended with paternal affection.

A wonderful anecdote of affection in horses is told by Monsieur de Boussanelle, and although it is not an instance of friendship between animals of opposite tribes, it is too appropriate to our theme to be overlooked. This gentleman, a cavalry officer, mentions that a horse belonging to his company being, from old age, unable to eat its hay or chew its oats, for two whole months was fed by two horses, one on each side of it, who ate from the same manger. These two noble creatures drew the hay out of the rack, chewed it, and put it intact before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat.

Youatt, it is presumed, is the authority for an account of the way in which a colt repaid the kindness and care of a farmer's boy who fed it. One day, the boy was pursued by an infuriated bull, and contrived to reach a ditch and get into it before his pursuer could overtake him. The bull endeavoured to gore him, and would, it is believed, have succeeded, had not the colt come to his assistance. This grateful little animal assaulted the bull, screaming so loudly all the while, that some labourers were attracted to the spot, and rescued the lad from his perilous position.

But these incidents of animal attachments are not the exclusive prerogatives of domestic animals; not only do cats and dogs, horses and cattle, and other creatures brought up by, or living in amity with man, practise all the virtues generated by friendliness; but even the wildest and most, presumably, untamable beasts often evince similar kindnesses to their less powerful fellow-brutes. Natural histories are full of stories of friendship shown by lions to dogs; whilst many anecdotes of affection manifested by tigers for canine companions are also on record. Among other similar stories, Kingston relates the case of a pariah or outcast dog that was thrown as food to a caged tiger in India. The dog stood on the defensive in a corner of the cage, and as often as the tiger attempted to molest him, seized it by the lip or neck. The tiger was hungry; but eventually, finding the dog so tough a customer to tackle, it relinquished its onslaughts, and came to an understanding with the foe. When a mess of rice and milk was put into the cage, the larger brute willingly shared it with its courageous opponent; and henceforth they became staunch friends; the dog would run in and out of the cage, evidently looking upon it as his home, and indeed, making it such, until the tiger's death left it once more houseless and friendless.

That birds reciprocate the kindly feelings of larger animals, some of the preceding instances prove; but a most interesting anecdote of sympathy shown by a raven for a disabled companion was related in the *British Workman* some time since. A traveller upon reaching an inn-yard at Hunger-

ford, drove over the yard-dog's leg and seriously injured it. The injured leg was carefully bound up; but in order to keep the dog quiet, it was fastened up by a rope in the stable, under a manger. The raven of the establishment had taken note of the whole proceedings, and whilst its canine friend was thus retained a prisoner, actually carried him bones, and faithfully attended to his wants. One night, the raven got shut out of the stable, and in its anxiety to get to its inviolable friend, actually picked a good-sized hole in the stable door! These incidents do not need comment; they carry their lessons with them.

HITCHES AT THE ALTAR.

WHAT can be more awkward and embarrassing than a hitch at the hymeneal altar? There are few occasions in life when we are more anxious that everything should pass off smoothly and auspiciously; yet, with that perversity which Fate so often exhibits in her dealings with us, the marriage ceremony is one than which few, if any, seem more peculiarly liable to hitches of the most unexpected and mortifying character. We have all observed this, and some know it from painful experience. The slightest misunderstanding or forgetfulness may involve serious inconvenience and annoyance. For most hitches of this kind the principal actors in the scene—the bridegroom, bride, 'best-man,' or bridesmaids, or it may be clergyman—are responsible in some way or other; but interruptions occasionally arise from circumstances over which none of the parties could have exercised any control. We have happily outlived those 'good old times' in which it was the proper thing for the rejected lover to break in upon the wedding-party with a band of armed men, slay the bridegroom, and carry off the unfortunate bride; but even in the present day the evil genius of matrimonial candidates sometimes contrives to bring about equally vexatious, if less tragic interruptions.

The question how near a couple can come to being married without actually becoming husband and wife, was answered in a very extraordinary case reported not long ago from Lyon, in France. All the preliminaries, including the marriage contract—the bride being an heiress—had been arranged with the utmost harmony, and the day had arrived for the civil marriage—which, under the law of the Republic, is the binding one—on the morning, and for the blessing of the priests at the cathedral altar in the afternoon. The parties were before the Mayor, and what a Chicago lawyer, addressing a divorce jury, called 'the fatal question' had been asked of each and duly answered; whereupon the Mayor had tendered his personal as well as official congratulations, and placed before them the attesting document which, when signed, made them lawfully man and wife. At this critical moment, the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of a telegraphic messenger. The couple paused, pens in hand; the witnesses stared in surprise; and the Mayor dropped his spectacles in a nervous fit as he handed the message to the bride's father. The telegram ran as follows: 'Monsieur — [the bridegroom] has already been married in Germany, and his wife lives. Vouchers are on their way to you by

post.' The Mayor, as he is bound to do under the Civil Code when a warning comes, postponed the authentication for a week. The week passed, but no vouchers came. Everybody agreed the telegram was a malicious trick, perpetrated by some revengeful rival—everybody excepting the bride, who had been brooding over the telegram, and, to the surprise of every one, believed it. She sent back the diamond ring, the silver candlestick, the gold-mounted *wig-dieu*, the breviary of the lady who was almost her mother-in-law, and annulled the settlement. The *Juge de Paix* of Lyons and the Mayor had a consultation with the lawyers and the notary; and it was unanimously agreed that the couple, as the English peasantry put it, were still a couple, and not a pair. All inquiries instituted by the bridegroom with regard to the sender of the telegram proved fruitless; the only information ever obtained being that it was paid for by a 'veiled woman in black.'

A still more recent hitch at the altar occurred at a fashionable English watering-place. A large party had assembled in one of the churches there to witness the nuptials of the niece of a prominent citizen, when it was discovered at the last moment that the Registrar, who had the license in his pocket, had not arrived. At the suggestion of the officiating clergyman, the ceremony was delayed for a short time, while one of the party went in search of the errant Registrar. His office was the first place visited; but he had gone out, and nothing was known of his whereabouts. Thence the messenger repaired in hot haste to his residence, which happened to be some distance out of town; and meanwhile, the party at the chapel becoming impatient, other scouts were despatched in various directions. At length, it was ascertained that the worthy Registrar had left town by an early train, and as it was impossible that he could return in time, the wedding had to be postponed till the following day. The hitch, it appeared, had occurred through the Registrar having received no intimation of the day and hour of the intended marriage.

The absence of an official at the critical moment is not such a serious matter as the non-appearance of one of the contracting parties—a *contre-temps* which has often occurred in real life as well as in fiction. Though hitches of this kind have frequently arisen through the inconstancy of either of the principals, they have also been brought about by other causes, as, for example, by stress of weather. One morning in the depth of last winter, a young lady reached Inverness from the south, in one of the morning trains, intending to proceed to Wick in the 9.40 A.M. train. During the night, however, there had been a heavy snow-fall, and it was found that the line to Wick was blocked. On being told that she could not proceed, the young lady appeared to be greatly disconcerted, and immediately inquired for the station-master. 'Is there no possibility of getting to Wick to-night?' she asked. 'None,' was the answer. —'Not by coach?' 'No; not even by coach.' —'Nor by boat?' 'No; nor by boat.' —'Not by' — 'No; it is impossible: you cannot get there this week.' —'Well,' said the lady, 'this is awkward.' 'I'm sorry,' said the official. 'Will you be greatly inconvenienced?' —'Inconvenienced! Yes. I was to have been married in Wick to-night.'

Fickleness, on the part of both grooms and brides, has been a fruitful source of hitches at the altar. There is a story told of a rustic swain who, when asked whether he would take his partner to be his wedded wife, replied, with shameful indecision: 'Yes, I'm willin'; but I'd a much sight rather have her sister.'—An equally remarkable instance, which must be authentic, is narrated by a Bathgate minister. In this case, a hitch had occurred at the outset, through the absence of witnesses, and the bride herself had surmounted the difficulty by going for two friends, one of them being her cousin, a blooming lass, somewhat younger than herself. When, at length, the parties had been properly arranged, and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said: 'Wad ye bide a wee, sir?' 'Oh, what is it now?' asked the exasperated clergyman.—'Weel,' replied the vacillating groom, 'I was just goun to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane'—pointing to the bridesmaid. 'A most extraordinary statement to make at this stage; I'm afraid it's too late to talk of such a thing now.'—'Is it?' returned the bridegroom, in a tone of calm resignation to the inevitable. 'Weel, then, sir, ye manna just gang on.'

The possibility of a hitch arising from a sudden change of inclination on the part of the principals, is ludicrously illustrated by the case of two couples who on one occasion presented themselves at the Mayorality in a suburb of Paris, to carry out the civil portion of their marriage contract. During the ceremony, one of the bridegrooms saw, or fancied he saw, his partner making 'sheep's-eyes' at the bridegroom opposite. Being of a jealous temperament, he laid his hand roughly on her arm, and said sharply: 'Mademoiselle, which of the two brides are you? You are mine, I believe; then oblige me by confining your glances to me.' The bride was a young woman of spirit, and resenting the tone in which the reprimand was made, retorted: 'Ah, Monsieur, if you are jealous already, I am likely to lead a pleasant life with you!' The jealous bridegroom made an angry reply; and then the other bridegroom must needs put his oar in. This led to a general dispute, which the Mayor in vain endeavoured to quell. The bridegrooms stormed at each other; and the brides, between their hysterical sobs, mutually accused each other of perfidy. At length the Mayor, as a last resource, adjourned the ceremony for half an hour, to admit of an amicable understanding being arrived at, both brides having refused to proceed with the celebration of the nuptials. When, at the expiration of the half-hour, the parties were summoned to reappear, they did so, to the amazement of the bewildered Mayor, in an altogether different order from that in which they had originally entered. The bridegrooms had literally effected an exchange of brides—the jealous groom taking the jealous bride; and the other, the lady whose fickle glances had led to the rupture. All four adhering to the new arrangement, the Mayor, it is recorded, had no alternative but to proceed with the ceremony.

The gentleman who so inopportunistically declared his preference for the sister of his bride, is only one of many who have made similarly eccentric replies to the all-important question. One hasty individual, on being asked if he would take the

lady by his side to be his wife, testily responded: 'In course I will; that's what I come here for.'—A Chicago young lady, on being asked the usual question, in which the words 'love, honour, and obey' occur, made the straightforward but somewhat too conditional reply: 'Yes, I will, if he does what he promises me financially.' On a recent occasion, an eccentric bridegroom, when interrogated in the usual fashion as to the acceptance of his bride, persisted in responding, to the confusion and bewilderment of the officiating clergyman, 'Yes, for a fortnight;' a declaration which was the occasion of no little trouble and perplexity, though the difficulty was ultimately overcome.—Many hitches of this kind are the result of misapprehensions on the part of ignorant people with regard to the nature of the questions asked and the obligations undertaken. In these cases, the adoption of some such brief and convenient formula as the following, which, though somewhat irreverent, is said to have been employed in the celebration of a marriage in Iowa, United States, would no doubt save a deal of trouble and annoyance to all concerned. The bride and bridegroom were told to join their right hands, and then asked: 'Do you want one another?' Both replied: 'Yes.' 'Well, then, have one another;' and the couple were man and wife.

A certain famous African explorer was once the victim of one of those extremely distressing hitches which amount to the complete and final separation of those who would otherwise have been united for better for worse. He had fallen deeply in love with a young Greek maiden whom he met in Crete. He afterwards declared that never, before or since, had he beheld so sweet and beautiful a creature. Having sought out the American Consul, he revealed to him the state of his heart. The Consul, who had himself married a Greek lady, bade him not despair, took him forthwith to the house of his *inamorata*, and presented him to her mother, who was a widow. The negotiations were conducted successfully; at the end of a week he was an accepted lover; and in a fortnight, the day for the wedding had arrived. All this while, he had seen the young lady once a day, always in the presence of her mother; and on the day before the intended marriage he had been permitted for the first time to take her hand and to imprint upon it a chaste salute. The hour appointed for the wedding found the bridegroom dressed for the ceremony and awaiting the happy moment. There enter to him at this juncture three Greeks, whom he has never seen before, and an interpreter, who introduces them as brothers of the bride-elect. They produce a parchment, which the interpreter explains. It is a deed of settlement, which binds the bridegroom to pay so much a year to the mother and to each brother, and so much to his wife, and to disburse the first instalments on the spot. In vain the unlucky traveller explains that he is worth nothing, and cannot pay. The brothers look daggers, the interpreter frowns; and the scene closes with the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty gets his protégé out of the clutches of his importunate would-be relations, and ships him off to Athens. He never saw his beautiful Grecian maiden again.

Every one knows what a fund of latent mischief lies concealed in that little innocent-looking band

of gold, the wedding-ring, how it will mysteriously disappear at the very moment it is wanted, and what excitement prevails, especially on the part of the wretched groom, when it cannot be found. If the ring is all right, a dozen other little accidents may happen to delay or stop the ceremony. It is not often, happily, that a bridegroom so far forgets what is due to himself and his bride as to render himself unfit to take the vows through too frequent recourse on the wedding morn to the cup that cheers—and inebriates. On one occasion, an intending Benedick appeared in such a bemuddled condition that the clergyman was obliged to refuse to proceed with the marriage. A few days later, the same thing occurred with the same couple; whereupon the clergyman gravely remonstrated with the bride, and said they must not again present themselves with the bridegroom in such a state. 'But, sir, he—he winna come when he's sober,' was the candid rejoinder.

We will conclude with a case in which a somewhat serious obstacle to the celebration of a marriage was removed at the eleventh hour by the intervention of a beneficent flash of clerical jealousy. In a western Scottish town one evening there were so many marriages, that an unfortunate couple who had arranged to be united at the minister's house, were unable to procure a cab to convey them thither till long past the hour appointed; and when at last they stood at the door of the manse and rang the bell, it was approaching midnight. A loud and somewhat indignant voice presently responded from a bedroom window upstairs, demanding to know who was there. The situation was briefly explained; but the voice—that of the Rev. Mr W—, minister of the first charge of the Abbey Church—proved inexorable. 'I can't help it,' was the ultimatum received; 'you must just go home and come back to-morrow.' 'Oh, Mr W—, ye ken we canna gang hame without bein' married,' struck in a female voice.—'But what would you have me do? Call up the whole house because of your bungling?'—'Could you no dae't ower the window, sir?'—'Nonsense; it is impossible.'—'Oh, ye nicht, sir; ye ken we attend the Abbey on your day, and no on Mr B—'s.'—This final stroke of policy proved irresistible, for between Mr W— and Mr B—, minister of the second charge of the same church, there subsisted a good deal of professional jealousy. The window was put down, the gas lighted, the door opened, and the marriage of the triumphant diplomatists duly solemnised.

THE ST GOTHARD TUNNEL.

Of the many unwritten chapters of history awaiting future historians, that which treats of the shifting of trade-centres will not be the least instructive and interesting. Hardly a decade passes without a new channel of international communication being opened, and simultaneously some old highway left to comparative solitude. Europe is dotted over with the sites of old commercial resting-places; towns once busy and prosperous, veritable trade-centres, now neglected and desolate, their streets grass-grown and deserted. Nor have the majority of these towns fallen into decay because of war, pestilence, famine, religious persecution, or statecraft, but simply from the ebb and flow of the commercial tide. For

example, the lumbering wain crossed some river where it was broad and shallow, and there our ancestors built a town. Then advancing knowledge threw a bridge over the narrowest part of the river, where the stream was deep and navigable; the road was thereby shortened; a second town sprang up, and the first was neglected. Later, a railway came, with its viaducts and tunnels, and carrying trade right away to some more favourable spot, created a third town, to the discomfiture of the town by the bridge and the town by the ford.

The completion of the St Gothard Tunnel opens a new European highway; and though it is not possible here to treat so important a subject with the consideration it merits, it may be permissible to glance at the probable effect of the opening of the new route next January upon one or two Italian seaports and upon Switzerland.

In the middle ages, the rivalry existing between Venice and Genoa was one of war to the death. The Queen of the Adriatic sought to monopolise the eastern trade, and for a time Genoa la Superba was forced to content herself with Morocco, Algerian, and coast traffic, together with as much of the western trade as Spain would allow her to pick up. But the discovery of America and the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope fell as heavy blows upon Venice. Directly it was understood that ships could sail right round to India, the Venetian route was discarded; all the drawbacks of the breaking of cargo in the unshipping, loading upon camels, and re-shipping, were perceived directly; and by reason of her geographical situation, Genoa scored the victory. From that period, Venice fell into the slumber of decay; and the venerable city, so hospitable in the days of its glory, liberal to art and learning, and foremost to generously encourage enterprise, seemed to be crushed beyond hope of regeneration. A few years since, a princely legacy to the Genoese, left by the Duke of Galliera, and which it was resolved should in part be spent upon the improvement of the dock accommodation of Genoa, awoke the Venetians from their lethargy. Rubbing their eyes, the Venetians saw that they stood fairly in the track of the coming stream of central European traffic flowing eastward. The Suez Canal was finished, the St Gothard Tunnel scheme promoted, and here was Venice as it were midway between the two. So a national subscription was started, the money to be used in repairing the quays and making new docks; and things were to be all made ready for the good time coming. Whether the subscriptions have flowed in as freely as the promoters of the scheme desired, we are not able to say, for in modern times the Venetians have exerted themselves little beyond attending to their devotions.

A glance at the map will show the advantage Venice has over Genoa in competing for Belgian, Swiss, and generally speaking, Central European traffic bound eastward. The golden tide is at her feet; it remains to be seen how she will profit by it. That a great deal of traffic will be diverted from Genoa, there can be no doubt; but time alone can show how far the good fortune of the Adriatic port will be the misfortune of Genoa. Thus, time and science have avenged Venice, and promise to restore to her something of her former renown, though poetic justice will not be com-

pleted by the stranding high and dry of Genoa as a commercial wreck; the port of the Riviera being secure in the South American trade, which Venice can never hope to touch.

Switzerland will gain immensely by the Tunnel. No matter what the destination of the traffic may be, it must traverse a considerable stretch of Swiss territory, and the tolls will be enormous. Moreover, when the projected water-way, to be made by the cutting of canals here and there, between Magadino on Lake Maggiore and the Po, is opened, the Swiss manufacturer of heavy goods will find a cheap means of transit at his very door.

As between the two Tunnel routes to Italy—the Mont Cenis and the St Gothard—for a Briton, there can be no doubt which is the better; the St Gothard route is the shorter and more picturesque, and should be the cheaper. Besides, from a tourist point of view, the St Gothard route has this immense advantage—it can be approached from several ways. From London to Italy *via* the Mont Cenis, there is practically but one route, through Paris; whereas, *via* the St Gothard, there are at least three grand routes—by Paris and Belfort, by Brussels and Luxembourg, or down the Rhine and on by Strasburg.

As a nation, the Swiss may well rejoice, but a chorus of lamentation is sure to ascend from a legion of hotel and diligence proprietors, though few travellers will be moved with much sympathy for either hotel or diligence worthies. The 'moderate terms' of the mountain hostelry invariably swell to immoderate dimensions by the addition of mysterious extras; while the printed tariffs of the diligence brigands are but too frequently barefaced impostures.

Tourists who are fond of adventure will find their field of enterprise but slightly restricted. Even should the Tunnel result in the practical closing of the St Gothard Pass, other passes are open to them. There are the Simplon—long threatened by the engineers—the Splügen, the St Bernard, the Furka, the Brunig, and several others, remaining to the ambitious climber.

But reverting to our first idea, while some few interests will suffer, others will be large gainers. The little town of Coire, or Chur—just as you like it, either French or German—being on the line of two or three passes, has a good transit trade with Italy and Germany, a deal of which it will certainly lose; a certain class of tourists, however, are not likely to neglect Coire, as it is a centre for Alpine excursions. Here and there are other small places, whose inhabitants are principally employed in tiny industries; these will have to depart—the chisel-carver, the stone-polisher, and the rest of them—and take up their abode elsewhere. Geneva hotel-keepers will not be particularly glad; but their brethren in Zürich and Lucerne already raise loud shouts of delight. The line of railway running along the north shore of Lake Lemman away up to Brigue, is sure to lose part of its traffic; but the lines running from the north-western and northern Swiss frontiers, from Bâle, Schaffhausen, and Constance, will be laden with the passengers and merchandise of Britain, Belgium, Holland, and Central Germany.

Directly and indirectly, the whole world will be the better for the Tunnel that is to be opened to the public next month; but one or two favoured

places will be the first to benefit. German Switzerland may be trusted to make as much as possible out of the undertaking, and if Venice is alive to her own interest, she will hasten to profit by the good fortune awaiting her.

Fifteen years ago, trade between Italy and Western Europe was either sea-borne or scrambled as best it could over the Alpine passes and along the Corniche Road. From Marseilles the railroad stopped at Nice, and between that town and Genoa diligences plied. From Turin the rail ran to Susa; there the traveller alighted and mounted the diligence, which took twelve or thirteen hours to cross Mont Cenis, the French railway terminus being at St Michel. Since that time, Italy has been joined to France by two great lines of railroad, both belonging to those immense Companies—the Alta Italia, and the Paris, Lyon, et la Méditerranée; now a third line, traversing Switzerland and drawing closer the bonds that unite Italy and Germany, is upon the eve of its opening ceremony.

A REQUIEM.

SING soft and low, with tender tone,
A requiem for the Years gone by;
With rains that beat, and winds that moan,
We'll join in mournful melody:
Chant to the wintry blast that raves
So wildly over hill and plain,
Weep—for to-night, from out their graves,
Old joys come crowding back again.

•
Pile high the fire—keep out the cold;
Lay on the board your festive cheer;
Make mirth and music as of old,
To welcome in the good New Year.
The Old Year's brow was often stern,
And harsh his lessons—as we know;
But oh! we have so much to learn,
And wisdom often comes with woe!

•
Where are the forms that used to sit
Beside us in the firelight's blaze?
Where is their laugh, their merry wit,
Their noble worth, which sought not praise?
Gone! Yet their presence seems to coine
And linger with us round the hearth;
They flit about us in our home,
And share our sadness—and our mirth.

•
Oh, what a wealth of bliss was ours
In those lost days, so quickly fled!
What fragrance dwelt within those flowers
Which seem so scentless now and dead!
What blessed moments, cast away
In spendthrift waste, we *might* have stored!
What gentle memories for To-day
Might have been ours!—a golden hoard!

•
Vain sighs o'er joys departed now!
We'll grieve no more for vanished days,
But forward press, with tranquil brow,
And still our thankful song shall raise!
Glad that so far our task is done,
That Rest comes nearer and more near;
That soon beyond this transient sun,
We're sure to find a glad New Year!

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YULE-TIME IN SHETLAND.

BY AN OLD SHETLANDER.

I SUPPOSE most people know that Yule was the name originally applied by our Scandinavian ancestors to the great annual festival of the winter solstice, which they celebrated with feasting and revelry and wassail 'in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun-wheel.'

Shetlanders do not speak of Christmas so much as of Yule. Nay, more, if you were asking a native why Yule is kept as a holiday, the chances are that his reply would contain no reference whatever to the Nativity. He would simply say, it 'had aye been kept by the auld folk'—meaning his forefathers. Be that as it may, Yule is in Shetland the great holiday of the year, or at least was so when I was a boy. But Yule was not the 25th of December by the modern calendar, but the 6th of January; for in the 'melancholy isles of furthest Thule,' time was always reckoned according to the 'old style.' We were always, therefore, twelve days behind the rest of the civilised world. All that, however, is now passing away, thanks to steamboats and electric telegraphs and newspapers and general intercourse with the South; and I daresay Yule, the dear Yule I remember so well, will ere long be known and spoken of only as a tradition; for altogether life in those islands is now very different from what it was some fifty or sixty years ago.

But before giving you a little description of Yule in Shetland, as we kept it when I was a boy, a few prefatory notices of the circumstances and conditions of life in the Ultima Thule of those days, may not, I hope, be uninteresting.

In the time I am speaking of there were no roads in Shetland, and our remote northern island of Unst had very little intercourse with the outer world, except by a post-runner who passed, on foot, once a week between us and our metropolis, Lerwick, taking two days to traverse the distance each way. Two small trading schooners, the *Magnus Troil* and the *Norna*, ran

very irregularly between Leith and the Shetlands, making on an average five or six passages in the year. It was a great advance when an old rickety little sloop of some thirty or forty tons, which had been a cod-smack, was put on the passage between Lerwick and the north isles for a few months in summer; but during the greater part of the year, if one required to go from these north isles south to Lerwick, the only available means at command—unless he chose the overland route, which meant tramping over wild wet moorland hills, and crossing several dangerous ferries, where the tide runs at the rate of six to ten miles an hour—was by sea in a six-oared boat, which was expensive and often very perilous. Mails from the South arrived at very irregular intervals by the trading schooners, or some chance smack that might be coming north. There was no regular mail service until 1836, when a weekly steamer was put on for the summer months between Leith and Lerwick, calling at Aberdeen, Wick, and Kirkwall; and a packet schooner, between Aberdeen and Lerwick direct, during the rest of the year; but six weeks would sometimes elapse between the passages made by the latter.

It will be guessed that, thus circumstanced, we were thrown very much upon our own resources for necessary supplies of food and clothing. On the approach of winter, that is about the beginning of November, a bullock, a pig, and half-a-dozen or more of the small semi-wild native sheep, were slaughtered and cured. Everything was utilised. Tripe was carefully salted; black puddings, white puddings, and sausage puddings were made, together with some other combinations of meat and suet unknown, I believe, except in those islands; and the tallow was converted into candles. Ample stores of groceries of all sorts, meal and the like, were laid in from Leith; and thus preparations were made for the dark and dead half of the year.

Then as to amusements: there were, I need hardly say, nothing of the nature of theatricals, no circuses or strolling menageries—in fact, no

shows of any kind. Neither were there any fairs or wappenschaws. 'Highland games' were unknown, and there never was such a thing as a meeting of athletes to contend for prizes and local fame; neither were there ever any regattas or boat-races; and the native youth were utterly ignorant of cricket, shinty, quoits, golf, and even curling. Almost the only out-of-door game known, or at least practised, was football, in which boys and lads, and once in the year—on Yule day—many middle-aged men who had boys and lads of their own, engaged with splendid vigour and spirit. But of that more anon. It will thus be evident that in our remote and isolated home the routine life of each day was uneventful and monotonous in the extreme, except when perchance word would come, after a wild night of tempest, that some ship had been dashed to pieces on the rock-bound coasts and many lives lost or saved as the case might be. Little wonder, then, that Yule-time with its festivities, its feasting and its fun, was looked forward to by us youngsters with eager anticipation, and when it came round, was enjoyed with a zest, which it is not easy for dwellers in more favoured climes and more stirring localities to understand.

We formed a little family society amongst ourselves. First and foremost, there was my uncle the Laird, or, as he was invariably called, 'the Mester,' a staunch Conservative in church and state politics and social customs—a kindly, genial, hospitable soul—in a word, a fine specimen of 'a gentleman of the old school.' Then there was an elderly maiden aunt, who lived in a cottage by herself with an old female servant, who had been an institution in the family for at least half a century, one of those faithful and attached domestics now unfortunately becoming so rare. And lastly, there was my father the Doctor, with a big family of boys and girls, of whom I was neither the eldest nor the youngest. The three houses were as nearly as possible equidistant from each other—something less than half a mile. Amongst the three families, we managed to make the most of the festive season. Christmas proper, namely the 25th December, was 'kept' by us, the members of the other two families spending the day with us; and on New Year's day, Aunt Mary had us all at her decorous and kindly board. But the juveniles reckoned these as very mild and milk-and-water affairs. Yule, namely the 6th of January, was the great day, which, true to his conservative instincts and principles, my uncle celebrated much, I fancy, as it had been celebrated by our forefathers in the old house from time immemorial, and into which was crowded an extraordinary amount of feasting and mirth and innocent revelry. He also kept Auld New'r'day (13th January); and we, the boys, were always invited to his house for the week from Yule e'en till after Auld New'r'day; and didn't we just have a right royal time of it! You shall hear.

Certain very important preparations for the Yule festival had always to be made. We invariably got a new suit of clothes for the occasion—the cloth not unfrequently the gift of our kind uncle. But whether a gift or a purchase, it was always much easier to get the cloth than the clothes. It required a tremendous struggle to have our outfit ready in time. Our island, it is true,

could boast of a professional tailor who had 'served his time' in Lerwick, and understood his trade remarkably well. But Charlie was more than a tailor; and in fact, it was a very small portion of his time that he devoted to tailoring. He was by turns a boatman, a pilot, a fisherman in a desultory and erratic sort of way, a fish-curer, a ploughman, a carpenter, a barber, a bird-stuffer. At one time he would be shooting rabbits or hunting them with a collie by moonlight; at another, taming wild ponies; at another, breaking oxen to 'the yoke'; at another, away with 'the Mester' seal-hunting; at another, accompanying some traveller from the South on his rounds with a pack of merchandise or patterns. A veritable Jack-of-all-trades was Charlie; but an honest, faithful, trustworthy soul, and a great ally of ours. I don't know how we should have got on without Charlie. He was full of shifts and ingenuity, a man of infinite resources, and withal obliging and cheerful. He had, however, a notion that he was not robust, and that continuous application at his trade was injurious to his health—an exceedingly preposterous idea, and falsified by the fact that he still survives, a hale old fellow well past fourscore years; but it was a convenient excuse for off-putting. We therefore found it no easy matter to get a job out of his hands. A month or more before Yule, the materials would be conveyed to him, with many injunctions to set to work at once, and in earnest—a thing he never did. Every two or three days a visit would be paid, to see how he was getting on; but progress was provokingly slow. He never thought of serious work until a week before Yule, and then he did work night and day; and I am bound to say that we always did get the outfit on Yule e'en!

Another invariable and important preparation for Yule was the making of the football, Yule being always the inauguration day of the season. The bladder of the 'mert,' or pig, had been previously secured, carefully salted—very likely in an old brown teapot—and set away in the most remote corner of a cupboard. We shaped and sewed the leather covering ourselves; but to get the 'quarters' cut of the proper shape to secure a perfect sphere, which we considered a matter of the utmost importance, was an affair of great anxiety and study. We had certain rough rules for shaping the pattern, but were not always successful in giving it just the proper curve. The leather was not obtained from the shops, for two reasons: it cost us more than we could conveniently afford out of our slender pocket-money; and we found, or thought we found, that 'Scotch' shoe-leather—the only description procurable in the shops—was very spongy and too heavy; so the leather we used was native tanned—and, indeed, our boots and shoes were for the most part made of the same material. Some poor pony having met with a tragic end—tumbled over some precipice, or been murdered by a raven picking out its eyes, or smothered in a peat-bog—the skin was handed to a venerable fisherman, Magnus (or rather Maans) Manson by name, who was particularly skilful in a small way as a tanner. The bark he used was the root of a small yellow wild-flower which grows plentifully on light sandy soils in Shetland. The thinnest parts of the

tanned hide were always secured for our football.

A few days before the eventful day, we were on the *qui vive* of expectancy for the invitation from our uncle, which we always looked for, but were never sure of till it arrived; and we kept a very constant watch for the messenger. At last we would spy the little lassie coming across the fields. The note which she brought was delivered to our father, and commonly ran thus: 'MY DEAR —, We hope you will all spend Yule with us, as usual; and please say to the boys I shall be very glad if they will come on Yule e'en and stay till after Newr'slay.' While the note is being read, we are trying to look utterly unconcerned and unsuspecting, as though we had no idea that we had the least interest in its contents. Our father reads the note solemnly, and then turns to us and says gravely: 'Boys, this is a note from your uncle. He asks us all for Yule day, and he invites you to come on Yule e'en to stay till over Newr'slay. I suppose I may say that you will be very happy to go!' We make no verbal response—only a delighted smile, which he shrewdly interprets to mean he will be strictly correct in saying that, and very much the opposite if he does not say it. The messenger takes back the reply; and we bound across fields and dikes and ditches to see how Charlie is getting on.

Yule e'en arrives at last. Our brand-new suit, new boots also, and clean shirts and collars, and socks are carefully packed in our carpet-bag by the sympathetic mother's hand; and we transfer it and ourselves to our uncle's hospitable house, feeling very happy. Speculation is busy in regard to the prospects of the weather for the morrow, as, of course, very much of the pleasure of the day depends on the weather. The barometer is consulted; weather-wise folk are asked their opinion; and we fervently hope it will be fine. Presently, a substantial supper is discussed; and in a state of delicious excitement, suspense, and anticipation, we coil ourselves under the blankets, and try to sleep.

Long before the late day-dawn of those high latitudes, we are up and about, and in ecstasies of delight if—as I shall suppose—the morning is fine. The day's feasting begins about nine o'clock with a breakfast of the most substantial and tempting description. No porridge on Yule morning! The dining-room table is groaning with good things—a huge round of cold corned beef, savoury sausages, fried fish, eggs, rolls steaming from the oven, flour scones kneaded with milk and butter, a species of oatcake called 'fat brunnie,' so rich and free that they will scarcely hold together, jam and marmalade, and tea with plenty of sugar and rich cream. Our excellent and healthy appetites having got an additional sharpness by the keen air and exercise of the morning, we do ample justice to the good things before us. But before we rise from the table, we have yet to partake of the crowning glory of a Yule breakfast, and without which we should not look upon it as a Yule breakfast at all. From the sideboard are now brought and set before our host a large old china punch-bowl, kept expressly for the purpose; a salver, with very ancient, curiously shaped large glasses—also kept sacred to the occasion—and a cake-basket heaped with rich

crisp shortbread. The bowl contains *whipcol*, the venerable and famous Yule breakfast beverage. I do not know the origin or etymology of the name whipcol. I do not think it is to be found in any of the dictionaries. I do not know if it was a Yule drink of our Viking ancestors in the days of paganism. I do not know if there was any truth in the tradition that it was the favourite drink of the dwellers in Valhalla, gods and heroes, when they kept their high Yule festival. But this I know; there never was in the old house a Yule breakfast without it. It had come down to us from time immemorial, and was indissolubly associated with Yule morning. That is all I can say about it, except that I am able to give the constituents of this luscious beverage, which is not to be confounded with eggflip. The yolks of a dozen fresh eggs are whisked for about half an hour with about one pound of sifted loaf-sugar; nearly half a pint of old rum is added, and then about half a quart of rich sweet cream. A bumper of this, tossed off to many happy returns of Yule day, together with a large square of shortbread, always rounded up our Yule breakfast.

Almost immediately thereafter, football commenced. Most of our masculine neighbours, boys and lads, and men up to well-nigh fifty years of age, were wont to be invited; and when all were assembled on the spacious lawn, my uncle appeared, made a little congratulatory speech, and distributed drams to the seniors, and cake to all comers. Healths were drunk, and hearty Yule greetings exchanged; and then two—perhaps three—sets of players were arranged; goals were set, and the play begun. Our uncle and father looked on and watched with interest the progress of the game. When goals were changed, there was sure to be another round of drams, to keep up the spirit and energies of the players, and because, as my uncle would say to his well-pleased audience, 'every day was not Yule day;' and so the game went on fast and furious till close upon the dinner hour—three o'clock—when light failed.

The Yule dinner was as ponderously substantial an affair as the breakfast. My uncle always had a choice bullock well fattened and slaughtered for the Yule festivities, as also the best wether that his flock could produce; so there was no lack of fresh meat at this season; and somehow he never seemed pleased at those times unless he saw not only ample but lavish abundance on his table. Dinner usually consisted of soup, fish, roast-beef, boiled mutton, plum-pudding, apple-pie, tarts, jellies, and creams; followed by a dessert of fruit, oranges, apples, figs, plums, raisins and almonds, which—the dessert I mean—we youngsters relished most of all, as we never saw or tasted those delicacies except at Yule-time. The brief interval between dinner and tea was all the rest we had during the day; and by this time it may be supposed we were pretty well stuffed and used up.

But the proceedings of the day were not yet over. A number of my uncle's tenants in our neighbourhood, and their wives and sons and daughters, having been invited to a dance in the evening, they began to drop in about six o'clock. When all were assembled, a goodly company of honest fishermen, buxom matrons, stalwart lads, and blithe rosy-cheeked lasses, all dressed in their Sunday best, tea and cake were handed round.

Fredamen Stickle, a very prince of fiddlers, summoned from over the hill for the occasion, was elevated on a chair on the top of the dresser in the ample kitchen, my uncle's splendid Stradivarius fiddle in hand, and dancing began. Fredamen—or Frædie as he was familiarly called—was a born musician, and handled the bow with admirable ease, grace, and spirit. His grandfather or great-grandfather was a shipwrecked German sailor, who had married and settled in the island. Probably Frædie's German ancestry had something to do with his remarkable musical tastes and talents. I have a vivid memory of Frædie sitting on his elevated perch, his head thrown back, his bright light-blue eyes sparkling, and his handsome, mobile, and expressive countenance beaming with smiles of delighted excitement, while his right hand swept the strings with well-rosined bow, and his right foot beat loudly the splendid time like a drumstick. The man's spare but lithe and sinewy body seemed to be transformed into a musical machine; and the music was the most inspiring of its kind I have ever listened to. It was irresistible. It compelled the dullest and the weariest to take the floor *nolens volens*. Quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, and the like were unknown and unheard-of dances in those remote regions. But reels and strathspeys, country-dances and jigs, followed each other in quick succession until eleven o'clock. Then a substantial supper was served, concluding with some rounds of potent punch. But there never was anything approaching to what may be termed excess. 'Health and good-night' was drunk, the invited guests dispersed, and we tumbled into bed; and so Yule day ended.

For a week the feasting continued—the football by day and dancing at night, with sometimes a rubber at whist; for, young as we were, we had learned the noble game, and were keen and by no means bad players. The Yule festival came to a conclusion on New Year's day, 'old style,' January 13th, which was celebrated by a slightly modified repetition of what I have endeavoured to describe as the Yule-day festivities.

Ah me! in writing these reminiscences I have seemed to live over again the happy joyous days of the old time; and as I lay down my pen, I cannot but think of the changes that have since taken place. How many of those dear ones that made Yule bright and glad some have passed away—uncle, aunt, father, mother, and others of the family circle, all gone; and those who still survive, the youngsters of those days, scattered far apart. Moreover, life in all its aspects, conditions, and circumstances has materially changed. Now there are roads and wheeled vehicles all over the islands. A powerful and commodious steamer plies between Lerwick and the North Isles once, and sometimes twice, a week throughout the year; and several are engaged in the regular trade and carrying the mails twice and, for part of the year, thrice a week between Lerwick and Leith. And yet more, the telegraph wires have brought the inhabitants of the most northerly of the Shetlands into immediate communication with the rest of the world. The 'new style' is superseding the old, and Christmas taking the place of Yule, which latter I sadly fear will soon be known only as a tradition.

But after all, will the generation that is now

in its sprightly youth be happier for all these changes than we were? I don't know. We had manifold compensations. Chief of these, we were all in all to one another. We knew from experience all that is implied of sweetness and tenderness and sacredness in that choicest of characteristic English words—*home*. Ours was indeed a happy home; and looking back over the many long years that have elapsed since we all lived together in peace and happiness, I can truly say, that next to the holy lessons we learned from the lips of a saintly mother, my brightest memories are associated with 'Yule' in the 'Old Rock,' as we fondly term those isles of our nativity.

THE COUNTER-SYNDICATE.

CHAPTER III.—CAGING THE BEARS.

SOME time had elapsed since the foregoing symposium at Mr Quick's, when one morning the speaking-tube which communicated with that gentleman's office and the *sanctum* of his employers, announced that Mr Fox desired to see Mr Quick. Immediately afterwards the confidential clerk stood facing the three partners, who all seemed discomposed, and had a pile of letters and telegrams on the table before them.

'Mr Quick,' said the senior, with a singular hesitation of manner and unsteady voice, 'we have decided to consult you in a matter of very great gravity.' He paused, looked at his partners, then resumed: 'You are aware of the high opinion we have of your integrity and judgment; and we are desirous of showing a deeper appreciation of your fidelity and acumen. You know that great commercial houses, like great empires, have diplomatic arrangements which are intrusted only to the highest personages.'

Mr Fox again paused; Mr Quick bowed.

'What I may call the vital part of our business has been attended to by ourselves, although much of a secret nature has been allotted to you. Mr Smiles, as you understand, keeps the strictly private ledgers, and attends to the special correspondence. He desires your assistance in these matters. But beyond these, we wish your co-operation in an affair that has assumed an aspect of a quite unexpected kind. You are aware, Mr Quick, that we have sold coffee largely during the past two months?' This assertive query was ejaculated with a fevered eagerness, strangely in contrast with the previous part of his speech, and was followed by a look of undisguised anxiety. Messrs Smiles and Naylum turned uneasily in their chairs, and looked at the confidential clerk so fixedly, that he felt embarrassed.

'Do I understand that I am to change from my department to another?' asked Mr Quick, really not knowing what to say.

'No; that is not it,' returned Mr Fox, still more anxiously. 'We want to place our whole confidence in you.'

'What do you mean, sir?'

'I mean, we desire to reveal to you the actual position of the firm—in short, to treat you as if you were a member of it.'

These last words produced a singular whirl in

Mr Quick's brain. He almost staggered against the table near which he stood.

The three partners surveyed him with mixed emotions.

Mr Smiles now spoke: 'If we reveal to you all the private concerns of the house, it can only be on the condition of making you a partner. No servant, however esteemed and trustworthy, can be admitted into the very core of our business. Only a man bound equally with ourselves to the uttermost can share our secrets. Mr Fox should have prefaced this interview by what I am now saying. Several months past you asked for a small share in the firm. We are now prepared to treat with you.'

Mr Quick became pale. He did not reply.

His employers looked at each other, at first with astonishment, then with alarm. Mr Naylum, who was of a suspicious nature and rather explosive temper, rose from his chair. 'Do you hesitate, Mr Quick?' he demanded sharply.

'I do,' replied the other, regaining command of himself.

'Why?' cried the partners simultaneously.

'Because, gentlemen, it is out of my power to join you.'

Confusion, indignation, and dread marked the features of the trio, according to their respective temperaments.

'Explain yourself,' said Mr Smiles, stepping towards the clerk, and giving a significant glance for silence to his friend Naylum.

'I will, in a word,' replied Mr Quick, now perfectly at his ease. 'I am about to found a new financial house myself.'

'Yourself!' echoed Mr Naylum scornfully.

'Myself and a few others.' This very coolly. 'I am not without friends, Mr Naylum.'

How easy it is to make bad worse by hasty speech! How hard to erase the impressions we write upon the consciousness of those we are in contact with. Scorn, insult, assumption of superiority, are never forgotten by those we seek to dominate. The bias we give to another mind goes on, in spite of after conciliations and atonements. A scar remains after every physical wound, and the mind still more effectively registers its lacerations.

'Your conduct, Mr Quick,' cried Mr Naylum, in a rage, 'is simply disgraceful; and I shall not fail to say so to all our connections. You wait for Mr Fox to put you in possession of our most important transactions, and then you turn round to take a mean advantage of us. I repeat, your conduct is disgraceful.'

'I add to the remarks of Mr Naylum,' said Mr Fox interposing, 'that no honourable man would have allowed any revelation of a firm's affairs to be made to him, when he was on the eve of starting a rival house. The commonest courtesy, to say nothing of the debt of gratitude you owe to us for countless benefits received, ought to have elicited from you a frank avowal of your intentions.'

'It behoves me to say that I fully indorse the opinions of my partners,' said Mr Smiles, emphatically bringing his right hand upon his left palm. 'Your behaviour is a mixture of dishonour, chicanery, and overreaching. That it will tend to your worldly advantage is possible, for honesty does not always succeed in

competition with dishonesty. I am sure my partners will agree with me when I say, from this moment you can no longer remain in our service.'

'Certainly not!' cried Mr Naylum impetuously.

'You are right, Smiles!' said Mr Fox warmly.

'It was only yesterday that I arranged my future,' Mr Quick returned, as calmly as rising indignation would permit. 'I should have told you in due course. Your proposition has precipitated matters.'

Mr Naylum grinned incredulously. Mr Smiles held up his hands, as if for silence. Mr Fox shook his head, like a man denouncing silently an immorality he did not wish to waste words upon.

The clerk did not heed these expressions. In a voice that grew harder and more cutting as he proceeded, he said: 'I owe you no gratitude. I have served you for a salary that was the bare equivalent of my worth. My work and your wages balance each other; therefore we are quits. If I taunted you with ingratitude, you would consider me a presumptuous fool. Yet I have as much right to brand you, as you have me. That I fully deserved my stipend, is admitted by you all, as you sought to place me on an equality with yourselves. Self-interest, not benevolence, induced you to advance me to the position I have held. Self-interest again has induced you to inveigle me into a partnership.'

'Inveigle!' ejaculated Mr Fox.

But the clerk in the warmth of his denunciation heeded him not. 'Only to serve yourselves, did you ask me to share the business. Permit me to recall the fact, that I first proposed a partnership. I have not forgotten the scarcely veiled contempt of Mr Naylum in reply to my request; nor the dignified amazement of Mr Fox; nor the bland disdain of Mr Smiles. In despising my association, you roused all the pride and energy of my soul. I determined to win advancement outside of the office, as I was forbidden to advance within it. I had confidence in my own gifts and experience as a business man; and I was sure my commercial foresight and grasp of finance was at least equal to yours individually. Nay, I will be candid enough to say I felt myself more than a match for the combined firm.' Here he sneered so witheringly, that Mr Naylum grew livid.

Again he went on. 'Do not suppose that I wished to take any advantage of you. I knew that I could advance the house to a pinnacle of financial greatness beyond anything known. I would have enriched you beyond your dreams. With scorn and contempt I fling back your paltry insults. I am your superior in the great game of finance, and this coffee operation is my evidence of the fact. You know how you stand in that wretched business, and so do I—smiling contemptuously. 'Poor blunderers! I do owe you gratitude for enabling me, by the side I have taken, to show you that I am your master.'

Mr Naylum could endure it no longer; he sprang up furiously and ran towards Mr Quick, as if to strike him. Both the others seized him, and for a few moments a most unseemly *fracas* ensued; one that would have been deemed incredible in the City. When calm was in, a

measure restored, Mr Fox, dreadfully agitated, said: 'I fear we have been harbouring a viper in you, Mr Quick. You have been plotting against us.'

'No doubt about it,' roared Mr Naylum savagely.

'I am no viper, no traitor. I have sought by knowledge and judgment to gain what is my right as much as yours—financial success. But as you set the example of vilification, I declare you all and each to be knaves, who, by a new species of confidence-trick, want to escape the penalty exacted from fools.'

'Quick!' screamed the senior partner, 'how dare you say such words in my presence! Knaves!'

'Begone, villain!' foamed Mr Naylum, ghastly with passion.

'Leave the room!' commanded Mr Smiles, with a sublime expression of disdain.

'When I have done,' replied Mr Quick with incredible *sang-froid*. 'I will finish what I have to say, either here, or in the counting-house in presence of the clerks. They shall have my version of the cause of our separation. If you eject me from the premises altogether, I will go straight to the Royal Exchange, and there, before the world, vindicate my conduct, and expose yours to the derision and obloquy it merits.'

The crack of doom could not have produced a more terrible shudder than that which thrilled through the partners at this last appalling threat. Under it Mr Naylum lost the hot flush which made his ordinary florid face glow like a sunset. A cadaverous pallor made him almost unrecognisable. Mr Fox sank half-fainting in his chair. Mr Smiles sat staring at the clerk, fascinated with terror.

'I call you knaves to your faces, and I have no hesitation to call you so before the citizens of London. I undertake all the penalties of my words. For what else are you, who try to seduce me into partnership with a house bankrupt beyond redemption! I repeat the word—the firm of Fox, Smiles, and Naylum is utterly ruined!'

It was pitiable to observe the deadly prostration which came over the partners as the ringing merciless voice thundered out the last sentence. A malignant, remorseless demon seemed to be revelling in their awful downfall. Yet, to an uninterested onlooker, there was no evidence of gloating denunciation in the behaviour of the stern man addressing the cowering trio. Mr Quick was angry, and felt himself in a masterly position, and naturally took advantage of it; that was all. The sickening dread that he was speaking the truth was the real cause of the alarm possessing his hearers.

Several minutes of supreme anguish intervened. Mr Fox was the first to recover command of himself. Turning his haggard face to the clerk, he said faintly: 'I do not seek to disguise from you, Mr Quick, that we are in a difficulty, a great difficulty. But I solemnly declare that none of us had any intention of involving you in it. Our position is not so desperate as you suppose. We have been grossly infamously deceived by Geldmacher of Hamburg, who has almost succeeded in detaching the Grosschnabels from our connection. We know you have by

some means obtained considerable influence with them, and we sought to enlist that influence on our behalf. I own with profound regret that we made an irreparable mistake in refusing to take you into the house. You are certainly possessed of commanding abilities, and we were blind to our own interest in ignoring them. After this most tempestuous exchange of personalities and revelations of hatred, of course further amity is impossible between us. No doubt, you will do hereafter as much against us, as you have benefited us in the past. For my own part—here his voice gave way, and a look cunning, deprecating, sorrowing, gleamed towards the iron face of the clerk—'for my own part, I shall feel in losing you that I am bereft of half my brain. I wish you success cordially; and if it be in my power to forward it, be sure nothing that has taken place this morning will prevent me helping you. Young houses are difficult to build in London. Although you deserve to prosper, you may fail; and in such an event, our old relations may be renewed.' He stopped, and with more assured eyes raised towards the clerk, who stood in icy calm, waiting for a sign.

Mr Quick simply inclined his head.

Professing to be encouraged by this, Mr Fox went on with an oily subservieney, artfully blended with ingenuous confidence: 'Before closing this conversation, I venture to place before you the request I had to make at the outset; and I do it with full confidence in your magnanimity. We stand as declared foes; at least, you are hostile to us,' he stammered, as the rigid face before him became harder at these words. 'Yet, I am sure you would do us a service, after all that has occurred, if by so doing no injury came to yourself. I am not too proud, indeed, to throw myself upon your generosity, and I here ask your mediation with Grosschnabels. If they continue faithful, all will go well. Mr Quick, I beseech your aid.'

The clerk seemed to rouse himself from a deep meditation. Messrs Smiles and Naylum recovered something of their wonted aspect. There was a shade of regret almost in Mr Quick's voice as he said: 'I cannot help you, Mr Fox. Do not suppose me a churl, delighting in doing an evil turn. What I said in a heated moment, I now repeat in calmness—Your house is ruined. The Grosschnabels are no longer with you!'

'Gracious powers!' exclaimed Mr Fox, as if struck by an unseen blow.

'Impossible!' cried Mr Smiles, clasping his hands.

Mr Naylum said nothing, but became ashy pale again.

'No earthly power can prevent the crash which has been culminating in the past three weeks,' went on Mr Quick, really touched by the smitten men before him. 'Mr Steinherz of Frankfurt and Mr Lupus of Philadelphia hold your paper at this moment. Grosschnabels are absolute detached neutrals. De Predateur and Coutail have also made a *volte-face*; and Bellamy of Boston holds Bulldose Brothers between finger and thumb. Before a week has passed, the rout will be complete.'

Groans of uncontrollable anguish burst from the unhappy listeners.

Almost compassionately, Mr Quick hastened

to say: 'I advise you to take instant action to defend yourselves against the last blows aimed at you. The markets are becoming convulsed beyond anything known; save what you can.'

With this he left the room.

BYRON-LAND.

It has come to pass, in these days of fast travelling, that there are comparatively few places unknown to the tourist. Not very many years ago, a man was considered as tolerably enterprising who had spent his holiday in tramping through Scotland or Wales, or, at the very farthest, some parts of Switzerland. The tourist of to-day despises such small ventures; they are good enough for beginners, but to go farther afield is their aim, and to 'do' Norway, or Egypt and the East. Mr Whymper has set an example in climbing Chimborazo, which others will attempt to follow. Soon we may hear of a human tide, 'personally conducted,' setting westward for the chain of the Andes; and those hitherto solitary giants looking out upon the Pacific, will be alive with tourists.

But all men cannot accomplish so much. Many who have not time or money would like to make the acquaintance of foreign lands and peoples. Some are happy and content to find out that which is interesting and beautiful at home, and for such modest wants there is an inexhaustible supply. To which of these classes I belong can be of no importance; but it so happened that in passing through Nottingham a short time ago, I had a day to spare—to do with as I liked. It was a chance not to be lost. The next train up the Leen Valley found me bent on a holiday visit to the realms of the poet Byron.

After a slow journey of seven miles, I felt the train slackening speed opposite a most dismal-looking colliery, and shortly after, we came to a standstill at the village of Hucknall-Torkard. No description can do justice to its utter unloveliness, and want of what is perhaps most looked for—poetry. Briefly, it is one of the most straggling, patched-up, dirty villages in England, with colliery chimneys on the outskirts belching forth thick smoke, a population almost entirely of miners, an infinite variety of smells, and evils innumerable. And yet it was not always so, for the ancient forest of Sherwood once covered all the land around for miles, where Robin Hood and his merry men hunted their prey, and made havoc with the king's deer. Was not one Stutely a member of their jovial band? Well, an old joiner told me that the name was common in his time, but the last of them—with a touch of his noble ancestor in him, perhaps—had thrown up the trammels of citizenship, and gone away with Bentinck's Light Horse. The village still boasts its Wagstaffs and Hardstaffs; but it is needless to say the weapon which rendered their names famous is out of use. One of the former, indeed, wields the more peaceful drumstick with some skill; and if the Beardalls were as common in the days of the quarterstaff as they are now, and worthy of their name, the latter weapon must have been brought into frequent use.

Following the main road towards Kimberley, I saw the mansion where the Byrons lived before

the one of them with the big beard received Newstead from the stout old robber King Hal. The door being open, and hearing some one moving about inside, I stepped on to the threshold and knocked. Presently, a sleek-faced maid-servant appeared, and, cautiously getting the door between me and the interior, without giving me time to state my business, told me that the master was in the fields. Clearly this was an unfortunate beginning. I felt in my own mind that I was regarded as suspicious; and, moreover, from the girl's stolid face, that any attempt at a parley would be time wasted. Nevertheless, with a joint hope of disarming suspicion, I asked in my best possible manner if she knew anything of the Byrons, or of Colonel Hutchinson who had once lived there. She gave me a very decided 'No,' and settled the question sharp; so I retired. Further than that Colonel Hutchinson the Parliamentary undoubtably lived there, I know not; but in a field adjoining the village, I beheld the spot where the Royalists and Roundheads once had a Stuart brush, and where many of the 'King's Own' came to earth before the solemn-faced Puritans.

Making my way across the fields—through the charming old village of Lynby, with its May-pole and stone cross—I reached Lapplewick. From this point, woods of beech, and elm, and pine overhung the road, and then opening out at a considerable elevation, revealed a beautiful landscape. Newstead lay below in the valley, under the slanting rays of the sun, and the light smoke from its chimneys curled up lazily among the woods, on a background of gray and purple cloud. What grand old giant is this stretching his long powerful arms on each side of the entrance-gate, and challenging intruders? An old-world king of the forest—the only one that has escaped the ravages of time and the axe. When the fifth Lord Byron cut down all the timber on the estate, this oaken monarch was bought by some gentlemen of Mansfield, and afterwards presented to the poet. Long may it reign!

Descending into the valley by the carriage road—which at first is shut in by spruce-firs, then opens out into more domestic and park-like scenery—we come at last in sight of the venerable old Abbey, which has stood since the time of Henry II., and become dear to Englishmen through its rich and varied associations. Nothing can be more delightful than this secluded, fern-clad valley, with its adornment of woods and lakes. In front of the house is the 'Stew Pond,' fringed with yews, where many a fine fellow, I expect, was fattened for the monkish tables. Beyond is the grove dedicated to the memory of the 'wicked' Lord Byron, who despatched his neighbour—Mr Chaworth—so mysteriously at the *Star and Garter* in Pall Mall. If ever you visit Newstead, you are sure to hear of that grove. It is a dismal-looking place, and seems, moreover, to have a certain mystery of its own. Perhaps it is inhabited by a ghost; but I saw nothing except two leaden statues of Pan and a female satyr, which the country-people looked upon as the wicked lord's demons. In the midst of such disreputable company, I was surprised to see a fine healthy tree growing, on which the poet had carved his own and his sister's name during his last visit to Newstead.

Retracing our steps—for the gardener had now taken me under his care—I entered the precincts of the chapel. Here the silent old labourer called Time has been at work while generations of men have come and gone. He has destroyed, but not out of wantonness. He has given us, perhaps, full measure for that which he has taken away. No vaulted roof or solemn aisle resounds with the rich harmony of voices now, but instead, a carpet of the softest grass, and shrubs and stately trees. No stained glass is in the Gothic window—which alone reminds us that the place has been other than it is—but mantling ivy clings about its naked form, and clothes it with unfading green. Close by is the tomb of the never-to-be-forgotten 'Boatswain,' Byron's favourite dog.

Again I say, this old Abbey of Newstead is very beautiful. If any one takes an interest in things old and poetic and lovely, let him visit it. Here at 'Newstead in Sherwood' Edward I. granted a charter to John de Annesley. Here Cardinal Wolsey stayed on his last sickening journey southward; and here too, in a bed which they show you, slept the redoubtable hero Oliver Cromwell. The poet, writing of that eventful time, says:

The Abbey once, a regal fortress now
Encircled by insulting rebel powers;
War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening
brow,
And dart destruction in sulphureous showers.

As we walked through the dim and sounding cloisters to the poet's bedroom, I was forcibly impressed with their fitness for a ghost's walk; and on mentioning the fancy, was informed that recently, if not now, a 'goblin friar' did indeed haunt them, at night-time, and had actually been seen by Byron.

It was no mouse, but lo! a monk, arrayed
In scarlet and beads and dusky garb, appeared,
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade.

Of all the interesting places in the Abbey, the poet's bedroom is undoubtedly most so. It stands now, as it did when he inhabited it, small, dark, and plainly furnished—the same in all respects save that the master-spirit is gone.

To return to Hucknall once more and its church, the last resting-place of the poet. It is anything but a beautiful fabric, and as unlike the burial-place Byron would have chosen as one could well imagine. A marble slab had just been received from the Byron Memorial Committee, which was sent together with the pediment of the statue from Greece. This slab, which is about twenty-seven inches square, with a wreath of bay leaves let in in brass, and the date of his birth and death, is placed in the chancel directly over the poet's head. On the wall hung two faded wreaths, one of which was placed there by the Bishop of Nottingham.

Before coming away, I looked into the visitors' book. The old one, which contained the names of Bowring, Thomas Moore, and Washington Irving, together with many other celebrities, has been lost. From a copy in the possession of Mr James Widdowson, the most hospitable of churchwardens, I judge it to have been very interesting. The spirit of the place seemed to have evoked

many a song, among which those of Bowring, Justice Williams, William Howitt, and a few others, are of a chaste and lofty kind. The present visitors' book, which is rapidly being filled, contains the names not only of Englishmen, but very many Americans, besides others from the most distant parts of the world.

Byron's life and poetry have hitherto exercised an almost magical influence over others in absorbing, as it were, their intellectual being. After his death, a lady came to Newstead, and took apartments at one of the farms belonging to the estate. Who she was, further than her name indicated, and where she came from, was never known. Her sole pleasure consisted in rambling about the Abbey grounds and holding communion with the spirit of him who had consecrated that place unto her, and made it her chief joy. From her small stature, and habit of dressing in white, she came to be known as the 'little white lady,' and as such she is spoken of now in her resting-place, which is separated from the Byron vault by the church wall only. Washington Irving gives a detailed and somewhat romantic account of her. Certainly she was accomplished, and could write with much taste and elegance. Again, only a year or two ago, a lady, who had resided in Mexico, came to Hucknall-Torkard, that she might live and die by the side of Byron.

As we turn to leave the church by the chancel door, a stream of light pours in through the window, and rests over the head of the poet sleeping beside his mother and his daughter Ada. The stillness of eventide is over everything, and there is a great calm. See, yonder is the grove swathed in a bluish film:

Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green, and of mild declivity;

where he walked in the morning of his days with Mary Chaworth, and first tasted of that great bitterness which ceased only with his life. Everything speaks to us of him, but it speaks only peace now.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

It was a summer evening, and I was standing in front of my consulting-room door, rattling a bunch of keys, after having locked up, ready to repair to my bachelor establishment. I believe I was then considered a rising young physician in our quiet little town, in one of the States of America. At anyrate, I had patients enough to warrant a respectable office down street, and a luxurious suite of apartments in the best boarding-house the town could afford. Well, I was, as I said, rattling my bunch of keys; and my friend, Horace Bertram, was standing near, wondering, I suppose, from the way he looked at me, what I meant to do next. I was the first to break the silence.

'Do, Horace, come over to my lodging and stay with me to-night. I always feel so lonely, somehow.'

'I have no doubt of it, Wilfred; for you're a man with great social qualities. Glad to come, old boy. But why do you wear out all your best days by yourself? Why don't you look out for a better half, to brighten up that smoky den of yours?'

'I'm afraid she might prove my worse half, Horace. I am not one to make a leap in the dark, I can assure you. I have the highest respect for the fair sex; but there are exceptions to every rule, and a man must look twice before he plunges into marriage.' Just as I was saying this, I noticed two young ladies coming along in our direction.

'Hush, Wilfred,' said Horace; 'here come two of our angels now, and I happen to know them. Isn't it a fine thing to be so fortunate as to know everybody in town?'

They were ladies of cultivated tastes—one could judge that much from their dress; for I was very observant of the minutiae of a lady's costume. They had been shopping too, that delightful occupation of the gentler sex. As they passed us, I caught a few snatches of their conversation. The taller and more queenly looking of the two was remarking to her companion: 'I tell you, Jessie, I cannot do it; it would not be right. I must do my duty.' She was speaking, I could see, very earnestly. They looked up as they passed us, and nodded in a friendly manner to Horace, who uncovered his curly brown head; and we both bowed politely to two of the fairest specimens of womanhood. Then I caught a glimpse of the face of the stately lady who had such decided notions of right and wrong. I could see the pleased smile that flitted over the childish countenance of her companion, as Horace lifted his hat to them; and I also noticed the flush that mounted even to my friend's high forehead; so I put these two incidents together, and drew my own conclusions. But that was all I did notice, for I was completely absorbed in the statelier lady of the two who had passed us. The light of a pair of clear gray eyes had for one moment rested on mine, and I had had one brief glimpse of a true, earnest face, that haunted me afterwards like a dream. Horace's voice roused me from my momentary feverie.

'Building air-castles, are you?' he said. 'Well, then, my dear friend, just let me give you a piece of advice. When you people that mansion of yours, don't attempt to convert either of those two into the "lady of the manor."'

'Why, Horace? Who are they? Where do they live? And what relation are they to each other?'

'Gently, my friend, gently. One question at a time. Why? Because those are "ladies of high degree," and very much above such poor human beings as Horace Bertram the lawyer, and Wilfred Lansdowne the doctor. I rather like that little gipsy, Jessie, myself.'

'I did not need to be told that,' I said. 'Your face is a good index to your heart. But you haven't answered the most important question of all. Who are they?'

'I was coming to that when you interrupted me. They are the daughters of Sir Gerald Wyatt, an enormously wealthy Englishman, who came over to the States here a few years ago for his health. He has only two children—Lucille and Jessie.'

'Then to whom will the title and estate revert, upon the death of the present owner?'

'To a distant cousin of his own, his only living male relative. He has never seen this cousin; but Sir Gerald has made inquiries in England,

and hopes soon to discover traces of his expectant heir. Madame Rumour has furthermore informed the listening public that should this cousin prove a single gentleman, Sir Gerald intends that his daughter Lucille shall marry him, in order that she may be My Lady, and that the property may remain in the family. But one needn't listen to all that is said. I'm very glad Jessie didn't happen to be the elder.'

'Where did you say they live?'

'I haven't said at all yet.—Why, Wilfred, how absent-minded you are! But I'll tell you now. They have leased a villa in the suburbs called the Towers—a perfect paradise.'

We had reached my boarding-house by this time, and Horace surprised me by saying: 'You're in such a queer humour, Wilfred, that I think it would be better to leave you alone for to-night, and spend an evening with you some other time. So good-night, and pleasant dreams of the queenly Lucille.'

He was right. I did not feel like entertaining any one. I repaired to my cosy sitting-room, and throwing myself on the lounge, was soon absorbed in exciting and perplexing thoughts.

I was the distant cousin of whom Horace spoke. I had not known until this moment that my relatives were anywhere near me. And now, the face of the very one for whom the unknown cousin was destined had struck my fancy, and was so indelibly impressed upon my mind as to defy all efforts at effacement.

This Sir Gerald Wyatt had loved my mother, when the two were scarcely more than children. They were cousins. But, after that, as my mother had often told me, they became separated; yet Sir Gerald had never forgotten the love of his young manhood. To dissipate his grief at the kindly but decided refusal he had received, he went to travel on the continent. Years elapsed before he returned, and when he did so, he brought back a beautiful Italian bride, to reign as Lady Wyatt over the home of his ancestors.

While he was absent, my mother married my father, to whom she had been long secretly attached; although, in point of social position, he was not quite her equal. Immediately after their marriage they proceeded to America, where my father, who was, like myself, a physician, had hopes of securing a better practice than in the home country. But a few years of fruitless endeavour to get a good start in business, broke his spirit, and unluckily he gave way to habits of intemperance. While in this condition, he had the misfortune, in prescribing for a patient, to make a fatal blunder, which cost the patient his life; and for this my father was apprehended and imprisoned. But while awaiting his trial, he died; and thus left in poverty and obscurity, my mother and I returned to our English home; and as she was too proud to let her rich relatives know of her situation, she changed her name, buried herself in a humble village, and devoted herself to her boy's education. When I was about eighteen years old, my darling mother's weary eyes closed in their last sleep, and I was left alone in the world.

Every tie that bound me to my native country having been severed at my mother's death, and being of too independent and proud a nature to make myself known to my titled relatives, I

returned to America—the welcome refuge of all free spirits. Determined that I would not let life conquer me, by my own exertions I managed to procure a medical education, and then settled down in this lovely little spot.

It was easy, therefore, to understand that Sir Gerald Wyatt had great difficulty in ascertaining the whereabouts of his cousin's child; for though he may have ascertained the name of the man whom she married, I had never adopted that name, and was not known to any one by it. For many years, indeed, he had not troubled himself about the matter, being absorbed in the love of his beautiful wife; and it was only when the latter, transferred to the colder climate of England, drooped and died, leaving him no male heir on whom he might bestow his title and estates, that he remembered his cousin, my mother, whose son, if still alive, would be his nearest male relative. He was thus far, as I understood, in search of this relative; and here was I within a mile or so of him, and he did not know it.

But I did not mean to reveal my identity as yet; my plans were soon and easily made. I concluded to go on in the same quiet way, till chance should throw my relatives in my path; and in the meantime find out all that I could of them. Since I had seen Lucille, my head was filled with romantic notions, but I nevertheless determined that in the meanwhile my relationship should remain unknown to her.

CHAPTER II.

I was again walking home one evening some weeks afterwards, when Horace Bertram—to whom I had not revealed my relationship with the wealthy Englishman—met me, and told me a startling piece of news.

'I say, Wilfred, the English cousin has arrived. They've killed the fattest calf over there at the Towers, for the old gentleman is convinced that he has at last discovered the missing man.'

'You don't tell me so! Why, that cannot be—it is utterly impossible!'

'I wonder why it cannot be just as possible as the fact that Miss Lucille is going to marry this very same cousin.'

'How did you learn all this, Horace?'

'Don't look so white and solemn, man. I never thought it was so serious a matter. Why, you see, I met Jessie at Mrs Jackson's last night, and she told me all about it. Lucille is terribly distressed, for she has taken an unaccountable dislike to her cousin. But her father will have his own way, the stubborn old fellow.'

'But can't you,' I asked, 'tell me something more about this cousin?'

'Nothing more, scarcely, for we had so much else to talk about. Only that he is very handsome, and Sir Gerald is completely taken with him.'

'Did you hear his name?'

'It is Guy Radcliffe, I believe.'

Radcliffe was my father's name, and whoever this cousin was, he must have learned something or other of our family secrets. I felt staggered and dazed, and my friend noticed it, but lightly attributed my confusion to something less serious.

'I say, Wilfred,' he said laughingly, as he left

me, 'the castle has tumbled down, hasn't it? "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"'

I made a sickly attempt at a smile, but said nothing, and rushed up-stairs. Lucille to be sacrificed! I would not allow it. I had not met her; but one way was always open to me, and I determined to get my mother's letters, and make myself known at once. I knew I had proofs that were more convincing than any that impostor could produce. But I was not long in my room, before there came an impatient ring at the door-bell. Evidently some one was in a hurry. I listened a few moments, and then quick steps were heard coming up the stairs, and there was a sharp rap at my door. I opened it, and the servant was there, with a note in his hand.

'A man is down-stairs, sir, with a carriage, and he says you must come with him right off. He told me to give you this.'

Bidding the boy tell the man I would come directly, I read the brief note:

'Sir Gerald Wyatt would esteem it a favour if Dr Lansdowne would accompany the bearer to the Towers, where his professional services are requested.'

In a few minutes I was ready, and whirling rapidly thither. I asked the coachman who it was that needed me.

'Miss Lucille, sir. She's awfully shook up, and none of 'em can do anything with her.'

Some nervous affection, I presumed, and I supposed that some exciting circumstances had taken place to throw her in such a state. We were soon at the gates of the Towers; and as I passed hurriedly through the extensive grounds, I noticed that everything showed signs of wealth, lavishly yet tastefully expended. A servant received me, and ushered me into a room, where I saw, leaning against the black marble mantelpiece, a stately-looking old man; and on the opposite side, also leaning in a graceful attitude, one of the handsomest fellows I had ever seen, but with a sinister expression about the finely curved mouth that I did not like. As soon as I had set my eyes upon him, I recognised him; though he did not seem to know me. He was the son of a former valet of Sir Gerald's, before he went to Italy. I had seen the man, and my mother had told me who he was, a great many years since; but I was gifted with a remarkable faculty of remembering a face, after I had seen it once. All this I took in at a glance, before Sir Gerald came forward to meet me.

'Dr Lansdowne, I presume?'

'The same. You sent for me, I believe?'

'I did. Women are such queer creatures. My daughter has taken it into her head to make herself sick on account of a foolish whim.' Then followed an introduction to the handsome, Italian-looking 'cousin,' the real one bowing his head to the impostor.

But I proceeded: 'In order to understand how to treat your daughter, Sir Gerald, I would like to become acquainted with as many of the particulars of her illness as you may judge proper to disclose.'

'Well, it is simply this. Here is Mr Guy Radcliffe, as good a young man as any one need see, whom I intend that Miss Wyatt shall

marry. In confidence, Doctor, I owe it to Guy's mother—who in fact was my cousin—to make some reparation for having neglected her and hers so long. Besides, I know Guy will make as good a husband as Lucille can find.—Isn't that true?' he said, addressing Mr Radcliffe.

'You flatter me too much, Sir Gerald. I certainly intend to make my cousin as happy as is in my power. At anyrate, she will do her duty by obeying her father, and I will endeavour to win by kindness the love she now refuses me.'

'Certainly she will obey my wishes, for she has always been an obedient girl. Indeed, she has never yet refused to agree to my proposal in this instance, only expostulated until she saw that I was determined, when she commenced to droop. This evening she was seized with a sort of fainting spell, and has not yet been roused.'

'Then surely there is no time to lose. Please let me see the patient at once, Sir Gerald.' My blood was boiling with rage against that low-bred impostor, who dared to call her his 'cousin,' who dared to offer her his false love!

But we had reached the room of the patient, and all indignant thoughts were expelled before the idea that Lucille lay stretched there, perhaps dying. I went up to the bed, where her sister was kneeling, crying as if her heart would break, and at once directed my attention to the resuscitation of the motionless figure before me. By the use of such restoratives as were in the house, and constant chafing of the thin, white hands that lay so listlessly in my own, I soon brought a faint flush into the pale cheeks and lips, while a heavy sigh told that she was returning to consciousness. In a short time her eyes opened, and rested upon mine. She must have caught my eager look. I turned to her sister and said: 'If you can make her drink a little wine, until the medicine I shall send for arrives, I will consult with your father for a few minutes.' I then left the room to see the baronet, with whom I requested a private interview. He conducted me into his library.

'Sir Gerald,' I began, 'I merely wish to give you my professional advice and opinion. I perceive your daughter's constitution and temperament are of the highest nervous type. She is now broken down by mental suffering, and to prolong the strain might be to imperil life itself. I would beg you, therefore, if you love your daughter, not to mention the subject of her cousin to her until I speak with you again. For this purpose, I shall be glad to have an interview with you to-morrow morning.'

'Certainly, Doctor. As to your instructions, I will promise to obey you; meanwhile, her sister will take the best care of the patient.'

When I got back to my lodgings, and was locked in the secrecy of my room, I gathered together several letters that had passed between my mother and the baronet, her miniature, and also that of Sir Gerald which he had given to his 'cousin Addie,' when both were quite young. The latter was set in sapphires and pearls, and the case was stamped with the Wyatt escutcheon.

CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning my buggy was standing at the entrance to the Towers, and I was

ushered into the same library that I had left the evening before, and found Sir Gerald waiting to receive me. He greeted me with a smile of pleasure and a hearty English hand-shake. After assuring me of a marked improvement in my interesting patient's condition, he begged me to state the object of my desired interview. I merely placed my little packet in his hand, saying: 'This will explain all, Sir Gerald. But if you wish more conclusive evidence than that which the beloved touch of the dead has hallowed, I can easily furnish it.'

He had opened the bundle, and the sweet face of my mother was the first object upon which his glance rested. 'Addie—my dear little cousin Addie! And my picture too!—the very same I gave to Addie on her seventeenth birthday. In the name of all that is wonderful and incomprehensible, who are you? How did these things come into your possession?'

'Simply from my mother, Sir Gerald, for I am Addie Treherne's only son and child—Wilfred Treherne Radcliffe, otherwise Lansdowne.'

'How is that possible? Here is Guy Radcliffe, who claims the same relationship to Addie Treherne. He certainly brought no proofs; but I, anxious to find my cousin's child, believed all he told me. If you are Addie's son, why are you called Lansdowne, and not Radcliffe?'

'That is a long story,' I said. 'My mother's marriage was one of affection, but not of prosperity; and the circumstances under which my father's career came to an end—and of which I may tell you more at leisure—led us to drop the name of Radcliffe, and adopt that which I bear. It served the double purpose of screening us from the prying eyes of the world, and the scorn of my mother's richer friends.'

For a few minutes the baronet sat in moody silence, as if reflecting on the past, when all at once he said: 'If all this be true—and I do not doubt it—who is this Guy Radcliffe?'

'Do you remember Hugo Rascelli?'

'To be sure I do. He was a valet of mine many years ago.'

'Well, this man is none other than a son of that valet of yours.'

'Now that I think of it, I remember who it is I was trying to discover he resembled. And to think I received the son of a servant I had to discharge for dishonesty, as my heir and the prospective husband of my daughter!'

It was some minutes before the wrath of the baronet spent itself. Presently, however, he began to speak of my mother and his early connections with her. He was thoroughly persuaded that I was the person I represented myself to be, but I was anxious that my motives should not be misunderstood. 'Sir Gerald,' said I, 'I wish you to understand clearly that I have discovered myself to you with no other motive than to benefit your daughter.'

'I do not doubt it,' said the baronet. 'Yet it is my earnest desire that Lucille should marry my prospective heir; and as my cousin Addie's son shall inherit my property, it would add a double weight of gratitude in my obligations to you, should you succeed not only in restoring her to health, but in winning her affections. I must tell her of the changed circumstances, and'—

'Not so fast, Sir Gerald, if you please. If all these changes take place at once, it will be too great a shock for your daughter.' I would advise you to examine this Guy Radcliffe, as he calls himself, and dismiss him privately. You can easily keep the matter quiet. Then tell Lucille that you have been too harsh with her, and you will not compel her to marry a man she does not love. That news, I think, will do more towards raising her up than any medicine I might prescribe for her. As for myself, I hope I have a clearer idea of honour than to present myself as a suitor for a lady's hand under such circumstances. I freely confess that I have seen your daughter before, and by some mystery, unknown even to lovers themselves, have fallen very much in love. But in order to leave my cousin's mind entirely unbiassed, I would like to win her love simply as Dr Wilfred Ladowne, instead of the long-lost cousin her father wishes her to marry. Does this plan meet with your approval?'

'Entirely, although it is a young man's romantic idea. But meanwhile, I shall say nothing of all this to Lucille.'

I found my patient reclining before the open window of her room, while her sister was sitting on a footstool at her feet. What a beautiful picture the two made! Jessie was the first to notice my entrance; and as she rose, with a slight blush tinging her cheeks, I had to acknowledge that my friend Horace was a happy man in having won the heart of so lovely a creature. And as for her sister—was it my imagination that made me perceive a glad light spring up in those changeful eyes that I had learned to love so well? I certainly thought I detected as much.

As Lucille's disorder was merely a nervous attack that I knew would soon pass over, I had no difficulty in assuring her that exercise was the best medicine I could prescribe, but she must keep perfectly quiet for the remainder of the day.

Days and weeks passed by, and I saw that I could no longer find any professional excuse for repeating my dearly prized visits to the Towers. My anxiety to know whether or not my love was returned, became so great, that I determined to hazard everything by speaking to Sir Gerald, and at once ending my suspense. So again I walked up the broad marble steps, and was ushered into the room where I had always found a kind welcome, and where Sir Gerald was seated.

'Well, my boy, what is it now?'

'I have come, Sir Gerald, to ask you to give me Lucille.'

'Ah! I thought it would come to that. Wilfred, I am only too thankful that at last I am enabled to carry out my long-cherished plan, and call Addie's son my own. If Lucille consents, you need fear no opposition from me. Besides, the impostor has received his *congé*!'

It is no matter what else we conversed about; suffice to say that I left the kind old man's presence with only one thing wanting to complete my happiness. I wandered along the gravelled paths, hoping to find Lucille, yet not knowing exactly where to look for her. I happened to remember a favourite arbour of hers, where I found her fixing up the trailing branches of a rose. I scarcely dared disturb the lovely picture,

and yet I felt she must not be only an image to me, but a loved reality. And so, catching the spirit of England's laureate, whose description of 'Rose, the Gardener's Daughter,' entered my mind, I stepped into the arbour where she was standing, and said:

Ah, one rose,

One rose, but one, by those fair fingers culled,
Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips
Less exquisite than thine.

She silently handed me the 'one rose'—a pure damask—and then, still clasping those soft, white fingers, I led her to a rustic seat. I never could exactly tell what followed; all that I knew was that I was pouring forth the warmest words of love, and she was listening to me with downcast eyes and blushing face. What did I—did she—say? Has not that 'old, old story' been often told, and as often set 'two fluttering hearts aglow?' 'Are you sure,' said I, after the first burst of rapture, 'that you love me for myself—just as I am?' Suppose your father still clings to his idea of your marrying your cousin, what would you consider your duty then? Would Love settle the conflict between Right and Wrong, Lucille?'

'Oh, don't ask me, Wilfred. When he saw how truly we loved each other, he wouldn't compel me to pass through the same trials from which I have just been released. And it would be a thousand times worse now, since I have loved another.'

'Listen to me, Lucille. I, and not your father's recent visitor, am your English cousin.' And then, seated together, while she wept tears of gladness, we talked of what you, dear reader, already know.

Many Christmas Eves have passed, and many long and happy years have frosted over the brown and golden hair. The voices of children—those of Horace and Jessie, as well as ours—ring from the flowery terraces and shady coverts of Wyatt Towers—our ancestral home in Old England. I am Sir Wilfred Radcliffe now; for the good old man who was so true a friend to me, has long since been gathered to his fathers.

INDIA IN THE COLD WEATHER.

BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

IN our last paper we described some of the phenomena peculiar to the rains in India, and mentioned that they ushered in 'our unequalled cold weather.' The transition is gradual. Perhaps in September we have had a heavy downpour, then a series of showers varying in intensity; after which we have more sunshine, under the influence of which the clouds gradually clear away, and cumulus slowly yields to cirrus. We have now drifted into October, and all know that deliverance is nigh at hand. Punks are still in full swing; but one morning we feel that our exposed feet are chilly during the small-hours, and pull the sheet over them. On rising in the morning, an unmistakable freshness in the air declares that deliverance has arrived; the west wind has set in, and with it the much-longed-for

cold weather. Rejoicingly we go out and inhale the invigorating breeze, and the general congratulatory salutation is, 'Cold weather is at last!'

Now we can fully realise the sweet words of the Preacher—'Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land'—applicable originally to the winter rains of the Holy Land. Now the anxious father, who has been unable to send his wife and children to the Hills, knows that their cheeks, which have paled under confinement and the exhaustion of the hot weather, will soon resume their roses. Now the horticulturist is busy in looking out his seeds and preparing his garden. Now the sportsman furnishes his battery, and charges his cartridges in preparation for the goodly harvest of quail, snipe, sandgrouse, or wildfowl; or casts his bullets for larger game. Now the martinets are mugging up—to use a vulgar expression—the drill-books for brigade parades; and peace manoeuvres loom in the distance. Now the artist arranges his materials; for he will have views unequalled in the world for sharp outlines and clear distances. In the Hills, the eye wanders in delightful amaze along snow-clad peaks, awful in their altitude; distinctly defines the vast glaciers, parents of mighty streams; and then descends to the pine or oak clad mountain sides, all standing out clear and distinct, and apparently half the distance they really are. And now the amateur astronomer burnishes his lenses; for he will have clear skies to rove over, which Greenwich would give worlds to possess. Oh, the joy of release from the tedium of the hot weather and rains, with the certainty that six months of unequalled weather are before you!

In the upper provinces, the punkahs are generally all down by the end of October, and the rooms look quite lofty without them. The staff of punkah coolies is thankfully discharged, and their worrying ways all forgotten; thermantidotes are stowed away in verandas or coach-houses; all doors are thrown wide open, and the house is generally furbished, after the dust and damp of the hot weather and rains. The thrifty housewife takes care that a duty she has performed as often as possible during breaks in the rains, be now thoroughly enforced, and all household linen and clothing are carefully aired, and dried in the now steady sunshine.

All round, as already hinted, there is a general stir on the arrival of the cold weather. Civilians get their camp equipage ready for official touring in their districts; soldiers do the same, for their regiments may be marching in relief. Those who have the opportunity of doing so, seize upon the cold weather for their touring expeditions; and similarly, our Nimrods set out on their campaigns against game of all kinds.

Now, what is the cold weather? What amount of real cold is enjoyed in the 'burning' plains of India? Of course, temperature varies more

or less with latitude, and the farther north you proceed, the greater is the cold. Let us commence with the extreme north-west corner of our possessions, the Peshawur Valley, of which the city is in the same latitude as Cyprus, Crete, and Malta. Now, in that distant dependency, the real hot weather, requiring punkahs, lasts only about three months—that is, from the middle of June to that of September; and in the Valley there are no regular hot winds and no regular rains, so that we may describe the climate as trying for three months, and most enjoyable for nine. From November to March the cold is very severe; the roadside pools are frozen in the former month; and in December and January the water in your earthen jars freezes within doors. This kind of weather attends you generally as far south as Jhelum. At Lahore the cold weather lasts from September well into April. Delhi and Meerut are good medium stations, and there the cold weather sets in about October 15, and up to January the mornings and evenings get colder and colder, and artificial ice is freely formed. The thermometer indoors ranges from forty-five to seventy-five degrees; and fires at night are very acceptable from November to February. Very nearly the same remarks apply to Allahabad, the seat of the North-west Provinces government; but farther south, the cold weather slowly shortens, until you reach Calcutta, where it really extends from mid-November to mid-January, but never in intensity, for water never freezes. The farther south you go, the temperature becomes more equable, and is modulated by the elevation of the southern plateau and the influence of land and sea breezes.

With these general remarks on the temperature of the cold weather in the north-west, let us return to our outdoor enjoyments. And first and foremost is marching.

Those who witnessed the Great Exhibition of 1851, may recollect the camp of tents manufactured at Jubbulpore. Our tents are marvels of comfort and luxury; and none of the trumpery articles turned out as such at home, can approach them. They are of all sizes and patterns, from the gigantic viceregal durbar tent to the humble service tent which sheltered our officers during the Afghan campaigns. The larger tents are each of two so-called 'flies,' one to two feet distant from each other, and each fly is composed of three to four cloths. The fly is the canopy of the tent, and it rests, in the first instance, on the *kanât* or outer wall of the tent, and then is pinned to the ground by ropes and tent-pegs. The inner fly rests similarly on the inner *kanât*; and between the two *kanâts* there is a passage all round the tent, varying from two to three feet in diameter, giving us a tent within a tent, and thus securing warmth in the cold, and protection from heat in the hot weather. Then further large tents are subdivided into rooms by hangings, and outside the outer *kanât*, bathing and dressing tents are attached. When you march in style, you have a double set of tents, one sheltering you during the day, and the other going on over-night, to be ready for you at the next camping-ground.

Well, our tents are all ready, and all our preparations for the march have been made. Our horses of course accompany us, and so do our cows, goats, and sheep. The poultry are not for-

gotten, and have a large bamboo trellis-cage and bullock-cart all to themselves. If camels are available and the country suits, they carry our tents, furniture, and boxes; or else we resort to bullock-carts. In pre-mutiny times, a fakir accompanied each large camp or regiment on the march; and he earned a scanty livelihood by squatting on the roadside about half a mile from the next camping, and announcing its proximity by thumping on his *doog-dooie* (a small drum). That sound used to be very welcome at the end of a long march.

We start early in the morning, after warming our hands at one of the many camp-fires, and either drive, ride, or walk, stopping half-way for a cup of tea or coffee and slice of toast, which we find awaiting us at the roadside. Our guns accompany us; for we may pick up a black-buck, snipe, quail, or wildfowl on the road. Between eight and nine we reach our camp, and find it probably pitched in a spacious mango grove, and everything ready for our arrival.

Tent-life is simply perfect; you are your own master; and as you sit in your tent-door, enjoying your cigar, you feel that all around is your own, that you can move on where you like, enjoy fresh scenes or adventures each day, and, what is more, lay in a large supply of health and strength against the next hot weather.

Here is the outline of a short march, which, for its wealth in magnificent architecture, historic associations, and ample game, is, I fancy, unequalled in India or elsewhere. We start from Agra, after revelling in the glories of the Taj, Fort, Sikandra, and the trans-Jumna ruins, and reach Futehpore-Sikri, the red sandstone, deserted palace-city of Akbar; on to Bhurtpore, famous for its sieges and ultimate capture by Lord Combermere; then to Deig—another historic site—with its marvellous palaces and water-works; passing *en route* Kumbhir, with its strange cannon and famous legend. The Bhurtpore Rajah was assured by the Brahmins that the fort would never fall until Kumbhir, like Birnam Wood, came before it; that is, never. Kumbhir means also 'alligator;' and Bhurtpore with its huge ramparts, laughed at the idea of falling before an alligator; but, unfortunately, Kumbhir was also the native corruption of Combermere; and so, literally, the Kumbhir came before Bhurtpore, and that renowned fortress fell.

On to Goverdhan, sacred to Krishna and his amours with the milkmaids (*Gopis*), where you examine with delight the delicate carvings and strange paintings of the monumental shrines (*Chutris*) of departed Hindu princes; or, if you choose, watch the antics of the sacred monkeys. On to Muttra and Bindra-Ban, washed by the Jumna, two of the most sacred centres of Hinduism, and renowned for its collection of temples, ruined and entire.

Up the right bank of the Jumna to Delhi, a perfect mine of architectural wealth and historic associations. You can wander at will among the ruins of Toghlaabad and the old Delhi; you may crane your neck in looking upwards at the colossal but graceful proportions of the Kootab-Minar, 'the highest pillar in the world,' rising two hundred and thirty-eight feet; or you may try your knees in ascending the three hundred and seventy-nine steps leading to its summit, whence

you command a panorama of ruins which, I fancy, is unique. You may roam through the magnificence of the Emperor Humayoun's tomb, where the last of the Moguls was captured by Hodson in September 1857; or you may stand on the famous Ridge, at the base of the British Futeh-Minar ('tower of victory') and gaze on Delhi itself at your feet, recalling the horrors of the Mutiny, or the sites and scenes of its last bloodstained siege.

Such are some of the attractions of marching; and this tour can be made throughout away from the bustle and rattle of the railway.

I have alluded to our horticultural operations; for these we have peculiar facilities in cheapness of labour, abundance of manure, and irrigation as much as we want. The result is that we can turn out vegetables and flowers which will compete with anything at home; potatoes, one to a dish; gigantic cauliflowers; beet, six inches thick and eight long, soft and succulent; celery heads, two feet high and six inches thick, crisp from top to bottom; lettuces and peas in profusion; strawberries, many of which will yield two bites. In the Queen's Garden at Delhi, the Wingfield Park at Lucknow, and the garden which enshrines the sacred well at Cawnpore, you will see roses equal to any at home; and around Ghazepore, of rose-water notoriety, you can wander at will through acres of Bussorah roses.

As already remarked, the cold weather is the season for sport; and all sorts of game may be attacked and brought to bay, from the lordly tiger to the humble ortolan.

The approach of the season is generally announced by the sudden appearance of the migratory birds, the earliest of which are the water-wagtails. As you are sitting out at night, gazing at the canopy of jewels above, you will often hear the cackling of geese overhead, or the discordant notes of cranes; or, close to your ears, you may hear a rush of either quail or snipe. Now is the time for high and rich feeling to those so disposed. At home, a slice of venison or wild-duck, half a breast of grouse or partridge, a snipe, or a snuff at woodcock, are thought great luxuries or high favours. Out here, you can stuff your full of each or all; and what is more, you can have a whole bustard or a brace of florican all to yourself, for which English epicures would sigh in vain.

The rivers have all run down, and are ready for anglers, and *mahseer* (the Indian salmon), *rahoo*, and the so-called Indian trout, are available.

Now, too, is the time for home sports; cricket, football, racing, all come in for their share of patronage, and are all enjoyed in the sharp bracing air; and while during the hot months walking was perfunctory and grudgingly indulged in, it is now vigorously performed and thoroughly enjoyed.

As soon as the rains are thoroughly over, and the rain-crops—rice, millets, and cucurbitaceæ—off the ground, the peasants begin their winter ploughings and sowings; for now is the time for the cereals and pulse-plants. It is wonderful to see the vast stretches of cultivated land laden with wheat, barley, oats, or *gram*, which last vetch is almost entirely the food of our horses.

Further on in the season, the eye wanders over the golden patches of ripening sugar-cane, sacred

to jackals and wild pig; and to those who relish the cruel sport, pig-sticking becomes the rage.

Let me now allude to an industry peculiar to the cold weather, which, except in small stations distant from the rail, is fast dying out, and that is the manufacture of ice. When I came out in 1853, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay were wholly dependent on American ice, supplied by the Tudor Ice Company, and retailed at two annas the *ser*; that is, two pounds of ice brought from America were sold in India for threepence! The *mofussil* (up-country) was entirely dependent on artificial ice, which could only be made where the cold weather was really felt; in all other parts we were obliged to cool our drinks with saltpetre and sal-ammoniac; or, during the hot winds, by placing the bottles before the *khush-khush* tatties, or swinging them in a basket covered with wet straw. By these appliances we could cool our drinks down to sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit; or by carrying on the cooling with fresh supplies of salts, we could even freeze water. But the process was tedious and expensive. Science came to our aid; and sulphuric ether and ammoniac machines came gradually into vogue, and latterly, Carré's wonderful pneumatic machine, which I have seen produce ice in two minutes in a temperature of ninety-five degrees. With these great appliances, block-ice is now available in districts where it could not formerly be had, at from an anna and a half to two annas *per ser*.

To return to the old process—it depended entirely on the production of cold by evaporation, as also on sufficient cold weather and the presence of the dry west wind; the east wind being absolutely fatal to the production of ice.

The essentials for the process are—1. Exposed and treeless ice-fields, which are partitioned off into four to five feet squares, in which two to three inches of straw are laid down. 2. Myriads of flat, porous, earthen saucers six to eight inches in diameter. 3. An unlimited supply of water. 4. An army of coolies and water-carriers. 5. The ice-pit. This, the most important adjunct in the process, is very carefully constructed; a great pit is dug, and in it rests a huge timber cone, the space between it and the sides of the pit being rammed with charcoal, chaff, or straw, as non-conductors of heat; the cone itself is lined thickly with coarse felt or blankets, and then a layer of matting; over all, a straw hut, with very thick roof and walls and a very small entrance, is constructed.

Now for the process. Whenever the outside thermometer reads forty-two degrees, then ice can be manufactured by evaporation. Half an inch of water is poured overnight into the saucers by *bheesties* (water-carriers); then at two A.M., a great drum is beaten at the pit to summon the coolies, who assemble in hundreds, each armed with a scoop, with which the ice is skilfully turned out of the saucer into an attendant vessel, and well rammed into it. When full, it is taken to the pit, emptied there, and again rammed down. Thus all the ice has the chance of consolidating by congelation; and in a good season, thousands of pounds' weight of ice may be stored, according to pit-room available.

Thus I have endeavoured to portray the main features of our Indian cold weather; and if this series of papers in any way removes the mis-

apprehensions formed regarding this country, my object in penning them will be amply fulfilled, and it will be allowed that 'India is not so black as it is painted.'

A SHEEP-EATING PARROT.

A SINGULAR bird has recently been added to the collection in the Zoological Gardens, London. This is none other than a carnivorous parrot, whose love of animal flesh manifests itself in a very decided predilection for mutton. There are two things which to the naturalist are remarkable in connection with this bird. First, it is, in respect of this flesh-eating propensity, an exception to the whole family of parrots, which are frugivorous, living on fruits, seeds, leaves, buds, and the like; and second, this carnivorous taste is not a natural but an acquired possession, the species of parrot in question having been till a few years since frugivorous, like others of its family.

This curious bird is the Kea (*Nectar notabilis*) or Mountain Parrot, and comes from New Zealand. The general colour of its plumage is green; its length from point of bill to extremity of tail, is twenty-one inches; its bill is about two inches long, the upper mandible being curved, and very strong. It inhabits the higher wooded glens and recesses of the mountainous districts of New Zealand, and, like the owl, is generally nocturnal in its habits. The Kea was first made known to science in 1856. In the time of Maori rule, the bird was as innocent and harmless in its habits, as respects its food, as any others of the parrot family; and it was not till the higher tracts of country were utilised by the early settlers as runs for sheep, that the Kea was tempted to desert its fruit-eating habits, and to join the destructive army of the carnivora.

About 1863, it was noticed at the sheep-shearing season on the upland runs that many sheep were suffering from sores or scabs, more or less recent, on the back, immediately in front of the hips. Curiously enough, it was observed that in all the animals so injured the wound was in precisely the same place in each—fairly above the kidneys. In some cases (says Mr Potts, who has contributed an article to the *Zoologist* on the subject), the part affected had a hard dry scab, or merely a patch of wool stripped off; others showed a severe wound, in some instances so deep that the entrails protruded. The animals so injured were invariably those that were in the best condition; and many discussions ensued as to what could be the cause of this singular state of things. At last a shepherd gave it as his opinion that the injury was inflicted by a kind of parrot, rather a tame sort of bird, that was to be met with in the higher ranges; but the shepherd's opinion was only laughed at. Yet the shepherd, after all, was found to be right. In connection with the stations on sheep-runs in New Zealand, there is a meat-gallows, where the carcasses of sheep killed for food are kept; and it was observed by the shepherds that the Keas were in the habit of visiting the gallows and breaking off bits of mutton-fat with their strong beaks. Soon afterwards, one or more hands actually saw a parrot on the back of a sheep plucking and tearing the wool and flesh on a precisely similar spot to that where so many had been found to be fatally wounded.

There was no doubt about the Keas being the offenders, and means were at once taken to have their numbers reduced. Since then, a mortal enmity has existed against them on the part of the shepherds; and justly so, as it is found that from three to five per cent. of every flock is so wounded or killed. In some individual instances, the ratio of destruction has been much higher. On one station on the Matatapu, out of a flock of twenty Lincoln rams, nineteen were within one month killed by these parrots. On another run, a flock of three hundred and ten strong young wethers were, within a period of five months, so seriously injured by the Keas, that at the end of that time only one hundred and five remained alive. In consequence of this destruction, men were engaged to kill the bird at a shilling a head; and these men, taking advantage of its nocturnal habits, now range the mountains at night, light flag fires to attract their game. In the daytime, they rest and prepare the skins for sale. But the Kea, with the cleverness and cunning of its tribe, has grown very shy and wary, and knows very well, when it sees a man carrying a gun, what he is likely to do with it.

Mr Potts gives a striking account of the cruelty and rapacity of the Keas in the prosecution of their horrible taste for sheep-fat, the part especially liked by them being the fat that surrounds the kidneys. With this view, they do not hesitate to tear open the animal's flesh till they arrive at these organs, after tearing out the fat of which, they leave the poor animal to linger on or die in excruciating agony. 'Sheep,' says Mr Potts, 'whilst being got out of snow-drifts, are often mortally hurt by the attacks of Keas; especially are the birds prone to molest those carrying double fleeces, as though they knew how firm a foothold they could maintain with their grip. When one of these sheep, temporarily exhausted with its exertions in toiling through deep snow under the burden of two years' growth of wool, breaks off from the mob and leaves the track, desperately floundering into deeper snow-wreaths, a flock of parrots, ever watchful as they hover round, soon perceive their opportunity for mischief: they alight close to the spot where the sheep, unconscious of approaching danger, stands gazing fixedly in a state of helpless stupidity; gradually hopping or moving towards the victim with some show of caution, one of the Keas at last settles on the back of the sheep, which, terrified at the strange visitor that thus besets it, bounds away; the bird now rises only to alight again on the same place, and clutching into the wool with its sharp claws, retains its hold more firmly and tenaciously. In vain the tortured animal in the direst agony seeks to rid itself of its cruel persecutor, that boldly keeps its vantage; after running and struggling some distance, its efforts to escape become feebler; it is at length so hard pressed that in a few minutes it yields passively to the tearing and searching beak of the Kea.'

These repulsive flesh-devouring propensities may have been acquired through the bird being forced, in severe winters, to approach the stations in hopes of finding food, and there feeding on the flesh in the meat-gallows, and thus gradually forming a carnivorous appetite of such strength, that its former frugivorous tastes are entirely

destroyed, and flesh now forms its sole food. The Kea in the Zoological Gardens was struck down while it was in the act of attacking a sheep; but the man did not succeed in capturing it till it had torn his clothes in many places and severely lacerated his hands. Its food consists mainly of mutton, raw; it does not care for cooked meat, but will take it if very hungry. Occasionally it will take beef, and is fond of pork. But its vegetarian tastes seem almost completely eradicated, for it will not touch bread, though it likes the seed of sow-thistle. It is altogether a remarkable and curious bird.

JOINT-STOCK ENTERPRISE.

In an article entitled 'Joint-Stock Enterprise,' in the *Journal* of October 1, 1881, it was said, that among the forty-eight Companies contributing no information to the official Return, and therefore, apparently to be included in the category of Companies having no capital, and no shareholders save the original signers of the memorandum of association, the Eagle Insurance Company is set down for half a million. The writer of the paper in question has to acknowledge this to be a serious misstatement, arising out of a simple clerical error of omission, in transcribing for the press, whereby the 'Eagle Marine Insurance Company,' which seems to have been floated only to founder, was described as the 'Eagle Insurance Company,' and great injustice done to the latter, which is a sound and solvent institution of more than seventy years' standing. For this purely accidental blunder, we have to express our deep regret; but would take the opportunity of suggesting that something might be done to protect titles, like trade-marks, from imitation. As things are, it seems open to any mushroom Company to assume a designation so nearly resembling that borne by one of well-earned repute, as to lead the public to suppose that it is the same concern, or an offshoot of it, and to be trusted accordingly.

CHRISTMAS.

HARK, hark! Again the echoing Christmas bells,
Mellow and clear upon the frosty air,
Ring out with silver-toned and sweet refrain,
The blessed story, old yet ever new,
That angels once to lowly shepherds told,
The tale of 'Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men!'

In twice ten thousand happy homes,
The holly-bough gleams bright upon the wall;
And cheery groups around the well-piled fire
Gather, in loving converse: lisping sounds,
The prate of joyous Childhood; whilst Old Age
Itself again made young by sympathy,
Looks on in bland approval.

Oh, how sweet
The joyous time of Charity and Peace
And Love, to man God-given! when all feuds
Awhile are healed—the Sword is thrown away,
The Olive branch is tendered; and Good-will,
With care for all our poorer brothers' needs,
Opens our hearts, and makes the Christmas Time
The happiest of all the circling Year.

A. H. B.

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THE NEW THEORY OF TIDAL EVOLUTION.

THERE are few persons who have not been occasionally at the seaside, and watched the tides. Every twelve hours the water of the ocean advances towards the shore with slow and measured pulsations; and no sooner does it approach high-water mark, than it slackens, stops, and then begins to recede in the same gradual and regular manner. From day to day, and year to year, this constant ebb and flow is going on, till the 'tide' has become, equally with 'time,' the symbol of uncontrollable and unhesitating movement. Most people also know that these tides are in some way or other dependent on the moon—that they are in some way regulated by the moon's relation to the earth. Yet, although the general principle of this theory is obvious and determined, various questions arising out of it have continued to puzzle alike the astronomer and the physicist; and the investigation of these questions has led to what is known as the Theory of Tidal Evolution, the discoverer of which is Mr G. H. Darwin, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and eldest son of Charles Darwin, whose name may be said to stand first in the ranks of science in the nineteenth century.

For the materials by means of which we propose to explain this new and wonderful discovery to our readers, we are indebted to a lecture delivered in October last at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, by Robert J. Ball, Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, and Royal Astronomer of Ireland. Professor Ball, like his contemporaries Professors Huxley and Tyndall, possesses in a marked degree that valuable combination of literary skill and scientific precision which renders their expositions of great principles as luminous and interesting to the non-scientific as to the scientific reader.

In dealing with a subject of this kind, time must be measured neither by centuries nor millenniums. Thousands of years are not sufficient to give expression to the dates required, nor tens

of thousands, nor hundreds of thousands; the course of geological time is to be reckoned by millions of years. Retrospectively, therefore, we must pass over a period of time which cannot be less than fifty millions of years. About that time it is supposed the chief controlling power in the tidal movements of our ocean came into existence—the earth assumed 'the dignity of maternity,' and its first-born was the moon. 'At the time of the moon's birth, the earth was not as we see it now, clothed with vegetation and teeming with animal life. It was a huge inorganic mass, too hot for life, perhaps hot enough to be soft or viscid, if not actually molten. The offspring was what might be expected from such a parent. It also was a rude inorganic mass. Time has wrought wondrous changes in both parent and child. Time has transformed the earth into an abode of organic life. It has transformed the earth's offspring into our silvery moon.'

But how, it may be asked, was this birth brought about? The answer, while rigidly based on legitimate scientific induction, is poetical enough to be worthy of the finest imaginations amongst the poets of ancient Greece or Rome. Fifty million years ago the earth, as already remarked, was not as we see it now. At the critical epoch of the moon's birth, the length of the day was only a very few hours—something more than two and less than four. If we call it three hours, Professor Ball thinks we shall not be far from the truth. The mathematician finds that it could not have been—never at any time could have been—much less than three hours; because, if the rotation of the earth on its axis exceeded a certain speed, the equatorial portions of the globe could no longer cling together. 'It can be shown that the rotation of the earth when on the point of rupture corresponds to a length of the day somewhere about the critical value of three hours; it is therefore impossible for us to suppose a day much shorter.' Hence, while the earth was rotating at this enormous speed—namely, once in three hours instead of once in twenty-four—it must have been strongly

predisposed to rupture; and a cause tending to precipitate such a rupture, or throwing-off, was then ready to hand. This was the power of attraction by which the sun, as well as the moon, produces tides in the earth, though these solar tides are very small as compared with the lunar ones. The sun, however, does exercise such a power; and there being at that time no moon, and hence no lunar tides, the throbs, or pulsations, or bulgings, which the solar influence produced in the soft or molten body of the earth—for tides do not require oceans, or even water, for their operation—was not unlikely the occasion by which the moon was fractured off from the earth and assumed the dignity of an independent body. It was thus the moon was born; and it is at this point that its life-history begins.

The fragment in this way torn off from the earth, being a soft and yielding mass like that of the earth itself, would not long retain the ragged corners and irregular shape which it probably at the first had. The mutual attraction of its particles would draw the mass together, till it gradually assumed the beautiful globular form which we now see. 'By the same gentle ministrations the wound of the earth would soon be healed. In the lapse of time the earth would become as whole as ever, and at last it would not retain even a scar to testify to the mighty catastrophe.'

But though the earth and the moon thus became separate existences, they did not fly to a great distance apart. The child continued metaphorically to cling to its mother. At the commencement of this epoch the two globes were quite close; they were revolving rapidly, and the moon was constantly over the same locality on the primeval earth—no doubt somewhere near the equator. Around the primeval earth the moon revolved in three hours; the earth also revolved in three hours; and thus their relative positions remained unchanged. They were for the time in a state of unstable equilibrium. But this could not last. 'Either the moon must fall back again on the earth and be reabsorbed into its mass, or the moon must commence to move away from the earth. Which of the two courses was the moon to take? The case is analogous to that of a needle balanced on its point. The needle must fall some way, but what is to decide whether it shall fall to the right or to the left? We do not know what decided the moon, but what the decision was is perfectly plain. The fact that the moon exists shows that it did not return to the earth, but that the moon adopted the other course, and commenced its outward journey.'

It is upon this fact, that the moon is constantly though slowly receding from the earth, that all this superstructure of reasonable inference and speculation is based. Once ascertain the fact of this recession and its rate of movement, and the rest is simply a matter of calculation. As is well known, any body moving in a circle has a constant tendency to proceed in a straight line, or fly off at a tangent, unless withheld by a force pulling it towards its centre; and this constant tendency to fly off had, in the case

of the moon, the effect of gradually enlarging its orbit—that is, the path, so to speak, along which it travels round the earth. Hence, after its separate existence had been effected, the moon began to remove slowly but regularly to a greater distance from the earth. In the course of this movement two things happened. The first was, that the moon as it receded, and kept continually enlarging its orbit, took more and more time to accomplish its circuit round the earth, thus bringing the original equality of revolution between the two bodies to an end. The second result was, that the effect of the moon's attraction on the earth, as exemplified in the tidal movements of the latter, had the effect of retarding the rotation of the earth; just as a piece of wood held firmly against a revolving wheel will in course of time bring it to a standstill, if fresh energy be not infused into the wheel to replace that which is withdrawn by the friction of the piece of wood. In other words, the tides are caused by the moon; the work done by the tides withdraws energy from the earth; and the energy thus extracted is never restored. The immediate consequence, then, of this lunar friction or withdrawal of energy, was to retard the progress of the earth, whereby the rate of its rotation on its axis is constantly diminishing. We thus arrive at the first great result of lunar interference: '*The tides are increasing the length of the day.*'

From this simple fact the great theory of tidal evolution is deduced. 'At present no doubt the effect of the tides in changing the length of the day is very small. A day now is not appreciably longer than a day a hundred years ago. Even in a thousand years the change in the length of the day is only a fraction of a second. But the importance arises from the fact that the change, slow though it is, lies always in one direction. The day is continually increasing. In millions of years the accumulated effect becomes not only appreciable but even of startling magnitude.' And the change in the length of the day must involve a corresponding change in the motion of the moon. 'If the moon acts on the earth and retards the rotation of the earth, so, conversely, does the earth react upon the moon. The earth is tormented by the moon, so it strives to drive away its persecutor. At present the moon revolves round the earth at a distance of about two hundred and forty thousand miles. The reaction of the earth tends to increase that distance, and to force the moon to revolve in an orbit which is continually getting larger and larger.'

Thus, then, as the moon receded, the period which it required for its journey round the earth increased also, till that period, which initially was but three hours, has increased to our present month of six hundred and fifty-six hours. At the same time that the earth's rotation on its axis is getting slower, so is that of the moon, but the retardation of the moon is much greater than that of the earth.

The moon continuing to recede further and further from the time of its first revolution about the earth, 'at length,' continues Professor Ball, 'a noticeable epoch was reached, to which I must call attention. At that epoch the moon was so far out, that its revolution took twenty-nine times as long as the rotation of the earth. The month

was then twenty-nine times the day. The duration of the day was less than the present twenty-four hours, but I do not believe it was very much less. The time we are speaking of is not very remote, perhaps only a very few million years ago. The month was then in the zenith of its glory. The month was never twenty-nine times as long as the day, before. It has never been twenty-nine times as long as the day, since. It will never be twenty-nine times as long as the day, again.'

This maximum length of month could not long, in the nature of things, continue; the ratio of the day to the month was still undergoing a change. As the velocity of the earth abated, and the length of the day was correspondingly increased, it by-and-by came to revolve only twenty-eight instead of twenty-nine times during one revolution of the moon around it; till now, in our time, it only makes twenty-seven rotations in one revolution of the moon. 'This has remained sensibly true for thousands of years, and no doubt will remain sensibly true for thousands of years to come; but it will not remain true indefinitely. Wondrous as are the changes which have occurred in times past, not less wondrous are the changes which are to occur. Further and further will the moon retreat, and more and more slowly will the earth revolve. In the dim future, many millions of years distant, the final stage will be approached. As this stage draws nigh, the rotation of the earth will again approach to equality with the revolution of the moon. From the present month of twenty-seven days, we shall pass to a month of twenty-six days, of twenty-five days, and so on until eventually we shall reach a month of two days, and lastly a month of one day. When this state has been attained, the earth will constantly turn the same region towards the moon.

'Here you see that the first state and the last state of the earth-moon history are in one sense identical. In each case the same face of the earth is constantly directed towards the moon. In another way, how different are the first stage and the last. At the beginning the day and the month were both equal, and they were each *three hours*. At the end the day and the month will be again equal, but they will each be *fourteen hundred hours*. The moon will then go round the earth in fourteen hundred hours, while the earth will rotate on its axis in the same time. In other words, the day is destined in the very remote future to become as long as fifty-seven of our days. This epoch will assuredly come if the universe lasts long enough. When it has come it will endure for countless ages. It would endure for ever if the earth and moon could be isolated from all external interference.'

There is only one way, as the Professor humorously remarks, by which this otherwise inevitable result can be avoided. It is by anchoring the moon, and keeping it from going out. 'If you can do this, and if you can also provide a brake by which the speed of the moon can be controlled, then you will be able for ever to revel in the enjoyment of a twenty-four-hour day. Should this engineering feat never be accomplished, then we have only the fourteen-hundred-hour day to look forward to.'

Stated in this abrupt way, the outlook is such as to take us by surprise. But, the Professor reminds us, there is nothing untoward in the prospect when

we take natural selection as our comforter. By natural selection man has become exactly harmonised with his present environment; and as the day lengthens, so will man's nature gradually change too, without any hardship or inconvenience. It seems no hardship that our children should have a day of one second and twenty-four hours instead of twenty-four hours; our grandchildren a day a second longer than the day of our children; our great-grandchildren a second longer still, and so on continually. No one except the astronomers would be able to detect the change, and daily life would be unaltered. Yet, carry on this process for a *hundred and fifty million years*, and we shall find that the whole change of the day from twenty-four hours to fourteen hundred hours has been accomplished. 'The actual rate of change is much less than this, and is at present so small that astronomers can hardly even detect it.' When, however, this remote period, with its day and night of seven hundred hours each, is reached, as reached it will be, the solar tides will again intervene, as we found they intervened previous to the birth of the moon. They will have little effect upon the moon; it will revolve as before; but they will begin to retard the progress of the earth still further. Instead of a period of fourteen hundred hours, the earth will have a still longer day, so that, finally, the moon will revolve more rapidly around the earth than the earth will rotate on its axis.

All these surprising and momentous changes in the future will be due to tidal influences. But let us revert for a little to the past, and see what the effect of these tidal influences has been during the millions of years of geological time.

Ramsay, Lyell, and their school of geologists have been content to believe that the external agencies which are at present gradually changing and modifying the earth's surface, are sufficient, if they be given time enough, to account for all the changes that have taken place in the earth's surface or crust during the geological periods of the past. But the mathematicians and physicists would not give them time enough, and they ordered the geologists to 'hurry up their phenomena.' But here, in this latest theory of tidal evolution, we have a new and stupendous power introduced, of which the geologist has hitherto had no conception. The height and force of the tides at the present time, varying from a few inches in some localities to sixty or seventy feet in others, are as nothing compared with what they must have been when the moon was one-fourth or one-sixth nearer the earth than it is now. The moon is at present two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from the earth; but there was a time when it was only forty thousand miles away. The efficiency of the moon in producing tides varies inversely as the cube of its distance. Taking the low average of three feet as the height of our tides all over the globe, under our two-hundred-and-forty-thousand-mile moon, Professor Ball calculates rightly that the forty-thousand-mile moon, being at a distance of only one-sixth of our present moon, would have its tidal influence increased two hundred and sixteen times. That is, instead of the three-feet rise and three-feet fall of our present tides, we would have these ancient tides rising and falling a height of *six hundred and forty-eight feet*. Take into consideration with this, that the

earth at that time made a complete rotation on its axis in perhaps from four to six hours, and we have the movement of this tremendous mass of water rushing to and fro upon the surface of the earth, grinding down its rocks and scooping out its valleys, with a velocity and a power of which we can have but the very faintest conception.

'These mighty tides,' says Professor Ball, 'are the gift which astronomers have now made to the working machinery of the geologist. They constitute an engine of terrific power to aid in the great work of geology. What would the puny efforts of water in other ways accomplish, when compared with these majestic tides and the great currents they produce? With this new and stupendous tidal grinding-engine, the geologists can get through their work in a reasonable period of time, and the geologists and the mathematicians may be reconciled.'

In all the difficulties that have hitherto surrounded the geologist in relation to the immense marine deposits of the past, and which now form the principal rocks in the earth's crust, this new theory of tidal evolution may operate as a most important factor, introducing as it does a denuding agent of tremendous power, before which all similar existing agencies dwindle down into mere nothingness. Should the doctrine be found to be as irrefragable as Professor Ball considers it to be, the nineteenth century will have added to its great scientific achievement of Natural Selection the equally wonderful theory of Tidal Evolution.

THE COUNTER-SYNDICATE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE RECKONING-DAY.

THE departure of Mr Quick roused the partners from the crushing feebleness his presence and words had caused. Mr Naylum was the first to show symptoms of returning energy. He rose to his feet, then walked to the window looking into the street. The sight of busy people hurrying along: the sharp rattle of a cab dashing past; and the occasional rumble of heavy railway-vans passing the end of the street, gradually brought his mind nearer to its ordinary focus. Mr Quick ceased to occupy the whole field of his mental vision, as these external objects and sounds resumed authority over Mr Naylum's consciousness. That quiet tyranny of the commonplace, to which we are subject for the greater part of our lives, gives a steadiness to excited brains beyond any other anodyne. Mr Naylum grew calm as the familiars of his daily surroundings greeted him in their wonted guise once more. Alarm began to subside, and a revulsion of feeling soon followed.

This grew apace, and at length he was able to unlock the cupboard, where he kept a bottle of choice sherry, which he took with his mid-day sandwich. He drank a couple of glasses with eagerness. Soon the rebound came; his face assumed something of its usual ruddiness; his hand no longer trembled; his head grew erect.

'Come, Fox,' he said, filling a glass and pre-

sending it to his senior, 'we must not give up in this way.'

Mr Fox was fifteen years older than the junior partner, and was of much feebler physique. He would need a considerable interval to reach his ordinary mental altitude. He drank the wine, however, as did Mr Smiles also; and in half an hour, business acquaintances would not have detected any striking change in the behaviour or demeanour of the partners.

After a desultory talk, interrupted by spasms of recurring fear, the perilous situation of things was discussed with as much coolness as racked nerves allowed. The native hardihood of Mr Naylum and his predominating animal force began to control his less resolute friends. A fourth glass of sherry heated his blood to its usual choleric irritability, and he felt equal to fighting Quick and the rest of his enemies to the death.

'Are we going to let these fellows do as they please with us?' he demanded, breaking in upon a timorous objection by Mr Fox. 'How do we know that Quick is not as great a liar as he is a traitor? He may have been imposing a heap of fictions upon us after all. Granted that Grosschnabel has cut us adrift, granted that Sharfsinn and Geldmacher have betrayed us, how do we know that everything else is as black as Quick paints it? I am for fighting to the last.'

'I do not think that Quick is a liar,' said Mr Fox after a short reflection. 'He is in too strong a position to need the aid of falsehoods, and his nature is hard and stubborn. Weak, shifty, unfortunate men tell lies; bold men can get on without them. No; Quick has told the truth, I fear.'

'Whatever he has told,' interposed Mr Smiles decisively, 'we must not forget that he is our proclaimed adversary. Naylum is right; we must defend ourselves without delay.'

'Well, what do you propose, Naylum?' asked Mr Fox with fretful submissiveness.

'What do I propose? This. I shall go first to Grosschnabel, and learn, as far as I can, the extent of his committal to the "bulls."—You, Smiles, must go to Paris as soon as possible, and learn on the spot what is the worst we have to expect from De Predateur.—You, Fox, must hunt up every vestige of influence we possess in the City, and stick at nothing that promises help. The rise in silk, on which such great results depend, is most encouraging. If we can hold on for a fortnight, we may pull through, even if all be as bad as Quick asserts.—After seeing Grosschnabel, I shall start for Hamburg, to investigate the doings of Sharfsinn and Co. with my own eyes. Let us remember those people have other commissions of ours in hand; and if they have checkmated us in this cursed coffee business, they will not hesitate to damage us further. Our only chance of safety lies in action, swift, deliberate, courageous action. If we succeed, I will spend twenty thousand to punish that scoundrel Quick. If I ever get him into my power, I will crush him down again into the mud from which we raised him, and beyond hope of rising again.—Come Fox,' he cried vehemently,

'for heaven's sake, pluck up some spirit! Be a man! All is not lost yet, because a number of wolfish traitors have joined to compass our ruin. Are you going to be dragged down into the abominations of poverty and disgrace, without striking a blow at your enemies? Come! Do not let us submit like cowards.'

A gleam of bright confidence overspread Mr Smiles's face during his friend's fervid harangue, and it mounted to a commendatory cry at the end.

'Well done, Naylum! You are a faithful partner, in bad luck as in good.—Now, Fox, my very dear friend and fellow-sufferer, pitch away your fears, and do your share to retrieve the *faux pas* we have made together. I shall do as Naylum suggests; and shall not leave Paris until I have bottomed the mystery of this defection of our old agents. I will wire you as things develop. Of course I shall use our private code, though, by the way, I must make some alterations in it, now that Quick is against us. However, you will have the key. In the midst of such treason as now prevails, I can trust nobody but ourselves. That German Steinherz is a new figure in London finance; but I shall learn from old Haquin of the Rue Freydeau all about him; if he is known in Paris.—Now, Fox, my dear fellow, cheer up. You are indispensable for the general success. Here you will remain in the citadel, when Naylum and I are fighting outside; if you fail to defend our common interests, all our work will be fruitless. *Allons!*'

A wintry smile was the only response. But noting that Naylum was going to explode, and that Smiles, usually bland under all provocations, was red with passion, Mr Fox, by a great effort exclaimed: 'Be sure I shall not be wanting in what is my duty. I need no urging to look after the great stake I have in this house.'

'But, Fox, at anyrate pray put on a different look. If you go out with that expression, everybody will read disaster in your face.' Mr Smiles again relapsed into his winning style. 'What we want now is to inspire confidence into friends, and dread into foes. Bold looks and high-toned voices are simply worth thousands to us at this moment. Think only of the winning side; for we may win still. And take another glass of wine.'

'Yes, take another glass, Fox,' added Naylum eagerly; 'you know I only drink the best. I find a pint of this Amontillado the finest tonic in the world. And for the time this bothering trouble lasts, do justice to your own excellent port. Likewise eat more than you usually do. In short, charge the digestive magazine with all the combustibles and ordnance needed for the battle now commencing; a battle for dear life, for fortune, for revenge! Revenge! Fox, think of that. Sweet revenge upon those who are glorying in your expected downfall.—Here, Smiles; take another glass yourself; and I will drink a last to the eternal confusion of Quick, Grosschnabel, and all other scoundrels who are arrayed against the house of Fox, Smiles, and Naylum.'

'Bravo! Naylum,' cried Smiles, slapping his partner's broad back. 'You are a rare yoke-fellow. No, no; we are not children, terrified with any one who cries "Boo!" We have missed fire before to-day, Fox. Do you forget that Bombay hemp

affair, how ugly it was? But the rise in Cape-wool squared that difficulty, big as it was, and left us a cheerful margin. Again, I say, almost solemnly, Fox,' and here Mr Smiles became singularly grave—somehow early sherry, to which he was not accustomed, seemed to have an abrupt depressing influence.—'I say solemnly, Fox, look cheerful and take a hopeful view. It is madness to meet trouble half way.'

The appeal was not without effect. Mr Fox got up and straightened his relaxed limbs; then he rubbed his chilled fingers before the fading embers of the fire, and sat down again in apparent perfect composure. But his wandering eyes and the indeterminate movement of his hands showed that anxiety was only masked, and that his sympathy was an uncertain emotion.

Both the others looked keenly at him; then furtively at each other, knitting their brows.

'Why, it's twelve o'clock!' exclaimed Mr Naylum, looking at his watch. 'I must catch Grosschnabel before he goes to his bank meeting.—Smiles, just come to my room for a minute. I have some French money; you may as well make use of it.'

The two left Mr Fox to himself.

When they were alone, Naylum said in a hoarse whisper: 'Fox is played out. I dare not trust him.'

'Oh! he will be all right after a while,' returned Smiles, full of confidence once more; 'he always was nervous, you know, and he gets worse as he grows older, I think. Besides, we must trust him. He cannot do what we are going to undertake. I'll tell you what, Naylum, we want some young blood brought into the concern. If that wretch Quick had not been so uppish and conceited, he would have been invaluable; but it's always the way with young men nowadays. And what are we going to do with his department? That is another perplexity. Who can take up his work? Naylum, we are hemmed in with difficulties.'

'Pooh!' ejaculated the other disdainfully; 'we must deal with them in detail. We cannot do everything at once. Don't go on like Fox; we must pull together whatever happens. Things must hobble on as best they can for the next few days. I'm not afraid of Fox. He is like a whipped child. If we fail, he will be the cause.' He stood staring at the fire for a moment, then added gloomily: 'Smiles, we do want a young, resolute brain to help us. Yet, do you know, I would rather lose all, than have taken Quick into the firm. I always disliked him, and Fox knows it.' Harassed by fiercely opposing emotions, Messrs Smiles and Naylum went their several ways.

Meanwhile, the senior partner sat rigidly still, resting his head upon his hands and staring at the opposite wall with the remote gaze of complete abstraction. He needed quiet, perfect quiet to gather together thoughts scattered by the scenes of this fateful morning. Facts and feelings told him that the decisive crisis of his life was now at hand. Stupendous changes were coming, which his short remnant of life could not appreciably mitigate. When a man is sixty-five, he is, as a rule, too far advanced to make a new start. Young men, and those like Naylum, in the summer of their strength, might rise from the stormy waters

and struggle to shore; but he felt no power to do so. Besides, Mr Fox had not the fiery aggressiveness of his junior partner; nor had he the plastic susceptibilities of Smiles. He had much self-reliance in extremity; he was sternly selfish too, when self was pitted against the world. Although partially stunned, and thrilled by returns of prostrating terror, Mr Quick's most incisive words afforded a growing *point d'appui* round which he could frame a policy to meet his emergency. The firm was in direct jeopardy; the supreme question must be personal safety. He was glad Naylum had decided in that way, and that both partners would be absent for a few days. He could use that interval to secure some of his private resources from harm. The idea of allowing his wife and daughters to be stripped of everything was not to be endured. If an utter smash came, well, outsiders must accept a share of its consequences. Self-preservation was the first law of nature.

A smile crept over his weary face as he saw, in his mind's eye, Naylum rushing impetuously to Hamburg. What could he effect there? Would Sharfsinn and Geldmacher become loyal once more under the reproaches and examinations of a stricken man? And what could Smiles extort from such egoistic vultures as De Prelateur and Toutouil? Bah! why could his partners not understand that they were irremediably deceived by these astute foreigners, without still more galling evidence! But, let them go. A Titanic blow had fallen upon the house of Fox, Smiles, and Naylum, destroying the bonds which had caused its coherence. The master-fact of the position was—that the firm was practically in dissolution! Whether his associates knew it or not, each now must go upon an *individual* path.

If age had robbed Mr Fox of iron nerves, and if Nature had denied him the swift resilience with which Mr Naylum was gifted, time and temperament now combined to give him the advantage of logical behaviour in the hour of peril. As he grew calmer, he could look beyond the immediate circle of tempestuous personal egoisms into that far more determinate circle of other people's egoisms. The general circumstances of the financial world rose out of the mists with which terror had enwrapped them, the old habit of discounting external probabilities returned. All great speculators are endowed with the far-reaching imagination which enables them to enter into the expectations of others. Mr Fox had this faculty in a larger measure than his partners. He now had a glimpse of the part the world would play when money-markets were quivering with apprehension. This gave new steadiness to his purpose, gradually becoming consistent amid all perturbations and relapses into impotency. Experience had taught him that in the days of mercantile agony the claims of friendship went to the winds; as well beg the stony walls of the Bank to transmute themselves into gold, as implore assistance from suspicious capitalists. If there is a region on earth where *doubt* is but another name for *death*, it is in the haunts of business during a commercial crisis. No form of fear is so terrifically selfish as that of Croesus trembling for his gold. To save it from harm, he recked not of kindred, of friends, of promises sacred as the grave.

Mr Fox saw himself and partners caught up in the onrushing whirlwind, and hurled into mercantile oblivion, despite all struggles. He could not think longer, but got up hastily and went out.

Mr Naylum's advice to eat and drink copiously of the best, was an impossible regimen for his senior, who was abstemious by nature, and at the present moment quite averse to piquante food. Still, he felt in need of something to stay the faintness coming over him, and went to the old-fashioned hotel he frequented. After a light meal of coffee and biscuits, he proceeded to the nearest cab-stand, and choosing a vehicle with a sprightly horse, he bade the driver take him to Westminster Hall. He wanted to be in motion, swift, distracting, but familiar motion. It took him out of himself, and gave his brain a rest from its own crashings. Then the air began to revive him, and the glare of the shops to interest him, as though he had never seen such things before. He was in a kind of waking sleep when the cab stopped, and he stared in wonderment at Palace Yard. Only for an instant; bidding the man await his return, he entered Westminster Hall as though on urgent business. But he had none whatever. He had sought it for quiet; in the hazard of defining the goal of his drive, Westminster had cropped up, as fifty other places might have done. Parliament was not sitting, and only a few lawyers and members of the public were walking about. Poor Fox paced the Hall automatically for half an hour, and by degrees a gentle languor took the place of the previous disquiet. He went back to the cab, and drove in a wide circuit, round the Park and *via* Oxford Street, back to the City.

At five o'clock he was sitting at his desk. Naylum had gone on his way to Hamburg, and Smiles had left to prepare for his journey. At length his mind had settled into something like its usual calm. He wrote for some time in his diary, and all at once a line from one of his school copy-books flashed across his memory, and resolutely remained there. Unconsciously, he wrote it on the paper before him, 'Learn from your enemies.' Then it fascinated him, and he leaned back in his chair muttering: 'Learn from your enemies.' This familiar maxim it was that gave the final direction to thoughts that threatened to become chaotic. The sound of the words brought their significance, and he cried aloud: 'Yes, yes; that is it; I must learn from my enemies.'

After a considerable interval of perfectly sequential thinking, Mr Fox had arrived at this conclusion—that he and his friends were part-causes and part-effects of the excessive mania for speculation for some time at work in the financial world. That world was beguiled with stupendous sophisms, that were summoned to the quick test of validity. Ah! he saw clearly now that it was no local tempest threatening the existence of Fox, Smiles, and Naylum. A general clashing of the financial elements was beginning, in which thousands would be plunged into ruin. Instead of futile struggles to save the firm, he must save himself; Quick, Grosschnabel, all who were ranging themselves on the opposite side, were merely hinting to him to do likewise. It was

time which it covers is not stated. Here figure kangaroos, wallabies, wallaroos, dingoes, wild-cats, bandicoots and rats, eagle-hawks and snakes. In all, just upon eight thousand head. It must be remembered that this does not represent mere wanton slaughter, but is the effort of one individual to keep down certain animals, which by their alarming increase are so inimical to the colonists. It has become necessary by act of parliament to declare constant war against these creatures; and any one who will devote his time to their slaughter is made a welcome guest everywhere. It is suggested that those at home who may be tired of the quieter sports found here, would do well to take their guns and thin the kangaroos and other creatures that are found in Australia in such alarming numbers.

Herr Raphael of Breslau is manufacturing mica masks for the use of workmen who are engaged in occupations where injury to eyesight or the face generally is likely to occur. Noxious vapours, heat, dust, flying fragments, can thus be guarded against; whilst from the transparent nature of the mask, the workman can easily see what he is about. If desired, the head, neck, and shoulders of the operator can have the additional protection of a sheet of cloth impregnated with fireproof material, attached to the mask. And in certain cases where dangerous chemicals are in use, the addition of a breathing tube is desirable, which finds its exit over one of the shoulders.

The poetical surroundings of 'the village blacksmith' and his harmonious anvil are threatened with a powerful rival, by the introduction from the United States of a new industry, namely, the manufacture of machine-made horse-shoes. A Company, whose premises face the Thames opposite Greenwich, have just opened their works, to supply the United Kingdom with these machine-made articles. The iron is rolled from scrap, coming from the rollers as a grooved bar, which is afterwards cut into lengths, punched with the necessary holes, and finally is bent by a machine into the horseshoe shape. It is calculated that there are in the United Kingdom about three million horses; in Europe generally more than thirty million; requiring annually a million and a half tons of shoes. So that if the new Company turn out good work, there are plenty of customers for their goods. It is said that the new shoe has met with the approval of some eminent authorities, and is already used by several tramway Companies.

It is a curious anomaly that colonial sugar after leaving the country of its production as a manufactured article, should, when it reaches our shores, require to be boiled, melted, and in fact manufactured over again, before it assumes the 'lump' form. There exists more than one reason why the refined article is not produced on the spot, and these are due to defects in the apparatus employed, which hitherto it has been found

impossible to surmount. Mr F. A. Bonnefin, an experienced sugar-grower in Mauritius, has recently devised a system by which the sugar can be refined at the place where it is raised, and while the juice in the cane is fresh, and therefore in the best condition for treatment. The cane is first of all cut by vertical saws into slices, which, falling below the saw-frame, pass into a disintegrator, where they are rapidly reduced to pulp. By the action of rollers, this pulp is made to yield all its juice, which is then mixed with a certain proportion of lime. The viscid liquid is next caused to flow over a heated corrugated surface, where any solid impurities which it contains are made to fall into pockets or catch-pits. It is then subjected to filtration through a series of diaphragms of unspun cotton of the finest quality. The pure sirup thus obtained is next conducted to the ordinary vacuum pan, or to a special form of evaporator designed by Mr Bonnefin. The entire process only occupies one hour; while by the older methods from six to twelve hours elapsed before the cane took the form of white sugar. There are many other advantages connected with the new system, not the least of which is the avoidance of all chance of fermentation.

By the courtesy of Mr Elwin Streeter, we recently had the opportunity of seeing and handling what is supposed to be the most magnificent diamond ever discovered. It was found by Mr Porter Rhodes at his claim in the celebrated Kimberley Mine, South Africa. It is as yet uncut, and looks far more like a small lump of alum than the valuable gem it really is. Its weight is one hundred and fifty carats; and its owner, without mentioning the price he would demand for it, remarks that one hundred thousand pounds would not induce him to part with it. We understand that the most valuable diamonds are not, as generally thought, those which are perfectly colourless, but those which are known in the trade as 'blue diamonds.' The finest stone known of this description is valued at thirty thousand pounds. There is only one known specimen of a red diamond, a small but an expensive atom, for it is valued at eight hundred pounds. Additional interest will doubtless be manifested in Mr Rhodes' splendid prize when it comes to be 'cut.'

At a late meeting of the Balloon Society of Great Britain, Mr Woodbury read a most interesting paper on Balloon Photography. He first of all pointed out the extreme difficulty of procuring a photographic picture while the plate itself is in movement. With a steady camera, and an instantaneous shutter for opening and closing the lens in a fraction of a second, it is, by means of modern processes, comparatively easy to photograph an express train travelling at sixty miles an hour. Indeed, this has been done successfully more than once. Of course, there is no such thing as instantaneity, as even the quickest movement of any piece of apparatus must consume a certain amount of time. But in the case of the modern 'instantaneous shutter,' the movement would be so quick, that the express train in front would move forward very few inches during the same time, so that this movement would not be perceptible in the resulting

photograph. But if during exposure the camera itself be moved only the hundredth part of an inch, the effect upon the sensitive plate would be the same as if train and landscape had moved several yards, and a blur would be the result. Hence the difficulty of obtaining a photograph from a travelling balloon.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, Mr Woodbury anticipates that balloon photographs will be shortly produced, which will be of great value in many arts and sciences. Maps, of villages and towns, with every detail, perhaps every inhabitant, plainly depicted, will represent one use of the balloon camera. In exploring expeditions, it will denote the course of rivers and streams, even though hills intervene. But in warfare, its value will perhaps be greater than in any other service. The outline of fortifications and other defences could be rapidly obtained, the photograph being subsequently placed in a lantern, where its enlarged image would be projected on a screen. In a few minutes, by well-known means, an enlarged copy three or four feet square, giving indisputable evidence of the strength or weakness of the opposing force, would be at the disposal of the commander and his officers.

Although electricity is now applied to so many and such varied purposes, it would hardly be supposed that the manufacturer of porcelain could find any use for it in the preparation of his plastic paste. But at two important French works, a *Gramme* machine is found of great use in separating from the paste certain ferruginous particles, which, left alone, would give the resulting ware a bad colour and spotted appearance. The paste in a very liquid state is made to pass through the poles of a powerful electro-magnet, which gathers its force from the *Gramme* machine already mentioned. The minute particles of iron are, of course, attracted by the magnet, and the paste passes on robbed of these encumbrances.

In Italy, a new industry has arisen in the production of condensed grape juice, after the pattern of condensed milk. The juice is evaporated in a vacuum pan until it assumes the appearance of toffee, and is reduced to one-tenth of its former bulk. By careful attention to temperature, it retains all its fruit-acid and grape-sugar, and also those mineral components which are believed to exercise great influence in forming the qualities of wine. Where difficulties of transport are found, this condensing process will be of very great value, though what the excise authorities may have to say in the matter will remain to be seen.

Mr Bourbon, of Perpignan, has invented a new form of engine for dealing death and destruction to the dreaded phylloxera. It is a blowpipe flame fed by means of bellows with a constant and regulated supply of petroleum. It is directed against the vine; and while it carbonises the outer bark, does not injure the woody tissues. Of course, in this charring process every form of insect pest is destroyed; and the inventor confidently asserts that if for two successive years the treatment be adopted at a particular season, vineyards which may have been given up as useless, will be restored to full bearing.

Some interesting and highly important statistics relative to Pasteur's method of inoculating sheep

as a safeguard against splenic fever have recently been published. The number of animals treated was sixty-nine thousand, comprising one hundred and sixty flocks. Before vaccination, the losses by the disease amounted to no fewer than three thousand animals in the whole of the flock. During the vaccination process, the death-rate was reduced to one-third; and when the effects of vaccination were complete, the mortality from the disease fell to five.

During the recent gales, a large laburnum tree was uprooted in a field where some heifers were feeding. The rich foliage thus brought within their reach speedily attracted their attention, and they were soon busily engaged in devouring it. All, more or less, soon exhibited signs of poisoning, and some of them died. This result was not looked for, as it is known that the laburnum is a favourite food of hares and rabbits, and also that cattle have been known to feed upon it with impunity.

Sir John Lubbock has recently described some curious experiments bearing on the preference for certain colours exhibited by bees, and having reference to the important part which they play in removing pollen from one flower to another. He placed on a lawn small pieces of differently coloured paper, each paper having upon it drops of honey. By this means he found, after many observations, that the bees seemed to prefer blue to any other tint. This is a curious result, seeing that they have so much to do with the origin of flowers, blue flowers being more rarely found than those of any other colour. With reference to the longevity of ants, the same indefatigable observer remarks that he has some in his possession which have lived in confinement since the year 1874.

A tramway between Wisbeach and Upwell—a productive agricultural district—is about to be laid along the high-road by the Great Eastern Railway Company at a cost of twenty-five thousand pounds. Two or three bridges will, for the purposes of this line, have to be built over the Wisbeach Canal. This tramway represents an endeavour to solve the problem of sending farm produce to market expeditiously and cheaply, and the experiment will be watched with interest by all concerned. The line is to be worked by steam-engines of a light pattern, and will be available for both passengers and goods. The directors of the Company feel so sanguine of the financial success of their venture, that they have given notice of their intention to apply to parliament for powers to extend the same system to neighbouring parishes.

The Walton tramways, near Liverpool, have recently been the scene of some trials of different forms of steam-motors for street use, and they plainly show that light engines can be made both ornamental in appearance, and far more silent in their action than a tram-car drawn by horse-power. One of these motors consists of an arrangement combining engine and passenger car. It will carry twenty-two travellers, is free from heat, and silent in action. There is no doubt that in a short time both steam-motors and compressed-air engines will become common objects in our streets. Hitherto, the authorities have placed great restrictions on the use of steam, principally because horses are apt to take

fright at anything in the shape of 'puffing billy.' We are told that these experiments at Liverpool showed that most of the passing horses took no notice whatever of the intruders on their ground; though some certainly exhibited signs of fear. It might be useful, and we throw out the suggestion for what it is worth, to try and accustom horses to the sight of these motors before they come into active use. Military horses are soon accustomed to the sound of artillery, by constant practice; and there is no reason to suppose that their street brethren would not be equally tractable in the matter of steam.

An officer in one of the Revel fire brigades, whose name we are unable to ascertain, has invented a new form of fire extinguisher which is said to be very efficient in practice. It consists of a powder which, coming into contact with burning material, will give off such dense fumes that the fire itself is speedily stifled. After stopping up all openings in a burning house, a few boxes of this powder are thrown into the burning mass; and the fire, it is said, is soon overwhelmed by the fumes from the composition. The powder is by no means cheap; but if it be effective, its expense will not be considered.

The Director of the Geological Survey in Ireland, Professor Hull, has regretfully called attention to the fact that the Land Act and its provisions have been drawn up without taking advantage of the great help in the way of land valuation which can be derived from a study of his science. He reminds us that the productivity of the soil is materially influenced by the substratum. Thus, the best grazing lands are situated on a calcareous subsoil; while an underlying stratum of granite, schist, or sandstone, will afford a surface soil that must be used for other purposes. Again, a subsoil of clay or shale will require an amount of money spent upon it for drainage which would not occur in the case of limestone or a singular porous foundation. People who wish to purchase land in Ireland under the new conditions of tenure will no doubt profit by the hints thus thrown out, more especially as they can for a very small sum purchase a map of the country, in which the different geological substrata are clearly defined.

'Some time since,' says *The London Figaro*, 'it was announced that the Admiralty had purchased a large quantity of the new luminous paint, and the popular idea was that it was to be used for the coating of guard-ships, buoys, floating magazines, and the like; with the result that the darker the night the more plainly visible would the various floating objects become. We have not yet heard, however, that this notion has been acted upon, though it certainly seems practical enough in its intention.' Our contemporary, after suggesting that various parts of the coast might be daubed with the paint for the sake of warning ships, throws out the hint that if lighthouses were thus rendered luminous, they would become veritable pillars of flame night after night. The suggestion seems worthy of a trial.

Experiments have lately been made in Texas with a new material for paper-making. This is the common cactus or prickly-pear, which in many parts of Texas is a rank weed, very troublesome to settlers, and hitherto quite useless. Judge E. F. Hall, of Laredo, has succeeded in

convincing capitalists that the cactus is capable of producing good paper-making materials, and machinery for its manufacture is now being made. If it should prove successful, it will give a great impetus to the American paper-manufacture, the raw material being so cheap and plentiful.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

'WHAT CAN WE DO WITH OUR YOUNGER SONS?'

THIS is a question of something like vital importance to a large section of the community. Under the operation of the laws of primogeniture and entail, the transmission of heritable, and more especially landed property, goes from father to child, preference being generally given to the eldest son or his heirs; and in this way the younger sons who are not in some business for themselves have necessarily to be content with such incomes as their parents are able to allot to them, these incomes in some cases being large, in others moderate, and in others next to nothing at all. In the last two cases, the younger son, if he is wise and his parents considerate, makes it his object, or ought to make it his object, to engage in some business or profession which may add to his income. But it does not happen that the younger sons of the well-born classes are all clever, any more than it happens in other classes; consequently, many expedients are resorted to with the view of enabling them to provide for themselves, or at least not to be a burden on their friends. One of the more favoured expedients of late has been—seeing that the practice of farming or cattle-rearing is unfortunately not yet fully recognised as a 'genteel occupation' at home—to ship off younger sons to follow these branches of business in some foreign country. When this has been done, the family somehow feel that they have done their duty by the young man at any rate, and the further results must lie with himself.

A needed note of warning in this matter has come from California, in the form of a letter, which appears in the *Spectator* of November 26, and a summary of which will, we feel sure, interest many of our readers. The Editor of that paper says the letter is 'from a source for the perfect trustworthiness of which we can answer;' and the communication bears internal evidence that it is written by a gentleman who is, as he says himself, in the small number of the 'lucky' ones who have gone out to the far West.

Referring to the numerous failures of younger sons to push their way out there in California, the writer says: 'The great reason, I think, why so many have come to no good here, is from the way in which fathers often ship off their sons like so many head of cattle, telling them that there is pasture enough somewhere in the land, and they must only wander about till they find it. I fear that while wandering they are very likely to fall into some of those pits that I have seen engulf many a hopeful young life.' He would not advise parents to send out any boy unless he were 'one of those creatures with a natural dislike to civilisation, never happy in society of any kind, but intensely fond of

"messing" about with animals and natural objects of all kinds; in which case the rough life would not disgust him, and his knowledge of animals, &c., would stand him in good stead for finding work. 'But a boy with no such knowledge, and with only the experience of life that school or business has given him, will almost certainly be compelled to try one trade after another, falling down at each step, till at the end of some years, he goes home again in despair, and you find your boy something between a "happy Hampton welsher" and a music-hall waiter.'

In despite, however, of the failings which he sees around him, the writer still thinks there are openings in California for the 'younger olive-branches.' But he warns parents of the kind of company with whom their sons must almost necessarily associate, and by whom they are almost certain to be degraded and rendered vicious. 'You cannot,' he says, 'conceive how frightfully easy it is for a young fellow to drift downwards in this country. You send your boy out here to find "something"; and he finds, as I did, University-men working in mines up to their waists in water, waiting in restaurants, acting in third-rate theatrical parts—doing, in short, everything and anything that would put bread into their mouths.' He points out how much of this degradation may be avoided. 'You English fathers must not send an ordinary boy out here with your blessing and one hundred pounds, to sink and swim for himself. *He will certainly and surely come to grief.* Let him have some one's house to come to at the first start; or still better, come with him yourself; the voyage is nothing now, and you would make acquaintance with a magnificent country; try and find a home for him in some respectable family; and if possible, wait with him till he has found some work. Then, do not lose your "grip" on him; send him letters and papers constantly from home, make him feel he has you to fall back upon in any scrape or difficulty; and then, I venture to predict, your boy will succeed, and in a few years you will have a man to be proud of.'

THE NEST OF THE HARVEST MOUSE.

The harvest mouse is one of those little creatures which, though spread over the greater part of Europe, very few persons may have seen. This is partly accounted for by its shy habits, its smallness of body, and quickness of movement. This elegant little creature is light orange-brown on the upper parts, and white underneath, and is chiefly peculiar for the character of the nests which it builds, of which it has two kinds, one for summer and one for winter. The summer nest, in which it rears its young, is generally found suspended at some height from the ground between stalks of corn or reeds—three or four of the stalks being utilised as supports, and held in their places by the intertwining of their pedicles or stalk-leaves. The nest, when finished, is about the size of a cricket-ball, very neat and compact, the framework being formed of wheat leaves or such-like, and described by Gilbert White as 'most artistically platted.' The interstices are comfortably filled in with moss; while a small round opening, only large enough to admit one's little finger, is left in the top, to give access to the interior of

the nest. Within the circumscribed space thus inclosed, as many as eight and nine young ones have been found at one time, and these so closely packed together that the rolling of the nest across a table could not dislodge them. There is little or no room for the mother inside; and how she manages to get so many little mouths filled from time to time is a wonder, as it seems impossible she can administer a teat to each. Here in this 'pendant bed and procrustean cradle,' swaying to and fro as the summer wind stirs among the wheat, the little creatures guard and nourish their tiny offspring, till they are ready to go forth and forage for themselves.

So much for the summer nest; the winter nest in some important respects differs from this. The cutting down of the corn in autumn leading to the destruction of their summer residences, and giving the little inmates immediate notice to quit, they look about for a place where they may build a winter nest, to which in the cold season they may retreat. Professor H. Schlegel has just described these winter nests as he found them in a locality near Leyden in 1868. Here there was a ditch some quarter of a mile in length, and six paces in width, part of the border of which was grown over with reeds. A careful examination showed that these reeds actually contained about fifty nests of the harvest mouse. These winter nests he found to be composed of various mosses. They were attached to and between several stems of reeds, exactly like the nests of the reed-warbler, but more tapered in form, of from six inches to a foot in height, and from three to four inches in diameter. They showed no inlet, and were placed at the height of a foot over the water's level. The little creature when entering had to remove the upper part of the covering, which was less densely interwoven, and was concealed between the moss. It would seem evident that the building of these nests was a just calculation of being safe against the danger of drowning.

PRINTERS' MISTAKES.

A delicious piece of bamboozlement was served up to the readers of a provincial paper the other day, due in all probability to some wag of a sub-editor. The previous evening, the reporter for the paper had to attend a meeting at a Wesleyan Chapel, for the conversion of the Jews to Christianity; after which he reported an address given to a local Society on the Conversion of Sewage into Lime and Cement. In the compositor's hands, the manuscript got mixed up, and the printed report read as follows: 'The chairman, after the meeting had been opened with prayer, explained that the conversion of the Jews was one of the greatest works that could engage the attention of our sanitary authorities. Filtration was the most perfect method that could be adopted for purification; but a filter had its limits. There was a popular notion that the sewage contained a vast amount of wealth; but the sludge must be taken out of it for purposes of irrigation, as it otherwise choked the pores of the land; and they were a wandering race, spread over the whole face of the habitable globe. They were denied the inestimable blessings of Christianity, which might be counted by thousands of tons

per year being allowed to run to waste, when, by a judicious admixture of lime and clay, the benighted Hebrews who sat in darkness might easily be converted into lime and cement for building purposes; and if thus deodorised, after being first dried and burned in a kiln, this ancient race would once more take its proud position among the nations of the world. Subscriptions were earnestly solicited for the purpose, though he—the speaker—disclaimed any idea of making a profit out of the process; and in conclusion he urged increasing efforts in the good work, showing that thus deodorised, by a very novel process of evangelisation, in large tanks constructed for the purpose, the grateful Hebrews might flow over the land without injury to vegetation; while the expense of conversion, which was progressing as rapidly as the best friends of Christianity could wish, would be more than repaid by the sale of the phosphate of lime and valuable cement for building purposes.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

We have pleasure in drawing renewed attention to a most interesting monthly publication, called *The Animal World* (price 2d.), published by Partridge & Co., London, for the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The publication referred to has been in existence for over twelve years, and its chief object is to teach humanity and kindness to animals, and to encourage the study of their habits and natures, so as the better to appreciate and admire the remarkable intelligence and docility which frequently distinguish them. The number before us for December 1st is what the editor calls 'a dog-number'—that is, it is mainly devoted to communications that narrate interesting anecdotes of canine sagacity and thoughtfulness, or plead for a more general improvement in the treatment dogs receive by being chained up for hours and days in back-courts, or sent long journeys by railway without any provision being made for having them supplied with water and food. The accounts here given of 'Railway Jack,' the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Dog, and of 'Bail,' a fire-preventing dog, are such as to awaken in the reader's mind a deeper sympathy for our dumb four-footed friends, who, denied by nature the gift of speech, have yet such resources of intelligence at their power as to be able to make for themselves in their wants, desires, and affections, even without the more luminous medium of words. It is with the utmost pleasure and confidence that we recommend this beautifully illustrated 'Advocate of Humanity' to our readers, and especially to our young readers.

'GOOD ADVICE TO SEAMEN.'

This little publication, of which the above is the title, is written by 'An Old Sailor' (Dundee: John Leng & Co.), and is evidently well adapted to secure the object of the author, which is to encourage among seamen 'a spirit of independence, self-reliance, and manliness.' In the distribution of his 'advice,' he does not omit the employers of the sailors or their officers, reminding the latter that the discipline and good conduct of the crew very much depend upon the example which their

superiors set them. Practical instructions are also given to sailors in regard to their principal duties; the dietary arrangements on board ship are discussed; sailors' grievances pointed out, and hints given for the remedy of them. They are especially warned against the 'crimps' and other land-sharks that lie in wait for them in the home-ports, to fleece them of their hard-earned wages. The Board of Trade has taken up arms against the whole class of 'crimps'—that is, men who, by making advances to the sailors upon the security of their wages, swindle them out of the most of their money; and according to our author, the happy result has been, in Dundee at least, that the crimp has been almost, if not quite driven out of the field. The author, who in the course of his little book recommends to sailors the use of oil at sea in a storm, has here given much valuable advice and many useful suggestions to sailors and those connected with them; and the booklet can scarcely fail to advance both the material and moral welfare of those who lay its teachings to heart.

WILD BEASTS AND SNAKES IN INDIA.

It is with somewhat more than ordinary interest that we have for some years past awaited the annual records setting forth the fearful ravages wrought by tigers and other wild animals, and by snakes, throughout our Indian empire. From a brief notice which appears in the columns of a contemporary, we now learn that there has been a steady decrease, from 1876 to 1880, in the total number of wild animals destroyed throughout Hindustan, coupled, however, with a proportionate increase in the number of persons killed by wild animals and snakes. Thus, whereas in the year first named there were destroyed in Hindustan no fewer than twenty-three thousand four hundred and fifty-nine wild beasts, in 1880 the figures diminished to fourteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-six; but, during this same period, the number of human beings who have lost their lives has mounted up from nineteen thousand two hundred and seventy-two, to twenty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety! One satisfactory feature observable in the present annual returns is that relating to the great increase in the number of snakes destroyed in the Bombay Presidency alone. Of course, it must be a matter of impossibility to suggest an antidote for the mortal injuries inflicted by a wild beast such as the tiger; but there would seem to be a good field now presented for the further prosecution of the experiments already made by Dr de Lacerda in connection with a specific for snake-bite.

'CASTING BREAD ON THE WATERS.'

It is always pleasant to put on record instances of heroic self-sacrifice, and it is equally pleasant to put on record instances of gratitude on the part of those for whom such self-sacrifices were made. A correspondent sends us two advertisements which show in a remarkable manner how 'bread cast upon the waters' may return after many days. The first notification intimates that, 'If Benjamin or Andrew Binkin, who left London for the East Indies in 1839, and who saved the life of a lady passenger from being drowned, will apply to

—, he will hear of something to his advantage. If dead, his children will be entitled.' The second is even more definite: 'If Joseph Pearce, carpenter, formerly of Stroud, and who was at the rebuilding of Daylesford Church in 1860, will apply to —, he will hear of a large property in land and cash left him by a lady whose life he saved at the risk of his own in 1846.' While the good we do should not be regulated by the mere prospect of reward that may follow; yet, when a good deed has been disinterestedly done, it is a pleasure to notice that the recipient has been grateful.

WHAT THE YEARS BRING.

Two sunny-haired and clear-voiced children stood
Among the flowers all careless; sunshine played
About their golden heads; and in the wood
The birds rejoiced, and pleasant music made.
Ah! Life's fresh morning is so gay and sweet.
They cared not for the flowers beneath their feet.

A youth and maiden in the summer noon
Wandered, and looked into each other's eyes,
And thought that Love was such a priceless boon,
That having it, no little cloud could rise
Upon their sky—so radiant, when ye love,
Grows earth around us, and the sky above.

Two happy lives, close welded into one;
Bright children playing round them, and the light
Of Love and Home, like to the blessed sun
Shining about them, while the calm years' flight
Brings only happiness, for Home and Love
Are dear as heaven and the saints above.

One widowed heart, whose life-pulse beats alone;
Children all fatherless, and hope all fled.
What matter that she makes such bitter moan,
Or shrouds in fruitless woe her golden head?
The world goes by, all careless of her woe;
Cold world, which ever treats our sorrows so!

A grave, where tender maidens come to weep,
Bringing fresh garlands, when the old are dead.
What matters it? Their love breaks not the sleep
Of the quiet ears which hear no more their tread.
Such are our little lives; but heaven is ours,
When faded are our hopes, our loves and flowers.

J. H.

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Next Saturday, January 7, 1882, will be presented the opening chapter of a Novel of powerful interest, entitled,

VAL. STRANGE:

A Story of the Primrose Valley.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,
Author of *A Life's Attonement*, &c.

OUR JUBILÉE YEAR, 1882.

In the Monthly Part to be issued at the end of January 1882, will appear an address to our readers, entitled,

REMINISCENCES OF A LONG AND BUSY LIFE:

From the pen of Dr W. CHAMBERS, the Founder of
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

END OF EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

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